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# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

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## "FLED FOR REFUGE."

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HEY tell me I have nothing to fear, but I know better. I am a dying man, and after death there is God to meet, and I am afraid to meet Him. I have lived without Him till now, and now I am dying, and I do not know Him, and I cannot find Him. I am not ashamed to tell you that I am afraid to die without Him!"

The speaker was a man between fifty and sixty, an upright, moral man. He held a responsible post, and had been valued by his superiors, for he carried out his duties faithfully, while his kindness had endeared him to hundreds who worked under him, whose respect he had first won.

Now he was stricken with an incurable malady, and the doctors had told him that three or four months of life were all that remained to him.

He had known for himself that his case was hopeless the moment he heard the nature of his disease, and with its dread name an arrow had pierced his soul, for he knew that he must meet

God. It was not the agony of body, it was not the fact of dying, that he feared, but always before him there seemed to stand out the words

**"AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT."**

His friends had tried to comfort him by speaking of his correct life, but his answer was, "God is holy; my life has not been fit to meet His holy eyes." They urged his church-going, his sacrament-taking, his family prayers. "All the worse for me," he groaned in misery; "I was praying to a Being I did not know, I was professing to remember One I had never met, and had never wanted to meet till I knew I was dying, and must meet Him. Do not speak to me if you cannot give me anything better to rest upon than what I have been, for my life has been unfit for God from first to last."

It was while suffering thus, agonies of body, and still greater agony of soul, that he was visited one bright autumn morning, by one who had tasted that the Lord is gracious.

The sufferer welcomed his visitor most heartily, and after a very few words about his bodily pain, which was great, he burst out with the great subject which was filling his whole being. "I could bear it all easily, I believe, if I only knew that I were safe for eternity," he said.

"But," said his friend, "does not the scripture say, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved,' and does not another scripture say, 'Him that cometh unto me I

will in no wise cast out' ? Are you the first that He has refused to receive ? "

"I cannot come ; I am afraid to come ; it is my sin that keeps me from coming."

"God says, in 1 John i. 7; 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Does not His *all* take in yours too ? "

"But my life has been lived without God up till now, it has been a wicked life."

Here his wife interposed. "Oh, Robert," she said, "that is not true ; you have been a good husband, and a good father, and a good friend. There is not a man who knows you who does not call you a good man, and I know I do," added the weeping woman.

"Wife, you do not know me. I have just been a hypocrite all my days, fair outside—and a wicked man all the time."

"Well," said his visitor, "listen to what the apostle Paul said to a wicked man: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The man to whom this was said had been ill-treating God's servants, and had almost committed suicide, when God's grace stopped him."

"Yes, he had been a wicked man, it is true, but he had not sinned as I have ; he had not heard the gospel, over and over again, and gone on just the same. He believed when he first heard, and he had his life still before him to give to God ; but my life is over, it is too late for me."

"But Scripture gives us another story of a man,

the sands of whose life had more nearly run out than yours have, when he turned round to the Lord. The dying robber, in Luke xxiii., had only a few short hours to live when he repented, and turned to the Saviour, and He did not say to him, 'You are too late!' but, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise!' He had no life left to give to God."

"The thief on the cross—oh! if I were only like him—why he gave the very grandest testimony to the Lord Jesus that ever was given. He owned Jesus as Lord and Christ when he saw Him dying on a cross by his side, dying seemingly the same death that he was dying. The thief's was great faith, for the very disciples had run away, and his was the only voice raised to confess Him in that awful moment. I would rather have been that dying robber than even the apostle Paul, for the apostle Paul confessed Him after he had seen Him in the glory, but the thief confessed Him, not even when He was walking through the land doing miracles, but when He was dying on a cross, alone and forsaken. I should have had no fear if I could have owned Him thus."

"Well, my friend, leaving the amount of your faith out of the question, can you not trust the saving power of the blood that the Lord Jesus shed there as enough to cleanse even your sins? You say you have found out you are a great sinner, but is not Jesus a great enough Saviour to save you? His blood is enough to satisfy God, is it not

enough to satisfy you? You say it is too late, but the Master of the house has not yet risen and shut to the door. Still the Saviour is saying, 'Come unto me!' not 'Depart from me!' Still the word is, 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!'"

But nothing as yet seemed to suit his case, or meet his soul's need. Silently his friend looked to the Lord to come in, in His power and grace, and to speak peace to this troubled, anxious one, for it was evident there was no cavilling, no gainsaying here, but a heart that had been probed to its depths, and could not be lightly healed.

The three occupants of that room, the dying husband, the sorrow-stricken wife, and the anxious visitor, sat in silence for some minutes. The suffering man broke the silence. "I know every word you have read is true, all true for some one else," he said; "but this is my great trouble, I never turned round to the Lord till I knew I had only a few months, at longest, to live—and—yes, the truth may as well come out, I want Him now because I am afraid to die without Him. If I had been well and strong, I believe I should still be going on in the old way. Do you know what I mean? It is a shelter I want, and it is a poor mean thing only to go to Him for shelter. How could He take me? If I had only come to Him before I knew I was going to die, I do not think my sins would have kept Him from taking me; but only to come for a shelter,—oh! He would not, could not

have me," and the big man, who had once been so strong, bowed his head on his hands on the table, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

The secret of his soul was all out now, there were no reserves.

"The Lord Jesus will not have you, because you are coming to Him for shelter? Is that the trouble?"

"Yes, that is it, that is it!"

"Oh, then, I have a magnificent message for you out of His own Word—His words, not mine. He promises, and confirms His word by an oath that those who have '*fled for refuge*,' just as you have done, or want to do, may have '*strong consolation*.'"

The sufferer raised his head, and gazed earnestly at the speaker.

Opening the Bible at Hebrews vi., his friend said, "Here is God's very message for you, out of His own word. Listen: 'God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have *fled for refuge* to lay hold upon the hope set before us' (Heb. vi. 7, 18). There you see that is like you—'*Fled for refuge*;' and God's word and His oath are pledged that you might have '*strong consolation*.' Do you not remember, in the Old Testament, the man-slayer was safe who fled to the city of refuge?"

Bewilderment and hope struggled together on

his face as he gasped out; "That is not in the Bible, I never read that, though I know all about the man-slayer, and the cities of refuge."

"Well, it is in my Bible, at any rate, and if you open yours at Hebrews vi. 17, I think you will find it in yours too."

His hand trembled as he grasped the large Bible by his side, and turned its pages eagerly, but incredulity gave place to hope, and hope to deep peace and joy, as he read for himself the words that had just been read to him. "Yes, yes, that exactly fits me,—'Fled for refuge, fled for refuge;' and there is 'strong consolation' for such, and 'a sure and steadfast anchor' for the soul. God's word and God's oath pledged. I never knew that was in the Bible till this moment, and I thought I knew the Bible. Wife, give me pen, and ink, and paper; let me write it out for myself, and feast on the words, and mark the day in my Bible when I first saw them. Oh, to think He would receive the ones who only fly for refuge to Him."

His wife passed him the pen, and ink, and paper, and he wrote out the verses that had brought peace and rest to his troubled soul. He wrote the day of the month in his Bible, on the margin of the page of Hebrews vi., and then he said, "Will you kneel down and thank Him with me?"

By the help of the table and chair he got down on his knees, in spite of the pain he was enduring, and after his friend had thanked the Lord for His grace to him, he burst forth with such a note of

praise and thanksgiving as must have given joy in heaven, joy to the heart of the Good Shepherd, who had found this wandering sheep, and put him on His shoulders, and was carrying him home.

From this day he never had a doubt. "How could I doubt?" he used to say; "I have God's word and God's oath to rest upon, that is a sure enough foundation."

He had read the Bible all his life, so he knew the letter of it wonderfully well, and now the Spirit of God opened up to him its meaning, and when too ill to read, or even to be read to, passages long known in his head, were now a comfort and joy to his heart, and were constantly coming from his lips. One very favourite verse with him was, "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isa. xxxii. 2).

"That is what the Lord Jesus has been, and is to me," he said one day, when his friend went in to sit for a while with him. "He was a hiding place and a covert when I needed the shelter so badly, and now He is always refreshing my soul with the rivers of His grace, and I rest under His shadow, when else the burden and heat of the day would be too much for me."

He could not hold his tongue about the One who had saved him, and all He had done for him, and he was earnest and faithful in his warnings and pleadings with those who were unsaved. Specially was



he anxious about those who were trusting to any doings of their own, telling them his own experience, and pressing upon them to see to it, ere they came to a death-bed, that they were possessors of Christ, and not merely professors of His name. He told out so simply all his own trouble of soul, his unfitness for God, and how he had fled as a guilty sinner to the God-man, who is a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the storm.

His words were used by the Spirit of God to carry conviction to more than one heart, for many of those who visited him constantly, said; "If Robert's life was not good enough for God, what about ours?" and some never rested again till their burden of sin dropped at the feet of Jesus.

He lived more than three months after the morning when he took shelter under the blood of the Lamb slain, and knew that judgment could not overtake him. During those months he learnt to know that he was not merely sheltered from judgment, but was "made nigh" to God "by the blood of Christ"; was not merely a pardoned sinner, but a child of God, an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ.

His bodily sufferings increased greatly, but his patience was a wonder to all, and was a testimony to the sustaining power of the knowledge of the love of Christ. His one great desire for himself seemed to be to know as much as possible of the One to whom he was going, before he went to Him.

One day towards the end of his earthly history his friend quoted these lines to him :—

“There no stranger-God shall meet thee,  
Stranger thou in courts above,  
He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greets thee with a well-known love.”

“No stranger-God,” he repeated, “and yet He was a stranger to me four months ago, but now His is a well-known love.”

Almost his last words, to the friend who had seen him three or four times a week for these months, were—“I shall see Him soon now, and be with Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me—even for me. In His presence is fulness of joy.”

Reader, could you enter His presence with the same calm confidence, or are these words still true for you ?

### “AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT.”

“When first I heard of Jesus’ name,  
I only then for refuge came ;  
I heard that He for sinners died,  
And from His heart and wounded side  
Had shed the water and the blood  
To wash and make me fit for God.

I’ve found Him meet my every need,  
That He a Saviour is indeed ;  
Each rising want has been supplied  
Whene’er to Him I have applied ;  
He is of grace the treasury,  
All fulness dwells in Him for me.”

## A SENTINEL'S CALL!



STOOD, this morning, on a hill-top on the borders of the Scottish Highlands, and, as I turned my back on the sunshine of the south and looked northward, I saw, in the grim and far-off distance, the mountains wreathed by snow, and stretching their heads high into cloud and darkness.

It was a grand prospect, but full of foreboding. I could not but feel that, though the sky was clear and the surroundings tranquil, yet it was but the lull before storm, and the calm before the tempest.

A long and lovely autumn was fast dipping into the portents of a coming winter. I write as 1897 passes quickly away, and, taking my stand on the hill-top, I look forward to the year that is about to burst upon us. Serious thoughts fill my soul.

We are going to advance on new and unknown ground. Ah! "What of the night?" What shall 1898 bring with it? Are the portents ominous? Do germs of judgment lurk in its bosom?

Years of mercy have fled already! Salvation's long and lovely day has run its patient course, and has warded off the impending stroke. Can it last much longer? No; the Master of the house must rise, and the open door, sadly neglected, must be shut, and all hope removed!

The storm is gathering! and hence my call to-day!

Just as surely as I could detect, in these ominous snow-wreaths, portents of the coming winter, so, if we pause to look, not at the signs of the times, significant though they be, but at the Word of God, we shall clearly see that an event is speedily about to happen as to which all should be warned.

We warn you, reader, of the coming storm; we are most anxious that you should be forewarned, and thus, we trust, forearmed. It is advice we offer, and more than advice; it is entreaty, earnest and loud, that you should turn your eye onward, and learn that, as these years fly on, each one is bringing you nearer to the day of wrath. Do you recall the words of Paul to the company of Christians at Thessalonica. He said that they had been "delivered from THE WRATH TO COME"!

Well, eighteen hundred years at least have passed, and that wrath has not yet come! No; God, in mercy and long-suffering, has withheld the stroke. But it must come! *Wrath must come!* And why? Just because sin abounds; that is the reason. God and sin cannot co-exist. Sin must be dealt with, and God's character be vindicated. Sin is unchanged. These centuries of mercy have not altered its nature, nor diminished its virulence. The awful sting remains. Pride, passion, strife slaughter, and death, revolve as of old. Man is identically the same at heart as he ever was, whatever the external influences may be.

And God is also the same. He never changes.

Then, how can this state of things continue? Must an infinitely holy God regard with indifference the corruption of His fair creation? Are sin and Satan to hold an eternal sceptre in His rightful realm?

Nay, this cannot be! Sin must be dethroned, and Satan expelled. But how can this be accomplished but by force? Gentle measures are in vain! A peaceful millennium can only be inaugurated by a storm of judgment. Hence our words, "*Wrath to come*"!

It is of this, dear reader, we would plaintively and earnestly warn you. We read that: "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" (2 Thess. i. 7, 8). This is *the wrath to come*!

Now, you will observe that vengeance falls, first, on those "who know not God," and, second, on those who "obey not the gospel." It is therefore obvious, that God might have been known by them, and also that they had heard the gospel, but had disregarded and disobeyed it. They had been in the place of outward privilege; but had not known, like Jerusalem of old, the things that belonged to their peace; and now they were hidden from their eyes by the veil of God's retributive justice. God might and should have been known—the gospel should have been obeyed! They

were guilty on each count. Friend, how do you stand in view of all this?

It is no question of age, or rank, or learning, or merit, as amongst men. The bare, startling, awful fact is, that the Lord Jesus is coming to take vengeance on all who know not God (do you know God?), and who obey not the gospel (do you obey the gospel? have its sweet, pardoning, saving, notes ever reached your soul?). And that, notice, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire! It is "*wrath to come*"; and, a thousand times over, we would proffer you a hasty but timely warning. What if 1898 should be the dread harbinger of this "*wrath to come*"!

Let not, we beseech you, the infidelity of the day, or of your own heart, lead you to treat these words as vain.

They laughed at Noah and his ark, in his day, just as some deride Christ to-day! They scoff at "the promise of His coming" even now, when its fulfilment is at our doors!

"But the day of the Lord will come"! Neither infidelity, nor laughter, nor scoff, shall deter the advent of that day! A rude awakening shall surprise the sleeping crowd! Ah! sleepers, awake!

The voice of wisdom cries aloud. God may be known to-day. The gospel tells of His love. God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked—none! He desires that all should be saved.

The proof is at Calvary! Thither go in spirit, and learn its lovely lesson! The Son of God,

given of the Father, bearing judgment due to sinners, exhausting the cup of wrath, completing all the work, crying aloud, "It is finished," rising from the dead, ascending to glory, a Saviour still! This is the gospel, to be obeyed by simple faith; and thus God is known, and "the vengeance of eternal fire" escaped, and all the rich and precious blessings of redemption enjoyed! What a gospel!

Enjoyed? Yes! I write what I know, and what, for five-and-thirty bright and blessed years, I have known and enjoyed, and what, from the deepest depths of my heart, I would recommend to you who may, possibly carelessly, read these lines.

Christ is well worth knowing, and serving, and following. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.

That is true here and now, and it will be yet more true in glory. How different is the prospect of "eternal glory" with the Lord, than "the certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, that shall devour the adversaries."

Dear unsaved friend, can you rest unmoved beneath that anticipation? Nay! Come, as you are, to the Lord Jesus Christ! He makes you welcome. His blood can cleanse from all sin. He is the future Judge, but He is the present Saviour. Yes, come to Him, and let this New Year be your first in salvation, in life, and heavenly joy, and in whole-hearted devotedness to His interests here, till He come for His ransomed people. J. W. S.

## A CALL TO PRAYER.

(GAL. iv. 19; ACTS xx. 19-21; 2 COR. v. 11; ROM. ix. 2, 3.)



ALL the mighty men of war in the service of God, since the foundation of the world, who have shaken hell to any amount, have been sons of the closet. *Moses* pleaded until he had power to turn aside Heaven's red-hot thunderbolt of wrath, although God said, "Let me alone, that I may destroy them, and blot out their name from under heaven." He threw his strong arms of faith round six hundred thousand wicked reprobates.

*Elijah*, after long and powerful pleading, shut and opened heaven. But I will not speak of what prophets, apostles, and other *inspired* men have done through faith and prayer, lest Satan should take advantage, and tell you that it would be impious to expect the power with God which such holy men had. Look, then, at a *Baxter*, who stained his study walls with praying breath; and after he got anointed with the power of the Holy Ghost, sent a river of living water over Kidderminster, and was the means of converting hundreds.

Again, *Luther* and his coadjutors were men of such mighty pleadings with God that they broke the spell of ages, and laid nations subdued at the foot of the cross. *John Knox* grasped in his strong arms of faith all Scotland; his prayers



terrified tyrants. *Whitfield*, after much holy, faithful closet pleading, went to the devil's fair, and took more than one thousand souls out of the paw of the lion in one day. See a praying *Wesley*, a pleading *Bramwell*, *Stoner*, *Smith*, and *Carvosso*, each of whom led thousands to Jesus; *Anne Cutler* and *Mrs Fletcher*, whose breath was prayer, and who won souls wherever they went.

In 1820-21 a few plain, holy, praying Christians were instrumental in leading seventeen thousand souls from Satan unto the glorious Redeemer. *John Oxtoby*, with his one talent, sighed, wept, fasted, groaned, and prayed for sinners: threw them on the atonement, and bound them there for hours by faith's strong arms—entered the pulpit and spoke words of flame, so that hundreds were saved by his means.

“Thou must be true thyself,  
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
 Another's soul wouldst reach:  
 It needs the overflow of heart  
 To give the lips full speech.

. . . . .

Intensity should mark the preaching of the day. . . . Intense: not in its diction—grandiloquent, or sensational, or dramatic, or eccentric, or stentorian—for God was not seen in the fire, or in the earthquake, but was audible in the still, small voice. Intense in what, then? Intense in holy lovingness, inspired by the Spirit of God. Some preachers

do not seem quite to know what spirit they are of. It is not sarcasm, or scoldings; it is not scathing denunciations of vice; it is not high orthodoxy, or powerful polemics; it is not the most masterly sermons; it is not the most eloquent appeals: it is a certain sublime tenderness, it is fervent love, in the preacher, before which a congregation is bowed like a cornfield before the wind. It is the unction of the Holy One, the savour of a devout earnestness that yearns passionately for souls, "dying a'most," as a Scotchwoman said of M'Cheyne, "to have ye converted"; the glow of a holy ardour in the preacher's heart, kindled from the altar before the throne; the sympathy that casts itself upon the hearer's sympathy; the simple eloquence of a strong sincerity that pleads with men for Christ—"with tears in its voice," as the French say—from knowing and feeling what it means for them if they make full surrender to Him; the importunate longing for men's souls that would give up anything to make men yield to Christ, and will not let them go even if they refuse: that would cry with Chrysostom, "If ye reject my words, I will not shake off the dust of my feet against you: not that herein I would disobey my Master, but because the love He has put into my heart for you forbids my doing so."

“O let Thy Spirit all my powers inspire  
To preach salvation—present, full and free:  
Open my lips—bestow a tongue of fire,  
A heart of love, in fellowship with Thee.

Give me to see with Faith's clear, eagle eye,  
 The unseen worlds, with all their weal and woe ;  
 With Thee—eternity of bliss on high ;  
 Without Thee—night, eternal night, below.

I want to learn the value of ONE soul :  
 One soul that's saved, one soul for ever lost,  
 By pondering well its everlasting goal,  
 And more than all, what Thee its ransom cost.  
 O let Thy cross be e'er before my sight ;  
 Teach me its endless wonders more to know,  
 Sin's righteous wage, Love's all-surpassing might,  
 That I may far and wide Thy praises show."

I am sure you must see, if the Bible be true, that multitudes are on the road to hell. Many are fighting for wealth, as if they had an eternal lease of life. Many are as proud as if they were not heirs of wrath. Multitudes flock to Satan's encampment on the racecourse, and are there murdered for eternity. Multitudes press into theatres, where devils cry louder than men, "Again! again!" Multitudes crowd into the tippling-houses, which are the devil's shambles—the open mouths of hell! Young men and young women, think of it! Tippling-house keepers, think of it, and give back your license; or, if you still are resolved to retail for the devil, oh, write for the sake of miserable souls above your doors, "A short road to the pit."

Look at your evening streets! How many sally forth to glut their eyes with sin? How many stagger along to the pit? Satan is quick to strike so good a bargain! He buys souls cheap in this

busy market; and never more than on the Lord's Day, when multitudes flee out of town by land and water, as if the plague were in it, and travel with *tenfold* railway speed to hell. Alas! sinners seem now to ride post to perdition, as if they were afraid of being too late to get in. It seems as if there would be a stir in hell to find room for the shoals that are rushing down to it. Sinners! is this state of things to continue? It cannot. Mercy or judgment must end it. Every soul is ripe for Christ's atoning BLOOD, or for God's DEVOURING WRATH. Sinners! you must repent and be saved, or go on and be damned. There is no middle ground to stand upon. The blood of Jesus and the power of the Holy Ghost are the only refuge! To these turn, while God waiteth and putteth a drag to the wheels of vengeance.

Look at them—look at them—look at them! Do you see them? Then you see them on a slippery hill, and all around is hell! Think how they dishonour God—think how they pierce the Saviour—think how they grieve the Holy Spirit—think how they damn the rising race—think how they people the wide burning pit! See how they push one another off the stage of life into perdition! See thousands of them have taken all but the last step; so that, if you do not pluck them thence at once, the next step will be hell's fire, hell's devils, hell's brimstone, hell's wails, hell's deep death-groaning, hell's blackness, hell's darkness; hell's

hurricane, hell's howling, bleating, blasting, fiery tempest; and that for ever, and *for ever*, and FOR EVER, and FOR EVER! Oh, brother! all this is true; and will you not use the weapon which God has Himself placed in your hands? Think of the origin, value, and destiny of men's souls! Think of the bleeding, pleading love they are slighting! Think of the eternal damnation they are going to! Think of the heaven of increasing glory they are losing! Think of the influence they have in drawing millions with and after them to hell!

Think what glory it would bring to God the Father, Son, and Spirit, if you could bless them! Think deeply, think long, and think properly, between their living in sin, and drawing multitudes after them to hell, and being converted by God's Spirit, given in answer to your prayers, and becoming themselves the instrument of conversion to others. Think of Gethsemane, Calvary, Olivet, and the blood-besprinkled mercy-seat! Think what Jesus has done, is doing, and is willing to do for them. Think of what He has done for millions as bad as they. Think of what He did for bloody *Manasseh*, the murderer; *David*, the wicked adulterer; mad *Saul*, wicked *Magdalen*, swearing *Bunyan*, the infidel *Rochester*, and millions of other drunkards, thieves, harlots, and the very worst of sinners, on this side of the pit. Nay, think until your soul harrows up within you, and melts into pity, or flames into burning charity.

“ The Spirit, then, will speak  
Through lips of feeble clay ;  
And hearts of adamant will break,  
And rebels will obey.”

Then with your full, love-stricken heart, *enter your closet*, and bewail the sins of the people before the Lord. Yoke yourself in with them, like Moses, Daniel, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Paul, and other holy ones: confess them again and again. While you are mourning over them, keep casting their souls and their sins on the atonement; recognise the more than infinite willingness of the great Redeemer to save them; and plead with Heaven to save them. Do not plead to make God willing to save them, for He is already infinitely willing. But plead because it is your duty; plead because God does, and always will, answer the pleadings of bold, holy faith.

Never mind spending your time in studying the philosophy of the thing—*it is so*. The Book of God and every page of Church history says—it is so. The success which has always attended such *closet prayers* sets it *beyond all doubt*. As you are pleading, imitate Moses. When God was about to cut off guilty Israel, he pleaded His promise, His oath, His stretched-out arm; he pleaded again and again, even after God said, “Let me alone:” he pleaded in faith. Go thou and do likewise. Plead the power of God; plead the love of God; plead the mercy of God; plead the “yea” and

"amen" promises of God. Plead the life of Jesus. Plead His death, resurrection, ascension, and prevailing intercession. Span your strong-nerved arms of faith around sinners, and bind them to the blood-stained tree. Plead heaven with its everlasting glory; hell with its darkness, fire, and adamant chains. Plead the shortness of time; plead the length of endless *eternity*. Enter deeply and fully into their awful state. And if you plead in this way in faith for hours, you will soon learn the grand secret of shaking any town, and sending a wave of living water over the land. Christ says, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow *rivers of living water*." Believe then, and *flood your district*, no matter what stands in the way.

"Filled—filled to overflowing!  
 Say, my soul, can it be so?  
 Filled to overflow for others—  
 Filled from God's own overflow.  
 Oh! if filled from Him I be,  
 His outflow must flow from me."

ANON.

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WE can have but one life here, let it be devoted to Christ. Never was there a more urgent call to devotedness than now. The Lord is coming, coming quickly. Precious souls are perishing, for lack of knowledge, on every hand. Are we who know the Lord awake to our privileges and responsibilities in respect of them? We should all heed the preceding article. Christian reader, peruse it again, prayerfully.

W. T. P. W.

## A NEW YEAR'S START FOR ETERNITY.



It is not a pleasant thing for an unconverted person to look at the photograph of his soul, as shown in the album of God's Word. The first time I ever experienced the truth of God's Word was one day when, as a boy, I looked for a few minutes at my Bible, just, as one would say, at random. Something I read in that few minutes convinced me on the spot that the Word of God knew me far better than I knew myself. The thought that I could *learn* what I was from the Word of God was something new to me, and made me most uncomfortable. Hastily shutting the book, I laid it aside, and for a long time after I could not bear to open it.

Years after, as I was going to school one morning, a man spoke to me about my soul's salvation; and I was so impressed with my need of being saved, that I resolved there and then to become a Christian. But ere night my resolution had vanished.

A year or two after this I left home at the age of sixteen, and went to sea as an apprentice on board a ship. There seemed to be in me an insatiable hankering after something in the way of satisfaction. As soon as one pleasure was past, I lived in anticipation of the next, and my going to sea was pretty much on the understanding that I



would find infinite satisfaction in a free-and-easy life. But I did not find the sea' such a pleasant, easy life, and accordingly I took the first opportunity to run away from the ship. This opportunity occurred to me while she lay in the harbour of San Francisco, California. Taking a small chest of clothes, I slipped off the ship at night, and made my way into the city. I soon found a lodging, but as I had only a dollar and a half in my pocket, and the weekly rent of my room was to be exactly that sum, and had to be paid in advance, I was forced to give my box of clothes as security for the rent. The landlady had no sooner left me alone in my room than I began to think seriously of the step I had taken. Alone in a foreign land, with only a dollar and a half, and no known means of earning any more, I got quite frightened, and dropping on my knees, I solemnly vowed to God that if He would find me work to do, and bring me safely home again, He should be my God in the future. Next day I found suitable work, with £2. 12s. 6d. per week as wages, and in a few months I had saved about £20. With this I set out for home, and reached it safely. But, alas! the God who had been so good to me in temporal things was entirely forgotten by me.

A little more than a year was spent at home, and then, becoming restless, I went out to San Francisco again. During my second stay there a ball was given on the last night of the year 1890, by the members of a Scottish club, and I purposed

being there. With that intention I went home at half-past six that evening to dress for the ball. I entered my bedroom and sat down on a chair. Somehow I began to think of my past life. The sinfulness of my life came up before me, and I realised that I was getting worse and worse, and the thought flashed into my mind, where would it all end? The thought of what the end might be filled me with misery, and I resolved to turn over a new leaf. I was just beginning to feel comfortable in my new-formed resolution, when I remembered I had turned over many new leaves before, and the new leaves were soon as black as the old ones. Thought I, that will not do at any rate. And as I sat, I got still more miserable.

Then my thoughts wandered back to my mother in Scotland. Often she had written to me, and pleaded with me to accept God as my Saviour. It was generally at the end of the letter, and much as I loved mother's letters, I could not bear to read that part, but used to stop when I was coming to it. Well, my thoughts wandered back to mother, and from mother, to mother's God, and I wondered, would He help me. The remembrance of my vow filled me with shame, and dropping on my knees, I cried to God. Well I remember every word of my prayer. It was, "O God, help me." I got up off my knees, and looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven. Five solid hours had I sat there, and never once did the ball enter my mind. The realities of eternity were before my soul. After getting off

my knees, I remembered there used to be watch-night meetings at home, on the last night of the year, and I wondered if there were any there. Putting on my hat, I went out to look for one, and I found one in an old theatre. The meeting began before twelve, and was in progress when I entered at twelve o'clock. Taking a back seat, I listened attentively. A young man was preaching. In simple language he told us that Christ came to save helpless sinners. Like a flash it occurred to me that He came to save me, and there and then I closed in with the Lord Jesus Christ, as my own personal Saviour. As I was going out at the door, a young man asked me if I was a Christian. I told him I was.

I went home that New Year's morning with a strange joy filling my soul; and as I passed the crowds of merry-makers, I could not help thinking, "Well, I've got something better than you now." Years have passed since then, and He who saved on that New Year's morning has kept, and will keep to the end.

Dear reader, I would heartily commend the dear loving Saviour to you. He alone can save, sanctify, and satisfy. Do you purpose at this time making a start with the New Year? Let it not be a fresh start with yourself for time, but let it be a start with Christ for eternity. No conviction however deep, no resolution however grand, no vow however solemn, can save. Jesus alone, Jesus alone, Jesus alone can save.

G. C. M.

## SAVED BY TELEGRAPH.

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ONE Monday morning, there was a telegraphist at work in the West of England. The young man was in deep anxiety about his soul. He had been awakened by God's Spirit, knew he was not right, and longed to have

Christ. On the Lord's Day previous he had gone to three separate places of worship, in deep desire that he might get something for his troubled soul. He got nothing. Monday morning came, and he went to his duties. Feeling that he would go mad if he did not get relief and forgiveness, he was in the act of prayer to God, when he heard the peculiar "tick-tick" that let him know his station was called for. He went to his instrument, took out his pencil, and wrote down the name and address of the sender, and the receiver of the message. Then came the message, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7). Repeating the message, he cried, "Thank God, I am saved: I have got it: I see it!"

He told a friend of mine afterwards, "That 'LAMB OF GOD,' that 'REDEMPTION,' that 'BLOOD,' that 'RICHES OF HIS GRACE,' went right down into my poor heart, and no one in the whole world could have had greater joy than I had that Monday morning."

Friend, have you that joy?

W. T. P. W.

# "NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS;" OR, HOW I FOUND THE LORD.\*

AN ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH STUDENTS.

(JAMES ii. 19; MATT. vi. 24.)



N this, our closing meeting, I will tell you, my friends, as promised, how, by the infinite grace of God, I learned to know the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I am thirty-seven years of age to-night. You look a little older

than that, perhaps a man says; you have surely lived longer in the world than thirty-seven years. Yes, but I was like you—dead, while I lived. Young man! you have not begun to live unless you are converted. If you are not born of God, you have not begun to live; you are yet dead in your sins. I was dead for a good many years. I know some of you think, that a man could not be converted in one night. That is a great mistake; it takes but one moment to pass from death unto life. It takes but one moment to go through the door; and so I found it to be in my case.

For twenty years, I believe, I was about the most thorough-going young worldling you could have met with. There is not a man in this hall to-night, who was more deeply immersed in the world, in its pleasures, its sin, and its enticements,

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\* Extracted from "Seekers for Light."

nor a more downright, out-and-out slave of the devil, than the man who speaks to you to-night. And yet in one hour God saved me. Hence, I love to sing—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand’ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.”

I thank God that I had a pious mother—a praying mother. Perhaps you have one, and she has gone to heaven. Mine has, thank God, and I shall meet her again. Will you meet yours, if she has gone there? It is an inestimable boon for a man to have a praying mother, and much, I know, mine prayed for me. But for twenty years I knew nothing of the grace of God, nothing whatever!

My first real spiritual impression was when I was a school-boy. I had a brother going out to the Crimean War in 1855. He was passing where I was at school, and I was to have met him at the train; but I missed the train. I was far more interested in other things, I may say. I had gone off to buy some new stumps for a coming cricket match, and spent too long over them, and so missed the train. I was very sorry, I know, at being a minute or two late, and the thought entered my mind, We may never meet again, perhaps he will be slain in the Crimea. I thought he was a Christian, and I knew I was not, and the thought that we might never meet again made such an impression upon my mind that it led me to what I

then considered to be very meritorious. I set to work to read the Bible, as a sort of offset against my sins. I remember perfectly well that I chose Isaiah, as being the most difficult part of the Bible, and therefore, in my opinion, the most meritorious task I could undertake. But when I got to the end, I was just where I was before I began,—an unsaved sinner, in my sins.

School life passed by, and I got into an office in the town in which I lived. I had meant to be a lawyer at that time; and, although *Blackstone* did engage my attention in office hours, my heart was far more in everything that concerned the world, and its enjoyments, than anything else. There was not a ball or a concert, a regatta or a cricket match, or a worldly entertainment of any kind, within twenty miles of where I was living, that I was not in, if I could get to it. I just want you to see where I was before Christ met me.

But God spoke to me again, when I was about nineteen. A fine hearty young Christian—oh! it is a grand thing for a young man to be bold for Christ—came to see my father, from a distance. When he was leaving, my father said to me, "Show him down to the carriage gate." I went down the avenue with him, and at the gate he quietly turned to me, and said, "Well, Walter, are you a Christian?" "No!" "Then, had you not better come to the Lord?" I got very angry with him for talking to me in that way, and rapidly closed the gate. Ah! I was on my way down to

hell, and my anger just showed how bitter was my hatred against Christ, and against His servants. Spite of that I was touched by his faithfulness, and if there were any young man I respected it was he, for no other ever dared to speak to me in that way. God had His eye upon me, blessed be His name !

In December 1860, it was arranged that I should go to London, to pursue my legal studies there. I accordingly quitted my home in Devonshire on the 4th of the month, leaving behind me a good many engagements for the Christmas week. The national volunteer movement had just sprung up, and I flung myself, heart and soul, into the organisation of the local artillery corps. We wanted a band, and money was not easily found, so we thought we would raise the funds by a concert. I recollect how tremendously I threw my heart into the concert, and I was set down for the bass of the glees, and for the comic songs, which suited me admirably in those days. We had one concert, and it was an immense success, so we arranged to have another at Christmas, because so many people could not get seats at the first. We arranged a new programme, and I remember very well, the conductor said to me, "If you go to London, you will not come back." "On my oath," I said, "I promise you that I will come down and sing." "Remember we cannot put another in your place." "Have no fear," I replied, "I will come down, for I have half-a-dozen most charming engagements



for Christmas week, which I must keep," and I fully meant to keep them all.

I went up to London on Tuesday, December 4th, and I have no doubt God used this as a link in the chain of blessing, for I was leaving home really for the first time, and felt correspondingly that I was taking a serious step in life. Some of you fellows have left home, and know what that is. In the boarding-house, where I at first put up in the City, there was a young man, Tom W——, who came from the same county as I, and we naturally were drawn together, when we found that we came from towns within ten miles of each other, and that our parents were acquainted. He was going to study engineering, and I was going in for the law, but we soon agreed that we would lodge together. The next day we hunted about for lodgings, and on Saturday we took up our quarters together in Islington.

On Lord's Day we lay abed, just as some of you fellows do, till late on in the forenoon, thinking that if we went to church in the evening that would suffice in the way of religion. Sunday is really an awfully dull day for an unconverted man. I had received a letter from my dear old mother, urging me to go and hear the gospel, and my friend, Tom, asked me: "Where are you going? What do you say, shall we go and hear Richard Weaver? I see in the papers he is going to preach in Surrey Theatre to-night." To this I agreed, and about five o'clock we set out for Blackfriars Road.

I shall never forget that scene. The street was crowded outside the doors. God was working in those days wonderfully, and souls were being saved in hundreds and thousands; and, I believe, that the man we went to hear was the means of awakening thousands of souls to their real condition before God, and of bringing them to a knowledge of Christ, and salvation. When the doors were opened, the flood of people poured in. I was separated from my comrade. He was carried to the pit, while I got to the dress circle, and then into one of the stage boxes. The theatre was crammed, and to 3,500 souls did that simple collier preach the blessed gospel of the grace of God. My memory will always retain some of the things I heard that night from him, as, from the crowded stage, he read Mark v. 25-34, and then preached on the simple story of the woman with the issue of blood, and how all her disease and distresses were healed, when she simply touched the hem of the garment of Jesus. I saw clearly enough that salvation was by the simple touch of faith; but then, you see, he was only a common man, I thought, and I was a gentleman, and I could not be converted by a common man. Such was the pride of my poor sinful heart. Ah, my friend, take care lest you be damned through your pride. Take care lest you are damned because you will not be saved in God's own way. But God had His eye upon me that night, and I was in measure impressed.

At the close it was intimated that if any were

anxious they might go to the pit. I went down to the pit, not because I was anxious, but because, somehow, I thought that my friend might be anxious, and would be found there. I was not there three minutes before a young man, a simple fellow, came to me and said, "Sir, are you a Christian?" "No, I am not," I replied. "Would you not like to be one?" he next asked me. "I do not know," I said. "Oh, surely you had better be a Christian, and it is very easy to become one. I became one last Sunday evening. I went to Exeter Hall, and there I was converted by Richard Weaver's preaching." He began soon, that young man; he was not long converted before he began to tell others about it, and I hope you young fellows, who have been converted, will not be long in telling others about it too. He began well, you see.

I found out then who he was, and that he was a working tailor. He then said to me, "Will you not pray?" and I replied, "I never could pray." Then said he, "I shall pray for you," and he got down on his knees in the theatre, and prayed most fervently to God to bless, and save me. Thank God, he answered that young man's prayer; though I was too cowardly to get down on my knees then. I had to get down on my knees afterwards—and you will have to get down on your knees, be sure of that—but I was too proud to bend them at that moment.

Tom W—— had been in the pit, saw me, and came over. At that moment another young man,

very earnest, and intelligent looking, came over, and joining in the conversation, spoke a few words to me. I then rose to leave, and this stranger asked, "Which way do you go, gentlemen?" "Towards Islington." "Our way lies together then, as I live there, and if I may I will accompany you." To this we agreed, and outside the theatre he turned, and said to us, "May I ask, Are you Christians?" We both replied, "No." "And would you not like to be Christians?" he next asked. I said, I would, for I began to think it was worth while being a Christian. "Then," said he, "you must be in earnest about it." "I hope we will be," I replied, "but what must I do to become a Christian?" "If you are in earnest about it, and really mean to be one, you must give up the world." Give up the world! Oh, how I clung to it at the moment when he suggested that; but, earnest as he was, he did not then know the gospel clearly. Then there came before my mind the memory of my engagements in Christmas week, and the uppermost thought was, How can I give them up?

Well, we walked up the three miles to Islington, and when near our lodgings I said, "Will you come in and have a cup of coffee with us?" He came in, and before going away he asked, "May I read a little bit with you?" "Certainly," we said, and then he read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with us. He was a nice young man, we thought, and so he was, and he became a great friend afterwards.

When he had left, my companion and I sat quietly at the sides of the fireplace, each thinking. All of a sudden, I remember, I said, "Tom, I think, if you and I are going to live together, and have God's blessing, we had better have family-reading." "Dear me, Wolston," he replied, "that was the very thing I had on my mind, but I did not like to say it. We will buy a book to-morrow, and begin." "No books," said I, "if a man is going to pray to God, he should pray himself. I do not believe in praying other men's prayers; we ought to pray for ourselves. I do not believe in books, except the Bible. If we are going to pray, we will pray ourselves." Then Tom said, "How shall we begin?" "One of us will read, and the other will pray," I said. "I will read to-morrow, and you shall pray." He agreed, and next morning, when we came downstairs, I read the first of Matthew, and my friend prayed. I thought he did it splendidly. The next day it was my turn; he read the Bible, and I had to pray. I shall never forget what I felt when it was my turn to pray. My heart was in my mouth; but I was in downright earnest. I wanted to be saved, and he wanted to be saved too. I wish you were in the same mind. If you are anxious to be saved, you will be.

That week was a remarkable one, because we did pray earnestly in the morning, and in private too. There came over our souls a deep sense of our sins. We cried to God, too, for our relatives. "God save our relations," was frequently our

prayer, for we had such a sense of our sins, that, though we prayed, we had the fear we were too bad, too wicked, too sinful to be saved. This impression was deepened by the fact that though we read, and prayed earnestly in the mornings, I should be ashamed to say where we were found in the evenings. We were fresh from the country, and must needs see London life, so its music halls, and other hells tempted us at night, for the devil has hell-traps of every kind in abundance for young men in every big city, and God only kept us from being engulfed that week. So the week went round, and then the next Sunday came. My mother had besought me before leaving home, and again by letter, to go and hear her friend, Mr Andrew Miller, a Scotchman, and a well-known evangelist, preach; and intent on this, we started out on the Sunday morning, but, when well on the way, I remembered that the morning meeting was for the breaking of bread, and worship of the Lord, and that would not do for us, what we wanted was the gospel, and we must wait for that till night.

Accordingly we waited till evening, and then started again, but, oh, what a hunt we had to find the place. It was a murky, misty, cold night, and we went on, and on, until at length,—and I cannot help thinking the devil knew what was coming,—Tom W—— said, “I am not going a step farther.” “You may go home,” I said, “if you like, but I will find this place, even if I have to go till midnight.”

It was William Street, in the north of London, we were seeking, and just as Tom said he would not go another step, we were in it, but we could not see the name for the mist. "Is this William Street, where Mr Miller preaches?" said I to a passer-by. "Yes," said a voice, "but he is not preaching to-night. He has gone down to Scotland; but Mr Charles Stanley is preaching." That name awakened old memories. When I was a boy of ten, that gentleman came to spend a day or two at my father's house. He wished to go to Dartmouth on some business, and my father told me to drive him, which I did. When we came home, he put his hand in his pocket, and then gave me a pearl-handled, four-bladed knife. "Take that, my boy," he said, and I was quite proud of the gift. Ten years had rolled by, but the name, Charles Stanley, reminded me of the gift. "That is the man who once gave me a knife," I said to my friend; "let us go in and hear him."

The place was crammed; and we stood in the aisle. The preacher was speaking very simply from the story of Solomon building the temple. Stones, three hundred tons in weight, were taken to build the temple. He told us where they came from, a cavern below Jerusalem, and how they were hewn out of the quarry, and then taken out, and built into the temple. Then he pointed out that God was building a spiritual temple; that the world was the quarry, and sinners were the stones. They were so deeply embedded in the quarry, how-

ever, that a good deal of blasting was needed to get them out. It often took trouble, and distress, and sorrow to break up a man, and dislodge him from the world. Then, again, his sins had to be pressed on him, and by-and-by he got a little bit anxious. Just as Hiram shaped the top and sides of his stones, so did God's Spirit act on a sinner, to shape him to receive the gospel. But how were these stones, three hundred tons in weight, got into position? I shall never forget the preacher's remark as to this. "Supposing Hiram had gone to these stones and said: You great stones, I want you up out of this quarry. Get up this ladder, with only ten steps, and get into the temple. How could those stones move? They were lifeless."

The application was easy. The ladder was the law, the ten commandments. Could I keep them? Could I reach God's temple now, and heavenly glory hereafter, by keeping them? I saw that I could not. I began to get convicted; I began to get really anxious. I wish you were getting anxious. My brow became clouded. The brow of every man is clouded when he becomes serious about his soul. I was serious that night, and I will tell you why. I was a downright awakened sinner, I saw my sin, I saw my guilt; I saw the holiness of God. I knew if there was any one on earth who had righteously earned his way to the pit of hell, I was that man. I do not deny that I was deeply serious.

Then the preacher told us that, just as Hiram



brought tackle and purchase, and lifted his big stones out of the quarry, and put them into the temple, without sound of hammer or axe (*see* 1 Kings vi. 7), so God was building His temple, composed of sinners, saved by grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. He showed us that God's Son had done the work *for* us, and His Spirit wrought *in* us; that the blood of atonement had been shed, and the claims of God had been all met by the Saviour on the cross. Jesus had died that the sinner might live. Christ's blood had been shed that the sins of the sinner might be washed away. I began then to think, Can this be for me? for I was deeply convicted of sin.

The meeting closed. Then the preacher said, "I will be glad to see anybody anxious, in the side room." Turning to my comrade, I said, "What are you going to do?" I shall never forget Tom's answer. "I am going home, to have it out with God." What had happened? He, too, was a convicted sinner. "Well," I said, "you can go home; I shall stay and speak to Charles Stanley." I went round the back of the buildings into the little vestry, and there had a little conversation with dear Mr Stanley. He then introduced me to a Christian lady, the wife of the gentleman I had gone to hear. She told me she had been expecting to see me, as she had heard of my being in London through my aunt, then living in Somersetshire. Presently she said to me, "Are you a Christian?" "No," I replied. "Would you not like to be one?"

she next asked. "I should very much like to be one," I replied, "but I do not know how to become one." Then she said, turning to her daughter, "Fetch Tom," and she went in search of her brother. He was a light-haired young man, who, I noticed, had been very active in putting people into seats, and giving them hymn-books and Bibles. He was active also in the after-meeting.

After being introduced, he said: "I am glad to meet you. We heard from your aunt in Somerset that you were coming, and now we shall be very happy to see you at our house, any time you can come." I thanked him for his courtesy, and then he turned to me, and said, "May I ask, Are you a Christian?" "No, I am not, and I cannot profess to be what I am not." "Do you not want to be a Christian?" "Yes, I should very much like to be one." "And how are you going to become a Christian?" "I suppose by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Yes, there is no other way," said he; "do you believe in Him?" "Yes, of course," I replied, "we all believe." "What do you believe?" he next asked me. I was never so puzzled in all my life, as by that question, and after a little pause, I replied, "I believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "Quite true, and are you a sinner?" "Oh, yes, I know that I am a sinner." "And did He come to save you?" "I hope so." "You hope so? and has He saved you?" "Oh, no!" "Why not?" "Because I do not *feel* saved," I said.

My friend thought a moment, and then continued, "You want to be saved, but you do not feel it?" "Exactly so," I replied, "I do not feel it." He then said: "You have not got to feel saved; all you have to do is believe what the Lord tells you. Do you believe He is able to save you?" "Yes." "And that He is willing to save you?" "Yes." "And are you willing to be saved?" "I am most desirous," I replied; "I would give all the world, if I had it, to know that I were saved, but how can I know it if I do not *feel* it? You surely do not expect me to believe a thing which I do not feel." "Indeed I do; I expect you to believe, because God says that the one who believes in His dear Son is forgiven, and saved." "Well," I replied, "I do believe." "What do you believe?" "I believe He is able, and willing to save me." "And that you are saved?" "No, I don't *feel* it." "Ah," said my friend, "I see where you are;" and he quoted to me that remarkable verse, in the Epistle of James, which runs thus, "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble" (Jas. ii. 19). Then he added, "That is where you are."

Oh! my friends, never in all my history shall I forget the effect of that verse of God's Word on me. It was the means of my eternal salvation, although there is no gospel in it at all. "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble." It was a revelation from God; it was light to my soul. I saw my

company, and I am not ashamed to confess it, I fled. Yes, I fled to Christ! I saw that I was the companion of devils. I had just the traditional faith of Christendom; I believed there was one God; the devils also believed. They trembled; I was trembling. They were not saved; I was not saved. I was on the same ground as the damned devils in hell. Their faith had not saved them; mine, being just like theirs, could not save me. I was overwhelmed. I confess the Word of God broke me to pieces; and I trembled yet more. I am not ashamed to say it, my knees smote together. I saw myself to be what God knew me to be, a man going to hell in his sins, and with a conventional faith that would not avail. Is that the position you are in? Wake up then to-night, I pray you, I implore you.

I was utterly staggered, and, like the awakened jailor in Philippi's prison, I cried, "What must I do to be saved?" My friend saw the effect of the scripture on me, and replied: "Stop, there is a difference between you and the devils. They are past mercy; you are still on ground, where mercy will meet you, if you will take God at His word." "I will gladly take it, if I can get it. What am I to do?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "What! only believe?" "Yes, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "But," I said, "I do not *feel* it." "Man," he replied, "never mind your feelings; fling your feelings overboard as useless, just as you

would an old coat. If you trust in your feelings you will wake up in hell some day, and then you will know what your feelings are worth. You are not told to *feel*, you are told to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. You must take God at His word."

I was just on the point of believing the gospel, when an old acquaintance stepped up to me, and whispered in my ear. His voice was very audible, and what he said was so emphatic that for the time being I lost all consciousness of earthly voices, and surroundings. What he said was this: "Stop! do not be in a hurry. Do not decide to-night; you know you have to attend to a number of things in Devon. You have to sing at that concert, you know; you have already hired your piano; you have got your new comic songs, and you have been practising them for some time; and besides, you have sworn to the conductor you would attend and sing. If you become a Christian you could not sing those songs. Then you are engaged for So-and-so's dinner party, and ball. You are engaged seven-deep in the Christmas week. Put it off for a fortnight, and get over the Christmastide. Go down to Devonshire, fulfil all your engagements like a gentleman, and then come back to London, and be a Christian." Then he craftily wound up his exhortation, and capped this diabolical advice with this bit of Scripture, "No man can serve two masters" (Matt. vi. 24).

That last word settled me. I said to this last speaker, my old master, the devil, "You are right,

'No man can serve two masters'; you have been a bad master, and I will serve you no longer; Christ for me henceforth." I got saved there, thank God! on the spot. The very scripture which the devil would have bound me with, and thought to drag me down by, was the very scripture that snapped my chains and set me free. No sooner had I said, "I will serve you no longer," than I again became conscious that my young light-haired friend was still talking to me. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," again fell on my ear. The clock was striking ten, and our conversation had been long, and now I asked, "Have I only just to believe that Jesus died for me on the cross, bearing my sins, and if I believe in Him, am I saved?" "That is it," he said. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I paused a moment. Could I believe in Him, still *feeling* nothing? "Lord, I believe," sprung from my heart, and fell from my lips, and I was saved on the spot. And so may you be on the spot where you now are, if you will believe in Him.

Yes, there and then I got the knowledge that I was forgiven; I met the blessed Saviour, who had overcome death for me. He filled my heart with peace and joy in the same moment, and we have been fast friends for seven-and-thirty years; and I am longing to be eternally with Him. Oh! will you not come with me? Will you not join me? He is a good Master; I can commend Him to you. But you must do as I did; I had to believe before I felt.

I went home that night to my lodgings as happy as a man could be. I was forgiven, saved, emancipated, taken out of darkness into light, brought from distance into nearness. I knew it, and enjoyed it. My soul began to cry out under the sense of the favour of the Lord, and of the love of the Lord; for I had the consciousness that my Saviour had made atonement for my sins, and had washed them all away in His blood.

When I got home, there was Tom, poor fellow, weeping as if his heart would break. "Well, Tom," I asked, "how is it now?" He looked at me, and said, "Man, I see how it is with you by your face." "Yes," I said, "thank God, I am saved, and I know I am saved." "But how did you get it?" he asked. Oh! what easy work it was now to tell him, and what happy work too. We sat up until three o'clock on Monday morning, reading, praying, and praising, and though Tom did not find Jesus that night, he did next day. I can never forget December 16, 1860.

I had been asked to go to a prayer-meeting, on Monday evening, and went. My dear young fellow-believers, be sure and go to the prayer-meeting; get among Christians. It was a great thing for me that I got among Christians at the start. I remember that night at the prayer-meeting, it had got abroad that I had been saved over-night, and many a Christian came, and gave me a hearty greeting in Christ's name, which much cheered me. When I got home at eleven o'clock, Tom greeted

me with a smile, and a warm grip of the hand. It was all right. He had found the Lord, all alone, just before I got in. "Thank God!" I could only say. God saved both of us within the twenty-four hours, and we were now two comrades bound for glory, two brothers in the Lord, for He had thus blessed and saved us both.

Well, you say, what was the next thing you did? I did not mention my conversion in the office on Monday, as I thought it might be excitement, for I was not a little moved. I would that you could be moved just in the same way, and have the same joy as I had. On Tuesday, my master, a lawyer to whom I was to have had my "articles" transferred, sent me to Lincoln's Inn, with a message to another lawyer. When I got there, he was not in, and would not be back for an hour, his clerk told me. My business demanded that I should wait, and see his master, so I asked if he would favour me with pen, paper, and ink, and there in that old musty quarter of London,—Lincoln's Inn,—I wrote to the conductor of the concert, the man to whom I had sworn faithfully that I would come down and sing, and told him of the very remarkable thing that had happened to me. I told him the story as briefly as I could, how God had met me, a hell-going sinner, and saved me, and blessed me; and, I said, that if I went down to sing I must sing about Christ. If I could not sing about Christ, I could not sing at all. My songs had all been changed, and I must be permitted to sing about



Christ, if present. I was afraid if I did so I should spoil his concert, so suggested that he had better let me off. I gave him all the gospel I knew, and at the end of the letter I wrote, "Be sure and read this letter to the whole of the Glee Club." Did he do it? Not he. He was one of those professing Christians who sail with the world, and who consequently are a dishonour to the name of Christ, and a stumbling-block in the way of many a young man. He who owns Christ as his Lord must break with the world to be really a witness for Him.

He did not read the letter to my fellow-singers, as I wished, but, as I did not appear at the concert, he told enough of its contents to let the people understand that I had "become religious," and gave them to understand that the reason I was not there was, because I had gone wrong in my head. My dear friends, I wish you had the same disease. I had not gone wrong in my head, but I had got right in my heart, that night. Some people may think me a little mad. I wish you had the same madness. If you think I am making a fool of myself for Christ's sake—godless man—you will find out by-and-by, that you made a great mistake in laughing at me, when I, and all the other people you have laughed at, are with Christ in glory. Where will you be then? Where will you spend eternity?

Let me assure you of this, that the Christian's life is the happiest, because the holiest. I have been seven-and-thirty years converted, and I find that my portion gets better every year. Christ is

dearer, and heaven is nearer, and the gospel is sweeter every year. If you want to have a happy life, you must be on Christ's side. Decide for Him now. Trust the Saviour, and start with Him to-night. But if you start with Him, the next thing will be, you will go out to speak of the Lord. People often say to me, What set you preaching? Well, I never set up to be a preacher; all I can say is, that being filled with the joy of the Lord, I have not been able to contain it; I must tell of it to other people; and that is why I am here to-night; that is the secret. Conversion is just like scarlet fever, it is infectious. If you get converted yourself, you tell others of your new-found joy, and others will get converted also.

You, my dear young man, who have decided for Christ, be firm for Him. I do not say, Follow me, but I say, Follow Christ. Seek to serve the Lord, and put yourself, from this hour, absolutely under Him.


And you, my dear friend, if you have never decided for the Lord before, be decided to-night. If you have not been a Christian before, may the simple tale of my conversion lead you to decision, and set you on your way seeking to serve the Lord. He is coming back, and we shall soon see Him face to face. May we each heed His word, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10).

W. T. P. W.

WORSHIP.

“ Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.”

7.6.



GOD, we come before Thee,  
 To magnify Thy name;  
 To worship and adore Thee,  
 Thy glory to proclaim!  
 Thou, Thou alone, art worthy  
 Of highest, loudest praise!  
 Accept, O God, our worship,  
 Though feeble be our lays.

Our Father, we extol Thee,  
 That Thou didst give Thy Son,  
 Thy Christ, Thy well-belovèd,  
 For sinners, lost, undone.  
 How infinite Thy mercy!  
 How measureless Thy love!  
 Oh! who their depths can fathom,  
 Or who their heights can prove?

Oft now our cup o'erfloweth,  
 Oft now our joy is full,  
 As we recount Thy mercies,  
 As we Thy grace recall,—  
 The grace that hath enriched us,  
 From judgment set us free,  
 And made us in Christ Jesus  
 So very nigh to Thee!

Soon, soon we shall behold Him  
In His fair home of love ;  
No shadows ever darken  
That scene of light and love.  
Oh ! then these very bodies  
Shall fashioned be like His !  
Then, with Him, and then like Him,  
How full, how deep our bliss !

Oh ! send Him, God our Father !  
We long His face to see,  
Who gave Himself once for us  
On Calvary's cursèd tree.  
He wills, He also longeth  
To have His Church, His bride,  
Where He is, with Him ever  
Exalted, glorified !

M. S. S.

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## THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

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LEARNED doctor of divinity said, the other day, "It does not matter what road you take ; if you aim for heaven, you will be sure to get there." Now, as most people really want to go to heaven, this should be a most interesting question, and I will be bold enough to say that the above statement will not satisfy those who are really in earnest about the matter. Thank God,

He has got a heaven, filled with joy and divine favour; and because the precious blood of Jesus has been shed, heaven's golden gates are opened wide, and there is room for you there, and to that place God bids you COME. 'This being the case, you will be a fool to miss it; and as to miss it will mean eternal hell for you, you must not, you cannot, treat the matter lightly.

Yet, strange to say, we find men who are totally indifferent. They know how to make money, but they know not whether heaven is theirs or not. What a wretched thing indeed is this! We have met men who were able to measure the distance of the stars, men who knew every secret of nature; and yet they knew not, should they die, whether they would land in heaven or in hell-fire. Can you speak with certainty on this point, my reader. If a man went to some seaport to embark for a foreign clime, and he did not know to what port he would sail, or how he would go, you would call him a fool, even though he wore the professor's gown. And what shall we say of you? You are going, ay, swiftly going, into eternity, and yet you know not where that eternity is to be spent. Oh man, wake up to these things; forget all else, until you can say that this matter is settled.

See that poor criminal under sentence of death. It is the eve of the execution; he is hoping against hope that a pardon may be sent to him. Go to him, talk to him about politics, is he interested? No! He cares not whether trade is good or bad,

whether the strike has succeeded or failed. What he is thinking of is the pardon,—has *that* been procured for him? and the answer in the affirmative is the only word that will bring the flush of joy to his pale cheek.

Oh, friend, this is your case, if your sins are not forgiven through THE BLOOD. You will be damned, yes, damned in hell for ever, and that may be to-night. Look about you; flee from hell, and seek heaven.

Now, if God has provided a home of eternal love for sinners, none can deny Him the right of stating the way that He would have them take to it. God has provided the way, the only righteous way; and if you would be blessed eternally, that way you must take. Yet some set aside God's way, and go their own, forgetting that God has said, "There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof are the ways to death."

We read of some who in olden days began to build, hoping to raise a tower the top of which should reach to heaven; but God saw their work, and stopped their building, and confounded them altogether. Building is not the way to heaven. Many to-day are making bricks of good works, and piling them carefully one on the other, brick on brick, but they are all wrong. By works of righteousness nothing can be obtained. It is not of works, lest any man should boast (Eph. ii. 9). Salvation is to him that *worketh not* but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly (Rom. iv. 5).

And if in the day of judgment you have nothing but your fancied good works to rest upon, how miserably confounded you will be!

If you could get to heaven by works of your own, what a name you would make for yourself! That is what the builders of whom I write sought. They said, Let us build us a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name. But no, friend, it could not be. Every soul that is blest, will be blessed for the glory of some one else. It will magnify the name of another; and who is that? It is Jesus. "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name, . . . that at the name of JESUS every knee should bow, . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 9, 10). Now, it is through that name alone that you can be saved. "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).

Blessed fact! Jesus is the Saviour; and if you are to be saved, it must be for His glory. And how worthy He is! From heaven He came to die. God in boundless love sent Him, and on the cross He took the sinner's place, and bore the sinner's judgment. He satisfied there, on that cross, all the claims of God's righteousness, and by so doing "opened the glory for whosoever will." He can say now, "I am THE WAY." Now, you are shut up to Christ; this is decisive. Here you have God's

truth, in contrast to your opinion ; and if you are wise, you will cease to seek salvation and heaven in other ways, and turn to Christ at once. God has linked up the salvation of the sinner with the glory of His thrice-worthy Son, and never will one sinner be saved apart from Him.

Oh, trust Him now. "By him all that believe are justified." He is on the throne of God,—blessed proof that God is fully and for ever satisfied with what He did on the cross ; and through His name God proclaims forgiveness to you, and offers to you a place amid the glories of yonder everlasting habitation.

Sinner, believe in God's Christ now. Delay not, lest the doom of lost souls stamp you with utter and everlasting despair. Look now to Christ, and salvation, home, joy, and Christ, the blessed Saviour, are for ever yours.

"One offer of salvation  
To all the world make known ;  
The only sure foundation  
Is Christ the Corner-stone.

No other name is given,  
No other way is known ;  
'Tis Jesus Christ, the first and last,  
He saves, and He alone.

One only door of heaven  
Stands open wide to-day ;  
One sacrifice is given,  
'Tis Christ, 'the living way.' "



## TRUTH—WHAT IS IT?\*

(JOHN xviii. 36-38.)



PILATE'S question, "What is truth?" is, I believe, the great question of the moment. It is of vast importance to have the truth, and it is a profound mistake not to have it, if it is to be had. Many a man has it not. The

Christian has it. The believer in Christ has it. I remember many years ago one of the Professors of Edinburgh University, with whom I was very intimate, and at whose house I was one evening, after a long conversation, turned, and said to me, "Look here, doctor, I am earnestly seeking after the truth." "I have got it, sir," I replied. "What do you mean?" "I mean this, I have Christ, and He is the truth."

Christ is the truth, and I want to draw your earnest attention to these precious words of the Saviour which I have read—uttered by Him when surrounded by everything that the enmity of man could bring against Him, when betrayed, denied, blindfolded, and passed on from one careless high priest to another, and then trundled away to the judgment-seat of a godless man, as Pilate undoubtedly was. Yet in the face of all this, what was His attitude? Look at Christ! Look how quiet,

\* Extracted from "Seekers for Light."

how calm, albeit how sad. Then it was He said: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Pilate carelessly says, "What is truth?" and then turns his back on Truth personified. Ah! my friends, there is many a man doing that to-day. Pilate is not the only man who has turned his back on the Truth.

What I greatly desire is that the truth, God's truth, may simply pass before us, and I shall make no apology for Scripture. I believe it to be the Word of God. I believe it to be a revelation from God, of His mind, of His thoughts, of His purposes, and of His counsels; that we have in the Scriptures the truth written, and that in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ we have truth incarnate. The result is, that the man who receives the truth of Scripture, in the power of the Holy Ghost, will invariably be brought into contact with Christ, who is the Truth.

First then, you may ask me, "What is truth?" Truth is the exact, the perfect, the absolute expression and delineation of that which is. It is the identity of the statement and the fact stated. I could not say, that God is the Truth. God is, and He is true. God is true; but of the Lord Jesus Christ it is said, that "Grace and truth came by him" (John i. 17). Nay, more, He Himself has said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life" (John xiv. 6). He is the Truth about everything;

the truth about God; the truth about man; the truth about the heart of God, the nature of God, and the claims of God; and the truth, moreover, about man in every possible relation of his being. He was no mere man, for He was verily God; nevertheless He was a real, true, perfect man. Get hold of that, I implore you. That Jesus, whom we have read about, was a real, true, perfect man, as much a man as I am, sin alone excepted. As man He was in this scene to declare God, and to divinely meet man. "To this end," He says, "was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." None could reveal God, none could unveil the love of God, or declare the heart of God, other than He who came from God. There was none who knew the claims of God, and could meet those claims, except the One who came from God. He must come from God, if He is to bring God to me, and He must be a man, a veritable man, to bring me to God; because I am a sinful man, a sinner. So are you. Sin carries its consequences, and merits judgment, and the truth as to this alone is seen fully in Christ.

In the Lord Jesus Christ the absolute truth about everything is beautifully blended. The perfect and whole truth about everything is seen in every part, and not one side of the truth more than another. We get the truth that "God is love," for instance, and see the reality of the truth of God's love in Christ's self-sacrifice, for He gave Himself

that He might unveil the heart of God to us, and bring us to God by His death.

In the scene before us Pilate is in the presence of Jesus, the Truth, yet, when He speaks, he turns his back upon Him. I trust you will not imitate him; because we live in a day when men are slighting Christ. I find many young men who are Pilate's followers; in fact I speak the truth when I say that perhaps nine young men out of ten whom I meet are not believers, but, alas! are serious doubters. I want to know if they are happier, if they are better, or if they are holier men; I have never found it to be so yet. I can recollect, when I was an unconverted young man, and when the truth was unknown to me. I know, too, what I was after I was converted. I know what a wonderful change came over me when I came to know the Truth, and was brought into contact with the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence I want you to get into contact with Christ.

Now observe this, if Jesus be not what He said He was, if He be not what He declared Himself in the Gospels to be, you must repel Him, and everything about Him altogether. Jesus said that He was the Son of God. Was He the Son of God? He says, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Only the Son could make the Father known. Surely, as He Himself says, "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man

which is in heaven" (John iii. 13). This claim must either be accepted or rejected. I must either own what He says, I must acknowledge the truth that He came from heaven, or refuse absolutely to believe it, and proclaim Christ to be not an impostor, but One who knowingly spoke what was not true. If He said a single word which was not true, then He cannot be the Truth. I do not mince matters, for I must either own Him to be what He said He was, or else deny Him all right to the allegiance of my heart and conscience.

Although I thus speak, I delight to acknowledge, and heartily believe that He is what He said He was; and I have proved Him to be what He said He was—a Saviour. If you have never known Him as your Saviour, let me now urge you to put Him to the test. You accept the truth of that which He says concerning Himself, and then you will find out that you need a Saviour, and that He is that Saviour, and He alone. I know well that men would like to set aside His claim on the ground that they do not need saving. But you have to meet God, and where are you going to spend eternity? How are you going to meet God? You have to go into eternity! Where will you spend it? Serious questions these! Are you now fitted to meet God? Is your conscience purged? Are your sins purged away? Are you fitted to pass into the presence of a God of infinite holiness? I tell you frankly you are not, unless you have had to do with Christ. If you have had nothing to do

with Him, you are not ready. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth," said the Lord Jesus, and then He adds immediately, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

I come therefore to the question, an important one for you and myself—Have I got the truth? If I am not of the truth, I have not heard His voice. The man who has not heard the voice of the Son of God does not possess the truth. You can hear other voices; for there are plenty of voices nowadays. The voice of the truth is that of Him, who could say, "I am the truth," and who could say to the man, who told Him, he had power to put Him to death, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." He it is who says, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Then, have you heard His voice?

Well, you say, I do not know that He exists. You would soon know that He exists if you heard His voice. Oh, but, you say, I was never brought into contact with Him. More the pity; because He says, "Every one that is of the truth hears my voice." The confession of a man, that he has not heard the voice of Jesus, is a tacit confession that he has not got the truth. Now, I say again, above all things get the truth. I do not care what things I lose, or what I have not got, if I have got the truth. Give me the truth—the truth about every-

thing, about God, about myself, about righteousness, about the claims, and the heart of God.

What is the truth about God? "God is love!" How do you know that? you ask. He gave His Son. "God is light!" What is the meaning of that? Light reveals all that is unlike, or opposed to itself; it touches the root of things, because light makes manifest. "God is love." The birth of Jesus, and the cross—the death of Jesus, prove the love of God. They are the demonstrations of that wonderful truth. "God is light." Will He pass over sin? Impossible! The Word of God is simple and plain upon this point. "All have sinned;" furthermore it says, "The wages of sin is death." People try to explain death away, but you cannot. You may gild your hearses, drape your coffins with costliest flowers, decorate your graveyards, and put up magnificent monuments on your tombs, but you cannot get rid of death; and death, we are told, entered into the world by sin (Rom. v. 12)—the sin of the first man—Adam.

But death is not the end of man. If death were the end of man, then there would be no resurrection; but I have learned the truth of the resurrection, through Christ. The man Jesus Christ, for God's glory, and the blessing of sinners, reached death and the grave as the end of a pathway of perfect obedience and dependence. God could not do otherwise than raise, and glorify Him, and He has done it. The first man reached the grave as the fruit, and penalty of sin, and if you go into

death, you will lie there, just because you are a sinner. But I know a Man, who went into death, and came out of it.

I hear His voice to-night, saying, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." I have also heard Him say, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead" [in their sins of course] "shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live" (John v. 25). Oh! what a wonderful thing this is, a man springs into life, into eternal life, by hearing the voice of the Son of God!

The first great truths I learn then, are these, that, "God is love," and "God is light." All is made manifest in Jesus. The end Christ had in view is here stated. He comes down into the scene, and finds man a sinner in his sins, under the sentence of death, and passing on to it, and He passes into death for him, that he might be saved.

Supposing death were to overtake you, what then? You may not be terribly afraid at the thought of death, but what comes after death? No man can tell that, you say. I beg your pardon, I know what comes after death. I know One who has been into death, and has come out of it. The Christian—if he die—departs to be with Christ, who has been into death, and is now at the right hand of God, a living, mighty Saviour, who leads the one that trusts in Him, into eternal life, and sets him down in the glory, where He now is. Every one who is of the truth hears His voice. That is it. It is very simple. Until I hear His



voice, it is quite clear, I have not got the truth.

Now let us inquire, What is the truth about man? Man is a sinner. "The Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). Is it true that man is lost? It must be true, or Christ has told a lie. He says, "The Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost." You might turn to me, and say, But who are lost? All, without exception. Have you heard His voice? Have I heard His voice? If not, I am yet lost; you are yet lost. You may say, But surely you do not put us all down as lost? The Son of God says it, and He makes no mistakes.

Not long ago, a friend of mine was preaching in this town to a very large audience. At the close of the meeting, I came in contact with an excessively intelligent, and withal earnest young fellow, one of your own set. I got into conversation with him, and asked him if he were saved. He said, "How can I know?" "Well," I replied, "I know that I am saved, thank God. Don't you know it?" "No," he replied, "but I am doing my best to live a proper, moral, straight, and square life." "Quite right," I said, "that is exactly what you should do." "Won't that have some weight with God?" he asked. "Won't that curry favour with God?" "Well," I said, "stop a moment. Will your life compare with the life of Jesus?" He thought a minute, and then said, "What do you mean?" "I mean this—Do you think your life will compare

with the life of Jesus?" After thinking a little, he replied: "I could not say that. I am doing my best to live a moral, proper, and square life, but I cannot say that it could compare with that of Jesus." "Well then," I said, "you won't do for God; because only one man will suit Him, and that is Jesus; He is the Truth. He is what a man should be. A man should be holy, spotless, sinless, undefiled, absolutely devoted and true to God. That is what Jesus was." He thought a moment, and then turning round sharply to me, said, "If what you say is true, every man is lost." "Yes," I said, "you have hit the nail on the head this time. That is exactly what Scripture says. Every man is lost, and 'the Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost.'"

So you see, my friends, Christ brings out the truth as to our state. We are sinners; and, if sinners, we are under sentence of death, and lost. If you will turn to another portion of Scripture, where, in parabolic guise, the Lord brings out the truth, whether it be the shepherd who sought his sheep, the woman who lost her money, or the father receiving his son, you will find that the one word He uses is "Lost." The sheep was lost, the silver was lost, the prodigal was lost. It is man's state before God, and, what I urge upon you is, that Christ comes to you, and bears witness to the truth of the condition of man—hence your condition. You are a lost sinner, and you will never be saved until you hear His voice, who is the Truth. Have you heard it?

W. T. P. W.

"CHRIST FOR ME!"



It was a crowded room, and as I gazed at all the hearers gathered to hear the preacher, I noticed some serious faces among the company. Several had been brought face to face with death some time before, and the stamp of eternal things had been left upon the soul. The preacher took for his text the two questions, "Where art thou?" (Gen. iii. 9), and "What hast thou done?" (Gen. iv. 10), showing at first that by nature we were far away from God, and by practice, too, we were deserving of eternal damnation.

After the address was over, we had a few minutes' prayer, and the speaker besought for his hearers immediate decision for Christ, asking the Lord that some might be led to say "Christ for me" to-night. We had a little homely appeal after this, the young people seeming loath to leave. The preacher then said that on coming through the continent of America, the railway guard was showing a lady a sight which, he said, she would probably never see again, and, pointing to a rock in the distance, he said: "That rock, madam, is called 'The Great Divide.' Two raindrops may fall from the same cloud, and one of them may fall on one side of the peak and roll away to the Pacific Ocean westward, while the other may fall on the east side and roll

away down by the Mississippi out into the Atlantic Ocean."

"Now," said my friend the preacher, "make this evening 'The Great Divide' in your choice of this world or the next, the great turning-point in your life."

There was hushed attention, and we felt that some hearts were musing what to do at this mighty crisis. As we separated, my friend spoke to one or two who had been listening very attentively to the address, and, much solemnised, were staying for a few moments. "Will you not say, 'Christ for me,' to-night?" he added, to a young girl who was trembling with emotion. She hesitated. What did it involve, thought she. "Will you promise me?" he said. "There is only *One* who can save from sin and death!" Yes, she knew it well. But a short time before she had been called to feel the bitterness of the blank that death had made. She would "try." But no, that was not what the evangelist wanted. Would she confess Christ, and take Christ for her *Saviour* and for her *soul*? With tears she promised to do so, and a few minutes after went quietly to the gentleman who had invited her to come, and said, "Sir, the speaker made me promise that I would say, 'Christ for me,' to-night." "Well," said he, "what are you going to do?" "Why, sir," she said, "I *want* 'Christ for me.'"

Then and there we poured out our hearts in thankfulness to the Lord for His gracious invita-

tion, now accepted so simply by this lamb of His flock.

"Christ for me." Only three words, but, my reader, do you know what they involve. Are you one who is "without Christ," or will you be a sharer of His home and glory? Are you *without* Christ, and as such without hope, and waiting for the coming wrath? The Spirit of God has pleaded with you many a time, and you know your sins press heavily upon you. If you take Christ you will be *safe*. "He that hath the Son hath life," saith the Scripture, but "he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 12), "but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). Reader, pause and think; so terrible a possibility is to be averted if you

"Take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The Life Everlasting He gives,  
And know with assurance thou never canst die  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives."

Take Christ, and you will be for Him here, and with Him in eternity. Can you truly sing—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God,  
Fixed on Thee;  
And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me.  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring;  
And while I live, I mean to sing  
Christ for me."

## GOD'S NOW.



OD never offers salvation to-morrow. Christ never says, "Come unto me" to-morrow. The Holy Ghost never says, "Hear his voice" to-morrow.

It is always "now"—"to-day," never to-morrow.

"To-morrow is only found in the calendar of fools."

Your eternity depends upon the present moment. If Christ is chosen, then eternal bliss is yours; if sin and the world, eternal woe will be your portion.

How much then depends upon the present moment.

God's "now," and the Holy Spirit's "to-day," and His warning, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1), should awaken your heart to a solemn and deliberate decision for Christ, *at once*.

If your house was on fire, you would not say to the firemen, "Go away, and come again to-morrow."

If your ship was sinking, you would not say to the captain of the lifeboat, "Not to-day, come back to-morrow."

If your leg was broken, you would not say to the doctor, "Don't attend my leg to-day, come again at some more convenient season."

No, you would say no such thing. You would

hasten the firemen, you would leap into the life-boat, and you would beseech the doctor.

Ah, then, your soul is in danger of the "everlasting burning"; it is in imminent peril of sinking into eternal perdition, and of being cut off by the righteous judgment of God.

No doubt, then, that "to-day"—"now"—this moment—which alone are yours, is the time to get saved.

God beseeches you to be reconciled; Christ says, come; the Holy Spirit urges you; the angels wait to rejoice at your coming; and the saints of God are ready to send up their Hallelujahs for your salvation.

Why not *now*? What reasonable excuse can you give for delay? What will it profit you to wait until to-morrow? You may die before to-morrow; the Lord may come this *very* day, and *all* the saints of God be gathered home, and *you* left behind, a poor *halting, procrastinating* sinner, a fit subject of the righteous judgment of God.

A man after hearing an old preacher preach on the prodigal son, arose and faced the congregation, and spoke as follows: "I am that prodigal son. I have spent my substance in riotous living. I am in want. I will arise and go to my Father—not next week, not to-morrow, *but now!*" And falling on his knees, he called on God for mercy. And his heavenly Father "ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

There is nothing like the present moment. The

prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my father." "And he arose, and came to his father." There was no hesitation, no indecision, no procrastination. Starvation and death awaited him where he was; his need was desperate; there was abundance with the father; he would go to him, confess all, and cast himself upon his mercy.

He was not mistaken. The father saw him in the distance, had compassion on him, ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

Wonderful moment and place for the prodigal!

That kiss of peace spoke his pardon, and assured him of his acceptance.

What could be the ground of such conduct on the part of God towards such vile sinners as we? *The precious blood of Christ*. We are "reconciled to God by the death of his Son" (Rom. v.); "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22).

Wonderful story of love!

But "now" is a deeply important word. It speaks of the present moment, the opportunity you now have of being saved. To say to-morrow is to sin against God, who offers salvation to-day, and to imperil your soul for ever.

A young man by the name of Knight was driving an ox team with a load of hay on the prairies of Manitoba. He was anxious about his soul. God spoke to him then, for he was in danger of procrastinating, and said to him by the Holy Spirit, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." The word "now" rang



down in his soul, and brought him to full decision there and then.

It was God's "*now*" that delivered him from the devil's "*to-morrow*."

In the hour of death, what will you do, dear reader, without Christ. Without Him you will have no foundation for your soul.

One who had lived for self and the world, was heard to cry, when the hour of death had come, "*Oh, for a foundation!*"

Alas! reader, shall that be your experience, when your spirit leaves the body, and enters "the blackness of darkness for ever"?

Once more I press upon you God's "*now*." Let not the eternal ages be a witness against your folly of putting off your salvation; and let not the bitter dregs of your cup of woe be, "I could have been saved, but I would not."

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

"Haste! haste! haste!

Delay not from wrath to flee.

Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste

Whilst mercy still waits for thee?

Now! now! now!

To-morrow too late may be.

O sinner, acknowledge His glory now,  
And know that He died for thee."

## "GOD MEANT IT UNTO GOOD."



JOSEPH said to his brothers, "Fear not: *for am I in the place of God? But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive,*" &c. (Gen. l. 20). How

strikingly Joseph's words set forth the thoughts of God in relation to one greater than he, and of whom he is a type,—*Jesus!* Joseph's brethren in their jealousy and hatred got rid of him, but God overruled all their wickedness, to fulfil His inscrutable purpose of blessing through Him as His instrument. The rejected Joseph—in figure dead and risen (Gen. xxxvi., xli.)—is found at the right hand of the king of Egypt, administering to the needs of the famished in the day of their need. Jesus, despised and rejected of men, crucified, dead and risen, is seated at the right hand of God Himself in glory. From thence He administers the gospel of His grace, in the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven to a perishing world. Jesus was delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, though taken and by wicked hands crucified and slain (Acts ii. 23). *God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.*

At the awful moment when the wickedness of man culminated in the death of Christ, God ful-

filled His own glory, and the blessing of men through Him. *Made sin on the cross*, Jesus bore the judgment of God. Glorified by Him, God glorified that blessed Man, His Son, the holy sin-bearer, at His own right hand. Christ is now in glory, a present and an eternal Saviour for all. Once He was put to death; man meant it for evil; *God meant it unto good*. Salvation, full, free, and eternal is now offered in His name, and offered to all alike. By the death and blood-shedding alone of Christ could blessing flow to man. God meant it, and means it unto good. The resurrection is the proof of it. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby *good shall come unto thee*" (Job xxii. 21).

Reader, dare *you* despise His goodness, or treat it with indifference? He would save much people alive. Why should not *you* be among them? Why should you perish in the presence of all that He has wrought that we might be saved? And why should it not be brought to pass for you *this day*? Delays are dangerous. Procrastination is the thief of time. To-morrow never comes. *This day* is the moment for decision, for behold *now* is the day of salvation.

Sinner, your days are numbered. The daily death-roll warns you. Your wages will soon be due. The pleasures of the world are fleeting and vain. Neither its wealth nor its honours satisfy. The longer you pursue it, the more difficult you make it for yourself to burst its fetters. What

shall it profit you, if you gained *the whole world*, and lost your soul? (Matt. xvi. 26.) Will you stake eternity for a delusion? Are you so foolish as to prefer the gratification of your natural heart's desire for a few years (at the most short of a century), and an eternity of disappointment and despair, to Christ as a present more than satisfying portion, and an eternity of bliss with Him? What say you? God gave Christ that you might be saved. *He meant it unto good for you.* If you despise or neglect His great goodness, it is at your peril. The day will come when assuredly you will bitterly rue it.

Men in general pursue phantoms. If we were all going to live as we are down here for ever, there might be some reason in much of the world's course. But with its yearly death-roll of millions (one has just died,—now another,—now a third, for it is calculated one dies each second: *you* may be the next), with graves more numerous than living men, with hospitals, orphanages, wars, massacres, revolutions, and other sad and fearful evidences of sin's presence abounding on all hands, is it not astounding that so few listen to the warnings and pleadings of righteousness and grace? Eternal issues are at stake for one and all. In the short span of your fleeting life, the great question must be raised and answered, "*Where shall I spend eternity?*" Leave it unsettled till death's icy hand is upon you, and woe to you, poor sinner! It were better for you had you never been born.

God gave Christ, and He was judged for sinners and sin, but *you*, thoughtless one, have never troubled your head about Him! For you the blessed story of His grace has been till now no more than an interesting fable. You may say, But of course, I believe, Christ died, and all that sort of thing. Yes, but whether you have an interest in His death, and a sure (and *the* only) title to glory with Him in His blood, never gave you one moment's concern, or spoilt one bit of folly or pleasure upon which you were bent. Alas, there are tens of thousands such!

What does that young lady, of a race made in the image and likeness of the Lord God, dressed up in all the finery of the latest fashion, whirling in the giddy dance, care about the love of God, the awful suffering and death of the blessed Son of God on Calvary, the presence of the Holy Ghost, the extension of grace, and the certainty of death and judgment? If one ray of light from God's glory should pierce her poor deceived heart in the midst of her mad gaiety, she would wonder at herself, and rushing from the ball-room to her own chamber, bow in self-judgment in the presence of Him, who will surely either be her Saviour or her Judge!

What does that busy statesman, occupied day and night with the politics of the nations, and the endless social questions agitating the race of Adam fallen, trouble about the coming of Christ Himself to settle the Eastern question, set up His kingdom,

and put all social questions straight? A professing Christian he may be, but have his eyes ever been opened to see the kingdom of God? A well-known poet has written:—

“Raving politics, never at rest,  
As this poor world's pale history runs,  
It is nothing more than a trouble of ants,  
In the light of a million million of suns.”

What must it be in the presence of Him who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all!

What does yon man of business bent, from year's end to year's end on accumulating wealth (oft at the cost of many of his neighbours), and smothering the land with the excess of his advertisements, the glaring evidences of his greed, concern himself about the words of the prophet? “The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts” (Haggai ii. 8); or the solemn warning. “Every one of us shall give account of himself to God?” (Rom. xiv. 12.)

And one might multiply instances. Alas, alas, how many in one way or another, more or less, are caught by the varied devices of the god of this world, and held fast in his silken, and golden, or other chains, till the unwelcome summons of death comes, and that dark portal opens to receive them, from whence none return; to find, when it is too late, they had lived for *self* and not for God, believed a lie instead of His truth, henceforth to weep and gnash their teeth in vain for ever! (Matt. xxii. 13.) *God has said it.*

Reader, are we writing sober words of truth, or the vagaries of our own imagination? You know that we speak forth words of truth and soberness. The Word of God is one witness, the world around you is another. Would you learn the true state of man before God, read Rom. i.; read 2 Tim. iii.; read Gal. v. 19-21; read Eph. iv. 17-19, and many more passages. Be warned by the Word of God. "*Despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and longsuffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? But, after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God; who will render to every man according to his deeds,*" &c. (Rom. ii. 4-6). And again we remind you in the words of Joseph, that in giving His Son, "*God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.*"

The world in forgetfulness of God and His goodness, is rushing swiftly on to judgment, and you, unsaved one, with it, whoever and whatever you may be. Stop. Bow before Him. Be honest with yourself, and *judge yourself*. Face realities. In the light of His holy presence, you are guilty, ruined, under judgment, lost. Own it. Own it without reserve. Hide nothing. God knows all about you; He knows you better than you know yourself. And now, poor sinner, you who richly deserve eternal wrath, *believe on His Son*. God gave Him for the guilty, the lost. He meant it

for our eternal good. This day you may receive a full and eternal pardon, and be saved alive, saved from death, judgment, and eternal woe, saved for life, glory, and eternal bliss with Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," &c. (Acts xvi. 31). "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). "By grace ye *are saved*" (Eph. ii. 5).

There it is, exactly what you need. Own all your guilt to God, and He will put all your sins away by the precious blood of His own dear Son, and you shall be saved. Without a single work of yours, on the sole ground of the finished work of Christ, He will pardon you, justify you, save you for ever, the moment you bow to, and believe on His blest Name. He will save you now, save you from sin, the world, and Satan, to walk with Him, to follow Christ, till, instead of dying miserably with a bad conscience in your sins, to reap eternal misery, He Himself shall call for you with triumphal shout, to share His own blest presence and glory for ever, for *God meant the death of His Son unto the eternal good of every one that believeth.*

"On Christ salvation rests secure ;  
The Rock of Ages must endure ;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown  
Which rests upon the 'Living Stone.'"



# "LOST! LOST! FOR EVER LOST!"



OD speaks sometimes in a very special way to souls. None perish without warning. But He speaks at times by His Spirit to some in a way which they cannot resist without ensuring to themselves their damnation in the

lake of fire for ever.

CHRISTENDOM to-day swarms with people possessing never-dying souls who will never again in this life have the least anxiety about eternity *God has given them up!*

HELL holds millions in its dark domains whom God once called, and with whom His Spirit once did strive. They heard, but they heeded not His last loving call to repentance. *Now they are lost—doomed to eternal despair!*

Half a century or more ago a remarkable revival sprung up at a place called Exeter, in the State of Illinois, under the preaching of the celebrated Peter Cartwright, of "backwoods" fame. Scores of careless sinners were awakened, and many frozen professors were thawed out of their formalities by the mighty power of God. To many the preached word was a savour of "life unto life"; to some, alas, it proved to be a savour of "death unto death." I will mention a case.

A well-educated, gentlemanly young man from

some one of the Eastern States was living in the place at the time. He became very serious as the work went on; and, when spoken to by Mr Cartwright about his soul, he admitted the immense importance of the subject, and his deep need of salvation. He would not, he said, for his right hand lay a straw in the way of any one getting converted, and fully expected to get saved himself *at some future time*. He was urged to accept Christ as his Saviour on the spot, and warned of the danger of delay. He wept like a child, but, poor procrastinator, he could not be prevailed upon to have the matter settled there and then, *and lost his soul!*

A short while before the meetings closed, Mr Cartwright was called away to another town where a work of God was also in progress. The day after he left, this young man was taken violently ill. He sent for Mr Cartwright at once, who hastened back only to witness his dying agonies, and see him *die without hope*.

"Oh," he cried bitterly, "if I had taken your advice a few days ago, which you gave me with tears, and which in spite of all my resistance brought tears to my own eyes, I should now have been ready to die. God's Spirit strove with me powerfully, but I was stubborn and resisted. Had I yielded then, I believe God would have saved me from my sins; but now, racked with pain, almost insupportable, and scorched with burning fevers, and on the very verge of an eternal world,

I have no hope in the future—*all is dark, dark and gloomy*. Neglecting light and mercy, I have evaded and resisted God, His Spirit, and His servants, and now *I must make my bed in hell*, and bid an eternal farewell to all hope of heaven. LOST! LOST! FOR EVER LOST!" Soon he breathed his last, and God's servant mournfully turned away to weep.

Be warned, procrastinator! "Resist the Holy Ghost" no longer. God may give *you* up if you continue to refuse His call. *This* may be your last. Beware, then, lest He throw the reins upon your back, and leave you to your sins to take, at last, the dreadful plunge to dark damnation and despair. An insulted God, a rejected Saviour, a resisted Spirit, a neglected salvation—SURE DAMNATION. Here are five links in the sinner's "chain of destruction."

Good intentions are of no avail. This young man meant well, but he disobeyed God's call. Many perish in the self-same way. They are not mockers; they, in fact, respect God's Word and workmen. But they do not yield to the strivings of the Spirit, and death overtakes them unprepared, and they are lost, for ever lost!

The rich young ruler really wished eternal life. He ran and knelt before the Lord, and then he sadly turned away, and, so far as any know, he never got salvation. I have no doubt he "shelved" the question, as they say.

Felix trembled while God's servant preached.

But he waited for a more "convenient season." It never came, and Felix doubtless died unsaved.

Christ has died and made atonement. God has raised Him from the dead. "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43). Believe on Him to-day. Delay no longer. Even poets sing their warning—

"Yet if you will not this mercy receive,  
Heed not His message, His truth disbelieve,  
Sadly you'll wail on eternity's shore,  
'I am not saved, and the harvest is o'er.'"

Again I say, beware. If you have the least desire for God's salvation, God has given it you. Do not, for your life, drown or seek to drive that longing from your breast. If there burns within your soul the faintest spark of real anxiety, cherish it as the traveller, lost upon the trackless plains, cherishes his last match, lest a puff of wind blow out its flame, and he be left to freeze amid the darkness of the night and storm.

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."  
"Now is the accepted time." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Oh, sinner, turn, and turn NOW!

"What think you of Christ?" is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme;  
You cannot be right in the rest  
Unless you think rightly of Him.  
As Jesus appears in your view,—  
As He is belovèd or not;  
So God is disposèd to you,  
And mercy or wrath is your lot."

## A THIEF'S CONFESSION; OR, FAITH *versus* RATIONALISM.\*

(LUKE xxiii. 33-43.)



HERE is not a more striking instance of the grace of Christ in all Scripture, than the case of the dying robber. He was a pest on earth, and he certainly was not fit for heaven. His faults nailed him to the tree, and he was going out of the world in ignominy and shame, a sinner in his sins, to meet God. He was within six hours of his death, and then Christ met and saved him. Has He met and saved you yet?

There is no scene in the history of the world like that which is before us in Luke xxiii. It stands alone, stands unique, because you have there the death of the only absolutely sinless, spotless, holy Man, by the side of two men who were sinners, and one of them becomes the companion of that sinless Man for eternity. The other got his chance, but missed it. Between these three seen here, each nailed to a cross, there is an immense difference. Of One I can say—There was no sin *in* Him; although there was sin *on* Him. Then I come to the man who had no sin *on* him, though there was sin *in* him. And there was the third of these men, who had sin *on* him, and sin *in*

\* Extracted from "Seekers for Light."

him. So he died. Do not you be the eternal companion of that third man, I implore you.

You may perhaps say, What do you mean? One of these three had no sin *in* Him, and yet had sin *on* Him, when He was nailed to that tree! That was Jesus. Perfect He was. He was the holy, spotless Man; and the charm of this scene is this, that the repentant thief confesses not only his own guilt and his own sin, but he makes a public confession of what his faith is in regard to Christ. "This man hath done nothing amiss" (ver. 41), was his true and blessed asseveration. That man reversed everybody's judgment; that man stood alone that day in his witness, and in his testimony, to Jesus. If you glance through what went before, you will find that everybody was against Christ,—Judas, Pilate, Herod, priests, scribes, populace, everybody; there was nobody for Him. Not one solitary soul stood for Him in all that company that day. What a scene! Betrayed by a false friend, denied by true friends, and deserted by all His followers; with the chief priests, who instigated the populace to demand His death, against Him; the governor against Him; the king against Him; the world against Him; everybody against Him.

But, at length, there comes a moment when, at His side, a man—almost entering into the jaws of death—boldly says, He is a sinless, a spotless Man, I will cling to Him. Ah, friends! I do not say I envy the dying thief. I admire him; and, by-and-by in glory, if I can find him out, I shall grip his

hand, and say, "Thank you, my brother, you cleared my Saviour's character in the day when everybody was against Him."

In another gospel we read, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us" (John i. 14). Here then I find this Man, who was hung upon that tree, crowned with thorns, to be God. And, friend, you have to meet Him. Who hung on that tree? God! And you have to meet Him yet. Oh! you say, He was a man. I know it, and love to own it. And what kind of a man? The thief shall tell you presently. But, mark you, He who was there was God. When the truth of that fact enters a man's soul, it becomes light. And that poor dying thief by His side got light. Whenever the thief got to know Who was by his side, it was light in his soul, and it made a wonderful revolution in his history.

This light came through Jesus' prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." His enemies had done their work,—and now see the perfection of Jesus, in grace. At the moment when His enemies had done their worst,—spit in His face, smitten Him with a rod, preferred a robber to Him, crowned Him with thorns, and nailed Him to a tree,—then was fulfilled the scripture, "He was numbered with the transgressors." I suppose, there was a little hush in the crowd, and His voice was heard. Listen to it, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It was the prayer of perfect love, and I have no doubt it was answered, in the second and third chapters of the

Acts of the Apostles, when Peter came in the power of the Spirit, and preached so effectually. I do not doubt that then the intercessory prayer of the Saviour was blessedly answered. What I want you to notice here is the perfection of the love of the Saviour as He prays for His murderers, and this prayer goes up, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." I believe, as these words fell upon the ears of that dying thief, they come, if I may say so, as a flash of light to his soul, and he became conscious that the One beside him, on the cross, was closely linked with God. Whether he was clear that He was God, I do not say exactly; but manifestly at this moment he got the light that Jesus was the Son of God. That he learned from the words, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Amazing scene! The man who is dying in his sins, hears this sinless, spotless Man positively praying for His murderers! I believe that was the moment when the rays of blessed, divine light entered his soul, and the man became conscious that God's Son was being crucified by his side. Evidently there was some time for him and others to think, for "the people stood beholding" we read (Luke xxiii. 35).

Now mark what follows, and observe the contrast between the infidelity and rationalism of man's mind, and the simple faith of this dying thief. Look at the different classes of people who come out here, because what is before us in this



scene is just a sample of what is all around us to-day. I am not surprised that there is infidelity and rationalism in the world to-day. You have the seed and germ of it all in the scene before us. "And the rulers also with them derided him, saying," tauntingly and jeeringly, "He saved others; let him save himself, *if* he be Christ, the chosen of God." That little word "*if*" has the whole root of infidelity in it. Ah! my friends, you are here to-night with a good many "ifs" in your mind. You are in bad company. The rulers were doing terrible work that day; they were the leaders, and they headed a countless host of unbelievers and doubters, stretching from their day to that in which you live. "He saved others." They did not doubt that; they could not deny it. They knew of many deeds of beneficence, and they gave witness to them. I mean to give witness also. He has saved me—has He saved you? "He saved others; let him save himself, *if* he be Christ, the chosen of God." Is He the chosen of your heart? That is the question now. God had chosen Him; but they did not believe Him.

How, they asked, if He be the "chosen of God," does it come about that He is crowned with thorns, and gibbeted with malefactors? "Let him save himself, *if* he be Christ." Eternal damnation stalks behind that little word "*if*." The heart full of "ifs" is not full of faith. That "*if*" is a terrible word; there is want of faith in it. And there are many people who have a large number of "ifs" to answer

for—they have really no faith. They are certain of nothing, except that they cannot be certain about anything. Thank God, there are no “ifs” in my faith; I am perfectly well aware by whom I am saved, and who He is, and what He is, and what He has done for me. Faith is the most positive thing in the world. Rationalism is just like a bat in the sunlight, and you know what the bat does there. The more light it gets, the more dumfounded it becomes. You know the bat goes out in the dark; it can only flit easily about in the evening, when the light is gone, and that is where many are to-day. The bats of infidelity and rationalism are abroad in myriads now, and everybody has got at some time into their company. I was among them at one time, but I did not like their company.

Let us go further. “And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar, and saying, *If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself.*” Again this awful *if*. They wanted Him to prove that He was the King of the Jews by saving Himself. But He would not do that; He would not save Himself, just that He might be able to save others, like you and me. Unbelief doubted, faith accepted, then, as now, the superscription, “This is the King of the Jews.”

“And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, *If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.*” You would not have thought that the poor fellow would have talked in that strain;

you would not have thought a man in his serious position, in the jaws of death as it were, would have railed in such a manner. Another scripture tells us that both the malefactors did it (Mark xv. 32). I do not doubt both of them were hardened enough to mock at the Saviour; they did not, you will notice, taunt each other; they both, however, twitted Christ. Why, there is not a man that does not hate Christ at the bottom of his heart to begin with. Even a dying robber, just going to drop into a lost eternity, will spend his last breath in abusing Christ. But note this, Christ will spend His last breath in praying for those who have abused Him. If sin leads a man to abuse Christ, He in the goodness of His heart, spends His last breath praying for His murderers; and I think that was what wrought the great change in the heart of one dying thief, while the other dying wretch, untouched by grace, and abiding in unbelief, says, "*If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.*" There was, alas! no faith in him towards Christ.

At this moment a charming scene takes place, under the most difficult circumstances. When everything was against Christ, and when there was every reason why he should not believe in Jesus, the other thief comes out in a magnificent way. It is quite evident that the Spirit of God works in him, as he is heard speaking to his neighbour. Three hours ago you might have heard him railing against the Saviour. But what has happened? Light has come into his heart. I would like you,

my friend, to get light into your heart. I cannot give it to you; I can only say, that when light comes into a man's soul, he learns himself, and he learns to know God. If you do not know God, it is because you have not got light.

Mark what he says: "But the other answering rebuked him" (ver. 40). It is not a godless man rebuking a godless man. No, it is a godly man now rebuking the godless. That man was converted, I have no doubt. Oh! you say, I do not believe in sudden conversion. I will tell you why; because you are not converted yourself. An unconverted man never believes in sudden conversion; and more, I never knew a converted man yet that was not converted suddenly. When light gets into a man's soul, he is a changed man *at once*. Here was this dying thief, who had been cursing and blaspheming the Saviour just a little while back, he hears the prayer of the Lord, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," and the man is changed—converted! Do not you tell me he was not converted then. If he was not converted then, he was never at any other time; but he went to paradise that day, mark that! Be certain of this, that the prayer of Christ was light to his soul. He recognised that he had God's Son by his side, yea, before his eyes. Others may gibe and jeer, but he looks into the face of God incarnate, into the face of Jesus, and sees grace, kindness, perfect love, and forgiveness there; and, as he listens to that prayer, "Father, forgive them; for

they know not what they do," a wonderful change takes place in him. The Holy Ghost works in him, and presently, when his neighbour again breaks out abusing Jesus, he turns and says, "Dost not thou fear God?" (ver. 40.) Ah! you say, what a pretty fellow to talk that way. My dear friend, it is the man that is converted who can thus talk; and the reason why you cannot talk, is because you are not converted. The moment you are converted, your lips will soon be urged to talk, and your feet to walk in the way of righteousness.

Take a good look at that thief! See the change in him. He is now bold for God, and fearless of man. "The wicked flee," says Scripture, "when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion" (Prov. xxviii. 1). And here is a man with that kind of character. Until now he was such a pest that his fellows had to get rid of him; but now, touched and changed by grace, he turns round and says to his neighbour, "Dost thou not fear God?" It is a fine thing when a man fears God. Perhaps you do not fear God. Well, I know what the Psalmist says of the man who does not. "The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes" (Ps. xxxvi. 1). There was no fear of God in my heart for many a day, but at length, like this thief, I found out that it is a wonderfully blessed moment when a man begins to fear God. It is not cringing fear I mean, but the sense of what is due to God. "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that

delighteth greatly in his commandments" (Ps. cxii. 1).

Do you know what is the fear of the Lord? I find it well described in a sevenfold way by the wisest man that ever lived—except Jesus—Solomon. He says, (1) "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge;" and by way of antithesis he adds, "but fools despise wisdom and instruction" (Prov. i. 7). You know where you are, my friend; I do not know. But you know your company, and your companions will tell you where you are. I will read it again, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."

Then, again, (2) "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil" (Prov. viii. 13). The thief was getting into his proper place, and approaching the beginning of knowledge, as he showed his hate of evil.

I go a little further, and I find, (3) "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding" (Prov. ix. 10). The thief was set for this, and is getting on, you see.

I go still a little further, (4) "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened" (Prov. x. 27). The two thieves illustrate that. One was cut off for ever, the other passed into eternal blessedness.

Again I read, (5) "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death" (Prov. xiv. 27). The believing thief proved that also.

And now I read, (6) "The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom" (Prov. xv. 33). That the thief illustrates too, as he gives it to his neighbour.

There is only one more, and it reads thus, (7) "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil" (Prov. xix. 23). That the thief fully entered into, as he passed that day into Paradise. I tell you what it is, it would be well for you to get into the company of that thief who had the fear of the Lord.

"Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" was a wonderful query, coupled as it was with, "and we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds." What genuine repentance is there manifested! He took God's part against himself. You are a dying man, and I too, and we are justly punished. The man who is divinely converted always condemns himself. "We indeed justly" is the language of real repentance. When we are not right ourselves we never employ "we." We can then use the word "you." This man, divinely taught, says, "We indeed justly;" and then, conscious of the glory of the One who hung by his side, sinless but suffering, adds, "but this man hath done nothing amiss."

It was a very striking confession. The world heard it, God heard it, Satan heard it, and to-night you hear it. Do you think he was a fool or a wise man? Nay! he was a wise man; and the man

who is not his companion is a fool. You say, That is bold. It is true; it is right. That man was right, and every man, who is unbelieving, is wrong. That repentant thief accepts the judgment of God upon him, condemns himself, and clears the character of Christ, when all had condemned Him. His life had been a sinful one, and he owns it, saying, I have sinned, and I am getting what I deserve; and then boldly confesses his faith in Jesus. "THIS MAN HATH DONE NOTHING AMISS," is his triumphant allegation. He says to his neighbour, so to speak, "YOU AND I NEVER DID A RIGHT THING, BUT HERE IS A MAN WHO NEVER DID A WRONG ONE. He is dying, but I am going to cleave to Him. I reverse the world's verdict. Judge and jury, I reverse your verdict. You declared Him to be a 'malefactor' (John xviii. 30), you adjudged 'He is guilty of death' (Matt. xxvi. 66); I declare, This MAN HATH DONE NOTHING AMISS." Thank God for the bold, true, glorious confession of that dying malefactor on the cross beside Jesus.

That dying thief changed his company at that moment. He fell in line with God, and His servants, in rich appreciation of Christ. There was a moment when a strange man by the side of Jordan saw coming to him another Man, and from the Baptist's lips came the exclamation, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." It was Jesus; and, as John baptized Him, the heavens were opened, and another voice was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in



whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17). On the mount of transfiguration, again, the heavens were opened, the Father declared, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." The thief heard Him, and confessed His worth. Even out of the mouths of His enemies the confession of His excellence was made. When the servants of the high priest were sent to take Him, they returned, saying, "Never man spake like this man!" And Pilate, three times, as we have seen, declared, "I find no fault in him." But "he, who knew no sin, was made sin for us." There was no sin in Him, and yet He was made sin for us. The fact was this—in the moment when the poor thief discovered the perfection of Jesus, his sins were shifted on to Jesus, and He bore them, and blotted them out.

I ask you, Is not the testimony of this recent convert beautiful? "This man hath done nothing amiss." What think you of the testimony of the dying thief? He confesses his own sin, and judges it too, and at the same moment gets a glimpse of, and proclaims the glories of the Saviour's character, "This man hath done nothing amiss." Grand old thief! Ah! my friends, in the way of faith, there is nothing like this in the world's history. This man, in the very jaws of death himself, and when every possible evidence was against Christ, discovers His worth, and proclaims alike His excellences, His Lordship, and His Kingly rights, saying, as it were, I will guarantee His life, I will guarantee

His character, I will guarantee His history, I will go bail for His perfection—He has done nothing amiss. He is Lord and King, and although He is dying now, He will rise and come in His kingdom. Splendid testimony of faith!

The next moment he says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest *in* (*not into*) thy kingdom." I know Thou art dying, but I know Thou art the King. Thou art going out of the scene, but Thou wilt come back again. Remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom. That is all the length his faith got then; but mark the Lord's answer, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Oh! look at the Saviour's grace to the man who confides in Him. That other thief, hand and glove with the world, was railing against Him—infidelity, rationalism, and reason were working in all save one, as they stood, or hung, taunting Him to save Himself, *if* He were the Christ, and *if* He were the King. The poor thief sees that He is a King; sees that He is the Christ the Son of God, and then owns that He is his Lord!

I verily believe that men nowadays have not a thousandth part of the faith which that poor thief had. He trusted Jesus when every possible evidence why He should be trusted was gone. He was dying, refused of man, and forsaken of God, yet then it was the thief confided in Him. We have all the evidence about the Lord Jesus Christ—that He is risen from the dead, has passed into

glory, and is thus accepted of God. This the Holy Ghost has come down to tell us, and we have, for the assurance of our faith, all that is given us in the Scriptures. The dying robber, touched by grace, and wrought on by the Holy Spirit, says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom," at a moment when all this was unrevealed. Will you, my friend, trust that blessed Saviour, and give Him the confidence of your heart? Notice now the Lord's answer, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." The dying believer got the assurance of present salvation. And observe this, ye who are fond of ritual, he was never baptized, and he never took the Lord's Supper either. And where did he go without either? To paradise that day. How do I know? Because Christ said he should, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." It was that day, not the day after, not to-morrow, but that day. Such is grace; and such the reward of faith.

Now see what follows immediately after this. The Lord Jesus was forsaken of God. You do not get that account in the Gospel by Luke, but we read that "it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour" (ver. 44). Up to this point you have the human side of the cross. From the sixth hour to the ninth hour there was darkness over the land, and in that darkness do you know what took place? The sun refused to yield his light that

day—darkness shrouded the sun, while the Saviour was in that darkness taking up with God the whole question of man's sin. He had said to the thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," and here comes the moment when the Saviour bears sins, is made sin, suffered for sin, and died for sinners, so that, the work being completed, the thief can go there. The redemption work of Jesus is the ground and basis of all blessing on the one hand, while the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul of the thief is evident on the other, as he first trusted, and then boldly bore testimony to Christ. I do not know if there is a man here who would bear such a testimony. There, first of all, you see the work of the Spirit of God in him, and then you see the atonement, which the blessed Lord came to make, wrought and completed, so that he could be righteously saved. One scripture says, "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin;" while another says, "He came to bear the sins of many;" and yet another, "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all." He bore in His body, at that moment, the sins of many, and, as the result of bearing the sins of many, He is forsaken of God, and then He cries out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

What a cry is that which comes from the dying Saviour! Listen to it. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If you cannot give an answer, I can. He was forsaken, blessed be His name, that I might be accepted. And that is what

every heart in this hall who knows Him says. He bore the judgment of my sin, because "he was made sin, who knew no sin." I said just now there was no sin *on* the thief, though there was sin *in* him. How is this? His sins were laid on Christ; they were taken off the poor thief who trusted Him. I now see the poor thief's sins borne by the thief's substitute. Though that dying thief was, in himself, what he was, the atoning efficacy of the blood of Christ is laid to his credit, and the work of the Saviour, in atoning for that robber's sins, is effectual. "To-day," says Jesus, "thou shalt be with me in paradise." He gets the knowledge of his eternal safety. He is the first trophy of the Redeemer's sacrifice. The sins of the thief are laid upon the Saviour, and He atones for them, and for ever puts them away.

With what unspeakable interest did all heaven that day watch that scene, when heaven's Lord becomes man's Saviour, and dies! And who is the first trophy of redeeming grace? It is a poor dying thief—it is this poor robber. Oh! it was a wonderful scene, as heaven looked down upon that cross, and watched what the result would be. And when the Shepherd came home, what had He got? He had got the lost sheep truly on His shoulders, and He brought him in, the trophy of His victory. And now I ask, Are you not going to let that Saviour save you? He would not save Himself; but He saved the dying thief. And in grace I can say, He has saved me. Will you not trust Him? The

dying thief trusted Him ; I trust Him ; and, oh ! I implore you to trust Him. Take one look at that cross. See Jesus there for you. Well wrote the poet—

“ There, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ? ”

Did He die for me ? Faith replies, He died for me. Sinner, He gave Himself for you. The poor thief as he prayed, “ Remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom,” thought of blessing in a far-distant day—for the Lord has not yet come in His kingdom ; but perfect love replied, “ To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”

The first man turned out of an earthly paradise was a poor thief, his name was Adam ; and the first man who enters the heavenly paradise through Jesus was a poor thief. Grace is a wonderful thing, and it was by God’s sovereign grace that the robber was brought into paradise that day. He tasted it for a few hours on earth, and then unhinderedly for ever. I have tasted grace—will you not taste it ? I implore you to receive that Saviour. Believe Him, and then go forth and confess Him.

“ ‘ Rich in mercy,’ Jesus died  
With a thief on either side ;  
‘ Rich in mercy,’ Jesus there  
Let a thief that ‘ mercy ’ share :  
‘ Grace and glory ’ there he got ;  
‘ Mercy,’ saved him on the spot.”

"NOT ONE OF THEM LEFT."



OD'S salvation is a perfect one. When He saved Israel, He not only sheltered them by the blood of the paschal lamb, but He redeemed them by power at the Red Sea. Their enemies sank like lead in the mighty waters. The horse and

his rider were cast into the sea. The waters covered them. "*There was not one of them left*" (Ps. cvi. 11). Then believed they His words; they sang His praise.

How strikingly all this prefigures the great salvation of God to-day? Dear reader, do you believe the words of God, His testimony to the infinite value of the work of His beloved Son? Is your heart welling over with praise to Him who has wrought such a mighty redemption for every one that believeth?

Judgment will shortly sweep this poor world. Are you delivered from it? Have you found shelter under the precious blood of Jesus? "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Nought else can preserve you from the destroyingsword of divine justice. All are under sin, *all* have gone out of the way, *all* the world is under judgment, *all* have sinned (Rom. iii. 9, 12, 19, 23); and nothing but the blood of Jesus, shed for rebellious sinners for the remission of sins, can protect us from the wrath

which is coming on the ungodly, and entitle us to glory with Himself.

And not only so, but *Christ has overcome every foe*. His victory is complete! The mighty power of Satan has been overcome by the almighty power of God. Christ was made sin on Calvary, Christ bore the judgment of God, Christ went into death and the grave, Christ rose triumphant, Christ sat down on the right hand of God—His work done—and is crowned before all as the mighty Victor. His victory is the victory of *every soul that believeth*. Each can say, *He was made sin for me, He bore the judgment for me, He died for me, He rose for me, He lives for me.*

Satan brought up all his forces at Calvary. Not by might nor power, but in being crucified through weakness Jesus overthrew them all. The enemy's apparent victory was his crushing defeat. When Satanic and human wickedness had reached their height, God was glorified in His Son, and the sure foundation laid whereby in righteousness He could display surpassing grace to a guilty and lost world. Now, in glory's highest height, the Saviour waits to welcome you, poor sinner, to His arms of love. Foe after foe may come against your soul, but if you believe on God who raised Him from the dead, if you bow in childlike simplicity and faith to God's testimony of Jesus, His victory is yours. And you will learn that His death is the end of the power of every enemy, that there is *not one of them left*.



Believe, then, now on Him; trust now in that finished work. Believe His words like Israel, and sing His praise. None can sing truly and acceptably to God but those who believe. Bow, then, poor troubled soul, just as you are. Let self and self-righteousness go. Look to Him, and away from self altogether. Thank Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, who has utterly overthrown every enemy, so that not one of them is left. Begin to-day to sing His everlasting praise.

E. H. C.

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## "I DON'T WANT ANYTHING ABOUT THE SAVIOUR!"

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WHEN I was staying in the watering-place of E—— for the benefit of my health, a short time ago, I entered a stationer's shop to procure some writing materials. The shop was very full of purchasers, and the attendants well occupied, and having to wait for a short time, my attention was arrested by a well-dressed old lady who was choosing cards for the coming Christmas-tide. The shop attendant was very kind and obliging to her, and was reading aloud to her the different words on cards she was selecting from, as the old lady's eyesight seemed defective.

Nothing, however, seemed quite to satisfy her, when the attendant said, "Here is something you will like, the words are by Frances Ridley Havergal!" and she read aloud a little verse, bringing in the name of the Saviour. The old lady ejaculated sharply, "I don't want anything about the Saviour!" The card was quietly put down, and I had to turn my attention away.

For days after those words kept ringing in my ears, bringing sweetly home the thought, "I do want Him!" for having just passed through a serious and nearly fatal illness myself, I could testify how precious it was to me to possess a Saviour, and know in a small measure even the depths of His love in saving a sinner through His precious blood.

Dear reader, is no chord touched in your heart? Truly the "natural mind is at enmity to God," but then you and I are in a Christian land, and know

"The old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love."

Perhaps it is because you know it so well that it appears worthless in your sight; may be you think it will be well enough to think of a Saviour when you want to creep into heaven.

Some years ago we used to hear about a young man who made great fun of his mother because she had become a Christian, and was most anxious for his salvation. This went on for some time, when my beloved father received a message asking him to go and see this very young man. He had been

experimenting with gunpowder, it had accidentally exploded in his face, and he was dying from the shock to his heart. My father's visits were blessed in leading Him to the Saviour, and his mother's prayers were answered. "Shortly before he passed away, his one grief was how he had spent his life, and looking up into my father's face, he said so expressively, "Oh, Colonel, it is a *shabby thing to give God one's last breath!*"

Do you not think so too, dear reader?

"I gave My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou mightst happy be,  
And quickened from the dead  
I gave My life for thee :  
What hast thou given for Me ?

"I suffer'd much for thee,  
More than the tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell.  
I suffered much for thee :  
What canst thou bear for Me ?"

Let your heart say

"My years shall all be given,  
My life for THEE be spent ;  
Time's fetters all be riven,—  
I run, for Thou hast sent.  
I hear THY gracious voice,  
I make THYSELF my choice."

**“GOD REQUIRETH THAT WHICH  
IS PAST.”**

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NOTHING could be more solemn for the unsaved sinner than the above quotation from Ecclesiastes iii. 15.

If he were to live a hundred years, and die in his sins, *all* that he ever did contrary to God would be required of him. In the books that will be opened (Rev. xx. 12) will be found a faithful record of the past, and judgment from God will be according to their works.

Reader, you ought to face this tremendous fact. God is the God of judgment, and He will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil (Eccles. xii. 14).

God has sworn that He will do it. “I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear” (Isa. xlv. 23). No man can reverse the decree. The devils believe it, and tremble. As yet you do not believe it, and therefore do not tremble.

God is almighty, and what He has said He will bring to pass. Meet God you must; give an account to Him you must; confess to Him you must; be judged by Him you must. It is both

inevitable and compulsory. No lies of the devil, no reasoning of infidels, no cavillings of men, no unbelief of yours will stop the judgment of God. Live as you are doing, die in your sins, and before God you will stand, and He will require that which is past. Sins of omission and commission, sins committed in the light and in the dark, sins against light and conscience, sins against your father and mother, sins against your body and soul—all will be brought to light, and judgment passed according to the inflexible justice of God.

"And we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth" (Rom. ii. 2). You have not faced the truth yet; if you had, you would have inquired if there was not a way of escape from the judgment of God. But the lie of Satan is still operating in your soul; the opiate of hell is dulling your moral sensibilities; and you have never once stopped to inquire what the real truth is of your condition as a sinner before a thrice holy God.

Man, awake from your lethargy, and from your sinful indifference to the word and authority of God! But for His longsuffering you would be in hell already. There is but a step between you and the everlasting judgment of God. A prayer from hell reaches you to warn you of your danger (Luke xvi. 23, 24). Only the madness of unbelief can possibly carry you along as you are, in the face of all the warnings, urging, and entreaties of the Word of God.

The song of the redeemed in glory is wafted to

you, to win you from the paths of sin and folly to the Saviour. By Him all are welcomed, and none are cast out.

"None cast out," did I say? Yes, thank God, it is true. The Son of God said it, and would have you believe it, and act upon it. He says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

But how came this, that such grace could reach us, even us! The cross is the divine answer. The Son of God "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18). It was in death that He Himself bore sin's heavy penalty. It was there his life blood was given up in atonement for our guilty souls. It was there the work was done that saves the soul now, and delivers from the wrath to come. And because of this, and in view of this, the Son of God said when here, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (more properly judgment); but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

He was our substitute then in death, and all that we had done was laid upon Him, and all that we were in our natures met its righteous judgment in His death, so that the believer's past has been required of him, and his blessed present, and everlasting future are bound up in Christ, raised from the dead, by the glory of the Father. The true

believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, the one who has by faith put His death between him and the judgment of God, like Abel of old, is accepted in the Beloved, in whom he has redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of God's grace (Eph. i. 6, 7).

But to reject Christ, and His atoning and cleansing blood, is to reject your own mercies, and secure for yourself the righteous and eternal judgment of God.

Friend, one word more with you before closing this article. *Why not be saved?* Why not be delivered by the pure and sovereign grace of God from the wrath to come? Why not let the love of God in the gift of His only begotten Son, and the infinite sufferings of the Saviour on the cross, melt, and win your heart to Himself just now? *Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation. Say not *no* to God, and *yes* to the devil; but, by the grace of God, let your heart yield itself to Him who loved you so well, and died to save you, and be His now and for ever.

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 8, 10).

## FAITH'S SONG.

(TUNE—*Hermas ; St Gertrude ; Fides.*)

6.5.



OUND the praise of Jesus,  
 Spread His fame abroad ;  
 His death did release us,  
 Brought us nigh to God.  
 Now redeem'd, forgiven,  
 And from sin set free,  
 On we march to heaven,  
 Where our rest shall be.

*Chorus*—Sing the praise of Jesus,  
 Spread His fame abroad ;  
 He from guilt releases,  
 Brings us nigh to God !

What though tribulation  
 Be our portion here,  
 Manifold temptation,  
 Sorrow, trial, care ?  
 His sweet peace He gives us,  
 We have naught to fear ;  
 His own grace relieves us,  
 He dries every tear.

Soon He'll come and take us  
 To His home above,  
 He who died to make us  
 Feel and know His love ;  
 Then in brightest glory  
 We shall see His face,  
 Sing the matchless story  
 Of His boundless grace.

C. L.



## WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD?



T was November 1854. The Emperor Nicholas had trusted, not without good reason, to "General Winter" to drive from the shores of the Crimea the allied armies of the French and British; but, though depleted by cholera, maimed by frost-bite, insufficiently clad, and poorly fed, the allies clung with grim tenacity to their hard-won post on the heights of the dreary Chersonese; maintaining by day and night a ceaseless strife with the enemy, but a yet harder strife with the elements.

Out in the bay of Balaclava thirty transport ships rode at anchor, awaiting their turn to discharge their cargoes at the miniature docks. These ships were freighted with wine, medicine, and surgical appliances for the sick and wounded soldiers; with flannels, watchcoats, and ammunition for fighting men, and forage for horses and mules. Heavy mists and low drizzling clouds had for days enveloped the bay, but on the 14th November a violent hurricane burst suddenly upon them. Every effort was put forth by those on board the vessels to ride out the storm, but so fiercely did it rage, that the most able seamanship was powerless to cope with such a tempest. The only hope lay in the anchors, and the question that passed from

lip to lip, as, awestricken, the sailors beheld ship after ship dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks which surrounded the bay, was—"Will *our* anchors hold?"

In view of speedy destruction, memory became busy in the breast of one young man there, named T——; so busy that the awful scene around him vanished, and in its place he saw a sea-girt Shetland isle, and in a lonely cottage on the shore an aged woman read from God's Word: "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus" (Heb. vi. 18-20).

It was his grandmother who read to him, and the boy, who had been reared within sound of the ocean's melancholy moan, and whose delight was to watch the boats making a path through the waters, was strongly moved as she compared his life to the voyage of a ship across a sea. Pitfalls of sin would lie like sunken rocks in his way, winds of adversity would toss him about, strong cross-currents of temptation would threaten to engulf him. Help was to be found only in One, that One the Lord Jesus. Not as a doctrine or a dogma did the aged saint tell her grandson of the Man Christ Jesus, but as One who was her living

personal Saviour, who had taken her sins into a land of forgetfulness, and who had been her guide and stay through wearisome years of toil and care. "Give your heart to God, my boy," she said; "let Christ be the captain of your salvation, and hope the anchor of your soul."

Alas! the boy's impressions were as a morning cloud, and as the early dew they passed away. How sadly he regretted it now. He thought the end of all things had come, the summer of his opportunity seemed gone, and he was not saved. He might have had the Lord with him "as a hiding place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest." If he had believed in the Lord Jesus, instead of anguish of heart his peace would have been as a river, and the prospect of death welcomed as the harbinger of glory.

A wild despairing shriek disturbed his reverie. The cables of their companion ship had snapped, there was a moment of awful, breathless suspense—a crash—and all on board were in eternity. The sight was one on which no mortal could look unimpressed. No exhortation was needed there to call upon their God, for every one was praying. The cook on T——'s ship was noted for his profanity, but, "moved by fear," he cried over and over again, "O God, save me, and I will never swear again."

And here let us sound a note of warning to any who have been led in right paths, and instructed in the way of wisdom, but who think there is no

need to trust in Christ just yet, and fondly imagine that when pressure comes, they will fall back on their store of Scripture head-knowledge, and that then the right word to guide and comfort will be given them.

T—— had thought thus with himself, and now when death was imminent he prayed, "Give me some of my grandmother's verses." He got them, but what were they? In words of fire they came and burned into his inmost soul: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me" (Prov. i. 24-28).

Truly he was at his wit's end—no safety without—no hope within. Whenever it was possible to look around, some heartrending scene was witnessed. Close by them was a large ship. On its deck knelt a seaman; his arms encircled the stump of a broken mast; his eyes were raised in supplication to heaven. The next instant a seething cauldron of foam and bubbling surge told where that ship and all on board had found a grave.

Friend, "be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also

reap." If you sow the seeds of procrastination now, you may reap the crop of—no answer—by-and by, and "sudden destruction" may come upon you as it came to those poor sailors in the Black Sea.

A terrible sight was witnessed next morning, when, the work of destruction accomplished, the un pitying waves washed ashore the ghastly relics of their rage. Of thirty ships, but eight remained, and these were all dismasted. T— looked with a feeling of veneration on the cables that had held them safely through the long night of strain. Had they given way, or if the anchors had lost their hold, he knew well his mangled body would have added another to the sickening sights beside them.

And what of his soul?

Ah! he had no anchorage on which to rest it: nothing to hold on to. Still, it seemed a little less hard to approach God now, and he thought, that after a long course of prayers and self-improvement he might attain to salvation.

The cook had succeeded in lighting a much-needed fire, when a large quantity of water was shipped, which extinguished the feeble flame. A volley of oaths showed all too plainly that his vow of the preceding night had been made only to be broken. The circumstance had a beneficial effect on T—, as it led him to distrust himself and his own efforts of reform, and drove him into the presence of God, there to abase himself before Him.

Slowly, very slowly, he learned that his puny works, and tears, and prayers could never put away even one sin; and when he intelligently took his place before God as a helpless, good-for-nothing sinner, the grand truth dawned on him—"Salvation is of the Lord," not of man, neither by man, "not of works, lest any man should boast," but wholly and solely "of the Lord." The work of atonement was accomplished by Christ alone upon the cross. The precious blood of Christ is sufficient to cleanse each stain, and it was T——'s happy portion to share the fruits of Christ's victory over sin and death.

During the autumn of 1897, in a friend's house in a seaport town on the east coast of Scotland, we met the subject of this narrative, now Captain T——. The suns of many summers had tanned his face, and the frosts of long winters had blanched his hair, but his kindly eyes lit up with an ardour deeper than that of youth, as he told us of the storm that caused him to "flee for refuge" from a yet greater storm—the storm of divine judgment which will shake this poor earth from sea to sea and cause men to pray to the mountains and rocks to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb.

"Have you found the Lord sufficient?" our host asked the captain.

"Indeed I have," he answered emphatically. "The Lord has kept His hand on the rudder of

my life, and piloted me through ebb and neap. For over thirty years He has stuck closer than a brother to me; and often when I thought I would be swamped with the cares of this life, He has stretched out His arm and lifted me, as He did Peter, out of a sea of troubles, and He has set my feet upon a rock, and compassed me about with songs of deliverance."

Unsaved one, is not this a Saviour worth trusting? A Friend worth knowing? A Master worth serving?

"Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,  
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

*"We have an anchor that keeps the soul,  
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;  
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love."*

M. M.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



If you knew you had to die to-morrow morning, what would you do?

Probably at first you would put all your affairs in order; then you would wish to say a last good-bye to your friends, and doubtless the thought of such a parting would bring you much sorrow and anguish of

heart. But what then—what would you do then? The doctor cannot help you! Medicine is useless! Time is fast speeding away! Eternity draws near, and you must die!

What would you do? It is possible that long before the grey streaks of morning light penetrate thy bedroom window, the chill hand of death may have seized thee. No one on earth can promise life, even till the morning; for great and small, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, doctors as well as others, have to bow to death—dreaded death. They have “no power in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war.”

Why do we die? Because we are sinners. “Prepare to meet thy God.” “The wages of sin is death.” “The sting of death is sin.”

If unprepared you enter that dark valley, your best friend on earth would be helpless to aid you; but as they tearfully gaze upon your lifeless corpse, your soul—you yourself—would be speeding on faster than words can tell through the shadows of the valley of death, down to the place of the lost.

A sceptic was once asked, “What comes after death?” He sneeringly replied, “A funeral.” But ah, long before the funeral the unprepared soul will have reached the torments of hell. The Lord Jesus Christ has told us of this. “In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments” (Luke xvi.). How true and how terribly real it all is. Friend, let me again repeat, “*Prepare to meet thy God.*”

“How shall I prepare?” you ask. Listen, God



"commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30). There must be repentance on your part. Own your lost and guilty estate before God. If you plead your goodness there is no hope for you. Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. Do not be deceived by polite sayings, such as "death is the debt of nature." It is God's judgment. "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). You have sinned, and have no hope save in the mercy of God. Own this, and now listen with thanksgiving—

"God in mercy sent His Son  
To a world by sin undone ;  
Jesus Christ was crucified,  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died."

After delivering Jesus for our sins, God raised Him again ; and now, "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). Do you believe? If so, thank God, you are prepared to meet Him, and being now justified, it is your happy privilege to enjoy peace with God: as it is written, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 1, 2).

## "PEACE BY JESUS CHRIST." \*

(Read ACTS x. 34-48.)



WHEN Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I preceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, *preaching peace by Christ Jesus*: (he is Lord of all :) that word, I say, ye know" (vers. 34, 35). Peter was evidently perfectly conversant with what had taken place: that Cornelius and his household had heard some of the truth in regard to Israel; but, as I said before, whatever blessing or inheritance was Israel's, Cornelius, being a Gentile, in his uprightness of character, knew that such did not belong to him. He longed for peace, but thought only the Jew could get it. But what does the gospel bring to all now? Peace! When the Saviour was born, on that very day, the heavenly messengers proclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, and *on earth peace*." What a priceless boon to weary sin-burdened souls! Peace! Let me ask you, Have you peace? Do you possess peace? Are your sins forgiven? Are you clear with God? Are you clear that you have escaped judgment? Answer these questions.

Beware of a false peace: I cannot deny that there are many men living to-day, who have a false peace, for "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace" (Luke xi. 21). What does our Lord mean by these words? I think I understand. That palace is the world, and the strong man, who has his goods in peace, is the devil: he keeps his goods in peace. Young man, were you never troubled about your soul? Certainly not; why should I be? Your answer just illustrates this scripture, "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." The devil, let me tell you, has an uncommonly good, a very diversified, a splendid armoury. He does not hold every one with the same suit, if I may say so. He knows how to meet every one. He will give you what you want.

He will hold some with the wine-cup; others, he will snare with a pack of cards; others, he will entangle with the theatre, or, it may be, with the novel, or the love of gold, or the power of lust, or the charms of knowledge, or something of that sort. You have never, perhaps, felt sorrow for your sins; nor will you if he can keep you from thinking of these sins, and of the serious fact that you are a sinner. He will try all he can to keep you from being awakened to the fact that you are a guilty man, and by all means in his power rob you of the blessing of being born again, and brought to God. For many a long day a man may

go on in false peace, thinking all is right, when all is wrong, for mark, "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, *his goods are in peace.*" That is a false peace; the devil's lullaby for souls deceived by sin, and oftentimes helped hell-ward by a Christless religion. Thank God! if you are troubled now about your sins and your lost estate. Better far is it for a man to be in soul-trouble now, and thus get the peace which God gives, than to go on through life in the delusive peace which the devil ministers, only to wake up in eternity to the awful discovery that the peace was a fraud, and that God's judgment of sin is everlasting.

What we have before us in this scripture is God's peace—peace by Jesus Christ—the peace of the weary—the peace of the troubled—the peace that God alone can give. And what is that? The knowledge that He has nothing against me, and that there is nothing between Him and me; that the claims of His infinitely holy throne have all been met in regard to myself, and my sins, and I can look at that throne with the sense, I am perfectly fit for it;—I am ready to stand before it. You say, How? Because He is pleased with what I have done? No! But because of the finished work of Christ. The knowledge of that work has let me see that there is not a single thing left between the infinitely holy God, and the infinitely sinful man, whose sin has been divinely and definitively met by the atoning death of the blessed Son of God. Christ took my place in death and

judgment, that God might give me His in life and glory. When that knowledge enters the heart, peace, like a river, surges through the soul; and that is the peace I have got.

But you say, Have you never any doubts? Doubts! What should I have doubts about? I do not doubt that by nature I am a guilty, godless, hell-deserving sinner, and till Christ met me I was bound there: I have not a doubt about that. Have you, as regards yourself? But since grace met and saved me, by the work of Another, why should I have a doubt. Have you any doubts, my friend? If so, I hope the Lord will dispel them to-night. If not saved you are on your road to hell; there can be no doubt as to that surely. If grace does not deliver you from the grip of Satan, and the power of sin, you will spend eternity there. Oh, you say, I do not believe in such a place. You will have to believe it yet, mark that, my friend. You will be converted some day, on that point, depend upon it. See to it that it be not too late.

That is a fine stratagem of the devil to tell you that there is no judgment—no hell—no punishment hereafter. The pathway of Christ refutes that folly. Jesus, the Son of God, came down from heaven to earth, and died to deliver men like you and me from hell. He agonised on the cross that He might rescue me from the consequences of my sin, and blessed be His name, He has rescued me! Why do you not allow Him to rescue you to-night?

"He is Lord of all." Not merely of the Jew, but of the Gentile as well. "He is Lord of all." Lovely word! He is my Lord: the time was when I was under another master, and I served him faithfully, but now my master is changed. Time was when I had a bad master, and he had a very good servant. But now, I have an infinitely blessed Master, and He has a poor servant. Thank God! He is my Lord. Can you say the same? Do not be ashamed to say it.

A young woman came to me the other day, and said, "Four and a half years ago I was converted through your preaching, but I was ashamed to confess Jesus." "Ashamed of Jesus! Ashamed of the Lord! And what are you ashamed of now?" I asked. "Oh," said she, "I am ashamed now to confess that I ever was ashamed to own Him." Are you, my friend, ashamed of Jesus: ashamed to own your Lord: ashamed to own the Son of God? Wake up! wake up! There is an immense privilege open to you, to be on the Lord's side. "But," says somebody, "I am such a sinner." Never mind that: the deepest-dyed sinner may be saved by Jesus' grace. Let Him save you, and deliver you, and send you through this world as a witness of what grace can do.

People sometimes think it a poor thing to be a Christian. I think it a paltry thing not to be one: that is my decided conviction, and I advise every young man without any further delay to yield himself up to Him, and be on His side, out-and-

out. I do not like half and half work—a backboneless kind of a Christian is no good at all. Such are like the salt the Lord speaks of; they are of no use for the field, and of no use for the dunghill (Luke xiv. 34, 35). There are a good many of this kind in the professing Church. They do not do the Church any good, and they do the worldling much harm, for their inconsistency and apathy encourage men in unbelief; in fact, they are stumbling-blocks over which sinners stumble into hell. They have too much of the world to really enjoy Christ, and witness for Him, and their consciences will not let them go the whole way in the world. A young convert said to me this morning, "I like to see the people of the world downright." "So do I," I replied, "and you can tell them that hell is the end of their journey." "And, sir," said he, "I like to see a Christian out-and-out." That is just exactly what I like. I want it for myself, and I want you to be out-and-out too.

Having announced Him as "Lord of all," Peter goes on to tell the history of Jesus, and unfolds three great truths—God with us; God for us; and God in us. First of all, you find the truth of God with us: "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. And we are witnesses of all things which he did, both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem:

whom they slew and hanged on a tree" (vers. 38, 39). There you see the fulfilment of the scripture, "A virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us" (Matt. i. 23).

Then Peter, from verse 40 to verse 43, brings out the truth, "God for us," while verse 44 gives us the truth, "God in us." "God for us" is shown in the death of Christ, and all the consequences of blessing which accrue to us from it. As the Holy Ghost falls upon all this assembly (ver. 44), we see the truth of "God in us." You must not forget that the Christian is a man in whose body the Holy Ghost dwells; and therefore it is a very solemn thing to be a Christian.

Just a word or two then, as to verse 40 and onwards. "Him God raised up the third day, and showed him openly." In the moment of His death Christ wrought atonement, when He bore the sinner's sins, and was made sin that we might escape its consequences. He sacrificed Himself, and thus infinitely glorified God; and what was the result? God raised Him up. I can tell you therefore of a risen, triumphant, victorious Saviour. That is the Saviour I know. He triumphed over sin, Satan, death, the grave, and the power of darkness; and as the risen man He lives before God. "Him God raised up the third day, and showed him openly; not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us who did



eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead." There was unmistakable evidence of the reality of His Person. "And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead."

Observe, my friend, if you do not let Him save you, He will have to judge you. And you say, Will He not judge you too? No! blessed be His name, never! Why? Because He is my Saviour; that is the whole point. Judgment will not be a mockery. I quite admit, I shall have to give account of my walk and ways as a Christian; but, when you talk about judgment, that raises the question of the imputation of guilt; and do you think Christ is going to impute guilt to those for whom He died? Let Scripture answer: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. viii. 33, 34). I have no fear of judgment; fear is gone out of my heart, because Christ is my Saviour. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? is the challenge. Let Satan accuse; the devil will do it if he can, but God will justify the believer, and He will silence the accuser. Christ died, and He died for me that I might be delivered, and saved; and, what He died to do, blessed be His name, He has done. He died for me that He might be my

Saviour, and He has saved me, for I trust Him. Do you not trust Him? If so, you are saved by Him, as the fruit of His perfect love, and finished work. Well wrote Steele—

“He took the guilty culprit’s place,  
And suffered in his stead ;  
For man (O miracle of grace !),  
For man, the Saviour bled.”

As the righteous outcome of His finished work, Peter now declares: “To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins” (ver. 43). That is the very thing I wanted; and the very thing you need. Every prophet bears witness that the one who trusts Jesus has forgiveness of his or her sins. Are not these sweet words? “To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name *whosoever* believeth in him *shall receive* remission of sins.” And what did the listeners to that lovely gospel do? They were dear, simple people, and they believed the gospel, for “while Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word.” This was the fulness of grace indeed. The triumph of grace is seen here.

There is nowhere in the ways of God with man, in which His grace sparkles with greater brilliancy, than in this scene, where the Gentile, who had no claim on, and no link with Him, hears the gospel, in all its fulness, and the Holy Ghost falls on the believer, without either baptism, as in the case of

the Jew (Acts ii. 38), prayer, as in the case of the Samaritans (Acts viii. 15), or laying on of hands, as in the case of the Jewish proselytes at Ephesus (Acts xix. 6). The hearing of faith secured the blessing when the "words" Peter spake fell from his lips.

"Send men to Joppa, and call for Simon, whose surname is Peter, who shall *tell thee words*, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved" (Acts xi. 13, 14), was the command Cornelius received, and the obedience of faith soon heard the words of life. I sometimes say that the little letter K is responsible for a good deal of mischief. WORDS and WORKS differ only in one letter. Knock out the D, and put in the K, and there is all the difference possible. WORDS were what Cornelius was to hear. He was not told to do any WORKS. Have you thought you had to do some WORKS, to obtain salvation? Not so, my friend. What you need is to hear words. You must knock that letter K out of your religion, or you will never be saved. But I hear some one say, Must I do nothing? Nothing, Christ has done everything; that is the whole point. "Who shall *tell thee words*, whereby thou and all thy house *shall be saved*," is God's way of salvation. When saved you are careful to "maintain good works," not in order to salvation, but just because you possess it.

Peter told them lovely words. What were the words? Listen! "To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth

in him *shall receive remission of sins.*" The forgiveness of sins, through the precious name of the Lord Jesus Christ, is the present possession of every soul, man or woman, that receives Him, and the Holy Ghost seals the faith of the believing one—He comes, and indwells all such. Peter's address was very short; but it had no sooner fallen from his lips, than the "Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word."

The Holy Ghost always seals the faith of a soul that trusts in Jesus. How then does a man get the Holy Ghost? By believing. He not only gets the forgiveness of his sins, but the Holy Ghost comes down and seals his faith. If I were you, I would not go away from this place without having the knowledge in your soul, that your sins were forgiven, and that you had received the Holy Ghost. It is your portion if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Hear what Paul says, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise" (Eph. i. 13). When a man buys sheep, he is only wise to put his own mark upon them: but observe, the mark does not make the sheep his; the purchase-money makes them his. He puts his mark upon them, to show that the sheep do belong to him, and so God marks every one of His children by giving them the Holy Ghost. He has put His mark on every one in this hall that really believes in Jesus dead and risen.

And you, my friend, can soon find out if you have His mark upon you; if you truly know that Jesus loved you, and died for you, and you simply trust in Him, I believe you have the Holy Ghost sealing the forgiveness of your sins. And now, I want you to join the choir to-night. What choir? The choir of the ransomed. People sometimes say, We have been asked to join the choir. Are you converted? I ask. If not, you cannot be in the choir of the redeemed, and that is the choir I want you to sing in. Every one who really believes in the name of Jesus, let him join in singing—

“Come sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,  
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;  
Delivered thee from chains that bound,  
And brought thee to redemption ground.”

W. T. P. W.

## THE SINNER'S WELCOME.

(JOHN vi. 37.)



HIGH caste Indian of no mean accomplishments, in his ardent pursuit of learning, enrolled himself as a student in a famous educational seminary where the Bible was taught. Not that he relished by any means that part of the instruction, for he hated the very mention of the

name of Jesus, but such was his anxiety to acquire a knowledge of the English language that he hesitated not to sacrifice his strong personal feeling, though all the while he retained his deep-seated antipathy to the truth and to Him who is it. Nor could it be concealed, as the enmity of the carnal mind became manifested with an intensity of bitterness most painful for all with whom he came in contact to witness. He never seemed to weary of heaping ridicule and scorn on the Word of God, and lost no opportunity of scoffing and mocking at Christ and Christianity.

But, in spite of himself, he had, while prosecuting his studies, to get familiar with many precious passages of Scripture, the beauty of which he had neither the eyes to see, nor the heart to appreciate. Having no true sense of sin, and only viewing things as they affected him in this life, to speak to him of "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give rest," "God so loved the world," or "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," only provoked a contemptuous smile. The most lovely invitations were to him just meaningless, and the most blessed declarations of comfort and encouragement devoid of interest.

He frankly avowed, "Were you to offer me some fine lucrative situation, some high honourable post, or some grand elevated position in the world, I could understand how that would at once, and

effectually appeal to me, but all these things, which you present, seem utterly unworthy of my smallest regard, or deserving of serious consideration." Particularly, and immoderately, did he laugh at the words,

"AND HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO  
WISE CAST OUT."

Nevertheless he had, strangely enough, abundant reason to praise and bless God he ever heard or read them, and that they had been engraved, even if unconsciously, on the tablets of his memory, for, however remarkable it may appear, they were actually used by the Holy Spirit, under very peculiar and perilous circumstances, to the salvation of his soul. The following is, as nearly as I can recollect, what fell from his own lips in my hearing. He said—

"I was an expert swimmer, and prided myself in my proficiency in the art. I further was able to perform what were considered no ordinary swimming feats, for which I received the applause and admiration of my companions. Among other things I swam a very considerable distance from the shore to a rock upon which, though covered by the sea, I could find standing ground, and, by means of the rest thus obtained, was enabled to swim back again with comparative safety, though a tax on one's strength. It was, however, a performance to which few were equal, and made me esteemed in the eyes of my fellows. But on a certain occasion, forgetting the height of the tide,

I swam as usual to the well-known spot, expecting to find bottom as heretofore, but to my alarm and discomfiture I could not touch it. I swam backwards and forwards, but no rock could be felt.

"What was I to do? Death was staring me in the face. My whole life suddenly came into view, and passed before me like a panorama while its every detail stood out with appalling distinctness. My sins rose up like mountains, and threatened to overwhelm me. My soul was stirred to its very depths. Strange to say, all the scriptures I had so scornfully sneered at rushed upon me with a force and power I had never previously experienced, and who can describe the awful struggle that ensued during those brief moments with the enemy of God and man? Satan, said, 'There is no good in your thinking of these things now. You have hated and laughed at the Saviour. He would have nothing to do with such a scoffer as you.' 'But,' I replied, 'Paul was a persecutor and a blasphemer worse than ever I was, and yet He saved him.' 'Yes,' said Satan, 'but he had a life to show the reality of his conversion. You are just about to be drowned. It is too late.' Said I, 'The thief on the cross had no life here to show anything, and he was saved at the eleventh hour.' 'True,' answered the enemy, 'but then the Saviour was beside him, he could hear the words from His own mouth. You are just entering a watery grave.' With firmness and decision, I replied, Christ said, 'And him that cometh to me I will in



no wise cast out.' In no wise, in no wise! Those words were to me beyond price."

While this was passing in the soul of the drowning man, his danger had been seen from the shore. Two men jumped into a boat and pulled with might and main to the rescue. The brave fellows rowed for very life as they plied the oars, making the tiny bark spin over the water with almost lightning speed, while the spectators looked on with breathless suspense. Just as he was about to sink for the last time, and at the very moment he had laid hold of those oft-despised words, "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," a man laid hold on him, and he was saved both as to his soul and as to his body in the same instant.

He was brought to land, restoratives were applied without delay, and he soon recovered. But what a narrow escape! And what a wonderful exhibition of the grace of God! Truly, this was a brand plucked out of the fire. An almost hopeless life taken from the jaws of death. A soul delivered from the very brink of hell. Oh, the unspeakable value of the Word of God! In this man's case learned too, one might say, against his will, yet used by the Spirit to snatch him from destruction as he was hanging, so to speak, over the awful precipice and about to drop into everlasting misery.

Who shall limit the power or the love of Him who is mighty to save, and willing to bless, after an instance of such amazing sovereign mercy as this? Had he not lived to tell it, those who knew him

would have mourned for him, and grieved over him as lost for ever. But he was spared to relate his singular experience and to show himself a living monument of what God can do for those who least deserve it, in the most unexpected way and at the most unlikely time. Sweet and loud will his note swell in the bright and happy day that is coming, when he shall sweep the strings of his golden harp to the praise and glory of Him who loved him, and washed him from his sins in His own blood.

My dear reader, surely the Saviour, who saved the one we speak of, can save you. If He did not cast him out, neither will He refuse you. But *how* was he saved? Was it by his own power or works? Could he put even the weight of a feather in the scale, or contribute one jot or tittle to the procuring of his salvation? No. The man was in the act of drowning. What could he *do*? Thank God, the doing was all done when Jesus cried, "It is finished," and so completely done that it wanted nothing from him or anybody else. All was accomplished by Another when "he who knew no sin was made sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Yet helpless and undone as he was, he *came* to Jesus. You ask, What is it to come to Christ? I reply, It is the coming of a person to a Person—"him that cometh to *me*"—that is, the sinner to the Saviour.

But you say, What is it to "*come*"? Well, what did it mean in the case before us? Observe, he

had heard of Jesus before, and the words He had spoken were imprinted on his memory, but that was not coming to Him. In like manner you may be aware that such an One as Christ came into the world, and suffered and died and rose and went back to heaven, but you have not come to Him. You may not perhaps have laughed everything to scorn as he did. You profess to believe it all, you have assented whereas he dissented, still you only know the things by rote like him. Up to a certain point Jesus was to him merely a name, and His words simply words and nothing more. When, however, he was brought face to face with death and confronted with the dread prospect of having to meet God unprepared, how differently everything appeared then! Christ for the first time became to him a living reality and His words more precious than rubies. Then he *came* to Him.

It was no sham coming. Christ and that man truly and verily met at a given moment while he was struggling in the water. It was a coming to Jesus indeed. Not a bodily coming but the coming of his soul. There was the taking place of a positive transaction between him and the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. It was not a *visible* coming. It was something that natural eyes neither have seen nor can see. Suppose you shut your eyes. What then? Another world altogether so to speak opens up before you, and in that invisible sphere you, as to your soul, can have dealings with the Unseen Saviour far more real than anything in

this material world. Why not have to do with Christ as your own very Redeemer? This is what He desires. This is what you must have if you are ever to be saved and blessed and happy. Anything less is of no avail. There was a definite resting of the drowning man's soul with all his sins on Christ, and His finished work. The literal rock on which he hoped to rest his feet failed him, but by grace his soul found a resting-place on the Rock of Ages—Christ Himself—a foundation that cannot be shaken. Yes, he came to Him, and coming to Him was accepted in the Beloved—an acceptance that can neither be improved, altered, nor lost.

Beloved friend, is coming, looking, believing, trusting, resting, still a difficulty to you? Listen then, I beseech thee once more. Behold a number of men working in a quarry. They are just about to blast the rock. A child from a neighbouring cottage has wandered dangerously near. The men call, shout, and gesticulate, but they only frighten the little one till it is bewildered and goes the wrong way. The mother hearing the noise rushes out, takes in the situation at a glance, and with the instinct of affection simply stretches out her hands. In an instant the child makes for the mother and runs right into her open arms. That, my reader, is what *coming* means. Jesus stands with outstretched arms, saying, "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

## GRACE—WHAT IS IT ? \*

(JOHN i. 1-17.)



RACE is God's coming to a man that has sinned, and taking him out of the condition in which his sin has placed him, a condition out of which he cannot by any possibility extricate himself by his own efforts. Now I was saying once before to you that you could not say that God was the truth. God is true; but Christ is the Truth, because He is the perfect revelation and exhibition of what God is. I do not read in Scripture that "God is grace." I read that "God is love." That is what He always was, before man was on this scene at all, or before man fell. God is love. That is what He is in His eternal existence. And God is light. These are the two absolute terms by which God is described. Love is His absolute character of goodness. Light is more relative to evil. He cannot tolerate evil.

After man sinned, what do I find? That God stepped into the scene where man had sinned. Grace is the love of God putting on a new colour, and a new character, entering the scene where man has sinned, and entering for the purpose of blessing the man, who, by his sin, had put up a barrier between himself and God.

Now there is no good blinking the matter. You

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\* Extracted from "Seekers for Light."

and I are both sinners. You may deny sin, but you cannot deny its consequences. The Word of God says, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). Elsewhere we read, "The wages"—the consequences—"of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). You cannot deny death. It is all round about you; and I will tell you more, it is the thing you least like. There is nothing a man dislikes so much as the thought of death. It is a strange thing. You never saw a dog afraid of death. I have seen hundreds of men afraid of it. No beast, no animal, is afraid of death. The only creature that is afraid of death is man; and why? Because man has a conscience, and has a deep inherent consciousness that there is something after death. Said a wretched man lately, "If it was not for what comes after death I would have committed suicide surely." Scripture tells us what it is, "But after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). Yes! God must deal with sin. He must judge sin, and we have all sinned. The Holy Ghost has said, in the plainest possible language, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). That takes you and me in.

But you may ask, What is sin? Scripture does not leave us without a definition of what sin is. "Sin is lawlessness" (1 John iii. 4, R.V.)—that is, the creature doing his own will. Now, I think I cannot go beyond the truth in saying that every one of us likes our own way. There is not a man

in this audience but likes his own way. The Spirit of God in describing our condition, says in the Old Testament, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray we have turned *every one* to his own way" (Isa. liii. 6). One man takes his way—it is the wine-cup, and shameless orgies; another, the race-course and dissolute company; another, the card-table, and the gambling-hell; and another, the billiard-room, and its concomitant waste of time and money. Sin may take any shape you like. It may take the shape of what men would term "innocent pleasures," but which they would not care should come out in the light of day. The point is this, you and I like our own way. I acknowledge it. I liked my own way, ay, and I took it too. What happened? I am thankful to God for it, He stopped me. How did He stop me? He stopped me by the revelation to my heart of what His grace was—the grace that came by Jesus Christ.

"The law was given by Moses." It came, and made claims upon us. It made claims for the right reason that the law is a revelation of what the creature ought to be. As I gaze on the ten commandments I see what I ought to be. My conscience tells me that I am not it. Consequently I am condemned by the law. It naturally condemns me whenever I learn its spirit and its power. But what does the gospel do? It brings the revelation of what God is, not what man ought to be. The chapter we are looking at tells beautifully how God has come into this scene in the Person of His Son

the Lord Jesus Christ. It says, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." And who is that Word? The opening verse tells us, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." I want you to look at this, "In the beginning was the Word." Then the next thing is, that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." By "the Word" what am I to understand? The Eternal Word of God! It is Jesus—the Son of God entering into this scene and becoming a man. Men have said, "God was made flesh." Scripture does not say so. It says the "Word was made flesh;" and the reason is very simple. If I think of God as given to me in the Bible, I have presented to me the Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. If I say "God was made flesh," then I should not express the truth, because the Father was never incarnate, and the Spirit of God was never incarnate; but the Son of God, the Word, "became flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth" (ver. 14). The Eternal Son has come into this scene, humbling Himself, and becoming a man, in order that, in the form of a man, He might reveal to us the heart and nature of God; and moreover, that God, in the condition in which He was found as a man, might find all He looked for in man. That is the charm of these beautiful words, "full of grace and truth." The law Moses might bring, but "grace and truth" came only by the Son of God.



Truth will convict a man. When I am convicted by truth, what is the next thing? Grace wins me. Grace attracts me, and I turn to Christ in whose presence I find myself to be a poor, ruined, good-for-nothing sinner. I turn to Him, and learn that I am unfit for God. I learn also in that blessed Man, who is the image of God, and the eternal Son of God, in His life and death, what grace is—grace personified. I learn how the love of God can go out after a good-for-nothing, ungrateful, sinful, and self-willed man, until it has overtaken him, and poured blessing into his soul. Many a man in this audience to-night can tell you the same thing. I was pursuing a course of self-will until arrested. My friend, you must be arrested sooner or later. The day of your arrest is at hand. Sooner or later! Infinitely better is it to be arrested in this moment, when grace is active, when God in grace is blessing man,—when God in grace is coming out to meet us, than be arrested by-and-by in your sins, when righteousness can only condemn you. Now God, in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, comes to meet us in grace, with a view to our present and eternal blessing.

Grace, then, is the activity of the love of God to us, after we have sinned, and before the day when He deals with our sins as the righteous, moral governor of the universe, because God must judge sin. He would not be God if He did not judge sin; He would be no better than we if He did not

judge sin. I know perfectly well that men try to get rid of the judgment of God ; but the truth is this, God judges sin, and must do so, because He is God, and is infinitely holy. But what has He already done ? After you and I have sinned, and before the day of judgment, when He must deal with men about their sins, He has stepped into this scene, in the Person of His own beloved Son. Grace has come in, and what do I find ? That the very One, who is going to be judge by-and-by, anticipates the day of judgment, enters into the scene, dies in the room of guilty man, bears his judgment, and delivers him, not only from the consequences of his sin, but brings him into the enjoyment of the love of God, makes him a child of God, and makes him the happy possessor of the forgiveness of sins, and of eternal life.

That is what Christ does. That is grace. What was He in Himself ? He was the expression of perfect grace. Track Him where you will, during His lifetime on earth, and you will find nothing but grace. Ah, but you say, He exposed the hypocrites. Yes, He did. Do you think Christ would do anything else ? It was absolute grace that exposed hollowness. Do you think it would be gracious of me, if I knew you were thoroughly false, not to tell you ? No. It was so with Christ. It was His grace that exposed those who came near Him. It was righteousness also ; but Christ was the Truth, and the Light, and nobody who came into contact with Him could fail of being exposed.

That is why men do not like Him, and will not come to Him, because, if they come to Him, their true condition is necessarily made manifest to themselves, and that they dislike.

After the truth convicts us, grace meets us perfectly. Have you ever tasted that the Lord is gracious? The Lord is abundantly gracious. Take any illustration you please from the history of His pathway through the world. Look how His grace went forth to that poor guilty woman caught in an act of the most heinous sin (John viii. 2-11). The law could only condemn her, and her crime should be visited with death. You know what took place. The scribes and Pharisees brought the woman taken in adultery, to Jesus, and said, "Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?" They sought to put Him on the horns of a dilemma. That was their wickedness. They thought to have occasion to accuse Him. If He said, "Let her go," He would be acting in defiance of the law of Moses; while if He said, "Stone her," they would have turned on Him, and asked Him what had now become of His doctrine of grace, for He was dealing in judgment. Jesus was the light, and He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast the stone at her." You know what took place. They all went out. The light drove them all out, and the woman was left all alone with Jesus. "Woman," He asks, "where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And

Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

That was grace. Christ was acting on the ground of that which He Himself was going to accomplish; He anticipated the atoning effect of His death. Grace could not be active now, save on the ground of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. The wages of sin is death, and just because of what He is, God must judge sin. There was nothing binding on Christ, save His purpose to glorify God; but, in grace, He took the place He did, and He who knew no sin, became sin for us, and the Just died for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. The spotless One took the sinner's guilt, and died in the room and stead of the poor sinner. What then? God raised Him from the dead, and in another part of Scripture that speaks of grace—where the Spirit of God, by the pen of Paul, is unveiling the way in which God now justifies, and saves men—I read this: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. v. 20, 21).

Now observe this, grace came in the Person of Christ; and as the consequence of His death what do I find now? I find grace is reigning. Who is on the throne to-day? Christ. By-and-by He will be the judge. The day of judgment has not come yet. Who is on the throne to-day? If I may use the figure—Grace. The apostle is care-

ful in this same chapter to point out that sin and death have reigned. Death and sin reigned, and I might add another—Satan. There was a fearful triumvirate of evil reigning—Satan, sin, and death—up to the coming of Jesus. What since then? They have been deposed. Grace has entered the scene, and now reigns “through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.” Is sin abounding? Who will deny it? Has it not abounded in your history and mine? How blessed then to know that “where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”

Grace wins its proudest victories over its foes. Ah, the grace of God would like to save you this evening. It has saved me. It has saved many who are in this meeting to-night. It can save you. Did you ever hear that remarkable expression, “The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared”? (Tit. ii. 11.) Righteousness will bring judgment by-and-by. Grace brings salvation just now. “Where sin abounded grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.” Mark, it is grace—sovereign grace. I hear a man say, “Surely to get salvation I must labour for it. Are there not some works to be done?” I have often heard a man say, “I will turn over a new leaf.” It is easy, if you have been careless, and heedless of the things of the Lord in the past, to say you will turn over a new leaf for the future. But observe,

though you turn over a new leaf it is still the old book. What about those old pages blotted with the sins of bygone years? Blotting no more will not erase the existing blots. You do not want reformation, you need reconstruction. You need exactly what the apostle gives you here, "Grace reigns, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." It is a new life communicated, given—not some patching up of the old life. You have to learn that "eternal life is the gift of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. vi. 23).

But, again, I hear some one say, "Must not I do something towards salvation?" Well, I will read to you a scripture from the fourth of Romans: "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 3-5). That is a very remarkable scripture, is it not? I will read it to you again. "To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* on him that justifieth the ungodly, *his faith* is counted for righteousness." If I pay a man a professional visit, I do not think it an act of grace that he should pay a fee. It is a question of righteousness. If a man does a week's work for me, it is no act of grace on my part if I pay what is the proper amount for the week's work. I am in the labourer's debt until it be paid. How was Abraham justified? "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto

him for righteousness." It was faith on Abraham's part, and grace on God's. But carefully note, "Now to him *that worketh* is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." I hear some one say, "I thought God would justify the godly." No, He justifies the ungodly, in absolute grace, on the ground of righteousness, *i.e.*, the atoning work of His Son. It is only God that can do this. It is His own work, and He rejoices in it. I know perfectly well the thought usually comes into a man's mind that he must do something—he must work. Profound mistake.

I was very much struck lately with a passage in the eleventh of Romans: "Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace. And if by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more of grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. xi. 5, 6). How then am I saved? By pure sovereign grace. So wrote the apostle Paul to the Ephesians: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: *not of works*, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). It is the blessed, precious, sovereign grace that has come to all of us in the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ. What we need, as sinners, is salvation. That salvation the grace of God has brought to us. If grace then has brought salvation, what have I

now to do? I have to avail myself of that which God brings to me in the Person, and through the work, of the Lord Jesus Christ,—in plain language, I have to accept, by faith, the eternal salvation which grace brings to me.

The death of the Saviour is the only foundation and basis of acceptance of every one before God, because, in the cross, we have God's judgment of sin, executed on His sinless Son. There I see Him, who knew no sin, made sin for us. There I find that, "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and *the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.*" The cross is God's righteous way of delivering our souls out of the difficulty and danger into which sin had plunged us. The cross, whereon Jesus died, is the expression of the love of God, as well as the demonstration of the fact that "God is light." If, without bringing in the cross, He had condemned man, where were His love? And if He had passed and glossed over sin, without judging it, where were His holiness? The cross of Christ meets both difficulties. It is a great thing to see that the truth of Christianity rests upon two solid pillars, love and light, *i.e.*, what God is in His own nature. He must judge sin; but, to save the sinner, He has given His own Son as the expression of His love, to bear his sins, and to die in the room of those upon whom the sentence of death and judgment rested. The whole superstructure of revelation rests upon these eternal buttresses



of truth. Light displays man's sin, and love removes it. Man had sinned, and was going on to the righteous judgment of God ; but God steps in, and gives His Son, who becomes a man, that He may be enabled to die as the substitute, and in the room of guilty man.

We have God demonstrating His love, in giving His Son, and manifesting His righteousness and holiness, in that His Son, when bearing sins, and made sin, was judged on the cross. Christ owned and felt the weight of that terrible load of sin, as, on the tree, He says, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " As the righteous consequence of that atoning work wrought by Jesus, God declares that whoever believes on Him receives eternal life. That man has the gift of God. That man receives forgiveness of sins. That man gets salvation. That man gets pardon, and the blessing of the Lord. If you want an illustration, just look at the dying thief. That man got salvation. " Lord," he says, " remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." You know what Jesus said, " To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." He was saved by the sovereign grace of God. Light entered his soul, and he trusted Jesus, and deep joy must have filled it as he heard where he was to go that day, and in what company.


But whom was Jesus dying for ? For sinners, therefore He died for me. Do not you believe that He died for you ? If you have been ashamed to confess Him hitherto, my friend, away with that

cowardice. Ashamed of Jesus! Ashamed to confess Him! God forbid! Oh, may you have grace to believe in Him, and confess Him too. If you believe in His vicarious death for you, you will get what I have got—eternal life, through His precious name. You and I die because we are sinners. He became a man, that He might die, and meet the claims of God. As man, triumphant over sin, death, the grave, and Satan's power, He is sitting there in glory, as a living Saviour, and He says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

Grace wins wonderful victories—victories over sinners like you and me. Those victories consist of winning careless hearts, turning them to Christ, who in His grace blesses, saves and keeps us.

"Grace reigns, to pardon crimson sins,  
To melt the hardest hearts ;  
And from the work it once begins  
It nevermore departs :  
The world and Satan strive in vain  
Against the chosen few ;  
Secured by grace's conquering reign,  
They all shall conquer too.

Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,  
Provides the sun and rain,  
Till from the tender blade proceeds  
The ripened harvest grain.  
'Twas grace that called our souls at first,  
By grace thus far we've come,  
And grace will help us through the worst,  
And lead us safely home."

TWO DREAMS; OR, THE CONVERSION  
OF MARY.

BEFORE I was converted I was a bigoted Roman Catholic, and I had almost succeeded in winning the lady, in whose service I lived, over to the Romish faith. She had gone so far, through my inducements, as to read the Roman Catholic prayer-book, and have conversation with a priest touching her soul's interests." Such is the substance of a prefatory statement by Mary—a bright, intelligent girl—as she proceeded to give the writer a lucid account of the manner in which the grace of God reached her, blessed her, and set her free.

About the time she referred to, a colporteur called at her mistress's door and ascertained that she wished to procure a copy of the Roman Catholic prayer-book to replace Mary's, which had become injured in her possession. Such a book he had not got, but he promised to have it on his next visit. True to his promise, he brought the prayer-book and with it a copy of Mr Connellan's tract, "Hear the Other Side," which Mary purchased, on being informed that it was an interesting account of a priest's career. She commenced to read this without the slightest misgivings as to the teachings of Popery, but had not proceeded far when, first doubt arose in her

mind as to the integrity of Popery, and then the conviction took root that it was a system of error. This was accompanied by deep anxiety of soul as to her eternal safety, which continued for eighteen months.

About the year 1892 special gospel meetings were held in Dublin, and after one of these, which Mary attended, she went into the "inquiry room," when she was spoken to personally about her soul, to her intense relief, though she did not then find peace. Soon afterward, God brought her in contact with a Christian lady, through whom she was led to trust in Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour, and in Him she found joy and peace in believing.

Reader, have *you* found salvation in Him? Do you *desire* it, or are you prepared to travel on indifferently in the *Broad Road*? What about *eternity—judgment—guilt—sins*? Are you prepared to *meet God*? Are you relying upon your fancied goodness, which God repudiates (Rom. iii. 10, 12)—your religious zeal, so misdirected (Rom. x. 3)—your Protestant orthodoxy, or any other humanly devised substitute for the finished work of a crucified Redeemer? Can your efforts blot out a *single particle* of *all* that a holy God has noticed in your life, that is contrary to His mind?—all that His transpiercing eye discerns *in you*, even now? How can you come to terms with that God? Listen. Jesus says, "I am the Way."

The girl who related the above simple story of her conversion—to *Christ*, not merely to Protest-

antism—also related two dreams, which may help you. When she was a child of three or four years old, a report was circulated in her neighbourhood that the end of the world would be on a certain day, not far distant, which, child though she was, caused her very much terror—"because of not having made" her "first confession," and received absolution from her priest. While in this state she dreamt one night that she was walking along a certain street in the town of C—, and saw Jesus walking on the other side. She looked towards Him, hoping He would help her in her distress, and He *returned her gaze so kindly and reassuringly* that she could but love Him, and trust Him. Afterwards, as she grew up and was in the Roman Catholic chapel with her companions, she told them in her simplicity that she loved the images of Jesus best of all. Reader, has His love touched *your* heart? "Only a dream," you say. True. Take heed, however, that such dreamers do not rise up in judgment to condemn *you*, who are rejecting open daylight facts. The crucifixion of the Son of God "was not done in a corner." *He tasted death for you!*—"He gave Himself a ransom for all."

Mary dreamt again, about the time she found she could not remain in Popery. In her dream she saw a ladder standing upon the earth, and leaning against a rock high above her. In ascending the ladder to reach the rock, she had almost gained the top when the ladder began to shake.

In her terror she looked up, and was thereupon grasped by a strong hand which pulled her up and set her upon the rock—illustrating, as she remarked, the important fact that the Rock could not be reached by any endeavour of her own.

How true this is! Only Christ can save the soul. His mighty hand is stretched forth in delivering mercy to complete the work His grace has begun. The *desire* is of Him, imparted by Him, a work of grace however feebly felt, and, with it, the sense of feebleness which leads the soul to turn to Him alone as a Refuge in distress. He speaks peace to His people. He died to make peace (Col. i. 18). He arose to establish it (Rom. iv. 25, v. 1). He ascended to give full effect to it (Eph. ii. 14, 16, 17). The upturned eye of faith can see Jesus on the Father's throne, and say, "He is our peace."

"Rock of Ages! hid in Thee,  
I am now from judgment free ;  
Thou hast borne the cross and shame ;  
Thine the judgment, mine the blame.  
Rock of Ages! hid in Thee,  
Judgment hath no fears for me.

Blest are they who, lost, undone,  
Rest by faith on God's dear Son ;  
Blest who take, through precious blood,  
Refuge in the eternal God ;  
They by truth are thus made free,  
Rock of Ages! hid in Thee."

## THE MESSROOM AT RAMOTH-GILEAD.



T is false !”

“What?”

“The communication of that mad fellow !”

“But you have not yet heard what it is.”

“No matter, ‘it is false.’”

“But he is one of the sons of the prophets.”

“I know he is, and therefore I am sure that his communication is false.”

What a strange and hasty conclusion, the reader must say to himself, that a man should discredit a message before he knows what it is !

Quite true, but then it is our habit to condemn, heard, or unheard, anything that prophets may have to say to us, just because they happen to be prophets. We assume their communication to be unpleasant, and we readily denounce it, in anticipation, as false. But how easy it is to jump at a wrong conclusion ! It was thoroughly wrong in our present case.

A pitched battle had been fought at Ramoth-gilead. The Syrians had apparently been worsted by Israel, but, though unable to hold the ground on which they had fought, they had severely wounded the Israelitish king. The battle over, we read (see 2 Kings ix. 1-14) that the captains were sitting together. They were doubtless fighting the battle over again, and relating its varied events, when

their conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a prophet.

Such an apparition at that moment must have been startling. There was no moral similarity between such a man, dressed doubtless in prophet-garb, and the rough, blood-stained warriors into whose midst he had so unexpectedly burst.

Said he: "I have an errand to thee, O captain. And Jehu said, To which of all us? And he said, To thee, O captain. And he arose, and went into the house; and he poured the oil on his head, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I have anointed thee king over the people of the Lord, even over Israel."

Such was the communication of the "madman" to this captain. In one moment Jehu was lifted from a subordinate position to the throne—from captain to king!

Good news for Jehu!

The prophet retired, "and Jehu came forth to the servants of his lord: and one said unto him, Is all well? wherefore came this mad fellow to thee? And he said unto them, Ye know the man, and his communication. And they said, It is false."

Yes, they knew the man; they knew he was a prophet; they politely dubbed him a mad fellow; and finally, assuming his errand to be fraught with evil, they branded it as false. How hasty a conclusion, and how utterly wrong.

Their process of reasoning was as follows:—

*First*, He is a prophet.



*Second*, He is a mad fellow.

*Third*, His communication is evil.

*Fourth*, It is false.

Rapid reasoning this, but entirely wrong. Must a servant of God always carry evil tidings? or is there something faulty in the conscience that anticipates correction, as a naughty child would dread the sight of a policeman? This prophet had good news for Jehu. He had gone in to where he and his brethren were sitting, had taken him aside into a chamber, had anointed him, and informed him of his promotion. Thus was Jehu exalted, and his messmates, on learning the fact, "blew with trumpets, saying, Jehu is king."

How sudden their change of mind. Did they apologise to the prophet for having spoken of him as a mad fellow? Probably not. He was content to do his work, and announce his message, irrespective of praise or censure.

So Paul before Festus. "Too much learning," said the Roman governor, "hath made thee mad" (Acts xxvi. 24). Who was the madman in this case?

And a greater than he was also charged with being mad (John x. 20). And He the Son of God!

No, the sad fact is that God is unknown, His love disbelieved, His servants discredited, His Word refused, and His message set at naught. Man assumes that God is against him, and can only read through a false medium. It is quite true that sin must be punished, for God is holy;

but it is just as true that the sinner may be saved, for God is love. And the message God sends to-day is one of mercy. He proclaims pardon to the sinner and exaltation to the throne of glory to all who believe in Jesus.

Jehu's promotion was great, but, dear reader, yours might be infinitely greater. You deride the gospel, and deem its preachers but madmen. Why? Just because you do not know what the gospel means. Did you only receive its precious news in simple faith, how quickly you would apply the charge of madness to yourself, and loathe your unbelief and folly. It is false; the gospel false? Never! Man is false. Professors of the gospel may be false, but never the gospel itself.

Arise, ye myriads of witnesses, ye pardoned sinners, ye who deserved hell's damnation, ye who have been lifted from the dunghill to inherit a throne of glory, ye who are indebted for all eternity to the boundless grace of God the Father, the cleansing blood of Christ the Son, and the in-working of God the Spirit, arise in your thousands, and make known the living victory of the gospel.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16).

"To save the sinner Jesus came,  
To set the captive free;  
And now my willing lips proclaim  
What He hath done for me."

## "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!"



HERE lived in a little Scotch fishing-village a young girl, the daughter of one of the fishermen, who for seventeen years of her life had passed her time carelessly and easily—forgetting the past, finding much enjoyment in the present, and taking no thought for the future.

But there came an hour, as she sat under the sound of the Word of God and listened to the preacher's earnest and solemn appeals, when she began to realise the fact that, sooner or later, she would have to appear before Him, and then her heart was filled with dismay, for she felt how unfit she was for His holy presence.

So, seriously and earnestly, she resolved to try to make herself more suitable to meet Him. She thought over the texts learned by heart in the Sunday-school, of the words of the preachers she heard, and diligently read the Scriptures and religious books. She would go to the meetings and mourn over the hardness of her heart, and then walk to the top of the cliffs, and there, far from any human eye, kneel down and vow to God she would be a *real* Christian, and not be like the proud, worldly professors she saw around her.

But all her efforts were in vain. As time went on she felt nothing bettered, but rather grew worse—further from God, and nearer the judgment.

One evening she was sitting in the kitchen, lost in mournful meditation, when a friend came in joyously exclaiming—"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, I'm convertit! My soul is washed in the bluid of the Lamb! A' my terror is fled, the burden of guilt is ta'en awa', an' I feel as licht as a feather! Oh Elsie, *it wis the Lord that did it!* Praise His Name!"

Then, like a flash of light, the truth burst upon her. The work was *done*, and *Jesus* had done it. It was *His* worth, *His* work, *His* blood-shedding, *His* atonement—all that He was and did that alone could be acceptable to the holiness of God, because He was that Holy One who knew no sin, but who appeared to put it away by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb. ix. 26). But she was acceptable with God, as she trusted in Christ, and so believing was justified from all things (Acts xiii. 39), being made God's righteousness in Him (2 Cor. v. 21). What a great and blessed change had taken place! She was no longer looking *within* at the proud workings of an evil heart of unbelief, but looking *without* to the perfect, spotless Lamb of God, and resting in peace and joy upon this Saviour—so worthy to be received; and that word—so worthy to be believed. She had lost all confidence in herself, but confided in Jesus; had discovered that there was indeed no good thing in her, but had found One who was everything that was good; and no longer followed her own ideas, but *thought with God*. He looks upon the face of His anointed,

and all His glory shines there—the glory of the grace that flows from redeeming love. Who need dread to look up at the throne of righteousness now that the Lord Jesus—who, once and for all, bore the awfulness of God's wrath against sin on Calvary's cross—is seated there, crowned with His bright glory? The light of His face dispels all fear from the heart that rests upon the redemption He has accomplished, "forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but *with the precious blood of Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot; . . . who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God" (1 Pet. i. 18, 19, 21).

Happy indeed are they who discover somewhat of their own utter unloveliness, and then a little of the infinite loveliness there is in Him. "Behold the Lamb of God!"

"It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,  
But the blood that atones for the soul;  
On Him then believe, and a pardon receive  
Not in part but indeed in the whole.

We are healed by His stripes! Wouldst thou add  
to the word?

And He is our righteousness made;  
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on:  
Oh couldst thou be better arrayed?

Oh, take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives;  
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

## "IT LET THE LIGHT INTO MY SOUL."



CHRISTIAN set out during the past summer to seek a little rest and change from the cares of business; and not to be idle, and make his holiday a profitable one, which, alas! is too often not the case, he supplied himself with a collection of seed for scattering, in the shape of gospel books and tracts.

Arriving at his destination, which was a country village, he began at one cottage after another to leave the little books containing the precious gospel story, which carried with it life and blessing to all who would receive it. In one cottage he met an old woman, who had spent the greater part of her life as nurse in a Christian family, and the children having all grown up long ago, she had returned to the home of her childhood to spend the rest of her days on earth.

Having offered her one of the little books, he stepped inside to have a chat with the old woman, about that which was more precious than life—her soul!

Has this matter ever concerned you, dear reader? What of *thy* soul? Is it saved or unsaved? The devil seeks it. The world bids high for it, but "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Trifle it not away for a bit of this fleeting world, launch it not unsaved into eternity, but trust it now into the hands of Him who "came into the world to save sinners," and who died to deliver thee from the wrath to come.

Glancing around the room, the visitor saw lying on the table a copy of *The Gospel Messenger*. Surprised at seeing it lying there, he inquired how she came to be possessed of it. She replied that one of the members of the family, with whom she had been nurse, sent it to her every month, and, said she, "*It has been the means of letting the light into my soul.*"

Here was the result of silent sowing. The precious seed of the Word of God, carried on the page of the booklet, had found a lodging-place in that heart, and had let the light into her soul.

Fellow-Christian, let us labour on in faith and patience. The time is fast approaching when the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together. You may not be able to preach, all are not called to this service. If not a preacher, you may be able, with the means at your disposal, to help on those who do so. Or you may be able to use your pen to tell out the sweet story of redeeming love; or, again, there is a large field open to you to scatter the printed page which God is pleased to use to let the light into dark and benighted souls. May many trophies be yours, such as our friend found that day.

## ONE LOOK TO JESUS.

ISAIAH xlv. 22.

(TUNE—*Christian Choir*, No. 189).

NE look to Jesus will save thy soul ;  
 Look then unto Him, and be made  
 whole.  
 Christ receives sinners, He seeketh  
 thee;  
 Now to the Saviour for mercy flee.

*Chorus.*

Look unto Jesus, look now and live,  
 And as thou lookest, God will forgive  
 All thy transgressions, great though they be,  
 Them will He cast into depths of the sea.

Judgment is coming, death draweth nigh ;  
 Slight not the warning, Why will ye die ?  
 All who now trust Him, safe will be then,  
 When God's dread judgments fall upon men.

Christ's arms are open, now to Him flee;  
 Hear His voice calling, "Come unto me."  
 Love's door is open, enter within ;  
 Christ's blood availeth to blot out sin.

God waits to greet thee, cleansed from thy sin,  
 Clad in the best robe, all fair within.  
 Praise Him, adore Him, matchless His grace,  
 'Mid His dear children is then thy place.



## DYING TESTIMONIES OF TWO OLD RELIGIOUS SCOTSMEN.



NE lived in the North of Scotland, and the other in the South. Their lives were prolonged till they were over eighty. Both had been very *religious* for many years—one of them since childhood; and, when dying, each gave a most emphatic testimony of, and clung most tenaciously to his religion.

Neither of them were Roman or Apostolic Catholics, High Churchmen, Unitarians, Christadelphians, Universalists, or any of the latter forms of Materialism. Nor yet did they belong to the satanic community of Spiritualism, whose mediums are possessed and controlled by demons, which falsely and wickedly impersonate the spirits of departed people to deceive the unwary dupes who consult them. Neither did either of them belong to the semi-infidel school of thought known by the dignified title of HIGHER CRITICISM, or as it has been more justly styled by the great preacher of the nineteenth century—the late Mr Spurgeon—the DOWN GRADE.

Nay! these two old Scotsmen would have given their unqualified *assent* to the Bible as being God's Word, and, therefore, divinely inspired—every sentence of it. They both believed that man had

an immortal soul, and that he must live for ever, either with Christ and His own in heaven, or with the devil and the lost in hell. They believed, likewise, that man, being God's creature, was *responsible* to live a life of perfect obedience to God, and that all the dead would be raised, and stand before the judgment seat of Christ to have their life's history manifested. They would freely admit also what Scripture says about the *character* and *nature* of God; that He was *love*, was gracious, and merciful; also, that He was holy, true, and righteous. In short, they believed in common with each other many other fundamental truths of Scripture; yet, strange as it may seem to both reader and writer, the grounds on which these two religious men were building their hopes for eternity, according to their own dying testimonies, were as opposite as *light* is from *darkness*.

Let us place ourselves at their bed-sides, shortly before they pass out of time into eternity, and listen to their dying words, in answer to the questions of Christian visitors who had taken a loving interest in their souls' welfare.

We will listen, first of all, to old Philip, who was closing his days in a quiet, rural district of the South of Scotland.

"Well, Philip, you look very ill, and appear to be nearing the end of your journey?"

"I am, indeed, sir. You see it's what we have all to come to."

"It's quite true, Philip, that it's God's appoint-

ment unto men, because of sin (Heb. ix. 27). But it's a grand thing when one can leave this sinful world with a bright, happy prospect of spending eternity with Christ."

"You are right there, sir. I'm sure if we had not something better to look forward to than what this life gives it would be sad indeed."

"I'm glad to see you attach so great importance to the life beyond death. I trust your hopes of soon entering it are both *bright* and *well founded*?"

"Well, I can't see I need have much fear. I think it will turn out all right with me, sir."

"Very good, Philip. But may I ask what is your ground for such a hope?"

"Well! you see, sir, I have always been a good-living man. I have read my Bible, attended to family worship—in fact, I have said my prayers since I was a child. Then, you know, I have been a member of the Kirk ever since I was of age to join, and I have lived an honest life, and never done anybody any harm."

"And is that your *only* ground of hope for heaven, Philip?"

"Well, sir, I don't see what more a man can do. I've done my best, and I think I should have as good a chance of heaven as anybody."

"Shall I read what God says about the BEST we can do in our *natural state*?"

"If you like, sir."

"In Isaiah lxiv. 6, we read, 'All our *righteousnesses* are as FILTHY RAGS.' Then in Romans iii. 10, 12, 19,

we read, 'There is *none* righteous, no, *not one*. There is none that doeth good, no, *not one*. What things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become *guilty before God*.' Now, Philip, if God says our *best* things are as *filthy rags* in His sight, do you not think you are building your hopes on a false foundation?"

With a look of utter disappointment, he said, "*And will all my eighty years' prayers go for nothing?*"

"Yes! Philip, all for nothing if you are making them the *ground* of your hopes for heaven. You have just heard God's estimate of all our prayers and best deeds before conversion, and I'm sure it is exceedingly kind of God to let us know their *true value now*, instead of hiding it from us, as Satan would do, till we made the awful discovery at the judgment seat, where no pardon can be found. You see, we have all sinned—we cannot get past that—and, as the wages of sin is death (Rom. vi. 23), and that includes the lake of fire, which is the second death (Rev. xx. 14), no amount of prayers, or good deeds, could remove the guilt from us. Either, we, ourselves, must receive these wages—as God, who is righteous, must pay them—or, another, who had not sinned himself, receive them *for us*. Now the blessed message God sends you to-day, Philip, is, That He so loved the world—therefore you—'that he gave his only begotten

Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John iii. 16). By God giving up His Son to death to receive the wages of our sins, He can now *righteously* forgive and save you, if you own you are lost, and believe in Christ ALONE for salvation. God has been so satisfied with the death of His Son, that He has raised Him from the dead, and given Him the highest place in heaven; and it is from there this blessed message of forgiveness comes to every poor sinner who trusts Jesus."

Notwithstanding all that the Lord's servant brought before him from God's Word, he had to leave the house with a sad heart, as old Philip kept clinging to his own supposed goodness for salvation.

Some days afterwards he was again visited by another Christian, who found him holding on, even more tenaciously, to his filthy rags of self-righteousness. After much pleading with him to accept God's judgment of his own supposed good works, and take his true place as a lost sinner, and trust Christ as his Saviour, and get saved at once in God's ONLY way, he said—gathering up all his strength—"That has been my religion all my days, and I am not going to change my religion now." And, so saying, he turned his face to the back of the bed with a look of determination to hold in his grasp of death the deeply valued treasure of his Satan-deceived heart.

Soon after he passed away, to find out, to his

eternal loss, the utter worthlessness of a religion without Christ, however sincerely it was valued here.

Let us leave this sad death-bed—for sad, sad, indeed, it was—in the South, and place ourselves at the bed-side of the old religious Scotsman in the North, and listen to his farewell words.

Old John had spent most of his life in a small town situate amidst lovely scenery in the North of Scotland. He had been for many years well known as a *religious* man. Often, I expect, he had visited the sick, and spoken words of comfort to the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and, by God's grace, had tried to keep himself unspotted from the world. But his days of visiting are over, and now it is the turn for others to visit him. He is just at the threshold of eternity, while loving hearts surround his dying bed. Softly a well-known voice whispers in his ear—anxious for a last word for fond memory to carry through life—"Well, John, how does it fare with you now? Will you tell us what you are resting your soul upon for eternity?"

A sweet smile lit up his face, then, gathering his whole strength, he said, "*I'm—standing—alone—on—the—accomplished—work—of—redemption.*"

These were his dying words. Few they were, but they speak volumes. ..

For many years he had been religious, exhibiting the true marks of what Scripture calls true and undefiled religion (see James i. 27). But, even an acceptable, godly life, such as his had been since

conversion, he could not, would not—yea! *dare not*—build the *faintest* hope upon for salvation, or acceptance with God. John, with all his soul, would have repelled the thought of adding the smallest conceivable 'good work of his to the *finished* work of Christ, as, to do so, would be seeking to rob the accomplished work of redemption of part of its glorious lustre and solitary dignity (John xvii. 4, xix. 30; Rom. xi. 6; Eph. ii. 8, 9; Titus iii. 5-7).

My dear reader, you have eternity ahead of you, as truly as these two old Scotsmen had. More, you may be as near it as they were, when they gave their dying testimonies. You know, as well as the writer, that the percentage of sudden deaths is daily increasing. Let me then, in love for your soul, ask you, "What are you *resting your hopes upon in view of it?*" To make a mistake on the momentous question of your soul's eternal salvation is a most dreadful thing.

After reading this, you can have no more excuse than poor old Philip, if you die without Christ. No matter, whether you die without any profession of Christianity at all, or, like him, with nothing but your supposed goodness to present to God, which, to say the least, is nothing short of a veritable insult to the God who has, at infinite cost to Himself, provided salvation for you. But rather than take it as a *guilty sinner*, you have the daring assumption to present to Him your detestable filthy rags for acceptance.

But perhaps the reader is one of those who disdain the idea of doing what old Philip did, viz., trusting to good works *alone* for salvation, but believe that, in *addition* to a good life, we must *also* believe in Christ and His work on the cross, or we cannot expect to be saved. My friend, yours is just another way of despising that which God makes everything of. Only, yours is a much more subtle way of doing it. God declares the work of Christ has perfectly satisfied Him—yea! glorified Him—without a single work of yours, and that He can save the blackest sinner out of hell, because of its *value to Him* (Heb. x. 12-18). Whereas you attach no more value to it, than an *addition* to your *supposed good life*.

Be assured, God is a jealous God, and if there is one thing He is more jealous about than another, it is the *glory of His Son*, and *that work* He accomplished to the everlasting glory of God. This was old John's belief, and he died clinging tenaciously to it. God and he were at one about Christ and His finished work. God and you are at entire variance. He, God, says, "*I am satisfied with the work of the cross.*" You are practically saying, "I am trying my best to satisfy God by my good life, but, in case that is not enough, I will add the work of Christ on the cross to it."

Oh! may God take the scales from the Satan-blinded eyes of the reader, who is building his hopes on a sandy foundation!

In conclusion, dear reader, if you desire *true*



*peace with God* you can *only* get it, as old John got it, and that is by standing *alone*—yes! **ALONE**—again I repeat it, so that you may not make the mistake so many do—you *must* stand absolutely **ALONE** upon the accomplished work of redemption for salvation, and, if you do, all the powers of earth and hell cannot rob you of God's full *present* and *eternal* salvation. Make sure, then, that you are on the **RIGHT** foundation.

J. M.

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A PUBLICAN'S GUEST.\*

(LUKE xix. 1-10.)



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**ACCHEUS** was drawn to the Lord in a remarkable way. Doubtless he had heard of Jesus previously, for the Lord had passed near, if not through Jericho on a previous occasion. He never passed through it again. That is what gives this story its great force. The man had one last opportunity, and he took it, of getting into contact with Jesus. Mark you, he embraced it; he seized it. I can understand why the Lord says, "Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house" (ver. 5). Suppose the man had put it off, and declined the Saviour's call, as you know many of you here have declined His

call for many a day, what would have been the result? He would never have got another opportunity. Jesus never passed that way again. Let me say then, before I go further, it may be the last time that God will give you a call; it may be the last opportunity that God will give you of hearing anything about His blessed Son. That is why I would say with all my soul, "Decide for Christ to-day." How much is wrapped up in that word "To-day! To-day!"

Now, in reading Scripture, it is always interesting to observe the context. Sometimes you will find in reading the Word of God, that some circumstance leads to the unfolding of a parable, and then that you get an instructive narrative connected with the doctrine which the Lord enforces. On the other hand, you may find that you get a striking narrative, and out of it flows a statement by the Lord of unspeakable importance. That, I think, we have in this scripture, when the Lord says, as a reason why He should go to Zaccheus' house that day, that "the Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost" (ver. 10).

Before dwelling upon the narrative, I should like for a few moments to draw your attention to verse 10. That is just what Jesus tells us to-night. Though we have not the same kind of opportunity of coming to Jesus as Zaccheus had of getting to the Lord—for He was then in this world—still our need, the guilt of our souls, and their state

before God, is described, and marked in verse 10, in the clearest way. What does Jesus say? "For the Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost." Oh, but, you say, you do not mean to tell me that I am lost? I do not tell you that you are lost, but I will tell you what the Word of God says, "The Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost." And if you are not a person saved by grace, do you know where you are? If a man be not in the enjoyment of the gospel, and if he has not received forgiveness, then he has not peace, nor eternal life. He is still lost. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." What? Lost? Yes. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world" (that is Satan; I hope you know whom you follow, if you are not Christ's) "hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4). I find, then, the distinct statement, made by the Spirit of God, that the man who has not received Jesus as his Saviour, is lost.

I know there are people, who would say to me, Oh! I thought a man would be lost if he died in his sins? Scripture does not put it that way at all. And you say, Will a man not be lost if he die in his sins? He is lost before he dies; and, if he dies in his sins, then he has to meet something else; he has to meet judgment and damnation

the consequences of those sins. I do not think you and I had better tone down the truth. God knows what is ahead of us. I do not think our Lord Jesus Christ came into this world, "to seek, and to save, that which was lost," and I do not think He went to the cross, and bore the judgment of sin upon it, if there were no judgment, no punishment ahead. To put it simply and plainly, the Word of God declares that we are lost, every one of us, if we have not known Jesus. There is but one word applies to us, it is the word lost! And after death there comes the judgment. It is a solemn word that; I would to God that every man in this hall to-night felt the weight of it. I know we live in a day when men tell us, God will never judge people for their sins; God is too good, too kind, too loving to judge them. Well, I again repeat, dear friends, that you and I had better listen to the words of the Lord Jesus, and I find Him saying here, "The Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost."

Oh! but, you say, that refers to Zaccheus the publican, and from his occupation—a tax-gatherer—we know what sort of a man he was. Well, do you think your life will compare with his? Do you give half of your goods to the poor? He did. Will any man stand up in this meeting and say, "The half of my goods I give to the poor"? No, he cannot. I am not going to stand up and say it, because I do not. Nor do I expect to be saved on that ground. He says, "Lord, the half of my

goods I give to the poor; and, if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold" (ver. 8). I think honestly that Zaccheus' life will compare most favourably with that of any living man here. Every soul, without exception, has to be saved, but not on that ground. The Lord knew that he was lost, and then out came the glorious truth, "The Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost." Man is a lost sinner. On every man, old or young, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, the Spirit of God fixes that word—"LOST."

You have the same truth brought out in the fifteenth of Luke by the blessed Lord. I find Him, in the figure of the shepherd, seeking the lost sheep; He goes out to seek and save it. The same idea is present in the lost bit of money. The woman swept the house till she found it. And when the father received back the prodigal, he said, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found" (Luke xv. 24). The Lord points out there the truth as to man's condition. He is away from God; he is no longer with God. He is lost; and if he be not delivered by sovereign grace, where is he for ever? He remains where he is. Therefore the Lord announces that He is come "to seek, and to save, that which was lost." I know this is not a very palatable doctrine nowadays. But it is not a question of whether it be palatable or not. Is it true? is the question. It is far better to know the truth,

because if I do not know the truth, I do not see where I am, I do not learn my state before God, I do not learn what my condition is, and in consequence do not seek to remedy it. Consequently it is of unspeakable importance that every one should know where he is, and what his condition is in the sight of God. Lost, is the emphatic word which describes the condition of every unsaved man.

I do not dislike the idea of being lost, and there is no hardship in hearing that truth, when along with it I hear these words, "The Son of Man is come to seek, and to *save*, that which was lost." If a man were told that he was lost, and there was no Saviour, it would be bitter indeed. If there were not a single chance of my returning to God, and if there were no Redeemer, and no redemption, it would be bitter, and bad, my friend; but God tells me I am a lost man in one breath, and in the next, He presents to me a loving, living Saviour. That is the very thing I want. What I need, as a lost sinner, is what the grace of God provides for me—a Saviour. And let me ask you, Did you ever think calmly that the blessed Son of God left the realms of glory, and came into this world to seek you and me? Did you ever ask Him to come? He tells us He came to seek, and to save, that which was lost. It was His own heart that brought Him. His love prompted Him: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" (John iii. 16). The blessed Son of God

became a man, and came into this scene to seek, and to save, that which was lost. Glorious tidings! And has He not sought you, worldly man, time and again? Does He not seek to attract you to Him now? I will tell you what has happened. You have hitherto managed to evade His grasp; you have eluded Him; you have kept Him at arm's length. Do you think you are wise; do you think you evince wisdom by this?

It is a startling thing to say, but I know well its truth, that if you draw near to a worldly man, to tell him about God's salvation, he will avoid you. He will shrink from you, as though he feared you wished to infect him with smallpox, or some other terrible disease. This only brings out the real state of the heart, and the blinding, deadening power of sin. It only shows where the sinner is with regard to the Lord.

On the other hand, Christ is the joy of the believer's heart, and there is nothing sweeter to his ear than to hear about Him. If I meet you, and it turns out that I know some intimate friend of yours, who is also a great friend of mine, why, at once, there is a bond of union linking us together. I am a Christian, and every Christian is my brother. I was walking down Leith Walk some time ago, when I overtook two men. One of them remarked as I passed, "It is sweet to hear of Jesus." I was pinned to the spot. Jesus! why, that was the name of my Saviour. I confess I was arrested. I said to myself, These men must be two of my

brethren, two of the same family as myself. If you meet a Christian in a tram, or a train, your heart begins to warm up immediately. You say, But my heart does not warm up. No, of course not; you are not a Christian. That is the reason. I will tell you why; you have never learned His grace to you as a lost sinner, but when you learn that He has saved you, a wonderful change will take place.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek, and to save, that which was lost." How does He save? He saves by His death; He saves by the work He accomplished for us on the cross. The only way we can be saved is through the death of the Saviour. Sin is on us; we have all sinned, and our sins must bring us into judgment. But what has taken place? The blessed Lord Jesus Christ has gone to the cross, and borne our sins, and the judgment of God, in respect of sin that He may bring us to God, through the work that He alone could accomplish. It is wonderful news, that the "Son of Man came to seek, and to save, that which was lost."

You do not know how the Lord loves you, how He longs for you. He wants to save you this night; will you let Him? Will you have Him? He has come to seek, and to save, that which was lost. If there be a lost soul here to-night, one consciously lost, you may have Him. But you say, How can I have Him? Let Zaccheus show you the way. It was in a very simple way that



he came to Jesus. He was a rich man: chief among the publicans; a kind of commissioner of customs or of taxes. He was evidently a high-placed official, but the publicans, or tax-gatherers, were not loved in those days, nor are they loved in ours. This man desired to see Jesus. His riches did not satisfy him. He knew there was something wanting, something lacking. Jesus had passed that way before, but he had missed Him. Just before this, Jesus had opened the eyes of the blind man, and this rich man said in his heart, I would like to see Him. That is a striking word—"He sought to see Jesus, who he was" (Luke xix. 3). The man was in earnest. There is no doubt of that. Do you want to see Jesus? Jesus was the point of attraction for Zaccheus. It was Jesus whom he longed to behold. Say, have you beheld Him? You have heard plenty about Jesus; have you ever seen Him? Oh, no! you say, we cannot see Him now. If you had faith, faith in the blessed Son of God, He would become a reality to you. Faith sees Jesus; faith knows Jesus. There is nothing more real than this knowing Jesus. It is a far more real thing to know the Lord Jesus Christ, than to know anybody else in this world, and to know Him is eternal life.

Zaccheus wanted to see Jesus, "and could not for the press, because he was little of stature." Is that always the case? Invariably. The devil will always do his best to hinder a Christ-seeker. If any man says, I would like to be a Christian, I

would like to have Christ, I would like to know Christ, I would like to seek Christ, what will be the effect? Why, the devil will put every possible obstacle in his way. Here it was "the press." What sort of press was it? It was a big crowd that day, and Zaccheus was a little man; and I have no doubt the devil suggested to him that a little man like he could never see over the heads of the big people; and if he had not been in downright earnest, he would have said, "Here are hundreds of people gathered, this is not the time to see Him, and I will wait another opportunity." But no, Zaccheus is in downright earnest, so he clears out of the crowd. He sees ahead a sycamore tree, and do you think the devil helped him to get up that sycamore tree that day? I do not think so. In his earnestness Zaccheus had said, "I want Him; I must go to Jesus; I desire to see Jesus; and I will see Him, if I have to go up that sycamore tree to accomplish my wish." I think I can see Zaccheus. Then the devil comes along and says: "Zaccheus, if you go up that sycamore tree everybody will laugh at you. You know you are unpopular; you are a tax-gatherer, and it is a most odious tax you have to gather—the Roman tax. You had better not do it." "Never mind," says Zaccheus, "I am in earnest this time; I missed Him the last time. I will see Him this time." And what do I read now? "And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him" (ver 4).

He cleared the difficulty, and got out of the crowd. I admire him! Look here, young man, what is your crowd—your difficulty? Your difficulty in becoming a Christian is this, "What would my fellows say? What would my classmates say, if I were to become a Christian? They would laugh at me." Never mind that. When I was converted, my old companions had plenty of laughing at me; but I said to them, "My dear fellows, I have the best of it, depend upon it. I have Christ for time and eternity. I am safe for time and eternity. I am happy for time and eternity. You may laugh as you please, but, thank God, when you will be just finishing with the things of this world, and will have nothing but 'the wages of sin' for eternity, I shall be just beginning my joy." My dear friends, that is how the devil tries to hinder a man. Sometimes he says he would not hold out to the end; or, again, that he would not be able to stand against the mockery of his fellows; or, again, he suggests that he would be a contemptible fellow if he began to follow Christ, and did not hold out. In that way the devil seeks to hinder your blessing. Heed him not. My friend, you must get out from all this press; I implore you, break from the press. There is a man in this room who is anxious, but the devil says to him, "Your prospects would suffer, you must not be a Christian." I reply, "Better lose your prospects than lose your soul." "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole

world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37.)

Well, Zaccheus got away from the press; he wriggled out of it. He got clear of the thing that entangled him. If there be a convicted sinner here, who wants Christ, I will tell you what that man will do. In his heart he will say in the presence of God, "I will get out of the crowd; I will get clean away from all that hinders me." Zaccheus was a man with downright earnestness about him. He ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Jesus. He just cleared out of the press. Every soul really has to do similarly.

Zaccheus was in earnest, and would to God that you too were in earnest. I have no doubt that he got up into the tree with the thought in his heart, I hope nobody will see me. That is what our hearts say at the first, till we get into the enjoyment of the grace of Christ. Then, when the love of God is enjoyed, and His salvation known, we want to tell everybody about it. That is always the way. When a man really gets to know Christ as his Saviour, then he wants to let everybody know about it.

What happened next? When Jesus got to the spot, He looked up, and saw him. Zaccheus hoped nobody would see him. He sought to see Jesus, and as He moved along in the crowd his wish was gratified; he saw the Saviour. Happy man. At that moment Jesus "looked up, and saw him"

(ver. 5). Ah! friend, He has His eye upon you also. Jesus saw him, and then said, "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house" (Luke xix. 5). He knew what was in Zaccheus' heart. He knows what is in your heart; He knows exactly what you want, what you desire. He knows you want Him? Do you want to be His? Do you want to be washed in His blood? Then you will break through the press to get at Him.

"Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." That is a lovely word, "To-day!" Ah, friend, do not despise it. To-day! That is just now, where you sit at this moment, and the blessed Saviour says to you, "To-day I must abide at thy house." He wants your heart for Himself. He wants your heart filled with the knowledge of His own grace, and calls to you to "make haste, and come down, for to-day I"—Jesus, the Saviour—"must abide at thy house." Is not that sweet? I, Jesus, the living, loving Saviour, must abide at thy house. What then did Zaccheus do? "And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully." Do not you put it off. Do not you delay till the morrow. Do not you say, I will think about it; I will give it my best consideration; I will ponder the matter carefully, I would like to be a Christian some day.

Stop, my friend, this will not suffice. The Lord says, To-day! If you put it off till another day your fate may be that of a lady, who had been

prevailed upon to go to the theatre to hear a well-known preacher. The realities of eternity were brought before her soul, and she was deeply impressed, for her diary revealed that she meant to turn to the Lord. After relating that she had been to the theatre, hearing So-and-so preach, her diary of that day contained these words, "I am determined, this day twelvemonth, to give up the world, and yield up my heart to Christ, and become a Christian." But conscience was not satisfied with twelve months. The delay of twelve months for an immortal soul is a heavy risk, depend upon it. Underneath was written, "This day six months, I am determined to give up the world and become Christ's, and yield my heart to Christ." Apparently her conscience would not give her peace, and a third time she recorded her decision. This time she wrote, "This day month I am determined to give up the world, and give my heart to Christ." Her conscience was apparently dulled by the prospect of decision within thirty-one days, and she retired to bed. Next morning that lady was found dead in her bed. God says to you, dear friends, "To-day." Jesus says, "This day." "Make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

And what response did Zaccheus make? We read, "He made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully" (ver. 6). Blessed action. Blessed decision. "He received him joyfully."

And how may we receive Him? you ask. He

is not here on earth as He was then, and we cannot receive Him in the same way as Zaccheus did. If you want to receive Him, the Word of God tells us the way: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John i. 12). The way we receive Jesus is by believing on His name. If you want to receive Him, He is willing to receive you. You believe on His name, and Christ is yours, and you are Christ's.

But the bough of a sycamore tree is too far away from Christ, and Zaccheus is bidden to come down. His heart is obedient to the call, and he comes down, and receives Him joyfully. The people murmured that He was gone to be the guest of a man that was a sinner. I would like you to take up this position of obedience to Him to-night, and what would be the result? You will hear. What is said here? "This day is salvation come to this house." The moment the will is bent to Jesus, the moment the sinner's heart is bowed at the Saviour's feet, then comes this word to the conscience, "This day is salvation come to this house." It is a present salvation, because it is God's salvation wrapped up in the person of Jesus. This day is salvation come to this house. It is a present salvation; a perfect salvation; a personal salvation. It is a salvation wrapped up in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the moment you receive Jesus, you are a saved person. You have received God's

salvation. What a treasure to have in a world of death. Death has dominion over the believer no longer.

The man who receives Jesus receives eternal life on the very spot where he is, and the Saviour whispers to him, "This day is salvation come," not coming. There are a great many people who say, Salvation is coming. I beg your pardon; salvation has come. I will tell you what is coming; judgment is coming. Salvation has come in the Person of Christ, and the man who receives Christ has salvation. Can anything be more simple? "This day is salvation come to this house." The heart that receives Jesus can sing, I have a Saviour. Do not be afraid to confess Him. The difficulty that many a soul has to contend with, is confessing that you have received Christ. You do not need to wait till to-morrow morning to confess Him. You have the feeling, that if you confess Him to-morrow, men will laugh at you. Never mind that; who cares for that? He is a poor weak sort of a man that cannot stand something for Christ's sake. He is a very poor fellow that cannot stand up for Christ, and take his stand for Jesus in this world. Mark, for your soul to simply say, I am on the Lord's side, is to find that the Lord will sustain you, and you will find He will help you. Is there such a young man in this room to-night? God be praised for every man who stands for Jesus, and may you be able to stand for Jesus to-night. You will then find what



Zaccheus found. The Saviour had found the sinner, and saved him. The sinner had received the Saviour joyfully. Each found just what he sought, and each had joy in the possession of the other. Have you sought and found the Saviour yet?

W. T. P. W.

## NO GOD.



IN the year 1793, France, which was then a nation of forty millions of people, proclaimed by an edict of its National Assembly two dreadful decrees—

1st. That there is no God.

2nd. That death is an eternal sleep.

What followed was that they were left as though there was no God. Or it would appear as though God gave them up, as He did the heathen (Rom. i. 28), after they had first of all given Him up. Historians have rightly named that period "The Reign of Terror," for iniquity seemed to run riot, and war and bloodshed were the order of the day.

The Psalmist has truly said, "The fool hath said in his heart, *No God*," and many there are to-day who, like those of old, while professing themselves to be wise, have shown themselves to be fools. The wisdom of to-day seems to lie in denying the existence of God, and that judgment follows after

death. Truly the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and God will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nought the understanding of the prudent. Infidelity and scepticism are rapidly on the increase. The young men of to-day think it clever to turn round and pull the Bible to pieces, and sit in judgment on their Creator. The early impressions of childhood are soon thrown aside; the dear old mother's instructions heeded not, her much-loved Bible trampled under foot, and her tear-bedewed prayers wantonly slighted. Young men, beware! God is on the way to judgment, He will not be mocked. Be wise, and make Him your trust *now*, for "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

A friend of ours was one day travelling by rail, and on one of the panels of the carriage he read these words:—

"WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

In heaven or in hell?"

Written underneath it was the answer, "Not with the writer if possible. Comfort ye! comfort ye! There is no such place as heaven or hell!" It is hard to see where the comfort is to be found. Men may try and persuade themselves that there is no hereafter, but they cannot alter the fact, and their own guilty consciences give them no rest in their false supposition. It reminds us of the dying message of the mother of a noted sceptic who had been led into unbelief by her son. As she lay dying she sent him an earnest message to come to

her with all speed, or else write her the consolations of philosophy, for in the dying hour all was dark. Infidelity puts out the light of revelation, and groping in darkness, calls darkness light, and folly wisdom!

Truly we are living in strange times, but still, thank God, we have His Word to guide us aright, and therein the way of salvation is made plain to all who believe.

E. E. N.

## A REFLECTION.

LINES RECEIVED BY A LADY, UNCOMMONLY SKILFUL ON THE HARP AND THE PIANO, FROM A CHRISTIAN, WHO WAS HIMSELF A MUSICIAN.



“ERMIT a stranger to express the delight with which, in the stillness of the evening, he has paused to listen to those notes which have been so sweetly, so plaintively, or so wildly obedient to the skill of your fingers and the emotions of your soul. Pardon me if I express some of the reflections awakened in my own mind.

“‘Alas!’ thought I, ‘those fingers which produce such thrilling emotions will soon be motionless in death. Those keys will no more tremble at their touch. Those notes will be hushed to silence, and

the steps of the stranger be no more arrested, except by a plaintive dirge from some friend of her who sleeps in death. What then will be her state? Is her heart now prepared to sing that song that none but the redeemed can sing? Are her sins forgiven? Is Christ, the bleeding Lamb, her chief beloved? This, to me, is all unknown. That you may be one of the performers in that grand chorus which ascribes 'Blessing, and honour, and power to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever,' is the earnest prayer of an affectionate friend, who will probably be personally unknown to you until the judgment of the great day."

"Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared—  
 Unworthy though I be—  
 For me a blood-bought free reward,  
 A 'harp of God' for me.  
 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
 And formed by power divine,  
 To sound in God the Father's ears  
 None other name than 'Thine.'"

C. K.

WHEN a well-known man dies, the question is often heard—"What did he die worth?" One thing is certain, it is not what he *left behind*, for that he is parted from. No! *what he sent before him*, is what he died worth. If he knew, and lived for Christ, he has somewhat to his credit before God; if not, all is loss, and he lost too.

W. T. P. W.

## PATOO, THE MARQUESAN; OR, A HEATHEN LAD'S CONVERSION.

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THOMAS HAMITAH PATOO was born in one of the Marquesas Islands about the beginning of the present century. His parents were heathen, and thousands of miles of ocean rolled between them and the nearest so-called Christian land.

At about the age of fourteen, attracted by the merchant ships which occasionally touched the shores of his native island, this heathen lad determined to visit America. To accomplish this, he leaped on board a vessel just as she was leaving port with full sail set. He had just time to see his weeping father waving him a sorrowful farewell from the shore.

He landed at Boston, and soon plunged into sin and folly, such as is not known or named among the heathen. After two or three years of a varied life of dissipation and consequent suffering, he was taken under the charge of a benevolent gentleman, who in May 1822 placed him in a Christian family at Coventry, Connecticut. Here, in the autumn of the same year, he was converted during the progress of a powerful revival. His answers to questions put to him in regard to his conversion are most interesting.

"Thomas, what was the state of your mind after the commencement of the revival in Coventry?"

"Christians talk to me a great deal about my bad heart. Me think my heart good enough."

"Had you any different feelings at the morning prayer-meeting at which you wept?"

"Then me feel heavy; feel afraid to die; feel sorry for my sin. Me try to pray 'Our Father.' Me go home, think what minister say, then I pray. Next day forget it all, then feel light."

"When you went to the inquiry meetings, how did you feel?"

"I feel good some—then I feel heavy again. When minister say all about poor sinner, then I feel sorry."

"What were your feelings at the meeting for inquiry on Sunday morning?"

"Heart feel hard. Somebody tell me that J. B. got a new heart. I feel sorry."

"How did you spend the Tuesday following?"

"Me want to see minister. I set out—go part way; feel so bad, can go no further; then kneel down on a great rock and pray. Me say, 'O Lord, have mercy on poor Thomas, poor heathen—give him new heart—oh, give him new heart now.' Then I go on. Go in minister's barn—'fraid to go in house—then I pray again. Then I look round and say, 'God make this hay, this grain—all these things—why can't God save Patoo?' Me wipe tears off my cheeks, but they come again. Then

go in house. Mrs C. say, 'What the matter, Thomas; who hurt you?' I so 'shamed, me say, 'Oh, it rains outdoors.' Want to have her think it rain on my face."

"Did you feel gläd when told that J. B. had a new heart?"

"No, sir; me feel bad—me feel very heavy—me want to come first, before anybody get in. When me go away, me hope to come to be like J. B."

"How did you feel that night and the day following?"

"That night me feel heavy—heavy all over. Eyes all tears—could no sleep. Next day feel so all time. Afternoon go work in barn with W. Could no work; feel me want to pray. Tell W. We kneel down. Then me say, 'O Lord, have mercy on poor Thomas, poor W.; give us new hearts.' Then me think about Jesus Christ, and about Christian folks. Me never feel so before. Heavy all gone. Then me love to pray and say, 'Our Father,' and thank great God He give J. B. new heart. Then me think me feel to love Christ—me go up on hay to find Him; pray to Him. Then me think Christ everywhere. Then come down."

"What were your feelings during the meeting in the evening?"

"Me want to shake hands with the minister, then feel to love all Christians."

"How do you think you know a Christian from an impenitent sinner?"

"Christian shake hand hard—his hand feel warm—sinner no shake hand."

He was soon after used to the conversion of several in his neighbourhood, and a great longing took hold of him to return as a messenger of Christ to his benighted countrymen in his native islands. With this purpose in view he attended a Foreign Mission School at Cornwall. The following letter was written on 30th March 1823, soon after his arrival there:—

"MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—I have received your very kind letter, and am now happy to answer it. One of my brothers writes for me, because I can't write well enough yet. I tell him what to write, so the word be some like Thomas. I very glad the great God in heaven make the Coventry people pray for poor heathen where there is no Saviour. I think they pray for me too, that I be prepared to tell the heathen all about the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. I rejoice a great deal to hear about sinner come to Christ. I hope the good work continue always among you, so I rejoice always. The people here have no revival—no pray enough. I sorry; I hope we pray enough by-and-by. We have a good many meetings, but no feel.

"I hope I go home by-and-by, and have sinner come to God in my country. Yes, my dear Mr P., *I go, if I live to be ready.* We have some scholars no love the Saviour. I tell them they must



be born again or go to hell. I talk to some sinner all about they no come to Christ. I tell them I come away from heathen land and find a good Saviour. They been here so long, and no come to Christ. You must pray a great deal for poor sinners in Cornwall School. Maybe we have a revival here.

"I must close now. I think I pray every day for you and all my friends. The great God bless you and make you do good while you live, and when you and I die, may we meet and shake hands in heaven, and stay always with our Saviour and all who love Him.—Your true friend,

"PATOO."

Thomas never returned to the land of his birth. On the 9th of June following he departed "to be with Christ." Three months before he had stood over the grave of the lamented Henry Ootookiah in Cornwall, and said in deep solemnity, "Maybe I lie here too." And he did. God, whose "ways are past finding out," saw fit to call him home when his life work seemed but just begun. But "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Let him, in his simple letter, unsaved reader, speak to you. He confesses that he found in Christ "a good Saviour." Is this Saviour *yours*? or do you still refuse Him? Oh, receive Him as your own to-day. He can save your *soul*, and satisfy your *heart* for ever. He died a death of shame at Calvary, that you might never die in despair that second death in the "lake of

fire" that burns for ever. You are one of those who "have been here so long and no come to Christ." Come to Him to-day. And remember Patoo's words are true, because they are the spirit of the words of Christ, "You must be born again, or go to hell" (John iii. 3). C. K.

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## ANDREW'S SERMON, AND ITS EFFECT.\*

(JOHN i. 35-42.)

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IN the Gospel of John of which I have read a few verses, you see that before the Lord Jesus came out in His public ministry, God sent out a man called John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus, to bear witness of Him. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe" (John i. 6, 7). Do you not think it is a wonderful thing that God should send a person to bear witness about light. Think of it! There was the Light in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, "and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." So God sent a man to bear witness to the Light. "John bare witness of him, and cried, saying, This is he of whom I spake, He

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\* Extracted from "Seekers for Light."

that cometh after me is preferred before me; for he was before me" (John i. 15). Further, the One who is the Light is the Son of God, and He is the Lamb of God. He is the One, who alone can meet the needs of man.

That is what came out in John's ministry, as he pointed to Jesus. A remarkable man was John; he was a little bit of the ascetic, a man sojourning in the wilderness, and living simply on locusts and wild honey. He was a downright, sterling, intensely devoted man. From one end of the land to the other he goes; he has but one message, one word to deliver, and he rings it out all over Israel. What is it? Repent! "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii. 2). I tell you what it is, men, God bids you repent. Ah! sinner! if you have never repented yet, it is high time you did. Why did John say, "Repent"? Because he saw the end of things coming, when "the axe is laid unto the root of the trees" (ver. 10). If you lay an axe at the root of the tree, what is the next thing? Down comes the tree. The tree may have been good to look at outside, but when it comes down, what is often found then—that it is rotten inside.

It is a grand thing when a man gets down on his knees in real repentance. Some of those who heard John, "were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." Others, self-righteous people, rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him. At length, when John

was upon the banks of Jordan, one day, he sees Jesus coming towards him, his heart swells, his tongue is loosed, and out comes the blessed truth, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world' (John i. 29).

In pressing upon sinners to get down and own their sins, John had never told them how they could get rid of those sins. But when he sees Jesus coming, he proclaims these beautiful words, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The first man brought sin into the world, and this man, God's Lamb, was to take away sin. Have you ever had to do with Him? Have you ever come into contact with Him? This was His character; He was the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. And then the Baptist reiterates his witness, "This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for he was before me" (John i. 30). He was an eternal Being; He was the Son of God. "And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water. And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. And I knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God" (John i. 31-34). He saw Jesus,

and, as we read elsewhere, baptized Him, and then saw the Holy Ghost coming down like a dove, and abiding upon Him.

You remember in the days of Noah, when the flood was upon the earth, Noah sent out a dove in order to see what was the state of matters, and in a short time the dove came back, for she found no resting-place. He sent her out seven days after, and again she came back, but this time with an olive leaf in her mouth. When she was sent forth the third time she did not return, she had whereon to rest. When the Holy Ghost fell upon the blessed Lord Jesus Christ in the form of a dove, what had happened? For over four thousand years the Holy Ghost had been searching in vain over this earth to find a holy, sinless, spotless man on whom to come and abide. At length here was the One upon whom He could rest. He, so to speak, like the dove, had not found any place whereon to rest. And why did not Noah's dove rest? Were there not plenty of bodies upon which it might alight? Yes, the water was, so to speak, alive with carrion; corpses floated upon the water everywhere, but these afforded no resting-place. And the Holy Ghost had brooded over the world all these years, and had seen but moral carrion—man, a wretched, ruined, godless, sinful creature in himself. True He had come upon men like Balaam or Saul, but He left them. He had come upon men like David and Isaiah, but only at times. But here was a holy, spotless man, and He came and

abode upon Him. Because Jesus was perfect, sinless, and holy, the Holy Ghost came and *dwelt* in Him. He was in His moral perfection the delight of the Father, the Lamb of God, the Son of God; and, more than that, He who received the Holy Ghost would baptize with the Holy Ghost. That is, He takes your sins away and gives you the Holy Ghost. What a wonderful thing! The One who can take away the sins of men can also give them the Holy Ghost; can give them the needed power for the enjoyment of His life dwelling in their souls.

John gives this testimony to Jesus, and what takes place? Nobody followed Jesus that day, but on the next day John lost two of his disciples. Then, as he contemplated the Lord, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" (John i. 36.) He does not add, "which taketh away the sin of the world." In contemplative delight, as his eyes fell upon Jesus, his heart meditated upon the precious Person of the Lamb of God, and he simply says, "Behold the Lamb of God!" He had learned to look upon the glory of the Lord. And what now? Two of his disciples left John, and began to follow Jesus. It was the right kind of ministry that; what I call the ministry of a Person. It is that which will lead souls to follow Jesus, and Jesus only. The ministry that attracts men to itself is not what is wanted. What is wanted is the ministry that attracts men's hearts to Christ, and Christ only. That is the finest ministry of all, and I have no

doubt John was delighted when he saw the disciples leaving him, and following Jesus.

"Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye?" Is not that striking? Now, I'do not doubt, but that from glory to-night, Jesus is saying to each heart in this hall, "What seek ye?" Come now, answer it! What seek ye? What is your great object in life? Is it money? Is it pleasure? Is it fame, or is it Christ? What seek ye? What were they seeking? It was Jesus, nothing but Jesus. "They said unto him, Master, where dwellest thou?" Think! What is the meaning of that? He said, "What seek ye?" They reply, "Master, where dwellest thou?" Jesus' dwelling-place was at Capernaum, a very ungodly city. It is called "his own city" in the ninth of Matthew. What did they want? They wanted to know the spot where they would be sure of finding Him. What does He say? "Come and see" (ver. 39). "They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour." They spent with Him about two hours. Honestly, now, did ever you spend two solid hours with Jesus? Did you? Then I will guarantee that if you spent two hours with Jesus, when you came out you wanted somebody else to do the same. I never knew a man yet that really enjoyed the presence of the Lord that did not want somebody else to enjoy it as well.

That is the peculiar beauty of Christianity. You want to get others to share in its joy. The more

you give away the more you get; the more you scatter, the more you receive. You cannot be large-hearted without gaining. Why, those who do not give, have not got much enjoyment themselves. I find people say to me, We never speak about these things. They have, so to say, got their coats buttoned; I know the reason why. There is nothing inside. If they had plenty inside, it would soon come out. The moment you get your heart full of Christ, you cannot keep it to yourself; you must tell it to every one else. If a man tries to keep it dark, then be sure the light is very feeble. The man who gets right into contact with Christ goes at once to tell others, his nearest friend perhaps, his father, mother, sister, or brother. It is always the same story. You always find the heart that has got hold of Christ wants other people to know Jesus too. I am not addressing you as a preacher, for I do not profess to be a preacher, but I speak to you because I enjoy the presence and love of the Lord myself, and I want others to enjoy the same privilege. It will do you good, and will not do me any harm, but give me great joy, if you get to know the blessed Saviour I know.

What took place in our chapter? "One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon," and what does he say? "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ" (John i. 41). We have found Him; come along and get to know Him



too. I do not know that he got Peter to go right away; how long he took about the job I do not know, but this I know, he never gave it up until he got him. Have you been converted? Yes! Well! have you a brother who is not? Then start to-night to bring him to Jesus, and give him no peace until you bring him to Jesus. "And he brought him to Jesus" (ver. 42) is what we read of Andrew. We never hear again of Andrew preaching, and you hear little more of Andrew in the Gospels—he knew the lad who had the five loaves and two fishes (John vi. 9)—but when you get up into the glory by-and-by, and see the Lord giving the rewards, I think you will find that a big reward will be Andrew's. Do you not see that he was the means of the conversion of the man most used of God in those early gospel days, in bringing blessing to others. Look at it! I think I see Andrew on the day of Pentecost, when Peter is preaching, and the Lord using him to the blessing of three thousand souls, and getting them converted to God. I conclude Andrew would be rejoicing that he was the means of bringing Peter to Jesus. I cannot preach, he might say, but Peter can, and I was the means of bringing him to Jesus. Ah! think of that. Fellow-believer, you might be the means of bringing a great preacher to the Saviour. It was the word of a poor old shoemaker that led Spurgeon to Christ.

I was travelling in the West of England last year, and in the corner of the carriage there was

a very distinguished looking English clergyman, with a book in his hands. I soon saw that it was the Bible. Presently the train stopped at a station, and the man sitting beside him got out. In a minute, in got a sweep, fresh from his morning's work, with his brush and bag, and as black as the chimney himself. He hesitated as he noticed that there was room only for one, and said he would stand. "Sit down, my friend," said the parson, and the sweep sat down between me and the clergyman. The train went on, and at the next station the sweep got out. A man in the carriage grumbled out that it was a shame to let a man like that into the carriage; it was against the bye-laws and rules of the company, and they ought to be prosecuted for allowing it.

"Oh," said I, "there is nothing in a little clean soot; there are worse things in the world than that." "Indeed there are," said the clergyman, "there is far greater dirt and degradation than that." "What may that be?" said I. "It is the degradation of man's state as a sinner." "And how do you propose to meet that?" I asked. "There is only one way in which it can be met; it is by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ." So the poor sweep was the means of bringing the gospel into that carriage, and it came out splendidly. We talked on, and presently the clergyman said: "I will tell you how I was converted. I was a midshipman on board a ship, and when rounding Cape Horn on a very stormy night, a godly mate on

board, in the same watch as myself, took me quietly alone, and spoke to me about Jesus. God blessed the words of the mate, and I was turned to the Lord through his testimony to Christ, on board that ship that night." "Thank God!" I said. "What happened then?" "I came home as soon as I could, for I had a brother here. I told him the gospel as clearly as I could, and, thank God! he too was converted. You perhaps are not acquainted with my brother, but he has been the means of sending eight hundred missionaries to heathen lands since that day."

At the time I thought that was just like Andrew. That is just the way the gospel spreads. If you enjoy Jesus, you will want somebody else to get to know Him. It does not need great preaching, or brilliant, eloquent preachers to get people converted. I have heard of an infidel who was converted most simply. Perhaps you have heard of him. He did not believe in the Lord at all; and he lived in the West Indies. Sunday was a very miserable day with him; it is ever so with the unconverted. It is always a dismal day for them. Why, it is the happiest day of the week for me; the other six days are uncommonly happy, but Sunday beats them all, I find, for one is usually freer to worship, and work for, the Lord. Not so did the infidel find his Sundays, for there was no racing, no theatre, or anything of that kind going on. Now there happened to be a godly minister preaching in a chapel near by, and some

of the man's family went there. One Sunday he resolved to go to hear him; not exactly to listen to, but to criticise the preacher.

The infidel came every Sunday afterwards, and the minister thought, I must try to reach him, so he prepared a most wonderful set of sermons. When they were all delivered, lo, and behold! the infidel was converted, and made a happy confession of Christ. Well, thought the minister, he will be sure to come to tell me about it; but day by day went by, and he never came. The parson then resolved to go and see him. He called at the infidel's house, or rather, at the house of the man who had been an infidel, and was received most courteously. "I have heard good news of you," said the preacher. "It is quite true, thank God," was the man's answer, "I have got to know that my sins are forgiven," and he made a most happy confession of Christ. "I am so glad," said the preacher, "pray tell me which of the sermons was instrumental in causing this change?" "The sermons," said the man, "made not a bit of difference. They went over me like water off a duck's back." "Tell me, then, what has wrought the change?" "It happened one night while leaving your chapel. An old negress slipped, and fell upon the steps, and I just put out my hand and picked the old woman up. 'Oh! thank you, Massa,' she said; 'you love Jesus, don't you, my blessed Jesus?' These words went to my heart like an arrow, for I felt that this old black woman knew a Being,

a Saviour, of whom I was totally ignorant." "You love Jesus, my blessed Jesus!" was what converted him. That is what will win souls for Christ.

The words, "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ; and he brought him to Jesus," tell us Andrew's sermon, and its effect. What a discovery these fishermen made. Andrew discovered the Messiah, and Simon discovered his Lord. I do not think he was easily brought to Jesus. He was a wonderfully natural man, Peter; and hence it is very likely that he was slow to go to Jesus. The last thing a man does is to go to Jesus. But Andrew somehow constrained him, and "he brought him to Jesus." That is just what I want to do to-night; I want to bring you to Jesus. "And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone" (John i. 42). Very simple words these! But that change of his name was, I doubt not, the moment of his conversion, the moment of his salvation.

I have no doubt Peter thought it was an extraordinary thing for the Lord to change his name. I have always been known by the name of Simon, and He has taken upon Him to change my name. "Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone." Let us see, then, the Lord's meaning. The changing of a name always implied that the one whose name was changed was subject to him who changed his name (see Gen. xvii. 5-15, xxxii. 28, xxxv. 10, xli. 45; Dan. i. 7, v. 12). At

that moment the Lord told Simon, You belong to Me; from this minute you are Mine. I do not think Peter forgot it, though he did not take in the truth fully. It was sovereign love that spoke there; and it was a divine person who spoke to him. He knew what He was saying, and He changed Peter's name. That is what takes place when the Lord meets the sinner. You pass from being a sinner to being a saint. You pass through a change of name, just as Jacob, which means "supplanter," had his name changed to Israel, "a prince with God." What does the Lord say here? "Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone." And what is a stone? A bit of a rock! And who was the rock? Christ. Did Peter understand that? Perhaps not then; but you remember afterwards, when Jesus asked, "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" that presently "Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee, That thou art Peter" [He confirms his name], "and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 13-18).

What is the rock? Peter? Not a bit of it! Christ is the rock, and Peter is the stone put on the rock. That is a very good place to be. I

never knew a stone yet that sunk through a rock. And I never knew anybody that was resting on the Rock of Ages, resting on Jesus, that was lost. Have you become a stone? How do you become a stone? Peter tells us: "To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious; ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. ii. 4, 5). From that moment when Simon came to Jesus, and had his name changed to Peter, he became a stone. Though he did not then know what it was to be built in, he learned he was a stone, and soon after he knew what the building was of which he became an integral part. That, he learned, was the house of God, built upon the rock Christ. Peter was a stone, and so is every converted soul in this house to-night. My brother in Christ, you are a stone; and Christ would like you to know what it is to be a stone in His building. "To whom coming, as unto a living stone . . . ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house."

We become living stones as soon as we come in contact with Christ, who is the Living Stone. This moment the blessed Lord speaks of when He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live" (John v. 25). The voice of the Son of God went down into the heart of Simon, the son of Bar-Jona,

quickenings him, and I think Peter became acquainted with a change within himself, though I do not judge he quite understood what was wrapped up in the Lord's enigmatical expression. Indeed, he was like many a person whom the gospel reaches. He knows a change has come over him, but he cannot explain it. He becomes an altered man, though he cannot tell what has taken place. I think at that moment when Simon found Jesus, he apprehended that there was a tie between his soul and the Saviour. The voice of the Son of God entered into the heart of Peter, and what he heard was this, "Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone." You and I are stones from the time we derive from Christ. Do you know what a Christian is? He is a little bit of Christ. The Christian derives his life, his righteousness, his grace, and his sanctification from Him. He lives in the life of Christ, before God. I do not think Peter learned all that at that moment, but he learned it afterwards. It was, notwithstanding, a wonderful moment in his history.

Have you known a similar experience?

On Christ salvation rests secure ;  
The Rock of Ages must endure ;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown  
Which rests upon the "Living Stone."

No other hope shall intervene ;  
To Him we look, on Him we lean ;  
Other foundations we disown,  
And build on Christ the "Living Stone."

W. T. P. W.



## THE END OF A LIFE OF PLEASURE.



T was a sad end to come to. He was only twenty-four years of age, and most likely he had made up his mind to have a short life and a merry one, and now it is all past; the sowing time has been surely followed by the reaping time. They found him dead in bed with four empty laudanum bottles beside him. There was also a letter which told the sad tale of a misspent life, and how he had some weeks previously attempted to take away his life. It ended with these sad and solemn words: "What a life mine has been during the last few months—a life of pleasure, but of sin. I have sowed, and now I must reap. Ah! I could say much to warn other young men against leading such a life as mine." It was, as we have said, a sad end to come to; only twenty-four, having lived a short life of *pleasure and of sin*, according to his own confession; and now it is all over, and he is in eternity.

Reader, what of yourself? Yours may be but the sowing time now, or perchance you are even now reaping something of what in early life you sowed, but come the reaping time will, both in this life and in the world to come: "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Some men's sins, we are told, are manifest beforehand, going

before to judgment, and some they follow after. Be warned in time, dear reader. The broad road which, if unsaved, you are treading, has but one ending, and that is

### DESTRUCTION.

The world, with its many attractions, has nothing real to offer; they are but the pleasures of sin for a season (and oh! how short that season), and then comes the end, when the curtain of life drops over the poor world-beguiled sinner, and the rude hand of death ushers him into eternity, there to meet the just judgment of God.

Be wise then, dear friend, and seek real true pleasure, which is to be found in the knowledge of the blessed God and the Lord Jesus Christ. The world offers but never gives. God gave, and now offers: He *gave* His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And now He offers salvation to all who believe in Him. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Then and not till then will you reach real pleasure, for "in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are *pleasures for evermore*" (Ps. xvi. 11).

"Leaving the strait and narrow way,  
Going the downward road to-day,  
What shall the final ending be—  
Where will you spend eternity?  
Eternity! eternity!  
Where will you spend eternity?"

GLAD TIDINGS OF THE GLORY OF THE  
BLESSED GOD.

**W**HAT a magnificent title for the message that God sends to man: "The gospel of the glory of the blessed God!" A fool, indeed, is he who closes his ear and heart thereto. It is the fruit of the love of Him who is love. He finds His joy and pleasure in making it known. He is the Source and Author of it. And it fully satisfies His own heart, whilst meeting the sinner in the depth of his need, and lavishing on every one that believeth the very highest and richest blessing that it is possible for Him to bestow upon the creature. The message comes from the glory where God dwelleth, and tells of His glory, and of a now glorified Saviour in His blessed presence, and of eternal blessing for us in glory with Him.

We find glad tidings in the Old Testament, and the Lord Himself on earth published the good news of the kingdom of God. But the mass were not ready to receive it. The world cast Christ out, but God received Him up in glory. His wrath was revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of man, and sentence of judgment pronounced upon him (Rom. i. 18, iii. 19). But grace intervened through righteousness on the ground of the infinite value of Christ's death before God, and the glad

tidings of His glory were revealed. Reader, Christ sits as the glorified Saviour at God's right hand; what think ye of Him?

All have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and do what you will, you cannot atone for your sins, or meet His claims, or succeed in standing in His presence by your own fleshly efforts. Christ, who sits at His right hand in glory, who died for the guilty and the lost on the cross, is the only title to enter there. The self-judged sinner in the presence of God, who believes in Jesus, is justified now by His blood, and has a sure title to enter the glory with Him at His return. It is the fruit of grace. Though judgment rests upon us consequent upon the rejection and death of Christ, grace flows to us by the same channel, and brings a present salvation in Christ Jesus with eternal glory (2 Tim. ii. 10). We are justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii. 24). This grace is boundless. It abounds where sin abounded. It reigns through righteousness. And it brings a present, free, and everlasting salvation, fitting us for eternal glory.

Nothing but grace could meet the sinner in the depth of his degradation, guilt, and need. And the grace which flows to him is grace indeed, worthy of Him who is its Author and Source. It meets every question that the soul can raise, and settles it for ever. In the salvation which grace brings from the God of all grace we find a present pardon, a perfect justification, permanent peace, complete

reconciliation, and heavenly prospects. Have you received this grace? Without it there is not a ray of hope for you in the eternal future.

God would never have proffered you grace, if you could attain to glory in any other way. It is grace you need, and grace that you must have, or you will most surely reap eternal judgment. But for grace man would have been judged long ago. Take heed, then, how you neglect it. It is flowing freely to-day and for all, but to-morrow the door of grace may be closed, and then what will you do? Doubtless your proud heart rebels against it. But there will be no proud hearts in the day of judgment. Grace makes nothing of you. That is what does not suit man. We dearly like naturally to be made something of. But grace makes nothing of you or your doings, but everything of God and Christ and His work. But if only through grace your conscience should be searched and your heart broken, how gladly, like thousands more, you will become the recipient of it. And once you do, it will overwhelm you.

Grace is a wonderful thing. It is the very best that God can do for you. Its flow is boundless, its fulness unsearchable. It takes the beggar from the dunghill and sets him among princes. It exercises the conscience; it humbles the soul; it wins the heart; it brings back to God; it chases every fear; it sets completely free; it lavishes infinite blessing; it teaches God's way; it lands the believer in glory.

Now glory is allied with grace. The Lord will give grace and glory. The believer on God, who raised up Christ from the dead for his justification, stands in grace, and rejoices in hope of the glory of God. It is already his, for the Lord Himself gave it to him (John xvii. 22). Grace flows from the glory, picks up the poor sinner in the mire of this world, clears him of everything, fits him for glory, and will assuredly bring him finally into it. The heavens are opened now. Christ has entered as the accepted Man. He sits at God's right hand, and glory is revealed.

Which are you going in for—eternal glory, the presence of the Father and the Son, the Father's House, the place prepared, and joys and pleasures at God's right hand for evermore, or the paltry passing pleasures and follies of this world, with death as a grim spectre ever hanging over you, and after death the eternal judgment of God? Are you going in for time or eternity, Christ and eternal glory; or sin, its pleasures for a season, at most but very short, and the blackness of darkness for eternity? What is your heart's reply. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, Christ or Satan. Do you dare turn a deaf ear to the Lord's warning voice through this little paper, and pursue your course of indifference or sin? You will surely reap the bitter fruits of your folly if you do, and eternally lament your unbelief.

Stay, sinner, stay; pay heed now, this moment, ere it be too late. God has been glorified in the

death of His Son, and has raised Him to glory as a Saviour for all. He has waited till this moment for such as you. The gates of heaven are open wide. The arms of love and mercy are stretched out to you in righteousness. God bids you turn to Him, Christ invites you to come, grace waits upon you, glory is open to you. The only hindrance to blessing is on your side. Oh! bow then now, proud heart, while you may. Think of all that love has done. And all for sinners—for you. You are freely invited to participate in the whole blessing of grace. Salvation in Christ Jesus, raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, with eternal glory, is proffered to you. Dare you, we say again, turn a deaf ear, and pursue your pathway of sin and unbelief, or mere outward profession of Christ's name, without a personal vital interest in His precious blood?

Think of the glory that awaits the believer with that blessed One at God's right hand. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. The believer knows them by the Spirit. Would you not like to share them? Then bow now before God in self-judgment and believe His Word, His testimony concerning His Son and His finished work. Assuredly you then—for He cannot lie—shall share that everlasting glory and blessing with Christ before Him, which is the portion of all His redeemed in this day of grace. Sinner, dost thou believe?

## THE LAW OF LOVE.

(See 2 Kings iv. 1-6.)



OUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,  
 It will not fail until  
 Thou failest vessels to provide,  
 Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no  
 more,

Though flowing broad and free  
 Till then, and nourished from on high,  
 It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,  
 Where they may broadly run ;  
 And Love has overflowing streams  
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease  
 Such channels to provide,  
 The very springs of Love for thee  
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,  
 That good thing from above ;  
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have—  
 Such is the law of Love.

R. C. TRENCH.

What a power for blessing would all God's people be if the principle of these lovely lines wrought in our hearts, moulded our lives, shaped our ways, and governed our lips. May we all heed them. (The writer has long since fallen asleep.)

W. T. P. W.



## A TRUE STORY OF LUCKNOW.



N the station of Benares, in the Upper Provinces of India, I was one morning visiting the hospitals as usual. As I entered the general hospital, I was told by one of the men that a young man of — Regiment was anxious to speak to me. In the inner ward I found, lying on his charpoy, in a corner, a new face, and walking up to him, said, "I am told you wish to see me; I do not recollect the pleasure of having seen you before?"

"No," he said, "I have never seen you, yet you seem no stranger, for I have often heard speak of you."

I asked him if he was ill, or wounded. "I am ill," he replied, and then went on to say that he had just come down from Cawnpore. "Perhaps you would like me to tell you my history. It may be you remember, a long time since, some of our men went into the hospital opposite, as you sat reading to one of the Highlanders. There were some half-dozen or more of them; they went to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and all your country people were to our noble soldiers for so readily coming to protect you all, and how deeply you sympathised with them in the noble

cause in which they were now going to take a share. Then you talked to them of the danger which would attend them; you reminded them that life is a battlefield to all, and asked them if they were soldiers of Christ, and if they had thought of the probability of their falling in battle. I have heard all about that long talk you had with the men. Then you gave your Bible to one, and asked him to read a passage. He chose the 23rd Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or a tract to remind them of what had been said, and you gave all you had in your bag. But for one man there was none. They were to start that afternoon, so that you had no time to get one. But you went to the apothecary, and got pen and paper from him. When you came back, you gave this paper to him, telling him you should look for him in heaven."

As he said this, the poor fellow pulled out from the breast of his shirt half a sheet of note paper, on which I recognised my writing, though nearly illegible from wear. On it was written: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. . . . For we walk by faith, not by sight. . . . For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. . . . For 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. . . . Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. v. 1, 7, 10, 14, 15, 17); and that hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

"That man," he continued, "and I were in the same company, but he was ahead of me. We met in Cawnpore, then we marched on with the rest to Lucknow. Whenever we halted, the first thing — did was to take out his paper, and read it aloud to those who cared to hear; then he prayed with us. As we marched he spoke much of his old father and mother, and only brother, and wished he could see them once more. But he was very, very happy, and ready to 'go home' if God saw fit. As we neared Lucknow, he dwelt much on eternity, and said to me: 'It is very solemn to be walking into death. I shall never leave this ill-fated city.' —'s reading and words came to my heart; he was so kind to me, and always called me brother. We had many fights standing side by side. I am an orphan. I lost my parents when a child, and was brought up at school. I never had one to love me, and life was indeed a weary burden, yet beyond all was darker still, for I knew nothing of a Saviour. I never loved any one till I knew —. He had found Jesus, and led me to love Him too. I cannot find words to say how

I joyed when at last I felt I had a Friend above. Oh! I never shall forget my joy when I first understood and believed. We had no book, only the paper. We knew it off by heart, and I don't know which of us loved it best. At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck — in the chest. Words cannot tell my grief when he fell—the only one I had to love me. I knelt by him till the garden was left in our hands, and then bore him to the doctors. But it was too late, life was almost gone. 'Dear —,' he said to me, 'I am only going home first. We have loved to talk of home together; don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy—"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Read me the words she wrote.' I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with blood, as you see, and repeated them. 'Yes,' he said, 'the love of Christ has constrained us. I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her. Good-bye, dear —.' And he was gone, but I was left. Oh, it was so very bitter! I knelt by him, and prayed I might soon follow him. Then I took his paper and put it in my bosom, where it has been since. I and some of our men buried him in the garden. I have gone through much fighting since, and came down here on duty with a detachment yesterday. They think me only worn with exposure, and tell me I shall soon be well, but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but it cannot be."

Poor fellow! he cried long and bitterly. I

could not speak, but pressed his hand. At length he said: "So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus. And he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again, and won't we welcome you when you come home." We read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head even from the pillow, but was quite peaceful and happy. "I feel," he said, "that I shall not be able to think much longer, I have seen such frightful things. Thank God! I have sure and blessed hope in my death. I have seen so many die in fearful terror." As I turned to go, he said: "Dear lady, when I am gone, promise me this paper shall be put in my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, who led me to a Saviour in heaven." I promised.

Next morning I went to see him, but oh, how sadly altered did I find him! Those soft brown eyes were glassy and lustreless. He was never to know me again. Dysentery, in its fearfully rapid form, had seized him during the night. I took his hand in mine, it was clammy and powerless. Three of the men in the ward came up to me and said, "Till sense left him, he was talking of 'home with Jesus.'" They knelt with me in prayer beside the poor sufferer. I went again the next day. His body was still there, but his spirit had fled a few moments previously. He was covered with a blanket, and the coolies were waiting to

bear him away. I took his paper from his pillow, where it had been laid, and went to the apothecary. We walked back to the corpse, and he placed it in the hands of the dead soldier. He was buried that evening.

I have often thought since how beautiful was that heavenly love which bound these two dear young soldiers together. How it sweetened their last days on earth. They were indeed friends in Christ Jesus, and though their remains lie parted, yet they are both sleeping in Christ. Oh, what a glorious resurrection theirs will be in the day of His coming.

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## SIMON PETER'S CATCH, AND ITS RESULT.\*

(LUKE v. 1-11.)

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LET us look at the way in which the Lord leads Peter more fully to see the light, as recorded in the fifth of Luke. He was busy ministering the Word of God.

"And it came to pass, that as the people pressed round upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret" (Luke v. 1). Christ was a wonderful minister of the word. He always spoke so that the people could hear Him. He wanted now to address this large company, and He looked round for a place

where they could see Him and hear Him; in plain language, He looked for a pulpit. I do not mean a pulpit, as we know such. A platform does as well, so long as the speaker can see the people, and they can hear him. That is the point. And He "saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship" (vers. 2, 3). It was a wonderful scene, by the side of Galilee's blue lake at Bethsaida, "The House of Fish," or as others put it, "The Place of Nets"; where Simon and Andrew resided (John i. 44), and with their partners James and John, and their father Zebedee, plied their calling along with their hired servants (see Mark i. 16-20; Luke v. 10). Evidently, they had a large fishing business.

They were at that moment mending their nets, when Jesus "entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land" (ver. 3). He does not say, Peter, lend me your boat! He took it. What did He teach by His action? Simon, you and all that you have belong to Me; I taught you in the first of John that you belonged to Me. I changed your name, now I must teach you something else—that all you have belongs to Me. Then, "he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship."

I think, if you take the trouble to trace out the gospel narrative, you will find, that what the Lord ministered, was what we have related in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew; the seven parables, beginning with the sower, who went out to sow his seed. That seed fell, some by the wayside, some on a rock, some among thorns, while other seed fell on good ground, bringing forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. As the Lord poured forth that wonderful ministry, Peter was listening; and doubtless some of that beautiful stream of precious truth went down into the fisherman's heart. It was a lovely scene. Picture the blue waters of the lake of Gennesaret, the surrounding ships, and the "great multitudes who stood on the shore" (Matt. xiii. 2), listening eagerly to this Prince of preachers. This was the most populous part of all Israel at the time, and along the western coast of the Sea of Galilee, and specially at Bethsaida, the fishing population was very large. True, they were a simple people, and I wish you were just as simple in heart as they.

Well, the Lord ministered to these poor simple folk, and when it was all over, He, as it were, said, "I am going to pay you, Peter, for the loan of your boat." "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught" (ver. 4). And what does Simon say? "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing." That was experience speaking, and what would reason



add? When no fish could be taken by us in the night-time, it is not likely they will be taken in the daylight. There were no fish taken there in the night, how then could you expect to catch them in broad daylight? That is what reason would say; but do you know what faith said? Faith is always obedient. Peter illustrates faith in his answer: "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their net brake." Now some of you here to-night may say, I have been letting down the net for a long time, and yet I do not seem to get anything in it; I do not get a blessing. Never mind, let down the net again to-night. And if you let down your net at the voice of Jesus, there will happen in your case just what happened with Simon—you will get such a blessing you will not be able to hold it.

But see what happens now in Simon's history. To him this large haul of fish revealed the hand and presence of God. There was no room in Simon's boat for all the fish, and he is about to make another grand discovery as he sees the fish hauled over the boat's side. I think his eye would brighten at the sight, and doubtless his first thought be, What a grand day's fishing is this; this is the best haul we have ever had, for "they came and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink." Then, as Simon stands in his boat, he forgets all about the fish, and all about his busi-

ness; he thinks only of Jesus and himself. "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord" (ver. 8). What a strange scene! What led that man to go down before Jesus in that way? Why fell he at Jesus' knees? I will tell you. It was the light which burst into his soul, the light from God which entered his heart. As he saw that wonderful catch of fish, the truth flashed into his soul. The light of God went anew into Peter's soul, and the deepest chambers of his heart were made manifest. He learns that he is in the presence of God. He learns his own sinfulness, though not a word was said about it, and he falls at Jesus' knees a repentant, self-judged, self-condemned man; and, I think, above all, self-condemned for this—I heard His voice months ago: He changed my name, but I never began to follow Him. Alas! I have never followed Him. He felt the sin of his soul doubly. He was in the power of real repentance and self-judgment.

Let me ask, Have you ever gone through a crisis like this? Have you ever got down at the feet of Jesus, confessing your guilt? If not, friend, you must. Peter was in his right place. Every Spirit-born soul goes through similar exercises. Scripture abounds in instances. Look at Job. Like all the rest of us, he was self-righteous, and self-complacent, till the light of God shone on him, and then see the change. For the first forty chapters of the book he is as busy as he can be justifying

himself, but then he sees God, and collapses, saying, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job xlii. 5, 6). Down comes the patriarch, and down comes this stalwart fisherman. It reminds me of another scene, in Isaiah's history, where he says: "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory" (Isa. vi. 1-3). And when Isaiah saw and heard all this, he cried, "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" (ver. 5). The glory of the Lord's presence broke Isaiah down, even as it did Job, and where the patriarch and the prophet were we now behold Simon, the stalwart Galilean fisherman. Where is he? Down in the dust before Jesus.

My friend, have you ever been brought down there? Thank God if you have. I have been down there, and felt Jesus lift me up. I have known, too, what God said to Job in his day, and what he said to Isaiah. And what was that? Just what Jesus says to Simon here—"Fear not!" Jesus said to him, as it were, I am enough for you.

That is what Simon got. He found that he could not do without the Lord, all unworthy and sinful, as he learned himself to be. When down in the depths of repentance, and self-judgment, and utterly broken down before the Lord, he learned His grace in a very special way, as Jesus said to him, "Simon, fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men" (Luke v. 10). In effect He said, "I changed your name last time; I shall change your occupation now." When Simon first met the Lord his name was changed. Before that moment he was a sinner going about in this scene only anxious to catch fish, but now Jesus says to him, "Henceforth thou shalt catch men." Blessed, joyful mission!

But, perhaps you say to me, Have we all to give up our business to become Christians? Certainly not. That is not at all necessary, nor is it the point here. The picture before us here is of one who turns his back upon what was his world. I read now that, "When they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him" (ver. 11). They feel compelled to follow Jesus now. It is not a question of, Must I give up my business, nor was it simply a question of turning the back upon the ordinary occupation. Peter, I have no doubt, says, I have done with the fish; I am going to follow the Lord. I am going to catch men. And he began to follow him, although at that time his trade was more prosperous than ever.

When are you going to begin to follow the Lord? Do I hear you say, I should like to come to Jesus

when I am getting near death? You only want to give Him then the remnant of a badly spent life. No, that is not what I care to see; I like when a young man comes to Christ, at the outset of his life, when he is fresh, and when he can give the greater part of his days to the service of the Lord. I sometimes see, as I go down a street, a placard with the words, "Retiring from business." I know what that means. The business is retiring from the man. A man never retires from business when it is prospering. When he thinks of retiring, he sells out. He is not such a fool as to give it up when it is prosperous. If on the wane, most likely he cannot sell it, so he then puts his notice, "Retiring from business," in the window. Business was not retiring from Peter the day he gave it up. Never was it so bright as when he turned his back upon it, and went out to follow the Lord.

There are some here perhaps who have never been the Lord's before. Now, I beseech you, yield Him your heart, your life, your whole strength—yourself—spirit, soul, and body. Was it not a proper, and a beautiful thing, in this case that Peter followed Him? I think I can see him go home, and, meeting his wife, tell her, that he means to follow the Master. Possibly she inquired, Have you caught any fish? Yes! Never had such a catch. And, where are they? I left them on the shore; I am going to follow the Master. And who is to keep us if you do that? How are we to be sustained if you have given up fishing, and are

going to follow Him? "Come ye after me," were his words (Mark i. 17), says Peter; He told me to follow Him, and I am now going to obey Him. It must have been a testing time for Peter as well as his wife, for at this moment in his own house "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever" (Mark i. 30). You see Peter was a nice, kind-hearted man; he took his mother-in-law into his house. Not many young men take their mothers-in-law in; they are often regarded as rather a doubtful blessing. That is the way of the world, my friend. But there she was, sick, and Jesus, going in, cured her, so that the fever left her, and she was able to minister unto them.

It is wonderful to see the ways the Lord takes of putting the soul right with Himself. Do you think that when Peter started to follow Jesus after this, his wife would raise any objections? I trow not. The Lord had by the saving of her mother's life won her heart. I think she would say, It is all right now. Stick to Him, cleave to Him, follow Him; do not keep any distance from Him, for I can trust Him now. He has shown me that He has an interest in me. That is the way God often works. The Lord came into Peter's house, and the wife's heart became assured of His deep interest in all that concerned the house. This fisherman is called to follow Jesus, and to make his home circumstances easy, confidence is begotten in the wife's heart by His care of those at home.

Friends, He is a wonderful Lord you and I are

called to follow. The Lord give you grace to follow Him. Who will start? But to find Him is one thing; to follow Him is another. You learn what it is to become "a living stone" as you come in contact with Christ, and you learn to follow Him when He eclipses everything else in your soul's vision. Possibly you say, If I were in different circumstances I would follow Christ. No, you would not. Your circumstances are the best if only you knew it. You know what reins are for; you know what they are to the horse. They keep the creature in order, and so do your circumstances. They keep you in order. If the banks are broken down, out comes the river, and spoils everything. If the reins break, what happens? There is generally a smash. Do you see? Do not you be troubled about your circumstances. You will find that the Lord will sustain you in any circumstances, and even make them the channels of His grace. Cleave to the Lord, and be devoted to the Lord. Give Him the right place in your heart here, and He will sustain you. "FOLLOW THOU ME" would seem to be His last word to Peter (John xxi. 22). Has it no voice to you and me?

W. T. P. W.

## THE EFFECT OF A HYMN.



HAPPENED to be in Ireland at the time when that wonderful season of blessing known as the "Irish Revival" of '59 and '60 was passing away.

I had attended service in a Protestant place of worship on a certain occasion, when, as the congregation was leaving at the close, a heavy shower of rain fell. The clergyman gave out a hymn in order to occupy the attention of those who remained for shelter.

This hymn was sung most heartily, in a way I think that I never before had heard a hymn sung; and this astonished me all the more when I carefully ran my eye over its words. These were of a nature which I for one could not truthfully sing; they expressed a state of spiritual blessing to which I felt that I was a complete stranger; yet I could not dare to charge with hypocrisy the many who sang them with such evident enjoyment.

Nay, I felt that, if these happy songsters were right, then I was certainly wrong.

They were singing—

"Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Now, I could not honestly sing such words—I could not truthfully speak of a day when Jesus had washed away my sins—impossible!



Indeed, I did not think that any one could enjoy forgiveness this side of heaven, and therefore, in honest unbelief, but in culpable ignorance, I did not sing that revival hymn.

Yet the idea of people singing of forgiveness as a thing known and enjoyed haunted me. If they, why not I? Could mere revivalism produce such a profound and solemn impression? Could any one know for certain, here and now, that his sins were pardoned?

That idea followed me until a few months afterwards, when, through grace, I too could sing as truthfully and heartily—

“Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.”

Yes, friend, the forgiveness of sins is to be had, thank God, *now*.

You may have, and know, and enjoy the complete and everlasting forgiveness of all YOUR SINS this very day!

Listen: “Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered” (Rom. iv. 7); and again, “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. v. 1).

Three solid facts of Scripture are here—forgiveness, justification, and peace with God, all and only through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, friend, all this wondrous blessing may be yours to-day, as stated in the words of Scripture,

and corroborated by the happy experience of myriads.

Believe, and live! despise and perish! One or other it must be! May God grant you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ unto life eternal.

J. W. S.

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## GOD'S SHELTER FOR SINNERS.

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FIVE things strike one in connection with the passover in Egypt: God threatened judgment, sent a previous warning, made a perfect provision, pledged His word as to its efficacy, and commanded subsequent obedience. These things are ensamples for us. Let us trace their meaning, and may each reader gather blessing from them.

God had threatened a terrible judgment on guilty Egypt. It was richly deserved. Things had been carried on with a high hand there against God and His people. God had seen and heard all. He had waited in patience, but finally had commenced to judge. Blow after blow had fallen upon the Egyptians, but they still pursued their impenitent course. The heaviest was about to follow. God would smite the first-born of man and beast throughout the land. He must vindicate His own glory. And if man continues his rebellious and sinful course against Him, he must

assuredly reap the consequences. It is the same to-day. Man is going on in sin and rebellion against God. He has long waited in patience. But the day of His grace is about to close. Judgment is at the door. No one knows the day nor the hour. God has threatened it, and the day of its execution is appointed (Acts xvii. 31). And once the door of grace closes, and the judgment falls, there will be no mercy for the impenitent. The Son Himself is the appointed Judge. Beware, sinner, lest you come into judgment. It were better if you had never been born. The sure judgment of God is eternal.

Now God sent Israel a warning that judgment was coming, so that if they had been taken unawares, they would have been without excuse. They knew both the character and the certainty of it beforehand. The LORD said, "I will pass through the land," &c. "I will smite," &c. "I will execute judgment: I am the LORD." And have not we been warned of judgment to come? Can Christendom plead ignorance? And have we not been warned to flee from it? Have our readers never read or heard the words, "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world (this habitable earth) in righteousness, by that Man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." And again, "Neither is there salvation in any other (than

Jesus Christ): for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." And again, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). And again, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation."

Some may say, "But how then shall we escape?" Well, let us see how Israel escaped. We have not space in this paper to go further than the passover night, though much might be added as to their complete salvation out of Egypt, &c. The point before us is, how were they preserved on the terrible night of the judgment of the first-born? The Lord's provision for His people was the blood of the lamb. Every man was to take a lamb, a lamb for an house, and to strike its blood on the two side-posts, and on the upper door-post of the houses wherein they were to eat it. And the LORD said, "The blood shall be for a token upon the houses, where ye are: and *when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.*"

Now, nothing could be clearer here than that the blood, and the blood alone, was the shelter from judgment for all who trusted therein. It was not the blood and something else, but the blood alone. It was God's provision. It was to be sprinkled outside the door, where no eye but His, in the dead of night, could see it. The blood was outside, and Israel was inside. It was not a ques-

tion of their seeing it, but of His seeing it. *They trusted in it.* Now this is clearly a type of the efficacy of the precious blood of Christ. The only shelter from the coming wrath of God is the blood of the Lamb of His own providing. "Whom God has set forth to be a propitiation *through faith in his blood . . .* to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just and the justifier of him which *believeth in Jesus.*" Jesus' blood is under the eye of God for every sinner that believeth. All who trust therein are perfectly sheltered. No judgment can possibly reach them. The holy judgment of God has already fallen on Christ, the Lamb without blemish and without spot on Calvary. And His shed blood cleanseth us from all sin. We are forgiven and justified the moment we trust therein. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Beloved reader, we press it upon you, knowing its all-importance, that the precious blood of Christ, and that blood alone, can cleanse you from sin before God, shelter you from the coming wrath, and give you a title to the coming glory.

But there is another point, as has often been noticed. Not only were they under shelter of the blood, but they had the word of the Lord as to its efficacy. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you," was the word of Him *who cannot lie.* Hence they could feed upon the lamb inside their houses in perfect security and with full assurance. To remain in dread of judgment was to question

the sure word of the LORD. They were preserved on the principle of faith: through faith in the blood of the slain lamb. What a forcible illustration of God's way in the gospel of His Son! His precious blood has been shed, and God testifies as to its infinite value. The believer has never seen either Christ or His shed blood, but we believe God's testimony about it. Do *you*? It is under His eye in all its abiding efficacy, and we know it, for He says so, and His word is faithful. Then what more do we want, in order to be assured of the pardon of our sins? Would you add to His word? He tells us He is righteous in pardoning. Would you tack on some wretched rag of your righteousness to His? Enough. "Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. v. 9).

Hear the word of the Lord yet again, which He spake through Moses to all the elders of Israel. "Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. For the LORD will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and upon the two side-posts, the LORD will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you. And ye shall observe this thing for

an ordinance to thee and to thy sons for ever" (Exod. xii. 21-24). It is the sacrifice of *the LORD'S passover*.

Now hear what took place! "And it came to pass, that at midnight the LORD smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, . . . and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead" (Exod. xii. 29, 30). But, on the other hand, there was not an Israelite that failed to sprinkle the blood, and there was not a single Israelite slain. The blood alone preserved them at that deeply solemn moment. It was not a question of their character, good, bad, or indifferent in man's eyes, but of faith in the blood of the passover lamb. Where there was no blood, there was death; but where there was blood, and death had already done its work, there was no judgment, no death. It was neither a question of an Israelite's or of an Egyptian's righteousness, but of God's righteousness through the blood. The figure is most striking. Neither is it a question to-day of our righteousness, but of God's. We have none before Him. "There is none righteous, no, not one." But He in righteousness shelters from judgment and justifies every one who trusts in the blood of Christ, the Lamb of God providing. Sinner, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; trust in His all-atoning blood, and God will not let the destroyer come in unto you. *You are passed over.*

Now, connected with the memorial of the pass-over, there was another feast, the feast of un-

leavened bread. No leaven was to be found in the houses of Israel whilst they celebrated it. Leaven is a type of evil. And hence we learn that if we are under the shelter of the blood of Christ, we are responsible that our whole manner of life and conduct should correspond with the place of blessing and privilege into which we are brought. There must be no leaven in all our borders. Being justified by the blood of Christ, we are called to walk as just men before God. And the path of the just is as the shining light, it shineth more and more until the perfect day. God sees our hearts, and knows our faith in the precious blood: both God and men see the works which are the fruit of faith. *Are you trusting in the blood?* E. H. C.

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## A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

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WHILE having a few days' holiday in one of the Channel Islands some months back, I was asked to visit a young man who was dying. He was only about twenty-six years of age, but had met with a serious accident,

had undergone three very painful operations, all of which had been unsuccessful, and now, despite all the doctor's efforts, he lay upon his bed, with his life just ebbing away. He had a young wife



and two little children whom he was leaving quite unprovided for, and so poor were they that, being unable to buy linen to bandage the severe wound from which he was suffering, his mother, who was nursing him, and his wife, had actually torn up some of their own garments to supply his want.

Reader, you probably think that I have depicted a very sorrowful scene, and you think rightly, but you have not yet heard the other side of the story. I understand that when a painter wishes to throw a particular object into prominence he paints a very dark background in order that the theme of his picture may shine out in bold relief. In the same way I have given you the dark side of this short history in order that I may bring the object of this young man's heart and affection into bright contrast with the surrounding gloom.

I went to the cottage as requested, and asked to see Dick R——, for such was his name, and was shown into the room where he lay. He greeted me with a smile, and almost immediately I sat down by his side, he began to tell me about the One who was uppermost in his thoughts. That One was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. He said, "When I was well and strong I was stiff-necked and rebellious, and would not listen to God's warnings, but now in His grace and love He has laid me low, and has taught me in my sickness to turn to the Lord Jesus." I had only a very short talk on that first day; every time I mentioned the name of Jesus his face beamed with

pleasure. On leaving, I gave him a few books that I had in my pocket, promising to go again.

The next day Dick R—— said he had read the books, and had enjoyed them very much, but he would not let them take the place which God's Word had in His heart. He seemed to drink in the truth in great draughts, and his cry was, "What a blessed thing to know Jesus! I want to know more and more of Him. At first I thought that if I asked God to cure me I must get well, but now I see He must be glorified. He is able to raise me up if it is His will; if not, I shall be well with Him up there in glory. I can leave my wife and little children in His keeping; He died to save my soul, surely I can trust them to Him. I should like to tell all my friends about Him, but He knows best."

Although, dear fellow, he could not publicly testify to His Saviour's worth, it was through his instrumentality that both his wife and mother were converted. We had some hymns together, and prayer, kneeling on the stone floor of that humble little cottage, and I felt then, as I had never felt before so distinctly, the reality of God's love and power. Christianity was no myth or dogma to that dear man's heart, his Saviour was just everything to him. When we had to say good-bye, he said with a smile, "We shall meet one another again some day; if not down here, it will be when we are around Himself." Shortly after I returned home I received a letter from a friend

who knew dear Dick R——, telling me that he had gone to be with the Lord whom he so longed to see. I will give you a few lines from the letter:—  
“All was peace. He was wishing to be gone and be with Christ. Two Christian neighbours were called in to see him about 12 P.M. They prayed together, then he wished them to sing one of his favourite hymns, he doing all he could to help them, and soon after passed away.”

Dear reader, my one desire in writing this short account is that you may see that “Christ is all and in all,” and that you may be drawn by cords of love to the Saviour in whom dear Dick R—— trusted, and in whom through infinite grace I trust. He is worthy of our all. He gave Himself for us. God’s just judgment against sin was poured out upon His blessed head. He has risen victorious over death and the grave, and is now seated at God’s right hand, so that the believer can say: “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Reader, is He the object of *your* heart? I say it with reverence, “He is worth having.” If this be so, you can join in the following hymn:—

“Jesus, the Holy One,  
Thou art for me;  
Long ere the world began,  
Thou wert for me.

Long before Adam's fall  
Bound me in sin's dark thrall,  
Maker and Lord of all,  
    Thou wert for me.

God of ETERNITY,  
    Thou art for me ;  
Fountain of Majesty,  
    Thou art for me.  
Thou Who hast boundless power,  
Living for evermore ;  
Thou whom Heaven's hosts adore,  
    Thou art for me.

Jesus, Devoted One,  
    Thou wert for me.  
Sin-Bearer, Smitten One,  
    Thou wert for me.  
Shedding Thy precious blood,  
Sinking in death's dark flood,  
Bearing the wrath of God,  
    Thou wert for me.

Jesus, Triumphant One,  
    Thou art for me.  
Mighty One, Risen One,  
    Thou art for me.  
Spoiled are the powers of hell,  
Vanquished the terrible.  
Thou hast done all things well,  
    Thou art for me.

Jesus, Exalted One,  
    Thou art for me.  
Now on Thy Father's throne,  
    Thou art for me.  
Soon in these mansions bright,  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
This shall be my delight,  
    *Thou art for me."*

## OUR JUSTIFICATION IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.



N the gospel of God we learn what God is—light, gracious, a just God and Saviour; love, bringing many sinners to Himself for His own glory, and for the satisfaction and joy of His own heart, both now and for ever. This blessed revelation was more or less pent up, if we may so speak, in God Himself, until man, from the fall onwards, had fully manifested himself as utterly incorrigible and hopeless—a sinner of the deepest dye. At the crowning moment of his wickedness, when he spat in the face of God's Son and crucified Him, God showed above all what He is. Man, blindfolded by Satan, courted eternal misery in thus filling his cup of iniquity to the brim. But God overruled all to His own eternal praise, and for man's richest blessing, in making Christ sin, at that awful moment, and then raising Him from death and the grave to highest glory, as a Saviour for all, sending down and extending richest grace even to this very day! What a God is our God! Well may the Apostle Peter call Him "the God of all grace" (1 Pet. v. 10).

Now grace brings salvation in all its blessed fulness to men, and we would press upon our readers one vital truth—our justification in the sight of God.

Grace in its fulness, without let, commenced to flow at Pentecost in the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and it flowed, and flows for all. To the Jews first, leaders in the wickedness of the rejection and crucifixion of God's beloved Son, grace brought the offer of free, and full, and unconditional forgiveness and justification from everything, for all who judged themselves, and believed in Him. The same blessed testimony went out also to the Gentiles, justification being the prominent theme, a truth embracing further blessing than the simple forgiveness of sins, precious even as that is.

In Romans iii., dear reader, you may see yourself, in God's picture of man, drawn with a master hand (Rom. iii. 9-19), His holy law stopping every mouth, yours included, and hence all the world pronounced subject to the judgment of God. Hence, on the ground of law, every sinner's case is hopeless (ver. 20). What then is to be done? Apart from God's intervention in righteousness and grace, the whole race of man—every sinner who composes it—must have been swept into the lake of fire! God is always God—light, holy. How could a single sinner under judgment abide in His presence? *Impossible!*

But hark to the glorious news! "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe! for

there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (ver. 21-24). Mark it well, "But *now* the righteousness of God is manifested." It is apart from law altogether, but witnessed to both by the law and the prophets. It is on the principle of faith, an entirely different one from that of law-keeping altogether. By faith of whom? Jesus Christ. It is no longer a question of human righteousness—righteousness demanded from man, but God's righteousness—righteousness brought to man. All the claims of His righteousness have been met by another, Jesus Christ, His Son. Hence its present display on behalf of sinners, unto all and upon all them that believe. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and His righteousness will be against all, in the future, who do not own it, judge themselves, and believe; but to-day, and until Christ shall come (which may be at any moment), His righteousness is by faith of Him, towards all, without exception, and upon all, who believe.

Pay heed; there is no difference. It is not a question of the amount of your guilt. God will know how to reckon in righteousness with sinners in the day of judgment. But whether you have sinned a thousand times or ten thousand, you are a sinner, and you come short of the glory of God. You fail in meeting it: you cannot stand in His presence. Your need is absolute. Nothing but the righteous-

ness of God can fit the sinner for His presence and glory. It is now revealed. In absolute righteousness, for His own glory, and in perfect consistency with all that He is, He says to every and any sinner who believeth, "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "Being," it is the present moment; "justified," pardoned and accounted as a just person; "freely," without a single sin-stained work of yours; "by his grace," His wondrous unmerited favour, apart from law altogether; "through the redemption," the whole price, the precious blood, having been paid once for all; "that is in Christ Jesus," now to be found in the risen Christ, beyond death, in life for ever!

Do *you* believe in Him? Are *you* justified?

"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (ver. 25, 26). Behold the mercy seat! It has the meaning of propitiation here. It is a question of faith. Have you faith in His blood? The precious blood of Christ; the Lamb of God, without blemish and without spot, shed for sinners, shed for rebels, shed for *you*. God declares His righteousness in remitting the sins that are past, that is, the sins of all who, from Adam to Christ, believed His word, His promises. That manifests His forbearance.



Ponder it! How perfect all His ways! And not only so, but to declare, I say, at this time—when, sinner?—at this time, *now*, this moment for *you*! His righteousness. Weigh it well, weigh every word, if you would be blessed. That “he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” How clear and simple! What pains our God has taken to make poor sinners understand! Behold Him in His justice, counting poor unjust wretches as just, as just now before Himself for ever, wholly and solely on the ground of what He Himself has wrought by the finished work of His own Son! God justifies “him which believeth in Jesus.” Are you one of that favoured company?

“Where is boasting then?” Well, where? answer it. “It is excluded,” completely excluded. God must have all the glory, it is His just due. “By what law” is it excluded? “Of works?” Far be the thought. “Nay; but by the law of faith.” It is not of works, lest any man should boast. “Therefore we conclude,” continues the apostle—and what a blessed conclusion to come to,—it is high time you came to it too—alas, how many who do not!—“that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law” (ver. 28). Note it well, we press it upon you, feeling the all-importance of it for you and for all, “A man is justified *by* faith *without* the deeds of the law.”

Do you reply, “But this is very different from the idea I was brought up in.” Very likely. But it is God’s truth, friend, and this is far more reliable

than all the ideas of men. His thoughts are not as ours. "But it is quite a new doctrine for me." Perhaps so. It was not new to Abraham and David, who lived long before you, and died in the faith of it (Rom. iv. 1-8). Luther, too, fought for it before the whole Catholic world. Your professed Protestantism is chiefly based on it. Strange that you should have been so long in ignorance of it, is it not? Many millions are trained in the school of Naaman, whose doctrine was, *I thought*. You will do well, friend, to forsake "*I thought*" for "*God says*," for He always says exactly what He means, and His word will endure, when your thoughts will perish.

Hear what the Scripture says of Abraham! "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 3). And then the apostle so plainly adds: "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 4, 5). So much work, so much wage. That is a debt. There is no grace in that. A master who employs a man to work for him is his debtor for the wage he earns. There is no gospel in that, friend, is there? But to him that *worketh not*. Now then, take a good look at that. Spend half an hour over it; longer will be no loss. Worketh not. *Not*. NOT. NOT. Worketh *not*. Is it clear to you now? To him that worketh *not*, but *believeth*. It always comes

back to that point. There is no other road to pardon and justification. "But believeth on him," on God, "that justifieth the ungodly." Do not misunderstand. He does not justify ungodliness but the ungodly. He justifies the ungodly man from his ungodliness. He pardons him, clears him, frees him, discharges him, counts him as a just person henceforth and for ever. His faith is counted for righteousness. You can never go to glory without righteousness—you have not a shred; but a righteous God counts you righteous the moment you, a poor ungodly sinner, judge yourself, and believe on Him.

"Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin" (vers. 6-8). Hear this unimpeachable witness, David! A man who sinned deeply, but whose repentance was also deep, and who was afterwards called a man after God's own heart. Think over that, poor sinner with a guilty conscience. Like another, he loved much. Our Lord said, "To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little" (Luke vii. 47). David knew the blessedness he described. No one can describe a thing like the one who has been through the circumstances. There is no blessedness on earth for a sinner like that. Ask any one you please, who has really tasted of it, any one who knows what justification is for

himself. David is full of it; he uses the word "blessed" three times over in these verses. Oh, if only Christendom, from the Pope of Rome downwards, with all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, and preachers of every shade, only believed David, what a very different Christendom it would be! Mark well his description:—

Blessed is the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.

Now what man is it? The true believer. Are you one?

One might add much more on this momentous subject, for the Scripture adds much more, but, ere we close, we appeal to you, dear reader, once again, as we value your precious soul, and realise your danger, what think ye of these things? Are you going to turn away again and forget the momentary impression made on you in perusing these lines, or shall it be decision for Christ? You cannot do a single work acceptable to God in the natural state. The only works acceptable to Him are those which are the fruit of faith in His blessed testimony, the practical evidence that your faith is real. The finished work of Christ is the sole ground of redemption, and the moment the mouth-stopped sinner believes on Him, *God justifies him completely without a single work, now and for ever.*

## "A CHANGED MAN": HAVE YOU A TITLE?

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"WHAT is the time?" asked a sick man, as an intimation to us that he did not desire to hear more at that time. He had been wearied by calls from many friends, and expected yet another; besides which, a constant cough harassed him day and night, and he was daily getting weaker, only one month of about seventy years remaining to be spent.

Our words on this and previous occasions had been listened to with evident interest and respect; but we felt notwithstanding that no actual effect had been produced as yet, so in parting we were pressed to ask him whether he was in the enjoyment of the knowledge that he was *saved*, and knew *for certain* that if he died he would be with Christ, his Saviour, in glory. If he did not, we continued, there was something in the way that needed to be removed, and that, too, without delay. We told him that what prevented many a soul from knowing he was *saved*, was that he did not believe he was *lost*.

"Do you think you are lost, sir?" we inquired, to which he answered instantly, and almost sharply, "No, sir, I do not; certainly not." *That* then is in the way, we replied, for Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance;"

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost*" (Luke xix. 10).

As he now listened with marked attention, we continued by saying that we sometimes receive answers like these—"I daresay I am as good as you, and if so, why should not I go to heaven as well as you;" to which we answer the speaker that he is probably a *better* man, seeing that we do not know in the whole world a worse one than ourselves; and as to going to heaven, we know no reason why he should not go there as well as us; but the question is, *Was* he going there? did he know *for certain* where he was going to, whether to heaven or to hell? Say, is it not a fine thing for a man who has lived all his life in *a world of sin* to talk of *going to heaven*, where sin can never enter?

Suppose now we were to tell our friends that we expected some day to occupy the best royal apartments in Windsor Castle, would they not discredit and challenge our authority? But is it not an infinitely greater thing for a man who was originally made for the earth, to say that he is going to dwell for ever in heaven? Moreover, we are quite sure that if any man is really going to heaven, he must have obtained a *title* to go there, which he could have received from none other than Him who is now in heaven. Further, if he has received it, the title has been granted on the ground that the Lord Jesus Christ *procured it for him, by suffering the judgment of God due to his sins*: so

that if he be saved, he is saved on a perfectly righteous ground. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts'iv. 12).

What a deal this makes of Christ! Aye, it makes everything of Him.

"No place too high for Him is found;  
No place too high in heaven."

His praises fill heaven, and they will be continually on our lips! For ourselves, it gives us delight to think that in a little while we shall be praising Him there, even as we ought. Oh, what a debt we owe to Him who shed His precious blood for us. The song of the redeemed in heaven is this: "Unto him that loves us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, . . . to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. i. 5, 6). No wonder that Christians think so much of Christ, for He is worthy! The marvel is that we who believe should be so immensely blessed! From the bottom of our hearts, we thank and bless Him for dying for such sinners as we were, and for bringing us into such a position of peace and blessing before God as we now enjoy.

Whilst we were speaking, light was breaking into his soul, and his weariness had departed. With much emotion he took the little gospel paper offered him, and pressing it to his breast, said: "Thank you, sir, for this, I will certainly read it,

and I thank you very much for coming to-night, not merely for coming so long a distance, but for what you have said. *Your words have made a great impression on me.*"

And so they had. We felt and perceived that the Lord had opened his mind, and let light into his soul; and before leaving him, we praised the Lord together for the work He had done in him.

On the morrow, to the question of another Christian friend, "How is it with you to-day?" he replied, "*It is all right with me now, I am a changed man,*" in which confidence he continued until he departed to be with Christ, which is far better. The expression left on his face, when he expired, told of peace, and even glory.

Reader, have you the *sinner's title* to be in heaven with Christ? Have you taken your true place before God, as a *lost* one? Have you come to Christ? You cannot have peace and pardon without coming to Him. You can have no title unless you receive it from Him. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me" (John xiv. 6). He can graciously bestow all and more than your heart can expect or desire. Give the Lord your ear and your heart. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Come to Him believingly. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from



death unto life" (John v. 24). Alas! for those who refuse to come, they will certainly perish. The portion of the unbeliever is awful! whilst the blessing of the believer is grand and immeasurable. If not before, may you, dear reader, come to Christ, and be saved now.

H. J. T.

## "WE KNOW."

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 COR. v. 1.



AN you say this?"

"That is a very personal question."

"Surely it is; but salvation is intensely personal. A personal sinner needs a personal Saviour. 'I mean to slip into heaven with the crowd,'

said a careless young fellow; but he made a great mistake. Many, ah! many slip into hell with the crowd, but none ever get into heaven that way. Bear with me, then, if I repeat and press the question—In view of those mysterious realities, sin, death, and judgment, can you say, '*We know*'?"

"Suppose I turn the tables and ask, 'Can you say it?'"

"Certainly, my doubting friend, otherwise how could I preach the gospel? Fancy a man advocating temperance who does not know the temporal

benefits that accrue to those who accept the principles of total abstinence! Fancy a doctor prescribing a medicine who has never verified it, and does not know the effects it has on the human frame! Fancy a captain undertaking to carry his passengers to their desired port of destination, and yet he does not know the course he ought to steer!"

"Well, you are very positive, and if a man is *that* about anything his assurance alone often becomes infectious, and carries conviction with it. They say the power of Martin Luther lay in his dogmatism."

"Say rather in the Word of God he so dogmatically insisted upon. A solitary monk shook the civilised world because he unearthed the long-lost Bible from the rubbish of centuries, and used it against superstition and priestcraft! But to return to the question which *you* have not yet answered: Can you say with the apostle, '*We know*'?"

"Sir, just now you called me your 'doubting friend,' and I must confess I *do* doubt if any fallible man can face eternity and say, '*We know*.'"

"But Paul could say it."

"Ah, yes; but Paul was a great apostle, an inspired man, and one who had wonderful visions and revelations, but we"—

"Wait a moment. What think you was the ground of Paul's confidence—what made him so sure?"

"Perhaps you will tell me?"

"It is simple enough. The ground of Paul's confidence was not what *he* was, or even what *grace* made him."

"What was it, then?"

"It was the same as the ground of every other saved sinner's confidence—the *Word of God*! He believed what God told him, and was sure; and we can believe what God tells us, and be sure! We can be as sure of salvation as Paul was, because we have the same sure foundation to rest upon as he had."

"I really wish I had this assurance. Sometimes I think all is right, and feel the consolations of religion; but soon I get all uncertain again. However, I always hope for the best."

"That is to say—you *wish*, you *think*, you *feel*, and you *hope*, but you never *know*?"

"Exactly."

"But Scripture says, '*Ye may know*' (1 John v. 13); and, moreover, there are thousands on earth to-day who *know*; they are as sure of heaven as though they were already actually there."

"They are very bold."

"Faith is bold—not timid, like unbelief—when it is a question of the truth of the Word of God."

"But does that Word warrant us being so bold?"

"'Search, and see.' Look up the expression 'We know' in 'Cruden's Concordance,' and observe how often it flows from the inspired pen. John's writings are full of it; and Paul employs

it so frequently that it has been called 'a technical term of Christianity, indicating common Christian knowledge.'"

"How is it, then, that many of our religious teachers tell us that none can be certain in time what their eternal condition will be?"

"'To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.' Let them speak for *themselves*! If a man declares he cannot tell one colour from another, I pity him; poor fellow, he is colour-blind. But if he wants to persuade me that nobody can tell, I smile at his folly, for I *know* differently. The fact of his being colour-blind does not make others so!"

"I noticed in the text you began with there is an 'if.' Now, does not that imply a doubt?"

"Why is it there?"

"That is what I want to know."

"Let us look at the whole passage. It speaks of a *certainty* and an *uncertainty*. The *certainty* is in the words 'We know.' Paul does not merely say, '*I know*,' because the knowledge he refers to is not limited to himself, neither is it bequeathed to a privileged, and a sainted few. It is the family legacy of grace, the birthright of every believer, the common heritage of all the children of God! And observe, when it is a matter of *what* and *where* we shall be hereafter, there is no doubt implied in the apostle's mode of expression. 'We know . . . we have,' he cries. Could language be more absolute?"

"Scarcely; but what about the *uncertainty*—the 'if'?"

"*That* refers to death. When he speaks of death, at once he seems to pause, hesitate, and change his tone. He is uncertain, for he does *not* know if he will die or be among the number of those who 'are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord.' If the Lord came whilst he was still alive, then Paul knew he would not die at all. Hence he does not say '*when*,' for it would assume death to be a certainty to the believer; but '*if*,' which shows it is an uncertainty. 'We know that *if* our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved' (as it will if we die) 'we have a building of God.' It is true *if* we die we do not *possess* a glorified body *when* we die, but when we are raised from the dead; or, if we live till the Lord comes, when we are 'changed'; but the passage teaches us that whether alive in the body or whether 'unclothed,' and thus in a disembodied state, our eternal future is secured."

"The reverse of this appears to be taught by many of our ecclesiastical instructors."

"Yes, indeed. Ask them, 'Is it certain that we shall die?' and how they will stare. 'Die! of course. "It is appointed unto *all* men once to die."' Thus they misquote Scripture. Go on and inquire, 'Can we be sure of heaven before we die?' and the answer will be, 'No, certainly not; none can be sure of heaven till they reach it.' With them, assurance is assumption!"

"Still, learned and gifted men, whose piety and faith in Christ we cannot question, have lived and died without the certain knowledge you refer to."

"Doubtless, and some have gone to heaven without it, because the blood of Christ is the soul's *passport* to glory, and not learning, gift, piety, or even faith. However, faith is the hand that receives, carries, and presents the passport. A weak faith will bring us to heaven, but a strong faith will bring heaven to us! Now that is what we want—heaven begun on earth, and that is what we shall enjoy if we have 'full assurance of faith.'"

"But it seems presumption to affirm as true of oneself what so many good men stand in doubt of."

"If God says it, is it presumption to believe it? Presumption to believe what God has said, and so credit Him with telling the truth—can it be?"

"Well, really, many people think it true humility to doubt."

"'He that believeth not God hath made him a liar' (1 John v. 10). Is there any humility in making God a liar?"

"Far be the thought!"

"Then why not believe that which God has spoken in His Word? Can you imagine a gracious and merciful God bringing myriads of rational beings into existence, and leaving them in total darkness as to whence they came, and whither they go? A wiseacre of this world has said,

'Every cradle asks—*whence?* and every coffin—*whither?*'"

"My difficulty is not '*whence.*' I know whence I came. I came from Adam, a fallen creature, who by his transgression and disobedience brought sin and misery into the world."

"How do you know that?"

"From the Bible, to be sure. Where else could I learn it?"

"And I know from the Bible *whither* I go! Both '*whence*' and '*whither*' are answered for me by the same blessed Book."

"That is simple enough."

"There is nothing simpler than the gospel. 'He said He would, and He will,' was a child's definition of her 'Faith,' and not all the theological schools in Christendom can give a better one.

'Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,  
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan.'

And yet, though simple, there is a charm, a depth, a power in the gospel that stamps it as divine."

"I would give anything to have 'clear evidences' (as they are called) of my salvation."

"You will never get them outside the covers of your Bible. I've heard of a pious man who said his 'evidences were always clearer on a fine day.' Alas! they were in his own heart, which God declares is 'deceitful above all things.' If a man's 'evidences' of being saved are his feelings, no

wonder if they change with the weather; but if they are written by the finger of God in His Word, they cannot vary.

‘Be my feelings what they will,  
Jesus is my Saviour still.’”

“But suppose I believed, and was assured of my salvation, and to-morrow I doubted. Suppose I”——

“Friend, Christianity never supposes; but if you will suppose, then I say with another, ‘When you suppose yourself in a difficulty, the best thing is to suppose yourself out of it again.’ Leave the future with God.

‘The weakest saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.’

Your present state is interesting, but intolerable. Don’t mind if I speak frankly. You have divine life in the sense of being born again, or you would not have these living movements in your soul after God; but you have not *peace*. You are in ‘Doubting Castle.’ ‘Giant Despair’ cannot deprive you of heaven, but he can and does make you miserable on earth. Why be under his lock and key?”

“How am I to get free?”

“Wield at once ‘the sword of the Spirit’ and slay him. Jesus said, ‘Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.’”

“What is the sword of the Spirit?”



"The Word of God *spoken* in the power of the Spirit."

"How am I to wield it?"

"'With thy mouth.'"

"What do you mean?"

"What does Paul say? 'The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation'" (Rom. x. 8-10).

"I fear that I don't exactly catch your meaning. Will you make it a little plainer? I am really deeply concerned."

"Well, in your *heart* the Word is *sheathed*. It affects *you*, for you believe it, but it does not affect others! But in your *mouth* it becomes *naked*; that is to say, you confess it, and so wield it, and others feel its keen edge. Do you see that?"

"Yes; go on."

"The *bare* Word of God is wonderfully effective against both man and Satan. As to man, 'Thus saith the Lord' carries more convincing power with it than all the Christian 'Apologies,' 'Essays and Reviews,' 'Bodies of Divinity,' &c., put together. And as to Satan, when he marshals his dark legions of doubts against the soul, a few thrusts with the sword of the Spirit will vanquish

him and all his fierce array. 'It is written' is the only weapon in the arsenal of God, but it is always effective."

"I am sure it is; but please go on."

"'Try him wi' a text, laddie,' was the old Scotchwoman's advice to a troubled one, sorely beset by Satan, and it was good counsel. If you will allow me to refer to my own history, let me say that the devil has never even attempted to make me doubt my salvation for twenty years past! He found out it was no use. When he assailed me I fell back on a text, and planted the simple faith of my immortal soul on the naked rock of God's immovable Word, and, thus established, not all the powers of hell were able to dislodge me."

"I should think not!—Oh, sir, the light is dawning;—I do indeed seem to see dimly what I never saw before."

"Thank God! Like the blind man of the eighth of Mark, you, as it were, 'see men as trees, walking.' It was so with myself. When newly converted I could not explain the gospel *intelligently*, for I did not understand it. Afterwards, under the guidance of the Spirit of truth, the wonderful scheme of salvation became plain; but at the start it was with me as it is with many others—simply a matter of *faith*. From the Epistle to the Romans I have since understood something of the great foundation truths of the gospel; but what started me on the way to heaven

was *believing*! Like the gaoler, I asked the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' Like him I received the peace-speaking answer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' and like him I 'rejoiced, *believing* in God.' I looked at my Bible, and said, 'There it is in black and white, and I believe it, just because God says it.' Thus when Satan hurled his fiery darts, they rattled harmlessly against the thick bosses of the shield of faith.

God says it—my sword.

I believe it—my shield.

'*God says it*' smote the foe hip and thigh, and made me *invincible*. '*I believe it*' foiled his wild rage and unbelieving doubts, and made me *invulnerable*. Oh, my brother, my brother, don't allow the arch-fiend to rob you any longer of your proper birthright, 'knowledge of salvation.' Cry shame on your coward heart, grasp the sword and shield, and, with your eye on Christ, show the enemy a bold front.

Wield the sword—you are invincible.

Raise the shield—you are invulnerable."

Reader! what can quiet the heart and soothe the convicted conscience? Nothing but simple faith in the Word of God. *Confidence* in it produces *confession* of it, and *certainly* by it; and thus, calmly reposing on its testimony to the value and efficacy of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, we are able to fearlessly contemplate the revolving cycles of eternity, and cry, "*We know*." S. J. B. C.

## LIGHT AND LOVE.



HE King of Syria said unto his servants, "Will ye not show me which of us is for the King of Israel? And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber" (2 Kings vi. 8-12).

Elisha of himself could not do this, but he was the prophet of an Omniscient and Omnipresent God, from whose eyes nothing can be hidden, and from whose ears nothing can be withholden. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth" (2 Chron. xvi. 9); "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. xv. 3); "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil" (1 Pet. iii. 12); "The darkness and the light are both alike to thee" (Ps. cxxxix. 12).

Nothing could be more solemn than this for you, my reader, if you are unsaved. You have gone on all the days of your life as if God did not see you, but He sees into the hidden recesses of your heart; there is not a word in your tongue but He knows altogether; He knows the words you speak in your bedchamber; He knows the secret counsels of your heart; He knows the

motives that govern your life; He knows your downsitteing and your uprising; He understands your thought afar off; He knows you altogether. You are ever under His all-searching eye; you cannot go from His Spirit, nor flee from His presence.

You have never believed this yet, for if you had, trouble would have filled your soul about your sins. You would have said, long ere this, "Oh, those dreadful sins of mine." And in the language of the Psalmist, you would have exclaimed, "I remembered God, and was troubled" (Ps. lxxvii. 3).

When light from God enters the soul (and the entrance of His Word gives light), the soul's condition is at once revealed: its sinful, defiled, and lost condition. It may be an unpleasant and an unwelcome discovery to make, but light from God could not do otherwise.

But if the light searches us through and through, and reveals to us our guilt against God, and our utterly lost condition, it reveals to us also the provision that divine love has provided for such as we. God knowing all has thought of us, and loved us, and given His only begotten Son to die for us, that we might live, and be cleansed from our sins, and saved by His grace, and go to glory, for "God is love" as well as "light."

Dwell upon that, beloved reader, that "God is light" as well as "love." If He were only "love," He would make nothing of sin, which would fill

His universe with utter confusion; if He were only "light," He would have to send the sinner to hell without a remedy. Thank God, He is "light" as well as "love," and "love" as well as "light." Light reveals to us our sinful condition; love reveals to us a dying Saviour on Calvary, bearing our sins, suffering the judgment of God, shedding His precious blood to cleanse and redeem us, "made sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in him" (2. Cor. vi. 21).

Eternal is the gain of our being discovered to ourselves by the light, for we then feel our need of the Saviour to save us, of His blood to cleanse us, and of God's righteousness in which to stand before Him.

At the great white throne, before which the wicked will appear, the light will do solemn work. It will reveal the sinner in all the blackness of his sins, and the righteous Judge upon the throne. No loving voice pleading with the sinner as now; no Calvary to look to; no Saviour to trust in; no Holy Spirit to warn and urge; no preacher to instruct; but a Saviour rejected, insulted, despised, will be upon the throne of judgment, and divine righteousness will take its course, which will and must end in the eternal judgment of those who stand there.

Oh, my reader, will you be there? Are you amongst those who neglect, reject, insult, and despise the Saviour? If so, see your doom. When your short life here, with all its sins and follies, is

over, you will, with millions more, *stand before the throne of God to be judged according to your works.*

It will be both compulsory and inevitable. Oh, turn in repentance to God now, trust in the Saviour so freely offered, and be saved from a judgment that is both just and eternal. God's word is, "*Now is the day of salvation.*" Oh, be saved to-day!

E. A.

## AFTER DEATH.



WHAT is there after death? is the great question uppermost in the minds of many in the present day.

The pleasure-loving worldlings seek the answer from infidelity and scepticism, and fain would persuade themselves that there is nothing after death, but conscience makes cowards of them all, for when, as they think, the question has been fully answered and disposed of, again and again there is forced upon them the solemn fact, that there is something to follow after death. Why do the stout-hearted quake in the presence of death if there is nothing beyond? Why should terror seize the boastful infidel, as the King of Terrors approaches, if he only comes to enfold his victim in his arms, and lull him into an eternal sleep? Ah! however deadened man's conscience may be, the moment

comes when he feels he must meet God, the God against whom he has sinned, the God upon whom he has turned his back.

Reader, will you not face that question to-day? Deceived and duped by the devil you may have been, but let us take you kindly by the hand and tell you plainly that there is something after death, for the Word of God declares—

AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT ;

while at the same time we tell you how you may escape that judgment which you deserve.

Why should you be so foolish as to seek to shut your eyes to this solemn fact? nay, rather look it full in the face, and see how you stand in relation to it. Do you tremble at the thought of having to meet it? Then listen while we tell you that there has been One in this world who came into it in order that He might bear the judgment which was due to us as sinners, and set us for ever free from the penalty which our sins deserved. "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" "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."

Sin must be judged by a righteous God, and the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, and to this end He gave His Son, that both death and judgment having been undergone by Him, eternal life might righteously be God's blessed gift to all who believe on Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



## THE DAYSMAN.

(Read JOB xxxiii.)



OB was a man who was busy justifying himself. There is not a man who has not tried it. Every one has tried to justify himself. Job's three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, had said a great many true things to him, but they had also said a great many untrue things. In the chapter before us these men are set aside, and Elihu comes in to speak for God.

This chapter is the answer to what had come out in the earlier part of the book. Elihu makes no apology, because he has the sense that he stands for God. No man should speak unless he has that sense deeply wrought in his soul. If you have a message from God, deliver it. Elihu's was told very simply and very clearly. He was but a man, but he was the type of Another.

Turn back to the ninth chapter of this book, where Job says, "How should man be just with God?" It is a remarkable question. You must be just if you have to do with a just God. If I am to be before God, I must be in His presence suitable to that presence. Do you know how a man can be just with God? Job's question is never answered until you come to the Epistle to the Romans. There you have God's answer, and a solution of the difficulty as to how a man can

be just with God. "Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24-26). There is the answer. Christ Himself has taken the place of the poor guilty sinner, under death and judgment, and on the cross accomplished redemption's work. Christ takes my place, and I get His. You will never be saved if you are not saved that way. There are ten thousand ways to hell, but only one way to heaven. That one way is Christ. "I am the way," are His words.

In the fifth chapter of Romans I read, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (ver. 1), and then in the ninth verse—"Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Thus justification is presented in a threefold aspect. Then have I got three justifications? No. It is one justification, but there are three parties to the justification. God is a party, Christ is a party, and I am a party. And what is God's side? "Being justified by *his grace*." Grace, not works. It all comes from God. What is Christ's side? "Justified by *his blood*." Do you see that? That is the work and death of Christ. And what is my side? "Being justified by *faith*." Faith puts out the hand, and takes the blessing that Christ gives. I am justified through what Jesus is, and what Jesus has done.

Job did not know this blessed truth, so he goes on and says, "If he will contend with him, he

cannot answer him one of a thousand." Supposing God spoke to you about your sins, could you answer him one of a thousand? Which one will you answer for? "Without the shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22) is the statement of Scripture, and the 49th Psalm says, "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (ver. 7). Man can neither redeem his brother nor save himself.

What then is the way of redemption? Ah, wonderful tidings, that One upon whom death had no claim, has gone in to death, and paid my debt. Christianity begins with a risen, victorious, triumphant Christ. He has been in the grave, and that is where the power of death has been broken. He is not a dying Christ now. Nor is Christ still on the cross. No, no. He was there, blessed be His name, but there is no such Christ now. "God raised him from the dead" (Acts xiii. 30). He is a risen, triumphant, victorious, glory-crowned Christ now. He has not only met one sin, but He has met all. The Lord has not only taken up the one sin, but, blessed be His name, He has answered for the other nine hundred and ninety-nine sins. He has answered for, and cleared away the whole thousand, as far as I am concerned.

But Job goes on to say, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me" (vers. 30, 31). And what is snow water? It is anything, and every-

thing, but the blood of Christ. The devil has got countless manufactories of snow water to-day. Snow water is the purest water you can get, but it is not the blood of Christ. Some people are struggling, and trying to do better, some even say they are "doing their best." That is "snow water," my friend, and though you wash in it you are just where you were, a sinner in your sins; not one is washed away.

Now, the grandest sight under the sun is to see a sinner getting into the joy of God's gospel. And if you know it yourself you will want to pass it on. Christianity is a wonderful thing. It subsists in what it brings, not what it expects. Self looks for something, but Christianity always brings something. God has brought His love to us in the Person of Christ. But Job did not know that, so he continues: "He is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him, and we would come together in judgment. Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both" (vers. 32, 33). Do you know what Job sighed for? He wanted a man who could put one hand on the throne of God, and the other hand on him. Ah, sinner, there is to-day, on the very throne of God, the Daysman that Job sighed for. Jesus is His name. He is the Mediator of a new covenant. Thank God, what Job sighed for, I have got. This Daysman has met all the claims of God's holiness, and I have Him. Christianity is the truth of God wrapt up in the Person of a living Man.

Well, what Job sighed for, Christianity brings to me. The truth is all out now, and part of it is that "God, our Saviour, will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 3-5). Jesus is the Daysman, the Mediator, the One who could meet all the claims of God's throne, and gratify all the desires of His heart. It is a wonderful thing to be able to say, I know a Man who has met all the claims of the throne of God, and gratified all the desires of the heart of God, and that Man has died for me, and picked me up, saved me, and brought me to God in righteousness.

Dear sinner, you need not be afraid of Him, and His hand will not be heavy upon you. When He laid His right hand upon John (Rev. i. 17), he saw the mark of the nail, that told of His passion, and His death, and of His love that carried Him into death. Oh, He is such a Saviour. I can commend my Saviour to you. Your troubled conscience will never be at peace until you have found Him, and got the knowledge of the value of His precious blood. And on the other hand, your poor aching heart will never be at rest, till you pillow your head on the bosom of eternal love, the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who became a man that He might bring us to God through His death.

Let us now ponder briefly this 33rd chapter.

Get hold of this, that God was manifested in the flesh. Jesus, the eternal Son of God, the only begotten Son of the Father, the Word, was made flesh. He has become a man, as really a man as I am to-night, sin excepted. He was a man concerning whom the very devil had to say, as he walked through this scene, "Thou art the Holy One of God." And God said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." In Him alone can you learn to know God. You think you will learn God by creation? You will not. You may learn His power, His greatness, but you cannot learn what His heart is. "No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him" (John i. 18). I know God only in that Man, the Person of the Lord Jesus. The One who died upon the tree was the One who created all things. Get firmly hold of this, I pray you, that only in the Person of Christ can you learn God.

The handiwork of a man could not show you what his heart was. You rightly admire creation, beloved friend, and give God glory, for "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork" (Ps. xix. 1), but that does not reveal His heart. Nor does the law. The law will tell you what His holiness is, and announces His righteous claim on you, but it does not reveal Himself. But listen to a Man, crowned with thorns, and nailed to a tree, saying, first of all, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what

they do," and then, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There the heart of God is revealed. And do you know this, friend, God is love, and all His ways are ways of love? The cross is the revelation of perfect love. There the Son of God went down lower than any man. And now there is none gone so high; but where He is I am going. He has told me that. "Where I am, there shall also my servant be" (John xii. 26). God loves sinners, but He hates sin. He gave His Son to die for sinners like you and me.

Jesus reveals God fully, but He needed to become a man to do this. Hence, in our chapter Elihu, who is a lovely type of the Lord Jesus, says, "Behold, I am according to thy wish in God's stead: I also am formed out of the clay. Behold, my terror shall not make thee afraid, neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee" (vers. 6, 7). Perhaps you say, "If the Lord Jesus were upon earth to-day I would go to Him, but somehow I am afraid to draw near to God." But who is Jesus? *Jesus is God*. And that is why the Apostle John has said, "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life. Little children, keep yourselves from idols" (1 John v. 20, 21). If you have a thought of God before your mind that does not answer perfectly to Jesus, you have set an idol before you, not the true God. There is no such God. Jesus is the

image of God, and the perfect reflection of His being in every aspect.

Go and look at the lovely life of that blessed Man. When He saw a widow weeping outside the city of Nain, about to bury her only son, he said to her, "Weep not," and then, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother" (Luke vii. 13-15). My friend, there is nobody like Jesus for binding up broken hearts. It is worth while having a broken heart to let Jesus bind it up. Yes, He binds up broken hearts, and saves poor sinners, like you and me. Could you not trust Jesus? "Neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee," might well win your confidence.

But perhaps you, like Job, are saying, "Behold, he findeth occasion against me, he counteth me for his enemy" (ver. 10). Not a bit of it. Do you know your greatest enemy? Yourself. He is not your enemy, but you have been His. Do you remember what the Lord said? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends (John xv. 13). Yet His is greater love than that; for "when we were *enemies*, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son" (Rom. v. 10). That love wins the hardest hearts. Has He won your heart? The wonderful thing about Christianity is that the heart of the believer in Christ is attached to, and dearly loves a Person never yet seen. Christianity subsists in affection. It is not head work, but heart work.



Infidelity is all head work, and lands the owner of the head in hell. Mind you, hell is an awful place, a terrible place. If God had not pulled me up I would have been on the road to hell this very minute. But He has arrested me, and set my feet upon a Rock. He has also filled my heart with peace and joy. Oh, that you knew the grace of God after the same sort?

It is a great mistake to quarrel with God, and to be heard saying, "He putteth my feet in the stocks, he marks all my paths" (ver. 11). Very wise is Elihu's reply: "Behold, in this thou art not just: I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters" (vers. 13, 14). Don't forget this, you will have to give account to God of your matters, but do not think that God is against you. Job was wrong in this suspicion, and so are you if you are like him. Listen to the Spirit of God's testimony, and may He stamp it upon your heart, "If God be for us, who can be against us? (Rom. viii. 31.) The devil is against you, and the world is against you, and you are against yourself, but God is for you, and of that fourfold proof is here produced.

Let us now ponder the four ways that God takes to win a man:—(1) God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not" (ver. 14). Is it not strange that man turns a deaf ear to God. But thank God, even so He does not give man up yet. What will He do now? If He cannot get at you

in the daytime, He will get hold of you at night. (2) "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man" (vers. 15-17). Fancy God going to a man through the night! Oh, the unwearying grace of the Lord. Oh, you say, I don't believe in dreams. Don't you? Elihu did. Joseph did. Daniel did. Has God ever given you an awakening dream? Take care that you heed it. Many a man has had a warning from God in a dream. Ah, man, you may trifle with God once too often. Let me implore you, don't make light of God's grace to-night. And if you have had a dream, heed it.

But there is another way God takes: (3) "He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword" (ver. 18). He saves from danger. Were you never in danger? I thank God for the grace that saved me once from drowning. He saved my body, and He saved my soul very soon after. Oh, that you might get saved to-night. (4) Now the next thing is sickness—"His soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers" (vers. 19-23). Sickness is just the moment when the devil will tell you what a nice, good person you have been. He knows how to give soothing syrup to a dying sinner. I have seen many a man die, drugged with the devil's anodyne—"You are as good as your neighbours"—and be

damned under my eyes. He would not have Christ, for he did not think he needed Him. But in many a case the soul is awakened, and has a sense of need, and then God steps in. "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand to show unto man his uprightness" (ver. 23).

Oh! the privilege of being one among a thousand to carry a message of salvation to a dying sinner. God wake us all up to this wondrous privilege. "Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom" (ver. 24). Glorious tidings, God has found a ransom, "The man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. ii. 6). He has been on the cross. The price has all been paid. On the treasury bench of heaven, the ransom price of the sinner's redemption has been laid down, and in righteousness God says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a Ransom."

And where is the Ransom now? At God's right hand. Once in death He gave Himself a ransom for all. While here on earth Jesus said, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for *many*" (Matt. xx. 28). But when He had died, do you know what the Holy Ghost said? "He gave himself a ransom for *all*." How am I saved? Because God has accepted that ransom for me, and I have accepted Christ. The ransom was Christ. And all that you have to do, dear friend, is just simply

to accept this blessed Saviour. And you would be a very wise man if you did. Then see what follows, "He shall pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him: and he shall see his face with joy" (ver. 26). That is fruit of new birth. You have the work of Christ for you, and the work of the Spirit in you, and joy fills the heart.

What is the next thing? He confesses Christ. "He will sing before men; and say, I have perverted that which was right, and it hath not been requited to me. He hath delivered my soul from going into the pit, and my life shall see the light" (see vers. 27, 28, R.V.). What a blessed confession! When you have Christ, begin at home to confess Him. Why? Because everybody knows you there. That is the spot to begin. The consciously delivered man always sings before men, and says, "I have sinned and perverted what was right, and it hath not been requited to me." What I deserved was laid on God's blessed Son, for He is the Ransom. And what next? "My life shall see the light."

Notice how the Holy Ghost puts this confession in the New Testament. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 9, 10). You get right with God through your heart, and you get right with men through your lips.

Christ died for sinners. Are you a sinner? Yes. Then He died for you. How simple! I wonder anybody goes on still unsaved. May you be led to say, "Lord, Thou didst die for me." Oh, do not miss the blessing of the Lord at this time, I implore you. Rest on the Ransom, and confess the Daysman as your own personal Saviour.

W. T. P. W.

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## THE CONFESSION OF A BEGGAR MONK.

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SOME hundreds of years ago there lived in Bâle a poor Carthusian monk, named Martin, through whom a very remarkable testimony to the unlimited and mighty working of God's grace has been preserved for us. Brother Martin

had no opportunity in his lonely cloister cell to witness for the Saviour whom he loved. May be he did not possess the courage to confess freely and openly what went on in his heart, for no doubt his lot in that day would have been the halter or the scaffold. And yet he felt driven to make known the praise of Him who had bought him with His precious blood; hence he wrote down his confession, placed it in a wooden case, and put it in a secret hollow in the wall of his cell.

The important part of his confession, when translated, runs somewhat as follows:—

“Merciful God! I know that I cannot be saved otherwise, nor satisfy Thy righteousness, but through the deserving, the guiltless suffering and death of Thy well-beloved Son . . . Holy Jesus! All my salvation lies in Thy hands! Thou canst not turn away the hands of Thy love from me, for Thou hast created and redeemed me. Thou hast written my name in great mercy with an iron spear, and with inextinguishable marks on Thy side, Thy hands, Thy feet. . . . And although I cannot confess these things with my mouth, at least I confess them with my pen and with my heart.”

Centuries rolled by; the old cloister decayed more and more, and a part of the building was built up for other purposes; but the monk's confession was still hidden from mortal eyes. At last, in the year 1776, some workmen in breaking through a wall came upon the wooden box, which Brother Martin had hidden in his cell, and thus the beautiful confession of the pious monk was brought to light.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.” A voice, which boasts in the worth and preciousness of the Name of Jesus, sounds forth from the ruins of the cloister cell. The writer of this confession was not able to speak openly in his own day of the Name of Jesus; but to-day he speaks to you, dear reader. You possess the great and inestimable privilege of

reading the Bible unhinderedly; you hear the voice of the gospel round about you, which invites you to come to Jesus. Are you saying from the depth of your heart: "Merciful God! I know that I can only be saved by the death of Thy well-beloved Son"? Is your name also thus written in the wounds of Jesus? These wounds tell of love, of the love of God and His Son; they speak too of sin, and of our sins; and also of righteousness, and of the righteous judgment of God against sin. Love, sin, righteousness! God's love gave up His Son; our sins brought the holy, spotless One to the cross; and God in righteousness now publishes peace for every believer, on the ground of the finished work of the risen Saviour. Yes, God is just, and the justifier of every one who believes.

Are you resting in this love, my reader? Are you justified? "Perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment" (1 John iv. 18). Brother Martin feared neither death, nor the judgment which follows, for he knew that he was cleansed from all sin by the blood of his Redeemer. Nothing else but that can take away from you all fear of death, and make you fully and eternally happy. The raising up and glorifying of the Saviour who died for sinners is the full proof that God is perfectly satisfied. Whoever believes on Him, does not come into judgment, but has eternal life.

## THE END.



*HE end of all things is at hand*" (1 Pet. iv. 7). God means what He says. When? "No man knoweth the day nor the hour" (Mark xiii. 32-37). The end is *at hand*; the end of all things. What have you

to say to that? Immersed, may be, in pleasure or business, the moment rapidly approaches when all will come to an abrupt stop; and what will happen to you? *Your end here* is coming too, and then *no end* to either your bliss or woe. Eternal bliss or eternal woe is your sure portion. All depends on *what you think of Christ*.

"*The end of all flesh*" has already come *once* before God (Gen. vi. 13); in a sense, *twice*, for the cross of Christ is the end of all hope of man in the flesh before Him. The world of to-day is full of its remedies for man radically bad; but God has given him up long ago. Man in his blindness and folly thinks he can make something of himself and his neighbour after all. Vain delusion! God tried every means, and spared no time or pains, but man signed his own death-warrant when he condemned and crucified Christ. You belong to the world that did that, *and that world is under the judgment of God*. Grace only stays the pouring out of His wrath. "*Behold the Judge standeth before the door*" (Jas. v. 9).



Now if grace ceased to flow this moment, and the Judge entered upon His work, how would it fare with *you*? Have you weighed the matter? "Oh that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end" (Deut. xxxii. 29). Alas, it is the last thing they do. They consider their health, their families, their houses, their business, their prospects, but *forget their soul*. Your soul is defiled by sin; your heart, mind, thoughts, your moral self all defiled; you are irremediably bad. To go on in your sins is to expose yourself to the sure judgment of God. "*The end of these things is death*" (Rom. vi. 21). And after death, the judgment; and judgment is eternal, the second death (Heb. ix. 27).

Or you may have been aroused to your state before God, and your conscience awakened to your need. But have you found *the right remedy*? "There is a way, which seemeth right unto a man, but *the end thereof are the ways of death*" (Prov. xiv. 12). Tens of thousands in these lands of Bibles and tracts, and Gospel preaching, have learnt somewhat of the importance of divine things. But, alas, blinded by Satan and their own deceitful lusts, how many devise their own remedy instead of receiving God's. Millions pursue the pathway of morality and religion, and *hope* all will be right in the end. This is the way above all others that *seemeth right*, but the *end thereof* are the ways of death.

We think we hear the alarmed professor saying,

"How so; what more can I do?" *What more?* Already you have *done* far too much, if that is the ground on which you seek to stand before God. Has *He* said, "Whosoever is moral or religious shall be saved"? Is that *the gospel*? Nay, poor sinner, you need a *Saviour outside yourself*. True, your morality and religion are far better than wickedness and blasphemy, both in this world and in the day of judgment (Rev. xx. 13); but no sinner (and *all* are sinners) ever did, or ever will, enter the glory of God on that ground. *You need Christ*. You need a personal Saviour, and the putting away of all your sins. Morality cannot remove them, nor religion; *nothing but the blood of Christ*. "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22).

To trust in yourself, or in ought you do, is accepting Satan's lie. It is *God's truth you need*. It alone can meet the sinner's case—*your case*. "*To this end* was I born," said the Lord; "*and for this cause* came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice" (John xviii. 37). And He *did* bear witness. He was the faithful and true witness, and suffered even unto death, on account of His witness. The truth has never been palatable in this poor world, and hence Christ, who is the truth itself, and who bore witness to it, was rejected and crucified. By His death, *the sinner who believes is free*. Not by your fleshly religiousness, but by faith in His blood—His precious blood—and

His resurrection from the dead (Rom. v. 9, iv. 24). All else is utterly vain. "It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul." And *the truth* shall set you free (John viii. 32). Do you trust therein? And have you heard His voice? Yes? Then you are of the truth; for he that is of it heareth His voice, and he that heareth His voice *has eternal life* (John x. 27, 28).

"Trusting in that precious blood,  
There is perfect peace with God;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
Saved through Jesus' precious blood."

"*To this end* Christ both died and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living" (Rom. xiv. 9). Have *you* bowed to Him? "If thou *shalt* confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and *shalt* believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou *shalt be saved*" (Rom. x. 9). What could be plainer? Forsake, then, your own deluded thoughts, and submit to Him. A Saviour you need, and a Saviour you must have; and Jesus, the Lord in glory, is that Saviour. The very death which set *you* and *your* miserable doings all aside, as utterly worthless before God, is the very same death which has met all God's claims, and on the ground of which, God, having raised and exalted Christ to glory, puts away all the sins of *every one that believeth*. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, confess Him as your Lord, believe God's testimony concerning Him: that His finished work is enough,

and that He raised Him, and *thou shalt be saved*. Saved *now* from everlasting wrath; saved *now* from Satan's power, sin, and the world; saved *now* for everlasting glory with Christ. *Now* is the day of salvation.

By the death, blood-shedding, and resurrection of Christ alone you are saved. Trusting solely therein, your sins are gone—put away for ever from before God; and not only so, but if you further accept, in simple faith, God's full testimony to the value of His death and resurrection, not only for your sins, but for sin itself, the Spirit working effectually in you to deliverance from its thralldom and power, you can enter into the language of the apostle, who says, "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and *the end* everlasting life; for the wages of sin is death, but *the gift of God is eternal life* in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. vi. 22, 23). In the flesh dwelleth *no good thing* (Rom. vii. 18); and it is impossible in the flesh to please God (Rom. viii. 8). But saved, and delivered by grace from sin's power, you can now bring forth fruit unto God, and it is acceptable in His sight. *The end*, the glorious end, is everlasting life, enjoyed without let, in all its wondrous fulness. Possessed of this blessed gift now, as we read of the believer in John v. 24, we *have it in the Son*, and shall enjoy it *with Him* in everlasting glory.

"But what shall *the end* be of them that obey *not* the gospel of God" (1 Pet. iv. 17). Ah! what

indeed? "Unto them that are contentious, and *do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness*, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish *upon every soul of man that doeth evil*, of the Jew first and also of the Gentile" (Rom. ii. 8, 9). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) "The fearful, and unbelieving, and sinners, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, *shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death*" (Rev. xxi. 8).

Reader, we beseech you by the mercies of God, look this matter in the face. Wake up while you may to the awful realities of eternity! Superabounding grace still lingers over a lost world. But take care. You have trifled far too long already with these deeply solemn truths. Flee now to the only refuge, the blessed Saviour of God's providing, the gift of His great love. Flee while you may, lest the grace of God should cease to flow, and you should find yourself caught by the awful judgments of God, *a sinner in your sins!* All will shortly end here, but *eternity has no end*. Where will *you* spend it?

"Where will you spend eternity?

This question comes to you and me!

Tell me, what shall your answer be—

Where will you spend eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!

Where will you spend eternity!"

## ONE STEP.



HERE is but a step between me and death," said David in 1 Samuel xx. 3. And truly a step is a short enough space. That step taken, and he would be out of time and in eternity.

It is a figure, no doubt, just as very many of our expressions are figures—a step means about thirty inches, and thirty inches from death is certainly near enough!

But, at the time of which David speaks, he was in imminent danger of sudden attack by Saul, so much so that his life was in constant jeopardy. He was not safe for a moment.

That is quite true, and therefore he carried his life in his hand, expecting death constantly. Hence he spoke of "*a step*," that is, of being uncertain of an hour. But if that were true of David in his sufferings, is it untrue of you or myself in our circumstances, be they what they may?

Depend upon it, dear reader, there is not one of us who is more than a step from death—not one of us who can be sure of to-morrow. Youth, health, strength are no preventatives. Death despises the bloom of youth, invades the realm of health, and quickly weakens the greatest strength. Its power is résistless. No skill is able to ward off its terrible stroke. "There is no discharge in that war."

Think then of being so near the brink! A step from death means, you know, for the unsaved one a step from judgment, and a step from hell! How awful to contemplate, and yet it is divinely true, just one little narrow step from time with all its fleeting pleasures into eternity, and for the godless soul that eternity undone. How appalling!

Here to-day, gone to-morrow!

Time to-day, eternity to-morrow!

Pleasure to-day, pain to-morrow!

Hope to-day, despair to-morrow!

Sin to-day, judgment to-morrow!

A swift transition from all you hold dear on earth to the dark remorse of a lost eternity!

Oh! godless soul, awake! It is for ever! It is eternal. .

"When the gain thou hast hoarded is slipping from thy grasp,  
When thou standest needy and alone,  
When thy cold hand no longer its wonted props can clasp,  
Oh! then, who will listen to thy moan?"

That moment hastens! That dread solitude approaches! You must cross the river alone! Of what avail then is a single earthly honour. All is fled! Health, wealth, friends, props of all kinds one by one, and **YOU ARE ALONE!**

I am most anxious, my dear unsaved reader, that you should face these coming facts at once. Take warning and come to Christ for salvation. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, if, indeed, the warning be only taken.

Take the warning. Believe me, to be once in

hell is to be in hell for ever! I know that people speak of a "larger hope," as they call it, by which they mean that, somehow or other, the damned may escape from their prison, and, after enduring punishment for a period, longer or shorter, they shall be relieved.

That is a delusion.

God speaks in Ephesians ii. of the unsaved having "*no hope*" in time, how then can they have it in hell? Impossible! The idea of a "larger hope" is, alas, one of Satan's clever nineteenth-century lies.

That rich man of Luke xvi. enjoyed no hope—not one ray of hope that he should be liberated from his doom. He asked for a drop of water, a small petition indeed—but he asked too late. His doom was fixed for ever! Hope, larger or smaller, is unknown in hell. Again, friend, I beg you to be warned. Perhaps you may ask me, If the unsaved are without hope now, how can they ever be saved?

Well, whenever a sinner has lost all hope in himself, and has fallen into utter despair; when, in other words, he pleads a completely lost condition, then it is that a Saviour God can meet him. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." That is the charm of the gospel. If you own yourself to be good for nothing, then, friend, you are just fit for the blessed Saviour.

Only a step from death! Yes, but so too are you but a step from salvation! How near! Oh! friend, take it! Come to the Lord. Come now!!



And then instead of being but a step from hell, you shall be but a step from heaven! What a difference!

Your sins pardoned! Your soul saved! Your conscience purged! Your heart happy! Your prospect bright! Your eternity secured! What a Saviour! What a salvation!

J. W. S.

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## CONVERTED MILK.

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MILKMAN was in the habit of freely adulterating his milk with water. His customers, of course, suffered thereby; but the vendor of milk and water, if suspected, was not detected. Not long since he was converted to God, and

immediately gave up watering his milk. As he had very good cows, his milk was now so rich and good that every one was commenting on it, and one lady said to him—

“Whatever has happened to your milk? It used to be so poor, and now it is so rich and creamy.”

“Oh! ma’am, I’ll just tell you how that is. The Lord has converted my soul; and so, ma’am, as a consequence, my milk got converted too.”

The lady believed in conversion after that!

# "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."

(TUNE, *Redemption Ground*, S. S. & S., No. 466.)



BEHOLD the Lamb of God, 'tis He  
Who bore our judgment on the tree.  
He bowed beneath sin's heavy load,  
And died to make us nigh to God.

## *Chorus.*

Behold Him, sinner, look and live,  
And thus eternal life receive,  
Then perfect peace shall fill thy soul,  
And Christ Himself shall be thy goal.

His precious blood so freely shed,  
When He for us on Calvary bled,  
Avails before God's holy eye  
To cover sins of scarlet dye.

The soul that trusts in Christ can say,  
"My Saviour put my sins away ;  
As Jesus is, e'en so am I,  
Made meet for God's most holy eye."

To those who trust in Christ alone,  
And own themselves lost and undone,  
"Clean every whit," is Jesu's word,  
What joy, what peace those words afford.

O sinner, rest not till thou'rt sure  
That thou, all guilty and impure,  
Art cleansed from sin's defiling stain,  
And brought, in Christ, to God again :

Then never from Him turn astray,  
 But follow "Jesus in the way";  
 So perfect peace shall fill thy soul,  
 And Christ Himself shall be thy goal.

M. S. S.

## WORKING FOR, OR FROM—WHICH?



IN the street of a certain mining village a few Christians were telling out in a simple way the good news of a present and eternal salvation through faith in a risen Christ. Among those who stood, or sat, at their doors listening, was an old woman, who must certainly have passed the allotted span of life. Although it was rather a cold night, she sat on the doorstep most of the time apparently listening eagerly. At the close of the meeting, we offered her a gospel book, asking her, as we did so, if she had got the matter settled yet, and if she could now say she was sure, for we had pressed the present assurance of salvation upon her on a former occasion.

This was her answer. "Aweel, ma laddie, if we dinna wirk oot oor ain salvation, there's nae anither 'ill dae't for us."

Poor old body, she liked to listen to the gospel. She said she was glad to see us, and asked particularly when we would be back; but she had made the mistake that multitudes besides her have

made, and which if persisted in must prove fatal, that she must do at least part of the work, and here she was, on the verge of eternity, trying, not to work out her own salvation, as she said, but to work for salvation. We are exhorted in Philippians ii. 12 to work out our own salvation, but it must be our own. We must get it in before we can work it out. This poor dear woman, blinded by Satan, did not believe that any one could have salvation as a present possession. How sad.

Dear reader, are you working for salvation, or working from salvation? Every one should work, but there is a great difference between going on with a hopeless task, and being in the conscious sense of God's favour, seeking to work out in our lives, day by day, what God has wrought in. "Salvation is of the Lord," and you must either take it as "the gift of God," or else refuse it, and have the wages of sin, which is death. "All have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23), and all your working will never wipe out that debt.

No, dear reader, your works will only add to your condemnation, and such being the case, we would say to you in all affection :

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

He did all the work, blessed be His name, and all you can do is to take your place as a sinner before God, accept Christ as your Saviour, and rest upon His finished work.

A. C.

## THE STOWAWAY.



HE good ship H——, Captain B——, sailed on 20th May 1889 from the South-West India Dock, London, on a voyage to Melbourne, Australia.

When three days from London, and off Portland, in the English Channel, two lads were discovered who had stowed themselves away in the fore-peak, amongst the coal, where for this time they had subsisted as best they could.

As they pleaded not to be put ashore, but to be given a passage to Australia, they were put one in each watch.

It was a rule of the captain's that no boy who had not been to sea before should be *sent* aloft, but if any voluntarily went, the officers were not to stop them. Usually, an order being given, the first man in the rigging went aloft to carry it out; and at times two would compete for the honour, and one had to be called down. The two stowaways were, however, constantly seen aloft, evidently wishing to win favour and to do something to pay for their passage; and one of them, who had given the name of Brown, was noticed to be particularly smart and active, as well as thorough in his work.

All went well for a time, nothing worthy the name of a gale having been met with, and the captain and his friends often thanked God that

they numbered every soul that had left the shores of the old country.

But on Wednesday night, 24th July, the first blow approaching a gale was encountered from the S.W., which increased the sea, and necessitated shortening sail, but it was not very severe, and soon blew itself out. About 7.30 A.M. of the 25th, all were alarmed by that dreadful cry at sea: "A man overboard!" The tramp of feet overhead, as the men rushed aft to see if assistance could be rendered, assured all who heard the cry, and who would fain have persuaded themselves that it was a mistake, that there was horrid reality in it; and the captain's voice, heard as he descended the companion stair,—“It's too late, boys, it's too late; you can do no good,”—told the solemn tale that a soul had passed away in a moment from this life. WHERE?

“Who was it? Who was it?” was now eagerly asked, and at last came the answer, “It was Brown!” the active, willing young stowaway.

“How did it happen? What about his soul?” are questions that now crowd into the mind and arise to the lips. “Who knew anything about him? Who had spoken to him?”

The gale having abated, the order had been given, “Loose the fore-royal!” and Brown was soon in the rigging and on the yard-arm, and the men stood ready, awaiting the further orders to “Sheet home” and “Man the fore-royal halyards,” to hoist the yard into position, when a dark object

was seen in mid-air between the yard and the deck; then a "thud" on the weather-rail, and poor Brown was thrown *dead* and "all of a heap" into the sea.

He had commenced to loosen the gaskets, and, it would seem, had found that the outer weather gasket which he supposed was loose had still one turn at the yard-arm, and had returned to the yard-arm to clear it, when the ship rolled to windward, and by some means he slipped.\*

A slip! A fall! A thud! A plunge!

And ETERNITY!!!

He had fallen on the weather-rail, the ship having rolled to windward, had struck probably about or below the shoulders, and had broken his back, having fallen a distance of about two hundred feet.

The black quartermaster, who stood, as usual, on the weather side, saw the poor fellow in the water soon after he fell, and knew by his position in the water that he was dead. "But," he said, with quivering lip and tears in his eyes, "I couldn't help giving him a life-buoy, which I threw just before him as he passed, but there was no movement; his head hung downward, and under water.

A life-buoy to a *dead* man! What use? But who blames the quartermaster?

The captain was ready to heave the ship to, and there were willing hands and stout hearts to lower

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\* This appears the most probable explanation of the accident, as the weather gasket had still a turn at the yard-arm which had afterwards to be loosened.

and man a boat to get the poor fellow aboard again; but what was the use to a dead man?

He had come on board with all he possessed on his back; and he went overboard with several things that his messmates—a kind-hearted set of fellows—had supplied him with. Did he leave anything behind?

Yes, a New Testament and a pocket-book. The latter showed his name was Pearce, and not Brown; and the Testament had several scriptures marked. His companion stowaway said he had a widowed mother living in Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Leaving the inquiries—"Why was he in London? Why did he try to get a passage to Australia in such a way?"—we would rather ask here, Had he believed the scriptures marked in his Testament? Here are some of them:—

"These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name" (John xx. 31).

"By him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 39).

"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).

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief" (Mark ix. 23, 24).



"I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God" (Acts viii. 37).

"If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins" (John viii. 24).

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb. xi. 6).

Who marked these scriptures? And did he believe them? Was the order in which they are placed in anywise his experience? Did he believe that Jesus was the Son of God? or, Did he die in his sins? These questions must be left to Him who alone "knoweth them that are his."

But, my reader, what about yourself? Do not solemn reflections arise in the heart from the foregoing? Have you received that which is preached unto you through *this MAN*? Have you believed what is "written in order that you *might* believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God?" Have you come to God believing that He *is*, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek His grace? Have you sought Him thus? Have you found Him? Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, or are you still in your sins? Remember that forgiveness of sins is *preached* through this Man, not *promised*; and this through Him alone. You are either in your sins, or you are not. Which? Your sins are either upon you, or they were laid upon the sin-bearer as your substitute, near two thousand years ago. Which is it? If death come suddenly upon *you*, if a slip and a

fall should end thus with you, how would you die?

DIE! Think, my reader, you are even now *living* or DEAD! Which is it? Answer, we beseech you, before God. Settle the question now; lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and PERISH: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you" (Acts xiii. 41).

But if *dead*, with the black quartermaster, we say, we can't help giving you a life-buoy. Only there is this difference, the life-buoy we bring to you *imparts* life. This is the hour in the which all that hear the voice of the Son of God shall *live*. Have you, oh! have YOU heard his voice? We beseech you, dear reader, leave it not to a dying moment, or until a sudden and unexpected summons call you hence. *Now* His voice is speaking dead souls into life. Now and here His Word is proclaimed, that Word by which he now speaks. Now you have opportunity of putting yourself in the way of learning that Word!

Dead, spiritually dead, by nature you are, and drifting on past your opportunities and into eternity, but we throw you the life-giving, not merely life-saving, life-buoy. Oh, clutch it with the firm grip of faith, and put yourself safe in the bosom of that Lord who, you will thus learn, loved you and gave *Himself* for you.

G. J. S.

## SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.



WE have reached, in the rapid flight of time, the last month of 1898; and, strangely solemn it is to think that, when twelve more months shall have fled, this wonderful nineteenth century shall also have passed away! There is, for it, but one more December, and then a new century shall dawn; one more fast-fleeting year, and then the two well-known figures "18," which we have so often written, must give place to a higher number, and to a date nearer the end of all. And why do I call this now closing century wonderful? Is it because of its mighty wars, its inventions, its discoveries, its intellectual advance, its scientific attainments? No. These are all wonderful, and have their rightful place on the historian's page.

But I allude not to them. What strikes my own mind most forcibly, and certain I am that the same thought is entertained by many besides, is the extraordinary "*long-suffering of God!*"

Yes, I repeat it fearlessly and thankfully—the most wonderful feature of this wonderful century is God's unwearied patience with man. There never was a more guilty century—the accumulation of sins is unprecedented—and never was God's grace more fully expressed in His forbearance with the world than now!

And shall this remaining few months see that grace extended? Shall mercy dwell? shall judgment tarry?

~~Admitted~~ Admitted frankly that every scientific achievement has tended, in the providence of God, to ameliorate the lot and lessen the hardships of the race, what has been the response rendered to Him? Is man more thankful? more godly, more truly marked by a spirit of reverence and fear of God? Is this a clear result of the intellectual march of the century?

Certainly not! Material prosperity is evident everywhere; but, if the eighteenth century ended badly, the nineteenth is ending worse.

Thanks to science for additional comforts and material wealth, but none for moral or spiritual improvement. Neither has science nor education made man one whit more spiritual, or led him one single step nearer God. Nay, education is very largely the handmaid of a far more subtle infidelity than was taught in the comparatively ignorant pages of Thomas Paine and the sceptics of his day.

There is a vast increase of sin, of infidelity, of disregard of God's Word, of the love of pleasure, of pride, and of the marks that foretell the approach of judgment. Noah's day and our own are painfully alike. There is a moral resemblance between them that should forewarn the unready of the second coming of the Son of Man. And yet the nearer the danger, the less the fear!

Is it that a kind of judicial blindness is causing this?

Let me beg you, dear reader, to turn your mind, for a moment, from the doings and achievements of man to a remarkable statement in Acts xiii. 41, "*I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.*" This alludes to the work of God, the most wonderful work, undoubtedly, that can be wrought on the face of the earth, and yet, one which, alas, and strange to say, is discredited and disbelieved. Man's works are extolled. God's work is despised.

The steam engine, the telegraph and telephone, mastery over disease, and the use of electricity, all these form subjects for admiration, and properly so, but God's work—that which lasts for eternity, is quietly ignored. Was I wrong in asserting that His patience is, by far, the most wonderful feature of the time?

And what is God's work? Well! but will *you* believe if I declare it to you?

The work of God, my friend, is the salvation of your soul! It is the blessing of man, the lifting him from his place of infinite distance to one of sweet and conscious nearness to God, through the death and resurrection of His Son! This work begins with the new birth, then forgiveness and justification, then the impartation of God's Spirit in view of glory to come. And all this wondrous blessing is declared in the gospel. Quite true,

evangelical agencies and missions have spread the glad tidings during this century as perhaps never before, but what is the result? Are the sowing and the reaping commensurate? Has not the most successful reaper to cry, "Who hath believed our report?"

And is it not a fact that the heart remains untouched even when the mind may be enlightened?

The result would be heart-breaking if the servant of Christ anticipated universal acceptance. He and his message are but a witness, a light shining amid a darkness that is not dispelled. He waits the coming of his Lord.

Nevertheless, God is working, silently, truly, deeply. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and grace is gaining her lovely victories.

Now we see the droppings, now the shower, and now the wave of blessing. These may be followed by an ebb-tide and a period of unbelief and Satan's more evident opposition. Again the grace of God rolls on; and thus to the end.

*"God beseeching, man refusing,"* until the "Master shall rise up and shut to the door."

Then all is over for a Christ-rejecting Christendom!

But God suffers still. He is not "willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

How much longer will He suffer? Dare we say that the century will close as it has continued? or that the Master may not rise and close salvation's

wide and welcome door ere this very month is gone?

Who shall say?

Ah! reader, despise not His forbearance any longer. His goodness leads to repentance. When the triumphs of human genius have all become things of the long-forgotten past, and when man and his doings are buried in the grave of oblivion, God's saving work will abide, and myriads of ransomed sinners will be found in His glory as its happy result.

Friend, will you be one of them? Just such as you are welcomed to that all saving grace. "*By Him all that believe are justified from all things!*" Wonderful statement, how little believed!

Yet this is just the work I declare to you—shall you disbelieve it!

Let me analyse the statement:—

1. "*By Him*," that is, our Lord Jesus Christ.
2. "*All that believe*," not, all that work or weep or feel!
3. "*Are justified*," not, shall be justified, for the blessing is now!

4. "*From all things*," the clearance is complete!

If, my reader, you are truly amongst the "*all that believe*," you may safely and on divine authority claim your present justification from all things! Now, this is the work that people will not believe—do not you be of their number—and they shall assuredly "wonder and perish."

This is a truth which has gone forth during this

century with [amazing] lucidity and fulness. The sound of the gospel was never (since the early days) so clear as to-day. And why? Because we are just at the end!

The sun is setting in a murky sky. Its lingering rays will soon be withdrawn. Now is your moment, only now! Enter by faith the open portal. Take the one saving step out of self into Christ. *"There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved"* (Acts iv. 12).

J. W. S.

"IT'S WONDERFUL! IT'S WONDERFUL!"



WILLIAM M'L—— reeled into our tent much the worse for drink, but while listening to the preaching his conscience was thoroughly aroused. He stayed to the after-meeting, thoroughly sobered, and in deep soul trouble. "Hell is too good for me," was his cry, and, "There can be no mercy for me." It was a full hour before he would believe that it was for the like of him that Jesus died.

When he got hold of this blessed fact, we read the sweet story of Luke xv. to him. "That's me," he cried, as we read, "He spent his substance in riotous living. "Me to life," he kept on muttering,



until we reached the father's running, receiving, and rejoicing. Then the light broke in—he saw, as another said, "God was holding out His hands to him, saying He would receive him just as he was." Then he fell on his knees to thank the Saviour for dying, and to praise God for His wondrous love in sending His Son, and for His pardoning grace that could welcome and forgive such a sinner as he.

"Tell everybody that William M'L—— is saved," were his words as he left us. "It's wonderful, it's wonderful." Ah, indeed, it was wonderful. And it is wonderful, my unsaved reader, that God is still extending pardon to you. You have despised His grace for years. Perhaps you think you do not need it. But let me tell you, you will either be saved by the work and cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus, or you will be damned in your sins.

Oh! why will ye die? Think, I beseech you, of the marvellous love told out at Calvary. See the holy spotless Lamb of God made sin and bearing wrath that you and I deserved, and hear the blessed God proclaiming now forgiveness through His name even for the vilest. Friend, the blood cleanses—it can cleanse **EVEN YOU**. Oh, turn not away, lest those awful words be true of you, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish" (Acts xiii. 40).

J. T. M.

## THE HORRORS OF UNCERTAINTY.

(A letter written by a nobleman on his death-bed to an intimate companion.)

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“DEAR SIR,—Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be passed that shall raise me to the heights of happiness or sink me to the depths of misery. When you read these lines I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in fulness of joy.

“It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with. No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions. Every doubt wears the face of horror and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul, suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event.

“Good God! How have I employed myself? What enchantment hath held me? In what delirium has my life been passed? What have I been doing, while the sun in its race and the stars in their courses have lent their beams, only to light

me to perdition. I never awaked till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being. Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I have pursued shadows and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind.

"I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank, a perfect vacancy. I might have grazed with the beast of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants in the woods, to much better purpose than any for which I have lived. And oh, but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty's fiat, nor waked into life at His command.

"I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and with a stupid boast, defied his terrors; with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse, I have rushed into the battle, laughing at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned—

" 'Where all my secret guilt had been revealed,  
Nor the minutest circumstance concealed.'

"It is this which arms death with all its terrors, else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the

face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath, it is not being for ever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink; it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which in the hour of mirth and vanity I have treated as phantom, as the idle dreams of superstitious beings, they start forth and dare me now in the most terrible demonstration.

"My awakened conscience feels something of that terrible vengeance I have often defied. To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach? What extravagances to jest with death! to laugh at damnation! to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a joyful fancy with the scenes of infernal misery. Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce. Everything in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures.

"The whole creation, man excepted, is serious—man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequences depending on this short and uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such thoughtless gaiety to their graves. Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together? Return, ye lost neglected moments! How should I

prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with the hermits; let me rest in the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness.

"Ye vain grandeurs of a Court! Ye sounding titles and perishing riches! What do ye now signify? What consolation, what relief can you give? I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians; my dependants sigh, my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief.

"But oh! which of these will answer my summons at the High Tribunal! Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge. My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with—

" 'HERE LIES THE GREAT—'

But could the pale carcase speak it would soon reply—

“ ‘ False marble, where ?

Nothing but poor sordid dust lies here ! ’

“ While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal, where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on God’s infinite mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits ! ”

ANON.

## THIRTY YEARS A CHURCH MEMBER, BUT LOST.



HE kirk in the quaint little town of B—— had not a more devoted and enthusiastic member than old Peggy S——. Week after week she might be seen, trudging along and greeting her numerous friends. As she passed them *en route* she would exclaim, “ I am going up to Zion.” Meetings in her house were by no means uncommon, and in fact she was looked upon by all as being perhaps a little eccentric, but at any rate on the right road.

At last that moment came which makes everything intensely real ; she was confronted by death,

with all its terror. She looked back over her life—all was dark! She looked forward into eternity—all was dark! To look down it seemed as if hell were ready to receive her; upward she dare not look. She sank into hopeless despair. As the closing hours of her life fled away she expressed a desire to see her clergyman. A messenger was despatched, and that gentleman was soon on the scene. As he took his place by her bed, she looked at him, and with the little strength that remained she said, "Mr C——, I have sent for you to tell you that I have sat under your ministry for thirty years; now I am dying, and I am lost!" Very soon afterwards she died.

We wonder not that the shock received thus by that clergyman was so great that in eight days he too (at all times a physically weak man) fell sick and died.

Reader, take warning. You may be religious and be damned. You may be baptized and married in the kirk, never be absent once, aye, and when you die, have glowing things said about you there, and yet be *lost*. You may deceive your clergyman, and play the hypocrite to your friends, but God knows, you know, and the devil knows that you are lost, and hell-bound. With the present month another year closes, thirty years' church attendance, probably more, perhaps less, in any case lost; oh friend, wake up! Ere it be too late, ere the sweet notes of the gospel cease to be sounded, ere mercy's door is shut, ere thy death-knell is heard, ere thy

doom is for ever sealed, wake up! The old year is fast going, but ere it goes you may be gone, and where? The dawn of the new year may be the beginning of your everlasting torment.

Peggy learned the truth when it was too late. You may learn it *to-day*. What was true of Peggy then is true of you now. You are lost! Religious, but lost! Moral, but lost! Well spoken of by your friends and the world at large, but lost! Do you say, It is hard? That is not the point; God's unanswerable verdict against you is summed up in that one word, *lost!!!*

Happy indeed you are if you accept God's verdict. Cast away everything of yourself, no matter how fondly you have been clinging to it. Bow to God's judgment against yourself, acknowledge the truth that the Holy Ghost is pressing upon you at this moment, and which your own conscience attests; then we can direct you to the blessed One of whom the gospel speaks, the Saviour for the lost: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). Joyful moment when a seeking Saviour and a seeking sinner meet; and that joy may be yours now. Will you have Him?

He came all the way from glory to seek lost sinners! He went right down into death to redeem them! He veiled His glory as Son of God, became man, and on the cross exhausted God's righteous judgment, met all God's claims, and all the sinner's need. Now at the Father's right hand He lingers



o'er thee, He waits to welcome thee. Come, and not one word will He say to thee about thy sins, save to assure thee that they are gone for ever. He will save and satisfy.

Reader, canst thou resist such a Saviour? Weigh well thy choice. Cold, dead, formal religion, —though thou mayst enter into it with apparent heartiness as Peggy did,—but lost now, lost for ever! Or, saved, saved by Jesus, and saved for ever! Choose the latter, we beseech you; then you will be like the dear old saint of whom many of us have read, who, when he was passing away, exclaimed, "I'm lost! I'm lost!! I'm lost!!!" Surprised to hear such words from him, his friends asked an explanation. He replied, "I'm lost in His love." And soon he was with Himself. May this be thy portion.

W. B. D.

## THE CABMAN'S CONVERSION.



“WILL you say a few words, Doctor, to a brother in deep distress about his soul?”

The speaker was a devoted servant of Christ, now gone to be with his Master, who spent all his spare

moments in preaching the gospel. His occupation was that of a cabman, and his cab, which was his own, had on it, what he called, "the heavenly coat-of-arms." On the panel of one door was painted "God is love," and on the other "God is light." At night, when his gray horse was comfortably stalled, he might be often seen at a street corner, as with bull's-eye lamp fastened to his waist, he read the Word of God, and then preached the good news to the passers-by.

Any one who entered his cab was at once confronted by a large printed card, on which were the words, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." He was driving me on my rounds, and I had just come down a long common stair from seeing a patient, and stepped into the cab, when he thus addressed me.

It was a terrible day of rain, and drivers and horses were fairly drenched; but standing by his side was another man, with whom he had been conversing. He too was a cabman, and Peter J—— had been conversing with him while their respective fares were engaged indoors.

Turning to the anxious man, I soon found him to be a really awakened soul, but the deluge of rain made it impossible to carry on a conversation at that moment, so I asked him if he could not come and see me in the evening.

"I shall not be off the stance till eleven o'clock," said he.

"Never mind," I replied; "you come to my

house at eleven o'clock, and I will be ready for you."

That evening, a few minutes past eleven, the bell rang, and the poor drenched cabman came in. Before saying a word to him about his soul, I made him sit down to eat a little hot supper, which I felt quite certain he must need. He sat down, ate one mouthful, and then pushing the plate from him, said—"Beg pardon, sir, but I'm that *wretched* I cannot eat any more. Oh, what am I to do to be saved?"

A long conversation followed. The sweet story of the love of Christ was unfolded, the value of His blood declared, and the estimate which God had of His work asserted. The truth entered his soul, faith grasped the simple gospel of the grace of God, his soul passed into peace, joy, and liberty, and he exclaimed—"Thank God, I see it all. I believe Jesus; I see that He died for me, a poor lost sinner; I trust in Him; I believe His blood has washed all my sins away. I see it clearly." And tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

I then suggested our thanking God for this grace to his soul, to which he gladly assented. We got on our knees, and I thanked the Lord for His mercy to this anxious soul. No sooner had I finished, than he broke out in a stream of praise and thanksgiving, the like of which I have rarely heard from a new-born soul, and immediately after breathed the most tender and fervent petitions to God for the salvation of his wife—a sure sign of

new birth. When we have learned the goodness of God for ourselves, we always desire that others should share it. And if we can impart it to them, we seek so to do.

Getting off our knees, I begged him now to sit down and finish his supper. Again he seated himself, took one mouthful, and then again pushing the plate from him, said—"Beg pardon, sir, but I am that *full* I could not eat another mouthful. I'll away hame and tell the wife what God has done for my soul." And rejoicing in Christ, he departed.

Reader, do you know anything about this fullness of joy, this satisfaction in Christ? Have you yet learned the blessedness of God's forgiveness? Perhaps you are an anxious soul? Is it so? Very likely you began this year, careless about your soul, but God's Spirit has wrought in you, and now you have a desire to be saved. If so, do not procrastinate. God always blesses earnestness. Let not this year of grace 1898 close and find you still an undecided soul. Turn to Jesus now. Come to Him as you are. Believe His love. Trust His precious blood. Pillow your soul on His bosom of changeless love. He will not cast you out. None are too bad, too vile, too far off for Jesus to save. You trust Him. He will save you.

Are you "*wretched*" or "*full*"?

May God's blessing so fill you that you will have to go and tell others what the Lord has done for your soul.

W. T. P. W.