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The Gospel Messenger.

“I COMMENCED WITH GOD.”

I COMMENCED with God in that theatre on Sunday night.” The speaker was a tall, powerfully built, and bald-headed gentleman of about sixty, who, with hat in hand, stood in the central aisle of a large public hall, in which I was speaking, one Tuesday night in the suburbs of London some years ago.

Unable to procure the hall, a large unused theatre had been obtained, and on the previous Sunday evening it had been densely packed from floor to ceiling. My theme had been that glorious scripture, “And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John iii. 14-16)—divine resting-place of the souls of countless thousands, who from these charming words have learnt that God loved them, and that to trust His Son was to become the possessor of everlasting life.

The Spirit of God had greatly helped me to unfold

this precious scripture. We beheld the lifted-up Son of Man, object of the faith of the perishing sinner. That Son of Man was unfolded as being God's only begotten Son. We saw God *loving*, and *giving*, and man *believing*, and *having*. All flowed *from* God, and *for* man. Many a precious soul that night, for the first time, learnt the unspeakable blessedness of being loved of God, and of becoming the possessor of eternal life through faith in His only begotten Son.

During the after-meeting which followed a gospel address in the public hall on the succeeding Tuesday evening, I observed a stranger walking slowly up the aisle, evidently with the desire to speak to me. Extending his hand, he said, in accents which revealed his American origin, "I should like to shake hands with you, sir, before leaving this meeting, and to thank you for the entertainment which you have afforded me."

"Entertainment, sir," said I, rather taken aback by the word; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, do not misunderstand me, sir," he replied. "I wanted just to express my thankfulness for what I have heard and received."

"Sit down," said I, "and tell me all about it. You seem to come from the other side of the Atlantic."

"Yes, sir, I am a stranger in a strange land. I come from the western coast of North America, where the waters of the Pacific lave the shores on which my little house stands. I am staying now at

N——. A lady there gave me a notice of your meetings. I came first on Sunday night, and I came last night, and to-night; and, oh, I am so thankful I have been directed to your meetings."

"And may I ask, my dear friend, Are you a Christian? Are you converted?"

He paused a moment, thought, a tear fell from his eye, and then with bated breath he replied, "Yes, I think I can say I am a Christian now. I believe I am converted."

"And how long since you were converted?"

"I commenced with God in that theatre on Sunday night."

"Ah, that was good," I replied. "You learned the love of God to your precious soul there, did you?"

"I did. I saw what I had never seen before, that He had loved the world—and I am of it."

"And that 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life'?" I added.

"Yes, I saw the meaning of those verses as never before. I believe now in God's Son, I have eternal life, and shall never perish, thank God!"

"And what has your life been before?"

"Oh, just one of toil and care, money-making and pleasure-seeking. But now I know God; I have found His Son as my own Saviour."

"And are your sins all forgiven?"

"Yes, I know that now. They are pardoned, and I have peace with God. I know His love, I have

believed in His Son, and I have eternal life. I am profoundly happy. Thank you, sir, for your words. They have been God's message to me. I am leaving for my home very shortly, and I shall carry with me over the water, the sense of the love of God in a way I never knew it before. His Son has saved me, and I am now a child of God. All is changed, and I go home a new man." With a firm shake of the hand, he bade me Adieu. We parted, and I suppose I shall never see the dear fellow again, till I meet him in glory.

"I commenced with God!" Four wonderful words for a sinner to say. What a good commencement for any man to make, "for this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3). To be ignorant of God is moral death. To know God is to have life, and enjoy it. Every unconverted man has to say like Pharaoh, "I know not the Lord." And this confession is often coupled with the query, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" (Exod. v. 2).

Now blessing always lies in obedience. This stranger, of whom I write, having obeyed the gospel, which he heard in the theatre, was brought to the knowledge of God, and, to use his own striking language, there and then "commenced with God."

Dear reader, have you yet commenced with God? Has the moment come in your history, when, broken down with the sense of your sins, you have believed the love which God has to the world? Has the

statement, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. i. 15), ever obtained credence in your heart? If not, do you not think it is time you turned to the Lord? Could you ever have a better moment for the blessed commencement, of which I have been writing, than the present?

January 1st is the first day of the first month of the first year of a new century. What that century shall bring no man knows. That it may witness the return of the Lord, the rapture of the Church, and the recall of all heaven’s ambassadors, I verily believe to be most probable. Let its birth mark the moment of your soul commencing its knowledge of God, if until now you have been a stranger to Him. Then indeed for you, through all eternity, it will be a memorable century, and its opening hours be ever remembered with joy as the time of your salvation.

When God was bringing Israel out of Egypt upon the ground of redemption, He said, “This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you” (Exod. xii. 2). Time had a new start. As slaves of Pharaoh it was of no account. But brought to God, sheltered by the blood of the lamb from the righteous judgment of God, and placed before Him on the ground of redemption, Israel stood upon new ground, and commenced a totally new history.

The blood of the slain lamb they sprinkled in faith. They obeyed the gospel of that day. It ran thus:—
“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 basin; 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 on 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" (Exod. xii. 22, 23). Convinced of the importance of God's behest, if they were to escape judgment, they did as they were told. In the obedience of faith they *sprinkled* the blood, and rested upon God's Word, which was the basis of their peace. God had plainly said: "And *the blood* shall be to you for *a token* upon the houses where ye are: and when *I see the blood, I will pass over you*, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt" (Exod. xii. 13). They sprinkled the blood, and God passed them over. They were divinely sheltered from certain and righteous judgment.

Friend, Christ has died for sinners, and for their sins. Believe in Him. In faith use the bunch of hyssop. The blood in the basin, that is merely believing in a general way that Christ died, brings no salvation. Sprinkling it on the lintel and the two side posts of the heart by faith, *i.e.*, believing that He died for *you*, ensures salvation. In that day Israel commenced with God by the sprinkling of the blood. To-day you may commence with God by trusting His Son and His shed blood.

Let me urge you again with all affection. Start

this New Year with God, by believing His blessed gospel, trusting His dear Son, and resting on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then will your soul have peace, rest, and joy. From this day forth may you be able to say, "I commenced with God on the opening day of the twentieth century."

W. T. P. W.

TEN WORDS.

THE Editor of this magazine was holding lately some evangelistic meetings in one of the largest cities of Mid-England, to which came vast numbers of people to hear the Word of God, and in the hearts of not a few the Spirit wrought in quickening and peace-giving power.

At one of these meetings a lady found peace in believing, after having passed through deep exercise of soul. She heard the preacher speak of the blessed Lord as being rejected of man, and forsaken of God, when on the cross; and, as the meaning of that forsaken state was brought before her—Christ having once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, she learned at once the value of His atoning death; and, believing in Him, she found immediate relief from her spiritual darkness.

I called on her a few days after, and found just what I have related—a clear work of God in her soul.

She was joyful. The knowledge of Christ as a personal Saviour makes the heart glad. The sense of His love—His dying, suffering love—fills it with a holy, heavenly peace and joy, and a deep longing, too, that others should share the blessing.

Accordingly, she wished that I should speak about these things to her maid, and do what I could to help her, "Only," she added, "I fear she is in spiritual despair."

That seemed an obstacle indeed! How can one in despair be delivered from such a condition?

Only by the power and grace of God! "With God nothing shall be impossible." His grace is boundless. It was so in the case of Maud. We had a long talk about the sinfulness of the heart, and the inability of the sinner to save himself. Then we spoke of the love of God to such, and of the substitutionary work of our blessed Lord on Calvary, and how that all are welcome on the ground of faith in His blood. Light seemed to be gradually breaking on her once despairing spirit; and believing that I might now safely apply the balm of assurance, I asked her to allow me to place a word of Scripture on each of her fingers.

The ten words were:—"Blessed are all they that put their trust in him" (Ps. ii. 12).

I pointed out that the first word was "*Blessed*," and the last "*Him*," and that, between, the character of those who get the blessing is described:—"They that put their trust," not that feel, or weep, or toil, or do anything, but that trust in Him, and all

that do so—these are the “blessed”! Thus speaks the Word of God!

I prayed; and, without pressing for a confession, I left her with a word on each finger (so to say) and a passage of Holy Scripture, of deep and far-reaching value, in her memory. How God honours His Word! Accordingly, some ten days after, I happened to be holding a meeting, and saw, not far from the platform, a very bright face. I failed to identify the owner of it until the close of the service, when Maud afresh made herself known to me. Despair and doubt were gone, and light and peace had filled their place.

“All things are possible to him that believeth.” Maud had, through grace, believed, had put her trust in the Lord, and hence the mighty change in her heart. She had received God’s blessing and the assurance of it too.

Faith links the soul with God, lifts it clean out of every conceivable spiritual difficulty, sends it on its way rejoicing, and gives it power to live for God. How divinely true in every sense, “Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.”

J. W. S.

FANCY Paul going to be brought out of heaven after being there for eighteen hundred years, to be judged, to see if he were fit to be there! There is nothing so absurd as the thought of a future judgment to settle my case. It is too late to judge if a man is fit for heaven when he is raised in the likeness of Christ!

J. N. D.

"A SINNER WITHOUT A WHITE SPOT."

HENRY K——, the son of godly parents, was born in Scotland, on 9th December 1826. He grew up under the godly counsel of his parents, and the Word of God which they taught him convicted his conscience about his sins, but instead of yielding to this conviction, he determined to free himself from what he considered religious restraint, and emigrated to Canada. He procured a position as teacher, and taught in various parts of Ontario, especially Winterbourne.

To silence the convictions of conscience which hindered his enjoying "the pleasures of sin," he adopted infidel notions, and his downward course in sin became rapid. This resulted in the loss of friends, and "want" ensued. Like another prodigal, who turned his back on his father, he "spent all"; the "famine" followed, and he found "the way of transgressors hard" (Prov. xiii. 15; Luke xv. 11-32).

One day when partially under the influence of liquor, bewildered as to where he should go or what he should do, and thinking of leaving the neighbourhood, he decided to call on a friend to say good-bye. On his way he was met by a person who asked him where he was going? "*I am going to hell!*" was his reply. Such was the hardened condition of this "child of many prayers," without the fear of God before his eyes, and far from "the way of peace" (Rom. iii. 17, 18).

Arriving at his friend's house, and having to wait to see him, he became restless, picked up a paper, and strolled into the orchard. Carelessly he began to read a narrative of a godly mother and a reckless son, but as he read the graphic account of the mother's pleading with her son, her tears and earnest prayers for him, he became deeply impressed, and saw his own case in the narrative. Again were *his own mother's tears vividly before him*, and the loving words of his parents, though long silent, ringing in his ears. With irresistible power, God now carried deep conviction of sin to his conscience, and “he came to himself” (Luke xv. 17). The days of childhood, his happy home, and what he was before turning his back on it, came very vividly before him, and contrasting what he was then with the depths of degradation in sin to which he had fallen, he dropped the paper, and cried out, “*Is Jesus as willing to receive me now as He was when I was a little child?*”

Henry was now consciously in the presence of a holy God, and his whole sinful life before Him. Was it all a delusion? He tried to persuade himself that it was, and said, “*What a strange delusion has come over me now!*” But instead of its being a delusion, he found it an eternal reality in the presence of the God from whom he could not escape. His sins, and “the wrath of God” against them, were before him (John iii. 36; Rom. i. 18; Eph. v. 3-6; Col. iii. 5-6). The last struggle had come; “without strength,” “ungodly,” utterly “lost,” and, to use his own words, with “*hell* before” him, he dropped on his knees,

and cried out in great agony of soul, "*Lord, if You want a sinner without a white spot in him, here I am, in life or in death.*"

There on his knees, a lost sinner, "without a white spot in him," God in His sovereign grace saved him. Here are his own words: "I had not to *wait* an *instant* before I knew I was *accepted* of the *Lord*, and *saved* by *sovereign grace*." "For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "Blessed is the man unto whom God imputes righteousness without works" (Eph. ii. 8, 9; Rom. v. 6, iv. 8).

The prayers of Henry K——'s parents were answered, and the precious incorruptible seed of "the Word of God that lives and abides for ever," sown in his young heart by them, bore fruit unto eternal salvation, through "the precious blood of Christ," when he was about fifty-three years of age (2 Tim. iii. 15; 1 Pet. i. 18-25).†

Full of the inexpressible joy of God's salvation, his first thought was to return to his friend's house, and tell what great things the Lord had done for him; but remembering his old "appetite for liquor," and feeling he could be of no use to the blessed Lord who had just saved him, so long as it remained, he asked Him to take it away. His prayer was answered, and from that day he never had the slightest desire for it. Thus the Lord Jesus not only saved him from his sins, and "wrath to come" (Matt. i. 21; 1 Thess. i. 9, 10),

but from “the love of strong drink”—a terrible monster that enslaves and damns millions of all classes of men, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, noble and ignoble. Jesus the Son of God is “mighty to save” all who, like Henry K——, come to Him “without a white spot” in them. “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out” (John. vi. 37).

He reached the house, and full of the joy that flows from “the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins” (Luke i. 77), he told every one how the Lord had saved him. Being justified by faith, and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. v. 1), he went to bed that night, and as he afterwards expressed it, “slept like a babe that had been washed and put to bed.”

The Word of God which had been stored up in his heart by his parents, but long forgotten by him, now came back with wonderful power, and he began to preach Jesus the Saviour for the lost, right away. “We believe . . . and therefore speak” (2 Cor. iv. 13). Blessed answer of a faithful God to the faith and prayers of his parents. “All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive” (Matt. xxi. 22; John. xiv. 13, 14).

In school-houses and public buildings in various parts of the country, he related the story of his conversion with touching effect, and with a heart full of “the love of Christ” pleaded with men to be “reconciled to God through the death of his Son” (Rom. v. 10; 2 Cor, v, 18-21). To the needy fields of

Muskoka he carried "*the glad tidings of the grace of God,*" and "the Lord of the harvest" was with him. "The sheaves" that were given him there, and in other parts of the country where he laboured for years, will be seen as his "joy, and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming" (1 Thess. ii. 19).

In "the blessed hope" of soon seeing his beloved Master at His coming, he laboured for the salvation of the lost, but it pleased the Lord to call him home to rest and wait with Him for that bright and glorious morning without a cloud, when He comes to gather His Church, and present her to Himself without spot or wrinkle, in His own image, in His Father's house (Rom. viii. 29; 1 Cor. xv. 49; Eph. v. 25, 27; 1 John iii. 2, 3; John xiv. 1-3).

For years Henry had suffered from heart disease, nevertheless he continued to proclaim the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse from "all sin" (1 John i. 7) until absolutely forbidden by his physician to preach.

The following extracts from his letters to his beloved wife describe his feelings.

. . . "Yesterday was very stormy, whether I got cold or not I cannot say, but I passed a rather disturbed night. I had no sleep up to about five o'clock this morning. Had a spell of dizziness, got up and lighted the lamp, went back to bed, fell into a doze, and awakened with a sort of a smothering or choking sensation. I awakened with the cry of—'Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!' (Rev. xxii. 20).

. . . Eternally saved through the precious blood of my Lord Jesus Christ, I have no fear of death, . . . but should it be the Lord's will to remove me suddenly before He comes, I hereby testify to His power and His grace, and the completeness of that redemption which He has purchased for me with His own blood, which cleanseth me from all sin. . . . ‘The everlasting arms’ are around us all. . . . Good-night.”

After delivering his last gospel message in Linwood, just one week before the Lord called him home, he writes: . . . “I had great joy in preaching to-day. I took four questions: ‘Are there few that be saved?’ (Luke xiii. 23). ‘Who then can be saved?’ (Luke xviii. 26). ‘What must I do to be saved?’ (Acts xvi. 30). Can a saved sinner be lost? I had freedom and utterance, and a large audience, and above all, the presence of Jesus, and power of the Spirit.” . . .

He had an earnest desire to preach again in Linwood. The following was written the night he “fell asleep in Jesus” (1 Thess. iv. 14-18).

Sunday Night.

. . . “The doctor would not let me preach to-day. . . . I am anxious about some of the souls of the people. It is much laid on my heart. . . . I seem to have something to do for Jesus here before I leave. . . . I am in a strait. Two men at Linwood are constantly before the mind's eye. . . . If it please God I would like to preach here a little while longer; if not, His holy and blessed will be done. The Lord Jesus, *my Master*, does all things well.”

Linwood is still before him, and again he writes the same night. . . . "I have a great desire to preach again at Linwood, and speak with two men about their souls. This seems laid on my heart. I have just read John vi. The Lord direct me to do His will."

Immediately after this, he wrote his last, . . . "If I should pass away to be with the Lord suddenly, the mission money and the little book are in the paper box. *I am the Lord's in life or in death.*"

February 28, 1897.

Shortly after writing the above, he was seized with a severe pain in the heart, and looking up, exclaimed, "My Lord!" Henry K—— was absent from the body and present with the Lord who had saved him "by sovereign grace," kept him "by sovereign grace," and taken him home "by sovereign grace" to rest and wait with Him for the resurrection morning, when "sovereign grace" will present him and all the blood-redeemed people of God, in "the image of the heavenly," in the Father's house of "light" and "love" and "joy."

Dear reader, has the Lord saved you yet? If not, come to Him now. He will receive, bless, and save you; only trust Him, and then you will be able to sing in unison with Henry K—— and the writer—

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

W. B——N,

"THERE IS ANOTHER MAN!"

A VESSEL crossing the Bay of Biscay fell in with a disabled ship. By the fury of the elements it had been reduced to a mere hulk; its masts and boats were all swept away, and apparently there was not a living soul on board.

The captain of the ship not liking to pass by the derelict without seeing if there were any on board, sent a boat to see. The sailors reached the vessel, and got on board. For some time their search was fruitless, but finally they found what looked like a human being rolled in coverings. It turned out to be a poor man reduced to skin and bone, and not able to help himself. He was taken up, put into the boat, and brought to the ship, and placed upon the deck. The people gathered round to see this strange object, who as yet had not spoken.

Presently, as they were gazing upon him, to their surprise, he said, with a deep earnest voice, "*There is another man! There is another man!*" meaning that there was another man on board the doomed ship. The captain ordered the boat to return, and search to be made for the other man. The mariners went, searched, and found him, and brought him in safety to the ship. So both were saved.

Through God's infinite mercy, dear reader, you and I have been saved, if we are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. *Thank God, I am saved, are you?* Well, then, being saved ourselves out of the sinking wreck

of this world, we are made conscious that there are yet others who are there in danger of being lost for ever, and of missing the joys of heaven and the bliss of the Father's house above. The Captain of our salvation orders us back to search *for the other man*.

As soon as the poor wretch was saved himself the very instincts of his being made him think of the other man. Commanding all his strength, he said, "*There is another man*"! What a lesson for Christians.

Tasting the joy of deliverance himself, he thought of the other man, who must inevitably perish if he were not rescued. One thing filled his mind—the salvation of the other man. He could not bear the thought of being saved himself, and the "other man" sinking beneath the wave.

We are surrounded by thousands, yea, millions, who like that man are perishing, sinking down into the deep and awful waters of eternal perdition. The elements are against them; there is not a moral element that composes this world that is not against them; and Satan lashes the waves by his winds into a fury, until there seems no hope for them. And indeed there would be no hope if God had not intervened; if the Captain of our salvation, the Son of God, had not died to save them. Blessed be God, "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). Now they need not perish. They can be saved and brought to God, for "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that*

whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John iii. 16).

Blessed and glorious reality! A lost world is but an occasion for God to display His infinite love. Love’s infinite gift was God’s only begotten Son—He who was nailed to the accursed tree, and from whose tender loving heart came forth the words, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do” (Luke xxiii. 34); and who, as the bearer of our sins, addressing God in all the spotlessness of His holiness, said, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” (Matt. xxvii. 46); and who, when the whole work of redemption was accomplished, said, “It is finished,” and bowed His head and died.

Love, did I say? Ah, yes; love that was infinite, boundless, measureless!

And is this for the sinner? Praise God, it is. For it was *after* man had showed himself to be what he was for four thousand years, “*that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared*” (Titus iii. 4).

Glory be to God, the sinner can claim it all; it is for his appropriation; the death of the cross was love’s manifestation.

Be you an appropriator of the infinite love of God, beloved reader, if you have not done so before. Receive all the “kindness and love of our Saviour God,” which has appeared in the death—the dying agonies and blood of His beloved Son. *It is for you if you will have it.* Refuse it not, I beseech of you! All in heaven, earth, and hell will witness against

you if you refuse it. And yourself will be the swiftest of all witnesses. In hell you will be the sad witness of a soul that might have been saved, for Jesus died and came into the world to save sinners, but, alas! you refused Him. What remorse, what self-reproach will fill your bosom as the awful consciousness fills your soul that you are lost for ever!

Ah! you say, thank God, I have appropriated Jesus, the once slain, but now risen and glorified One, as my Saviour, and blessed be His name, I know that He has saved me—even me.

Thank God for that! Eternal homage be to His name, we are partakers together of the grace of life, we are both bound for the same home in glory; but on the way, what are we to do? Is it not to

THINK OF THE OTHER MAN?

Most certainly it is our privilege, yea, our great responsibility, to think of the other man. Others are left behind in the wreck, and soon they will sink beneath the tide, and be lost for ever. The Captain says, "Go and search for them." He has set the example, "For the Son of Man is come to *seek* and to save that which is lost" (Luke xix. 10). The shepherd went after the lost sheep *until* he found it. The father *ran* forth to meet the prodigal. All heaven rejoiced.

Would we be in fellowship with the heart of God, would we participate in the joy of heaven over one sinner that repenteth, would we act as those who are moved by the sorrows of the Man of Sorrows, would

we be in the current of God the Holy Ghost, then we must seek out and lead to the feet of the Saviour the lost and guilty sinner, knowing right well that to bring a sinner into contact with the Saviour—to touch even the hem of His garment by faith—will prove his eternal salvation.

All the while we are here this is our happy privilege, yea, our great responsibility. Andrew sought for Peter his brother, and Philip found Nathanael, and they brought them to Jesus (John i. 41-46).

May we not deny the instincts of our spiritual being by refusing to seek by every means possible to lead souls to the Saviour? Alas! we may.

The world like a mighty octopus is claiming thousands of those who profess to be saved, but who now care not for the other man. Once they would have endured every inconvenience to tell out the story of the love of God in the ear of a lost sinner, but alas! the fine gold has become dim, the world has sucked them under, the sight of a *perishing* world no longer moves them, *and their* once loving activity has given place to apathy and neglect.

“THE NIGHT IS COMING WHEN NO MAN CAN
WORK,”

said the Son of God, the untiring worker for the salvation of men.

By death we may be taken to heaven. The Lord may come at any moment. The day of work will soon be over, and the night set in when no man can work; then what will be the account that we shall render

to Him who has set us here to represent Him, and care for His interests in this world? How sweet it will be to get His smile of approval—His “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord” (Matt. xxv. 21-23); *but oh! how awfully sad it will be to miss it!*

Sinners are perishing, and saints are starving on every hand. May our gracious Lord and Master give us large and loving hearts, and may we go forth, and in the energy of untiring love, seek the lost, and be a cheer and help to His beloved lambs and sheep, until He come.

E. A.

“WHERE’S HELL?”

“**H**ELL, where’s hell?” This place of which the Bible speaks, where is it? It is not on earth, though some would have us believe it; no, it is not on earth. Then, where is it? That’s the question. This was the question asked by a scoffer in a North of Scotland town. A servant of Christ was proclaiming the gospel, and warning sinners of the reality of hell, when his remarks were interrupted by this question, “Hell, where’s hell?”

The preacher faced the questioner, and replied, “Hell, sir, is at the close of a Christ-rejecting life.” Ah! yes, this is the truth, hell lies at the close of a Christ-rejecting, God-forgetting life.

Then look out, my unsaved reader, for hell must

be at the close of the road you are travelling, for up to this time you have rejected Christ and forgotten God. Is this true? Then it were well for you to come to a dead stand.

There is one thing very certain, and that is that God will not let you go to hell without warning you. He desires your blessing. His love was so great that He gave His only-begotten Son, that sinners might be saved from hell and brought to an eternal heaven.

Yes, you may be blessed and saved, you may know without a doubt that heaven is yours, you may be able to say truthfully—

“There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me ;
The torment and the fire
Mine eyes shall never see.”

But all this blessing comes to sinners through Christ. He died upon the cross to make it possible, and the only way of salvation is through Him. Christ-rejecters miss it and land themselves in hell; but those who will trust in Jesus, those who will take Him as their Saviour, receive salvation, and at the end eternal glory.

How gracious of our God it is to warn men of the consequences of turning from Christ, and we who have been saved would take up God’s warnings and reiterate them in your hearing, “Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.” As we would persuade a man not to steal, by bringing before him the consequences of so doing, so we would persuade you to fly to Christ for salvation because of the awful

consequences of rejecting Him. "HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED."

But God gives men their last warning—this may be yours—the man of whom I have written got his. It was on Saturday night that he asked the question, "Where's hell?" On Monday morning he dropped dead, and it is to be greatly feared that he found out for himself where hell was, long before he desired.

Beloved reader, turn to Christ, He can save you, and He alone.

J. T. M.

OPINIONS

FACTS.

READER! whether you are an unpardoned sinner, miserable backslider, or happy believer, we beg of you to read this little paper.

You may deem it altogether unnecessary that a stranger to you should put it into your hands in order, as you may think, to set forth his religious opinions.

Be assured that it would badly serve our purpose to occupy you with our opinions; but there are a few stern and solemn facts to which we earnestly desire to draw your most serious attention.

Unpleasant as the fact may be, and reluctant as you may be to face it, there lies right ahead of you—

ETERNITY!!

We urge upon you in all affection to pause a moment amid the rush of business and pleasure, and consider,—

“Where shall I spend Eternity?”

“Eternity! where? Eternity! where?
With Christ in the glory, or be lost in despair,
With one or the other! Eternity! where?”

Besides the future there *is* the past.

Neither reformation nor religion will undo the past.

“God requireth that which is past” (Eccles. iii. 15).

What will meet the holy requirements of God with regard to the past?

“It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul.”

In consideration of the past and in view of the future, are you at peace with God?

It is our delight to tell you, that in virtue of the finished work of Christ on the cross, God is finding His highest joy in saving guilty sinners.

Long-suffering love still waits upon a ruined world. But salvation's day is drawing to a close.

Oh! flee to the arms of infinite love to-day.

ART. C.

THE TWO WAYS.

“Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.”—JOHN xiv. 4, 6.

IN these verses there are two distinct ways to the Father.

Jesus was going to the Father. He had a place there, and could say, “In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place *for you.*”

There was no place for man there yet, because redemption's work was not yet accomplished.

But Jesus had come from His Father's house and knew it, and knew the abodes there prepared for those who love Him, but knew also that apart from redemption's work, no man save Himself could ever enter the portals of the Father's house.

Yet He had become a man, in order that as a man, He might work out redemption for man, and present Himself as a man and for men in all the value of an accomplished redemption before the One from whom He came.

He might have gone back alone. He would not go alone, so He *must* go through the cross.

The disciples ought to have known that He was going to the Father.

They ought to have known He was going by the cross !

They did not know this.

The way to the Father's house for Him—Jesus, the Son of God—*must be* through the cross and the grave, if He would prepare a place there for those He loved.

How solemn the moment for His spirit ! He, a man, must meet God about the question of sin, must settle that question, be nailed to the cross, and there endure death at the hand of God as the wages of sin, ere one desire of His heart for His own could be really satisfied. He had a baptism to be baptized with, and how was He straitened until it was accomplished !

What a way to the Father for Christ ! What a cross !

Yet has omnipotent love travelled that way, and almighty power has opened through it a way for others, which to this day is kept open.

Jesus died! The question of sin was settled, God was satisfied.

But in living power He broke the bands of death, and rising superior to it, ascended into the Father's house in all the value of the work He had finished upon the cross, and threw the doors of heaven open, to let in all that come unto the Father by Him.

And when Philip said, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "*I am* the way, the truth, and the life: no one comes to the Father but by me."

How different a way is this!

The way by which Jesus went to the Father was by the cross, death as the wages of sin under the judgment of God. No other being could ever travel that way and reach the Father's house. All who now travel that way reach the abodes of unutterable ceaseless woe.

Jesus exhausted wrath for those for whom He died, put away sin, and entered the Father's house, holding it as a prepared place for His disciples, and He Himself becomes the way by which they enter it.

There is no death this way, no judgment, they are past, and all who come by Jesus as the way, come to the Father. If no man cometh to the Father but by Him, all who do come by Him come *to the Father*.

How marvellous to think of such creatures as we are coming to the Father, the last, the best, and

greatest name by which God has revealed Himself, and He *has* revealed Himself thus in the Son!

How different these two ways! And how different the beings who travel them! Jesus, the Son of God, who might have gone directly back to the Father without death, goes through the cross, the grave, and in resurrection power, and all the value of accomplished redemption, presents Himself in the Father's house, having prepared thus a place there for others who never otherwise could have entered it.

On the other hand, men—sinners who deserve death and judgment, and that is, eternal banishment from the presence of God—come through Jesus as the way into the presence of the Father, with an assured title to the Father's house.

Reader, do you thus come to Christ as the way, or are you treading in your own way, like other wandering sheep who have turned every one to his own way? The end of your way is death. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Which is it with you?

Then if you have come by Christ as the way, do you know that you have come "to the Father"? How little do the saints of God give Him credit for the affection of a Father! How much practical unbelief there is as to this. May God arouse His people to a deeper sense of the blessedness of the relationship into which they are brought; and arouse you, dear unsaved reader, to a lively sense of the danger you are in all the while you neglect this way, which has been opened at the cost of Christ's life-blood. G. J. S.

HOW A WINDOW-CLEANER GOT LIGHT.

“**W**HENEVER you reach a window, repeat the verse, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,’ and put your own name, ‘*Jack*,’ in instead of ‘*thou*.’”

Jack was a window-cleaner in a very large English city. In this city evangelistic services were being held, and to the first of them the window-cleaner had been brought by the kindly hand of an earnest Christian neighbour. She longed for his blessing, nor longed in vain. This first meeting over, I descended from the platform in order to help, in some way, any who were troubled enough to seek salvation.

“Will you go and speak to that man who is sitting at the end of the first seat?” said this earnest Christian woman to me. I did so.

“What is your difficulty?” I asked of him. But this was a question he could hardly answer. He felt that he was all wrong—a sinner—a great sinner, but he must do his best to keep the ten commandments. This, he was persuaded, was the only way of peace. I referred him to the gospel he had just heard preached from the platform, and told him that, whilst the law could only give the knowledge of sin and plunge the soul into despair, the gospel makes known God’s salvation as divinely suitable to such as he. I urged him to cease from all attempts to fit himself for God, and to build on the work accomplished at

Calvary by our blessed Redeemer; and I quoted for him the passage, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

All, however, unavailingly. He was so imbued with the idea that the way of blessing was by the law that the gospel had no meaning for him.

The gospel has no meaning for any who are not lost. It is the sick who need the physician, and so, to appreciate the gospel, you must feel your utterly undone and sinful condition before God. That acknowledged, the sweet suitability of the grace of God is seen and prized.

"Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!"

And the indebtedness is unspeakably blessed. When the debtors owned that they had nothing to pay—what then? Law would, in justice, have condemned them to punishment, but the creditor frankly forgave them. The cross furnishes God's righteous ground for doing so, and, as a consequence, they loved Him and the greater debtor loved Him the more!

Finding that I could not help the poor fellow into light or peace, I handed him over to a fellow-labourer who, perhaps, might do what I could not. The result, however, was the same, and the man had to go away no further on than when he had come. He was only the more miserable. What a darkening thing is unbelief! Well, the course of meetings ended, but the faith and hope of the Christian woman endured. She still longed for Jack's blessing.

“Jack,” she said to him one day, “when you are out on your work, and whenever you reach a window, repeat the verse, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou (Jack) shalt be saved,’ and keep on repeating it till you are saved.”

Remember, reader, it is written, “The entrance of thy words giveth light.” It did so in Jack’s case. As he mounted window after window he repeated the verse until, at last, by the grace of God and the life-giving power of the Spirit, the full meaning of the word flashed on his soul. As in his daily calling he was letting the light of day into the window, so now, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ caused the light of heaven to irradiate and set free his darkened soul. “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth” (Rom. x. 4). So learned he that day, and so have learned thousands!

Salvation is in Christ, not in the law, nor in works, nor feelings, but all, and only in Christ. And that “to every one that believeth!” Therefore, dear friend, if you truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have reached the end of the law for righteousness—you are saved. May your life bear a responsive and unwearied testimony.

“When you see you nought can do
 To avert the wrath so due ;
 That “to do” is but “to sin,”
 And God’s purpose hindering,
 Then, and not till then, you’ll know
 What the grace God can bestow.”

JUST TOO LATE: A DREAM.

NO, you don't believe in dreams, do you? Nobody with any sense would believe in dreams. But, my dear reader, just peruse the following incident in my life, which happened nearly six years ago, and you may possibly receive a little enlightenment on the subject in question.

At that time I lived at my home in Peel in the Isle of Man; and like most young fellows, was endeavouring to get as much pleasure—innocent pleasure as I used to call it—out of life as possible. What is the use of living if we don't get pleasure out of life? and so I was always ready to snatch at any bait held out by Satan to allure my soul to destruction.

One night I went to bed as usual, but in the night season I was visited by a disturbing dream, which drove away sleep for the remainder of the night, and left me trembling with fear in the darkness—awful darkness it seemed to me as I lay there shivering with fright. Thank God, it was only a dream!

This was my dream. It was towards evening and I had set out, as was my custom, to take a walk along the beach and enjoy the fresh sea air.

On reaching the shore, I met my parents hurrying along the road towards some headlands, situated at one end of the bay. With them all the family were going, with the exception of myself, and in surprise

I asked what was the matter, and where they were going so hurriedly. In answer to my question my mother pointed towards the headlands, and lo! as I turned my anxious gaze in that direction I perceived that the heavens were opened, and men and women were being caught up into the clouds. Immediately I determined to hasten along with the others, and when I indicated my intention to them my mother reminded me of the fact that I had no Bible with me, while all the others had each a Bible under their arm.

Without another word I simply flew towards my home to get the much neglected Bible, and in a few moments I returned but only to make the awful discovery that the last one had just been caught up, and I was *just too late*. I was left outside and it was night; oh, so cold! and to make matters still worse, I was alone.

Well might I awake in fright, and how thankful I was to discover that my vision was not a reality, and that I had one more opportunity of hearkening to God's call of grace—He had many times spoken to me before this, but never so forcibly—and thus, by accepting His invitation, finding a place among those who, when the Lord shall come, will be caught up to meet Him in the air (1 Thess. iv. 16-18).

The succeeding weeks were spent in misery, as I was deeply conscious of the fact that if God should require my soul of me, my sins would launch me in the blackness of darkness for ever. But God in His grace presently sent along three of His servants,

through whom I was converted, and now I find my joy in the One who has saved me, and this is a joy that exceeds any pleasures that this poor world can offer.

Perhaps, friend, God has spoken to you in a dream and you have not heeded His call, thinking that it was not the voice of God, or rather trying to persuade yourself that it was not. Men on all sides are persuading themselves, and believing what is not the truth, but what they would like to be the truth. Men would be satisfied were there no hell and no judgment, and by persuading themselves that these things do not exist, they are selling themselves to the devil in the face of God's Word—the truth.

Turn to Job xxxiii. 14-22, and carefully read there some of the ways in which God speaks to man. You read that, "God speaketh once, yea twice . . . in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed."

God has spoken to you more than once, in one way or another, and each time the answer has been, "I hope to look after these things later on." The devil, seeking to damn your precious soul, induces you to neglect to accept the free offer of salvation from a Saviour-God, and one day—it may be this night—you will find yourself on the wrong side of a shut door, a neglecter of God's salvation, with no prospect before you other than participating with all Christ rejecters in the portion of the devil and his angels in the lake of fire.

These things are realities, friend, and most in-

timately concern you, as you read these few pages, and then, perhaps, cast them aside and think no more about them. But you will think about them and meditate upon them in eternity, as you condemn yourself for refusing to hearken to the gentle pleadings of Jesus, as He so oft sought an entrance into your heart, only to be always refused admittance.

But many in our days are self-righteous pharisees, priding themselves on their good deeds, their charitable works, their upright lives, and so on. They, however, lack the one thing needful, as in my dream I lacked that which my friends were in possession of, and which seemed to me to be their title to enter the opened heavens. God's Word is not the thing needful, but, in plain language that a child is capable of comprehending, it sets forth *what is needful* for man before he can ever hope to enter heaven. And what is the needful thing? A life lived as righteously as man is capable of living? No, friend, your righteousness will never satisfy the claims of a holy, sin-hating God; your righteousness will never gain you a place within those realms of bliss; but mark this, and mark it well, your righteousness may land you in hell for ever.

You refuse to believe this, but whether you believe it or not, the Word of God plainly affirms that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). You may yourself have a better opinion of your good deeds, your friends and neighbours may think that your honesty and integrity are of a higher standard than this, but God says "filthy rags."

Must one then be for ever shut out of heaven on account of his sins? No, thank God, if there be no hope in yourself there is hope in Another, and that other the blessed Son of God (Acts iv. 11, 12). Man was incapable of saving himself, and so Jesus by His death has laid a basis on which God can righteously justify the sinner (Rom. iii. 26). God will account you righteous (that is, He will justify you) on the ground of what Jesus has done, if you simply put your trust in His blessed Son.

Poor sinner, there is hope for you; self-righteous pharisee, there is also hope for you, but you must take the sinner's place (1 Tim. i. 15), otherwise you cannot be justified in the sight of God.

Jesus has died the Just for the unjust to bring us to God, and in His death He exhausted the judgment of God against the sinner who believes on Him, and so the sinner who believes "shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

Now, my dear reader, in closing I earnestly appeal to you to accept the blessing *now*. Now is the day of salvation. The night of judgment is at hand! Before to-morrow's sun tells us that another day has come, the door of mercy may be shut, and when God shutteth no man openeth; whatever *He* does it is for ever (Eccles. iii. 14). If without Christ, you will be left outside and will eventually perish in the lake of fire for ever, for although meaning to come to Jesus some day, you will find then that you are "*just too late.*"

Face the truth this moment. Throw off the cruel and hard bondage of Satan, who ever seeks your destruction, and then if God requires your soul this night, instead of being just too late, you will be "*just in time.*"

J. T. C.

HIDDEN GOSPEL.

"But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."—2 COR. iv. 3, 4.

THESE words of the apostle Paul above quoted are very striking, and exceedingly solemn. To some souls the gospel is hidden. The Scripture declares such to be the lost. And the reason is that the god of this world (Satan) has blinded the minds of those still in unbelief. His object is manifest. To prevent the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, from shining unto them. Solemn consideration for every unsaved, because unbelieving soul.

Now the question arises, Who are lost? Does this solemn word apply only to a special few, sinners of very deep dye—the openly profligate and profane? To have such an idea is a profound mistake. The fact is, my reader, that unless you have already been saved by the grace of God, *you* are a lost sinner, no matter what your bygone history or character may have been. The Psalmist had a full sense of this when he said, "I have gone astray like a lost

sheep" (Ps. cxix. 176). A lost sheep, in the true sense of the word, is one who has reached a position of peril and danger, out of which the shepherd cannot extricate it. Such in shepherd parlance is the lost sheep. That we are all in a similar case is manifest from the testimony of the prophet, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," albeit he then blessedly adds, "and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6).

When we come to the Gospels, our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in the striking tripartite parable of Luke xv., describes the condition of man under the figures of the sheep, the silver, and the son; and each is said to be *lost*. Of the first it is written, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which *was lost*" (ver. 6). Of the second, "Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which *I had lost*" (ver. 9). Of the third the Father says, "Let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again: *he was lost*, and is found. And they began to be merry" (vers. 23 and 24). Nothing could be plainer. Man viewed as a sinner is away from God, and is utterly lost. No effort of his own can save him, no change in his own behaviour redeem him. Lost, he needs to be sought. Dead, he needs life. Far away, he needs by divine grace to be drawn back to the bosom of God. Now that is just what the gospel effects, when seen and believed.

But further, when dealing with, and blessing a

sinner, the Lord Jesus says, when Zaccheus had obeyed His word and received Him: "This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham. For the Son of Man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*" (Luke xix. 9, 10). The seeking Saviour had found the lost sinner. The lost sinner in simple faith and obedience received the seeking Saviour, was saved on the spot, and had the joyous tidings communicated to him, "*This day is salvation come to this house.*"

Now, my friend, are you yet saved? If not, does not the reason lie in this, that you have not found out that you are lost? Depend upon it, it does. Very possibly you will say, I am not lost. Remember that in saying this you are going full tilt against the testimony of God's Son. The gospel is hidden from your eyes, and the reason is simply because you *are lost* and do not know it. It is the dawn of blessing on the soul when it consciously owns that it is lost.

I wish you could say what a weeping lassie said awhile ago to me one bright spring afternoon. I was walking along Princes Street, Edinburgh. The street was full of carriages, and the pavement lined with passing crowds, full of life, gaiety, and energy. At the foot of Hanover Street I beheld a piteous sight, a bonnie little weeping lassie of five. With her hat in her hand, her hair streaming down her back, and tears flowing down her cheeks, she sobbed in bitter grief. Touched by the sight, I said, "What is the matter, little woman?"

She put her hands together, looked up, and in the

most pathetic tones, said, "Please, sir, *I'm lost.*" I took in the situation in a moment. She had wandered from her home, and knew not where she was, nor how to get home.

Wondering what I should do, for she was too excited to tell me where her friends lived, I waited a moment. Then, looking up Hanover Street, I saw a young woman of eighteen years or so, running, and looking this way and that, evidently on the search for some one. Presently she drew near, and I turned the child round, thinking that she might be the one whom the seeker sought. Catching sight of the weeping child, the young damsel ran faster than ever, made a final spring, and caught her in her arms with, "Eh! Jeanie lassie, I've found ye." I need not say that all was then right. The lost one was found, and the child nestled in her sister's breast with deep delight.

Now Jesus has been seeking you, friend. All you have to do is to take the place of being utterly lost, and let Him save you. Trust Him simply just where you are, and as you are, and you will be blessed just now. The gospel is the declaration of the love of God to man in his ruin and need, expressed in the death of His dear Son the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for sins, and for sinners. He was made sin when on the cross, and thereby wrought atonement, and gave God righteous ground for saving the vilest and the utterly lost. You have nothing to do but trust in Him who died and rose again.

Let Satan no longer blind your eyes. Awake to

the fact that you are lost. When this is known really your eyes will be opened. Turning then to God, light will stream into your soul, and the gospel, so long hidden from your view, will shine in all its glory. What is that gospel? It is really Christ now known in glory. Do you know Him? If not, then is it true of you, “If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them which *are lost*.”

Friend, is this solemn word “lost” to be always true of you? Why not come now to Jesus, and be saved? Come!

W. T. P. W.

“BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED.”

“**T**OWARDS the end of July [1566], an apostate monk, of singular eloquence, Peter Gabriel by name, was announced to preach at Overeen near Haarlem. This was the first field preaching which had taken place in Holland. The people were wild with enthusiasm; the authorities beside themselves with apprehension. . . . Tens of thousands were encamped upon the field.

“The services commenced with the singing of a psalm by the whole vast assemblage. Clement Marot’s verses, recently translated by Dathenus, were then new and popular. The strains of the monarch minstrel, chanted thus in their homely but nervous mother tongue, by a multitude who had but

recently learned that all the poetry and rapture of devotion were not irrevocably confined with a buried language, or immured in the precincts of a church, had never produced a more elevating effect. No anthem from the world-renowned organ in that ancient city ever awakened more lofty emotions than did those ten thousand human voices ringing from the grassy meadows in that fervid midsummer noon.

“When all was silent again, the preacher rose; a little meagre man who looked more as if he might melt away beneath the blazing sunshine of July, than hold the multitude enchained four uninterrupted hours long, by the magic of his tongue. His text was the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of the second chapter of Ephesians; and as the slender monk spoke to his simple audience of God’s grace and of faith in Jesus, who had descended from above to save the lowliest and the most abandoned, if they would put their trust in Him, his hearers were alternately exalted with fervour or melted into tears.”

Such is the beautiful description by the historian of a scene in which every one of the actors have long since passed into eternity. We wonder how those tens of thousands stood in relation to the wonderful gospel they heard under the dark shadow of the Spanish Inquisition, and which they ran considerable risk in listening to. Thrice happy they who received it.

We turn with deep interest to the text chosen by

the preacher — then already over fifteen centuries old—a text as full of blessing in Peter Gabriel’s day as the apostle Paul’s, and as full of blessing now as ever. Oh! ye toilers for salvation, ye who put faith in ritual and sacrament, pay attention. It is GOD that speaks.

“For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them” (Eph. ii. 8-10).

Would that those words were true of you, my unconverted friend. They may be, thank God.

Beautiful words! How sweetly they must have sounded, now over three hundred years ago, in the ears of those who had been taught from childhood’s days that salvation was gained by works, prayers, penance, and sacraments.

Beautiful words! How *all* the glory is given to God. *“By grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD.”*

Beautiful words! How sweetly they sound in the ears of toilers for salvation, those who have toiled, and toiled, and toiled, and toiled in vain. *“NOT OF WORKS, lest any man should boast.”*

“Grace” is a blessed word, suited to such as we—grace in the heart of God, the God against whom we have sinned—grace for guilty, undeserving rebels—grace, sovereign unmerited favour.

“Saved,” yes, saved by the work of Another, even of

Him who on the cross cried, "IT IS FINISHED," who is now exalted a Prince and a Saviour at God's right hand.

"Faith"—faith is the hand that accepts the blessing, not the horny hand of works that seeks in vain to toil to earn it, but faith, the hand that appropriates what grace provides. How simple! how blessed! how suited! "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).

"Not of works." It is as if to make assurance doubly sure that these words are added, "*Not of works, lest any man should boast.*" How *all* the glory is given to God, and *all* the blessing is given to those who believe on the Lord Jesus, as the historian wrote, "who descended from heaven to save the lowliest and the most abandoned, if they would but put their trust in Him."

Ah! friend, only get low enough, and be simple enough, and you will find no difficulty in rejoicing in the free grace of God and the present enjoyed knowledge of salvation. Take it as it is sent.

"God tells me WORDS whereby I'm saved,
 He points to something DONE,
 Accomplished on Mount Calvary,
 By His beloved Son ;
 In which no works of mine have place,
 Else grace with works is no more grace."

GENERALISING OR INDIVIDUALISING —WHICH ?

MANY can say, "Our Saviour," and, "He died for sinners," who cannot say that "He is *my* Saviour," and that "He died *for me*." It is not until there is the individual appropriation of the Saviour to ourselves that we become happy and consciously saved.

The writer was visiting a dear woman not long since who was making the very common mistake of applying the truth of the gospel in a general way, while she had never taken it to herself, but through grace she was enabled to do so, got saved, and died witnessing a good confession.

We are persuaded there are thousands like her, who, if they would stop *generalising* and take to *individualising*, or in other words, apply the truth of the gospel to themselves, as if they were the only sinner in the wide world, would very soon get saved, and be filled with joy and peace in *believing* (Rom. xv. 13).

Now, dear reader, first read over and study the following scriptures, and may God bless them to you :—

"I am that bread of life. . . . This is the bread which came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven : if *any man* eat of this bread he shall live for ever : and the bread that I

will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you" (John vi. 48-53).

That is plain : there is no life apart from appropriating the death of the Son of Man.

Now mark : " Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, *hath* eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day ".(John vi. 54).

Notice how intensely individual it is : " If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever "—" whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life " (verses 51, 54).

Are you that " man," the " whosoever," dear reader ? Have you taken to yourself, as one who feels he needs it, and as the only way of life, the precious death of the Son of God ? If not, eat of His flesh, and drink of His blood, right away, and life eternal is yours.

Mark how another could appropriate it all to himself. He had been the very chief of sinners, and yet, as he stood in the presence of the cross by faith, and there witnessed the infinite love of Christ to him, a poor, lost sinner, could bow his head in worship and say, " The Son of God loved me, and gave himself for me " (Gal. ii. 20).

The Virgin Mary is another witness. She could in her song of praise say, " My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour " (Luke i. 46, 47).

The bride of the Canticles, in that short book,

speaks of Christ as "My Beloved" eighteen times. Three instances will suffice:—"My Beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies" (chap. ii. 16). "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine; he feedeth among the lilies" (chap. vi. 3). "I am my Beloved's, and his desire is toward me" (chap. vii. 10).

How unspeakably blessed for the soul to be able to gaze upon the Lord by faith—on the Lord in glory—and say of Him, "My Beloved." Not only forgiven, justified, and saved, but gazing at Christ on the throne of God and able to say, "My Beloved."

He not only loved us, and gave Himself for us, to clear away from the eye of God all that was against us and offensive to Him, but now, as the risen and glorified One, stands before us to engage and satisfy our hearts, and to enable us by His Holy Spirit to say, "My beloved."

One more witness before we close.

The writer more than twenty years ago visited a dear woman in whom the Spirit of God had wrought, and who in consequence was anxious about her soul's salvation.

I said, "Mrs M——, do you believe that you are a sinner?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you believe that Christ died for sinners?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you believe that Christ died for you, an individual sinner, as if you were the only sinner in the world?"

With emphasis she replied, "Yes, sir, I do."

"Then, Mrs M——, why don't you go another step further, and believe what God says about you?"

I opened my Bible at John v. 24, and turning it round and handing it to her, I said, "I would like you to read that verse out loud to me."

She began: "'Verily, verily, I say unto you.'"

"Mrs M——," I said, "notice He is talking to you."

"'He that heareth my word.'"

"Have you heard the word of the blessed Lord, telling you that you are a sinner and that He died for you?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Read on."

"'And believeth on him that sent me.'"

"Have you believed on the blessed Lord who in infinite love sent His beloved Son into this world to die for you?"

With deep emphasis she replied, "Yes, sir, I have."

"Read the next three words."

"'Hath everlasting life.'"

"What do those words say, Mrs M——?"

"They say I have everlasting life."

And as she appropriated the blessed truth to herself, the misery and the clouds departed, and she was in the consciousness of being the possessor of "everlasting life," and learnt from the latter part of that marvellous verse, that such "shall not come into judgment, but are passed from death unto life."

In conclusion, dear reader, appropriate the blessed truth of the death of Christ to yourself, and say like

Paul, "The Son of God loved me, and gave himself for me;" and like the bride of Canticles, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his;" and like Mary, exclaim in your song of praise, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God *my Saviour.*"

Oh, how worthy He is of our praise, and of the praise of the whole Universe !

It shall be His by-and-by, for He is worthy.

E. A.

GOING ! WHERE ?

IN the fall of the year 1892, the streets of Manchester were placarded with huge posters headed in glaring scarlet letters with the startling words—

"WE ARE ALL GOING ! WHERE ?"

"What an important question," said the writer of this paper to himself, as he caught sight of one of these placards, and crossed the street to learn its import.

He thought perchance some earnest man had adopted this way of calling the attention of passers-by to the fact that they were travelling to eternity, and of engaging their interest in the question of where they would spend it.

But on looking at the placard, he found that it was

only the announcement of a play then going on in one of the city theatres. The second line of the poster supplied the answer to the striking question at the top, "We are all going! Where?" To the

FOLLY THEATRE.

Alas, that so many in that vast city were treading the paths of folly and sin, but thank God it was not true that all were going that way.

But there is a bourne to which we all are going, both the reader and the writer of these lines—yes, it is solemnly true of us all, "we are all going, but the momentous question is where?"

We are all going from Time into Eternity, but is it to heaven or hell?

When you think of the millions that have passed Christless and hopeless into the grave, you may think yourself happy that you are

NOT GONE, BUT GOING!

As you saw that young man's body laid in the tomb the other day, "Oh!" you said, "there's another poor fellow gone."

Get down on your knees and thank God that you are not yet gone.

Reader, consider that very soon we shall have to say that word of you, that you are gone, gone from time with its golden opportunities of being saved; gone to face the God whom you have trifled with, and whose grace you have despised.

Come with me into yonder saleroom for a moment. The auctioneer is at his desk selling some valuable property. "Going!" he cries, "this handsome article, going at ten dollars, will any one say twelve? Twelve dollars, going at twelve, going, going, going, gone!"

Change the scene. Time is the auctioneer with glass and sickle in hand. The valuable article that he is selling is

YOUR SOUL.

"Going!" he cries, "a never-dying soul, going! sold to the devil for a song, or bought with the precious blood of Christ. One or the other, going! going!" Oh! how soon the sands of his hour-glass may be run out, and instead of saying "going, going," he will have to pronounce over you the awful word "gone."

The question we shall have to ask concerning you then will be, "Gone, but where?" Now our question is "Going, but whither?"

Nay, friend, do not throw this paper aside because it is pointed and personal.

The importance of the question is self-evident; you cannot deny that you are going. Every beat of your heart, every throb of your pulse, every tick of the clock tells you that you are going.

The Word of God assures you that this is so. Let the writer of these lines, in all love to your soul, echo the same words in your ears, "Going, going, going!" and do not be offended if again he asks the earnest question,

“GOD-FORSAKEN !”

“**G**OD-forsaken !” How often this expression is met with in the colonies, and how thoroughly misapplied ! It is used of places where the usual advantages (and disadvantages) of civilisation are not met with : as of townships in the bush, where men are not yet in sufficient numbers to bring their strength, intellect, and wealth to bear upon the development of the place. Or it may be met with in connection with persons who are not able to make their way amongst their fellows in the surging tide of the race for wealth. The smallest amount of reflection will, however, show how inapplicable it is in any such case.

While not wishing to hold men guilty for mere thoughtless expressions, nor to make them offenders for a word, it is well to weigh the force of words used, specially when the name of God is involved ; and one moment’s consideration will serve to show the awful import of the above expression, which is a scriptural one. And this is so true that when its meaning is grasped, men rush into the other extreme, and deny it can be actually true, even where the Word of God declares it is and will be true.

It may be questioned if it can to-day be said to be true of any place or people, save those of a past dispensation, as such ; and then not in the absolute sense, for God still purposes blessing for Jerusalem, and there are always individuals of the Jewish race

who are in the present blessing that God is administering.

But let us turn to consider some cases in which this term, "God forsaken," was and will be true absolutely.

We have in Scripture a God-forsaken One in the past, and some companies of God-forsaken ones in the future. In Matthew xxvii. 46, we have

A GOD-FORSAKEN ONE.

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," cried He in the language of Psalm xxii. 1. Here it was known in its fullest, most absolute sense. All the full force of the awful reality was His who thus uttered this cry. He hung, a God-forsaken man, upon Calvary's cross!

But so little is this entered into that people say, Ah! but *He* was not forsaken of God. He spake only in the anguish of the moment. Alas for the perversity of the human heart! No, my friend, whoever you may be that speak thus—Christ spoke in no figurative language, nor in any impassioned way that led Him, who always expressed Himself in His speech, to say things that were not solemnly true in the hour of His substitution for the sinner. Let it be understood that it was the sinner's place He took, and you may read what you deserve at the hand of a sin-hating God in that heart-rending cry.

But He endured this in order that all those who plead His work as their substitute might escape it

for ever. And there is no other means of escaping eternal woe, and being shut out for ever from, and forsaken of God, so that no cry from any in such a position will be regarded by Him.

Christ Himself also said, when there, "O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou *hearest* NOT; and in the night season, and am not silent" (Ps. xxii. 2), immediately adding, "But thou art holy" (ver. 3); thus giving a reason why He, also a holy being, should be forsaken, when He did but bear *our sins* in His body on the tree. How then can it be otherwise with those who stand before God in judgment, *in their own sins!*

But oh, my reader, consider Him *there* for sinners, and avail yourself now of the results of the work of that God-forsaken man still offered to you. Shall it be in vain for you? Or will you not rather make His name and work your plea, and enter, as all who do this shall enter, into the full blessedness of the work thus wrought, and rejoice in the assurance from God's Word itself that you shall never be forsaken, never be condemned, never come into judgment?

"I will never, never leave thee, never, no never, will I forsake thee," says He to those who trust Him (Heb. xiii. 5).

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

"Shall never come into judgment," is said of those who hear His Word, and believe on the Father who sent Him (John v. 24).

But Scripture reveals also that there will be more than one

COMPANY OF GOD-FORSAKEN ONES.

Here, in a brief paper, we may be still more brief, the awful reality not inviting one to dwell upon it. Yet the testimony of Scripture must be presented if perchance one soul may be led to escape the dreadful doom.

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power" (2 Thess. i. 7-9).

Here is one company: their doom is eternal—they are cut off in their sins—they have before them then only to be consigned to that place where hope never comes, and to be for ever God-forsaken!

Why?

Because they know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Again, when He sits upon the throne of His glory, and all the *living* nations are gathered before Him, He shall say to those on His left hand—

"Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv. 41).

Here is another company: they are driven from His presence—cast for ever into hell—their doom is fixed—they are God-forsaken!

But here again we are met by the blank unbelief of man. He boldly says, "It is figurative! It does not mean what it says!"

If it does not mean what it says, what does it mean? If it is figurative, of what is it a figure? Can it be supposed to mean the opposite of what it says? Or to be a figure of ultimate bliss?

Reader! be not deceived, God is not mocked. Turn now to the One who was God-forsaken, that you may *not* be amongst those who will be *forsaken of Him for ever*.

G. J. S.

I MET a young man some time ago. A fortnight before a friend of his died. Returning from his funeral, he said to a Christian: "That young man was converted on his death-bed. Do you believe in death-bed repentance?"

"Yes," said the Christian.

"Oh! then," said the young fellow, "that is capital, it will do." "What will do?"

"I will put off being a Christian till my death-bed." Awful folly!

Friend, I suppose you mean to be converted some day? Do not put it off! No, no, do not put it off till your death-bed. There is only one death-bed repentance recorded in Scripture, that no man may presume; but there is one, that none may despair. I have little faith in them. Rowland Hill said, "Call them not death-bed conversions, but death-bed fear of hell and damnation." He was not far wrong.

W. T. P. W.

THE QUEEN'S PROMISE, OR "IN VIRTUE OF THE BLOOD."

ON the 4th of February last, the mortal remains of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, were laid in the tomb at Frogmore. The world-wide interest with which her illness was watched, and the universal and unfeigned sorrow which her death has caused, have been indeed remarkable. In the British Isles and where'er the British flag floats, every one who lived under her beneficent sway feels as though a personal friend had been taken away.

The moral beauty and wisdom of her reign poets will sing and historians write, for a consensus of opinion exists that since the world began no monarch has ever, for so long a space, ruled so wisely and so well as Victoria.

She was endeared to the hearts of countless millions by her loving, sympathetic acts and ways, which surely had a spring in something more divine and deep than mere queenly, womanly tact, or human sympathy.

Her long and beautiful reign has come to an end, and the question has been asked, "What was her relation to Christ while in life, and where is she now, while her remains lie at Frogmore?" The inscription she had carved on the Mausoleum there, among numberless other testimonies, gives a beautiful answer it seems to me.

No place in all the fair domain around the late Queen's Berkshire home was so dear or more familiar to Her Majesty than the gardens of Frogmore. The Mausoleum she there created for the burial of her beloved Consort, and for the reception now of her own mortal remains, reveals little of the gloom of a sepulchre. It consists of a central chamber with four transepts built in the form of a cross. The green dome is visible from the Long Walk, but it is only upon a closer approach that one realises the stately and ornate character of the structure. Over the entrance this loving and tender dedication is inscribed :—“ *His mourning widow Victoria, the Queen, directed that all that is mortal of Prince Albert be placed in this sepulchre. A.D. 1862. Farewell, well beloved! Here at last I will rest with thee, and with thee in Christ I shall rise again.*”

What faith and hope do these last eight words express! They are not the language of cold formalism but of divinely given belief, “ *With thee in Christ I shall rise again.*” Precious testimony to her faith in Jesus! I lately heard a lovely incident in her life which reveals the basis of that saving faith which could speak so confidently.

Her Majesty, as was her wont, often visited the humble and the poor. On one occasion she had been seeing a lowly cottager, who was a happy believer in the Lord Jesus, and ere leaving had inquired if she could do anything for her.

“I have all I want, thank your Majesty,” said the poor woman.

"But can I not do anything for you?" said the Queen. "I should like to do something for you."

Again came the response, "I have all I need, thank your Majesty, but if your Majesty would promise me one thing, I would be very glad."

"I will do that if I can," replied the Sovereign. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, your Majesty, if you would just promise to meet me in heaven."

Softly, but firmly came the reply, "*I will do that, in virtue of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.*" The petitioner was satisfied, and well she might be.

The soul that rests upon that precious blood, whether sovereign or subject, is safe indeed. Its virtues are unlimited, and much as our beloved Queen may have known of it in life, she knows, thank God, much more now. She has exchanged an earthly crown and a temporal throne for the everlasting joy of the presence of her Lord. Well has the Holy Ghost said, "To depart and to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. i. 23).

Oh! what untold virtue is in the blood of the Son of God. It cleanses from all sin. It purges the conscience, relieves the heart, cleanses the soul, closes the gates of hell, and opens the doors of heaven. It removes every stain of sin, and makes whiter than snow the one who trusts it. The song of redemption, which will yet fill heaven's high arches, ascribes all to that blood. What say the countless hosts of Revelation v., as they cast their crowns before the Lamb and fall prostrate at His

feet? "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed to God *by thy blood*, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation" (ver. 9).

Redemption to God can only be by blood. How blessed when the soul can say sincerely, "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7), for "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. ii. 13).

The testimony of Scripture is plain, that "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). But redemption gives title with "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh" (Heb. x. 19, 20).

Happy indeed are they who can sing, "Unto him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins *in his own blood*, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. i. 5, 6). Of that company, one rejoices to think, the beloved and departed Queen Victoria forms one.

Reader, may I ask how you stand in relation to Christ? Will you meet me in Heaven? By grace I know I shall be there; will you be there also? If in simple faith you look away from self to Christ, and trust Him only, you can make a promise, as happy and as blessed as the Queen's. May you be able to say, "I will meet you in Heaven, *in virtue of the blood* of the Lord Jesus Christ." W. T. P. W

SKIN-DEEP.

FURTHER, still further into an Indian jungle wandered a solitary soldier. Was he a deserter that he thus shunned his comrades?

No. Did the fierce glare of the sun give him that look of disquietude and unrest. Nay, a light above the brightness of the sun had shone upon him, and showed him the darkness and degradation of a heart at enmity with God. The spirit of God had wrought conviction of sin in his conscience, and with his face bowed he cried out, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips."

Previous to this he had been living contentedly, with the regiment to which he belonged, at a military station in the Punjab, sharing their toils and privations, leading in their sports and recreations, and on the whole very well satisfied with himself. A sharp attack of illness necessitated his removal to the barracks hospital. Into the ward where he lay a lady came one day. He watched her move softly about from patient to patient, and presently she sat down beside him. After inquiring kindly as to his health, she asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am a Christian," he answered, in a somewhat surprised tone; and then added, "I am not a black man."

The lady looked grave as she said: "By a Chris-

tian, I mean a follower of Christ, one who has trusted in Jesus for salvation, and who seeks to live for Him. I fear, if you do not know Jesus as your Saviour, your Christianity is only skin-deep. God hath made of one blood all nations, and fashioned their hearts alike. 'Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart;' and the soul that has been washed in the blood of Jesus, is a Christian though his skin be black, or yellow, or brown."

It is seldom a whole book or a long talk arrests a soul, but often some striking thought in book, or address, or conversation is used by God to the pulling down of strongholds. That little word skin-deep came winged with the electric touch of God's power to the sick man's soul. It set him thinking.

He had looked sometimes with pity, more often with contempt, on the worshippers of Siva, and felt himself their superior because of his enlightenment. Now, as there reached his ears the sound of the bell from the neighbouring pagoda, which called the Buddhists to their rites, he asked himself: "What better am I than they? What do I worship? Who do I worship? Have I ever worshipped God at all?"

He had bivouacked with soldiers who had seen deluded devotees seek to acquire instant heaven by a fatal immersion in the river Ganges. He had heard of Indian mothers consigning their infants to death from exposure on the public highway, in the

vain belief that the sacrifice of the fruit of their body would expunge the sin of their soul. He knew well that only the presence of the British magistrate with a sufficient number of soldiers at his command prevented many Hindoos prostrating themselves before the car of Juggernath, to be crushed to death by its wheels. How ignorant and superstitious he had thought them; but was not his case worse than theirs? "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." The knowledge that there is one true God had been his birthright; the open Bible, with its plain message of salvation from sin by faith in the sacrificial death of the Son of God, had ever been within his reach. How had he responded to that knowledge? How had he treated that sacrifice? He had made light of it. Now the word came to him: "That servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

On leaving the hospital he endeavoured to dispel such thoughts by an untiring application to his duties. Again heart and soul were flung into the task of providing amusement for himself and comrades, but at every turn conscience, like a Nemesis dogged his footsteps, and his solitary rambles into the jungle became more and more frequent.

On this occasion he had stretched his weary frame on the rank vegetation, but in spirit he was back again in an upland Fifeshire village. He was a boy again, and in the kitchen of a farmhouse he

sat with other children, and the farmer's daughter was leading their young voices in a little hymn:—

“Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.”

The vision was lost in the next minute's pang: “Jesus does not, cannot love me now, with all those years of carelessness and indifference between. Oh! to have died when a child.”

One night he went by request to the house of the lady who had visited him in the hospital. Outside the gateway he lingered, busy thinking. Dainty hanging lamps lit up the compound, happy forms moved to and fro among the guests. The scene seemed emblematic of his state. Around him the darkness of the eastern night, within him the darkness of distance from God; before him a bright, happy Christian home; and as he fingered his invitation to spend an evening, sharing its joys, he thought on the broad God-given command, “Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.” He knew he was an invited guest to God's great gospel feast, why then did he linger by the hedge? Ah! Why?

Louder and still louder grew the whisperings of Satan: “It would be very nice to join that Christian band, but you would need to break off with all your old friends. Think of the way they would laugh at you when you said you were no longer

one of them. How could you stand their ribald jests? It will be much better, seeing your time is nearly up in the army, to wait till it expires, and when you go back to Scotland, just turn over a new leaf, and you will have nobody to part company with." This seemed such a feasible plan that it drowned the strivings of the Spirit of God, and with a muttered resolve to resume civilian life a brand new man, William turned and walked rapidly along the dark road leading to the barracks.

Is he the only one who has been almost persuaded to become a Christian and then been deterred by the thought of a more convenient season? Are you one of those over whom Jesus has mourned, "How often would I have gathered you, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not"? Has Jesus had to say of you, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life"?

Time passed. William exchanged his military uniform for civilian garb, and Indian jungles for Scottish moors, but his heart remained unchanged, he was still a procrastinator. Yet the untiring grace of God pursued him, and often the still small voice within recalled his thoughts to things beyond the reach of time. One Lord's Day evening he found himself in a large gospel meeting to which a fellow workman had asked him. The earnestness of the preacher at once secured his fixed attention. The subject was Luke xix. 1-10, the story of the meeting of the Saviour with Zaccheus. The speaker exhorted his hearers to make haste, to come down

from whatever tree of sin, or unbelief, or indecision, they had climbed, and receive Jesus joyfully. Jesus had come to this earth to seek and to save that which was lost. He had given his life a ransom for all, and every sin-burdened soul who trusted in His atoning death and resurrection would find pardon, peace, and joy.

William was greatly moved as he listened, and he thought if he could be under the sound of such words always, he would believe in Jesus and love Him too. The meeting ended, as meetings must do, and—"Then cometh the devil and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved." No sooner did the company begin to leave than William was seized with an overpowering desire to get out of the place, but the passages were crowded, and quick movements were impossible. Then, to his consternation, the preacher appeared to have mysteriously transported himself to the doorway, and was busy giving tracts to the passers-out.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the preacher of William.

This time he answered the important question, not with evasions about his birth and colour, but with a rugged Scotch "No."

As he told us afterwards: "The preacher looked at me so kindly, I felt I could unburden my heart to him; so I told him what a great sinner I was, and I had had the opportunity to be saved and neglected it so often that I did not deserve to get

another chance, but richly deserved to be punished. He read to me John iii. 16, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'What a comfort it was when I found I was among God's 'whosoever.' I was very happy for a little while, then I began to wonder how I would get on at my work. Another Christian read to me Romans x. 9, 10: '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.' I knew if I told even one of our workmen of my conversion, the news would soon spread. Next day I managed to blurt it out to my neighbour. He looked at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses, then he said, 'I'll give you a fortnight to work off the feeling.' It is now five years since that time, and the 'feeling' instead of being 'worked off,' continues to get deeper into my heart and life."

Reader, is your Christianity only "skin-deep"?

"When you own your sin and guilt,
 Vain the hopes which you have built;
 When you see your depth of shame,
 Nought to offer, nought to claim—
 Then, and not till then, you'll know
 What the grace God can bestow."

A DIFFERENT BIBLE.

“**T**HAT man has a different Bible to what I have.” Such was the reflection of a man, as he said afterwards, who listened while for the first time I was privileged to preach the gospel at a place in the bush on the river Mary in Queensland, from the much-used passage, John v. 24.

The place was romantic, the circumstances new to the one who spoke, although they who listened were well accustomed to the surroundings. The building was a small weatherboard one, put up by the Orangemen of the neighbourhood, and lent by them for the preaching of the Word of God. It stood just close to the township of T——, and was lighted by oil lamps. A brief notice had brought together a fair company of the settlers on the river and adjacent thereto.

The Lord was evidently moving upon hearts at the time, and the company consisted for the most part of earnest souls, though in different conditions, all unknown to the speaker, but all known to Him before whom all hearts are naked and open.

Some were accustomed to read the Word of God to their families, having been educated with a reverence for it, although with not sufficient simplicity to accept the plain and blessed statements of it as addressed to themselves. How many souls there are to-day in this condition! And what a wonderful

thing it is when such see for the first time that God speaks directly to them in His Book.

The one who mentally uttered the sentence at the head of this paper was such a man. He had never allowed himself to think when reading His Word that God meant what He said in the matter of judgment, and of the possibility of knowing before the judgment seat was an accomplished fact, that one was clear from it.

The portion pressed was the 24th verse, where it is said of the one who hears His Word, and believes on Him that sent him, that he "HATH eternal life, and shall *not* come into judgment, but *is* passed from death unto life."

This led him to exclaim as above, "That man has a different Bible to what I have;" and he added, "I looked into my book to see if what he said was there, and there sure enough it was—'Hath *eternal* life, and shall not come into condemnation or judgment,' and I had read it again and again, yet never saw the force of the words I read; it was like a flood of light upon the Word and in my soul; and I had nothing to say against it, but every reason to thankfully accept it."

And now, my reader, have *you* accepted it? Is it not important in such a day to understand what one reads, and understanding it to let it speak with all its living force to one's soul?

Satan's object is to keep souls back from the realisation of the truth, in order to hinder the expression of what has been communicated to them. Let us examine a little what it is.

Man naturally has not eternal life. Mark! eternal life is not immortality. This latter man has, though as imparted, not inherently; God only has it thus.

Man is in danger of the judgment. "After death the judgment." He is in a state of death—spiritual death before God.

Such a being cannot by his own efforts obtain eternal life; nor escape judgment, nor deliver himself from the state of death in which by nature he is found.

If this is ever to be true of him, it must be through the act of another.

Is there another who can accomplish this mighty transposition, and who is he?

There is another; but not a mere son of Adam. He is, beside being the true Son of man, also the Son of the living God.

He came to communicate to man what he had not naturally, to deliver him from the judgment he deserved, and from the condition in which he was found.

Before He could do that *He Himself* must bear the judgment due to man.

This He has done, and has exhausted it for ever, but for whom?

For all who hear His word, and believe Him that sent Him.

This is the link with His work, this, the moment of the reception of eternal life, though God has wrought in the soul before.

There are many who honestly have this faith, but

do not accept the results of it, *i.e.*, *they have not implicit faith in ALL HE says.* And why?

Satan does not wish them to *live* the life that has been thus communicated to them.

That life is eternal life!

It has its own law of life as well as its own motives and principle of action, and its own object.

The man who possesses it *must* live it, for life will manifest itself.

But the man that believes His Word has it as communicated to him at the moment he believes.

Why is it thus communicated?

In order that he may live eternal life here in this scene, and enjoy it eternally with Him who is its source.

Such a man shall not come into judgment. Why?

Because He who communicates the life has Himself borne the judgment; and

“Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety’s hand,
And then *again* at mine.”

Moreover, he has passed from the state of death, in which he was, unto life.

What more can faith need?

Upon leaving the building to go to the Bush Inn, the resting-place for the night, the speaker was accosted by three men who had been at the meeting, the one mentioned above being with them, who, having expressed their thankfulness for the Word spoken, made some further inquiries through the

oldest of the three, himself a believer, as to the truth proclaimed.

All the three afterwards rejoiced by faith in Christ as their Saviour and Lord, accepting the force of the words spoken by the Son of God.

May the Lord give my reader to see the force of these words, that they may be to you as a flood of light in your soul; that you too may say nothing against it, but thankfully accept it.

G. J. S.

THE COBBLER'S MISTAKE.

FINDING my boots had "sprung a leak," I walked into a cobbler's shop on a dreary, wet December morning to have them "caulked." The cobbler said they had "bonny uppers," and that a new pair of soles would make them as good as new.

"Put on the soles at once," I said; and he got right down to business on my leaky boots. With the assistance of hammer, knife, and pincers, he quickly pulled off one of the old soles, pronounced it bad, spongy leather, and threw it into the fire saying, "It's nae guid for onything." Picking up a new piece of sole leather, he held it up for my inspection, and said, "Ye'll walk weel when ye get this on."

I was more occupied with the salvation of the cobbler's soul than with his leather, and thought

he might, like the old sole of my boot, reach a point where he would find that he was "nae guid for onything," and be "cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15).

As my sturdy cobbler pegged on the soles, he turned to me and said again with evident confidence in his ability and material, "Ye'll walk weel when ye get these on." He was evidently determined that I should not only have dry feet, but "walk weel" in my old cobbled boots.

I made no reply, but thought of the religious cobblers who are cobbling sinners, and of sinners who are cobbling themselves, that they might "walk weel" in their sins to heaven. If these cobbled sinners are not born again, and cleansed from their sins in "the blood of Jesus Christ," like the old sole of my boot, they will be found "nae guid for onything," and be committed to the lake of fire. My cobbled old boots are old boots still, and the cobbled sinner is still a sinner "guilty before God" (Rom. iii. 19). No religious cobbling can clear him of his guilt, and save him from the judgment of God.

Just before the cobbler handed me my boots with the new soles on them, I said: "Your business is to put new soles on old boots, but mine is to get souls saved. Is your soul saved?"

"That's a great question," he replied.

"So thought Jesus when He asked, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and shall lose his own soul?'" (Mark viii. 36).

The cobbler looked at me earnestly, and said:

“What does saved mean? Does it mean peace with God?”

“Yes, a saved man has peace with God. How are you to get that peace?”

“By believing and living right,” he replied.

“That is not the way to be saved and get peace with God. We get ‘peace in believing’ without ‘living right.’ The ‘living right’ comes *after we are saved* and have peace with God. ‘Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ’ (Rom. v. 1). There is nothing there about ‘living right’ to be saved and get peace with God. Jesus became our surety, assumed all your liabilities as guilty sinners before God, and met them all in His death, to God’s infinite satisfaction; and His witness of this to you, is Christ raised from the dead by Him for your justification. He has cleared Christ from all your liabilities in raising Him from the dead; and if you now believe on Him who has raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, you are cleared and ‘justified from all things’” (Rom. iv. 24, 25; Acts xiii. 39).

“I see it!” he exclaimed. “My mistake was beginning at the wrong end.”

A heaven-given peace now lighted up the face of my saved cobbler, and I said to him, “Having believed, you are now to be careful to maintain good works” (Tit. iii. 8).

I left my hard-working, honest cobbler, who was so determined to cobble my old boots that I might “walk weel,” saved by the grace of God, and started

to "walk weel," by that grace, to his new home "over there" where Jesus is in His Father's house of love, light, and eternal joy.

Reader, if you are making the cobbler's mistake stop right here, and with a look of faith see Jesus, who, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down at the right hand of God (Heb. x. 11). Remember His dying words, "It is finished." Hear His immortal words, as the Peacemaker, the mighty Victor on the other side of death—"Peace to you" (John xix. 30, xx. 19).

W. B—n.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

IT is a solemn, and yet a blessed moment when light from God breaks in upon the soul of a sinner.

Light which exposes all the secrets of our hearts in a way which makes us know that we are in the presence of One who reads us through and through.

May such a moment come now, if never before in the history of my reader!

When the search-light falls upon the conscience, "I have sinned," is the soul's confession. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" becomes the penitent's prayer.

He finds himself in the presence of God, and there he discovers that he has completely failed; he finds sin lurking beneath every motive of his nature; he

knows consciously that he is sinful, and he has to admit that he is a fallen man. What is to be done?

Can he remove the stains of guilt from his heart?

Must the dark tide of death and judgment sweep over the human race?

Nay! God has a resource, and it is this. The One who from eternity was "with God and was God" was "made flesh and dwelt among us." I beseech you to think of the amazing pity—of the infinite compassion—of the love beyond degree revealed to sinners in the fact that the Son of God has become a man, that He might "by the grace of God taste death for every man."

Oh! where shall we find a parallel to love like this? When David, dethroned and exiled by the rebellion of his son, heard of that son's death, his love rose above all its injuries and he wept and said, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

What David could not do for Absalom, the Son of God has done for us.

The lamented Princess Alice was nursing her child in diphtheria, when the little hands were put up for the mother's kiss.

She stooped down—breaking through the restraints of prudence—and kissed the little one at the expense of her life, and a nation's tears fell, when it heard the pathetic story.

But think, oh think! of the Son of God coming into the world to give expression to what was in God's heart for a world of sinners—stooping down to

put the kiss of divine love on poor, ruined sinners—but at the cost of His life. Will you not turn to Him now, and thank Him for the love that was stronger than death? Will you not thank the blessed God who “so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?”

And now the One who died for us is no longer on the cross or in the tomb. He is risen from the dead, and is glorified at the right hand of God. Believe then now on the Son of God, and be saved. His “one sacrifice for sins” is available for you. “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).

C. A. C.

“GOD KNOWS THAT'S TRUE.”

IN a seaport town in China a missionary stood one day on the quay, while a large trading vessel was unloading. The captain, a godless man, recognising the missionary by his garb addressed him somewhat as follows: “Look here, sir! there’s a chap aboard my ship, and if you can convert him, I will believe there is something in your religion after all.”

“I cannot convert him, but God can; where is he?” was the quiet rejoinder of the servant of God. Having learned his name, he went aboard, made his way down the companion, and found the object of

his search, a formidable and repulsive-looking fellow, sitting sewing.

“Good morning, Jack ; I have a message for you,” said the missionary cheerfully. With a scowl on his face and an oath on his lips the sailor asked, “Who have *you* a message from ?”

“From God,” said the visitor. With a still more dreadful oath the man retorted, “I don’t believe in God.” Taking no notice of this remark, the wise fisher of men, repeated very slowly and solemnly, “All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way.” He stopped, looked at his man, and to his delight he saw tears trickling down those weather-beaten cheeks, and a moment later Jack exclaimed in broken accents, “God knows that’s true.”

The Word of God applied by the Spirit of God had done its work ; he was a convicted sinner, and it was happy work then to repeat to him the remaining portion of that magnificent verse, “The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all” (Isa. liii. 6). In simple faith Jack rested on the finished work, and trusted the One who accomplished it, and he was indeed converted—converted by God ; converted from being an infidel to a rejoicing believer, from a sinner to a saint, from a child of wrath to an heir of glory.

Reader ! are *you* converted ? No matter what may be your social status or your ecclesiastical connection, whether young or old, rich or poor, if out of Christ, you are lost. The Word of God declares it, and, as with our sailor friend, your conscience attests

it. But oh, transcendent news! God, against whom you have sinned, has laid on Jesus "the iniquity of us all." His claims have been met, His righteousness has been vindicated, His glory has been maintained, and now His grace flows out and carries with it the one thing that you need, and that is, SALVATION.

To-day, yea, while you read this paper, you may know your sins forgiven, your soul saved, and your title to glory secure. You may be set free to revel in God's love now, and you will bask in the sunshine of it for ever and ever if you simply believe in His Son. His Word declares, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

W. B. D.

GOD'S ALLS.

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

Here is one rule without an exception.

With one sweeping statement God levels all on one common platform, the religious and the irreligious, the noble and those of meaner birth, profligate and psalm-singing professor, prince and pauper, from the president in his palace to the prisoner in the penitentiary, from the monarch on his throne to the menial in the kitchen, none are exempted. All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

I don't stop to ask how far you have come short,

my reader ; that some are more deeply dyed in sins than others is most true.

But sins all have got. And you amongst the rest, and having sinned you have also come short of the glory of God.

Have you really found this out ?

Isaiah the prophet had when he said, "Woe is me" (Isa. vi. 5).

Job the perfect and upright confessed, "Behold, I am vile" (Job xl. 4).

Peter had to acknowledge, "I am a sinful man" (Luke v. 8). And Saul of Tarsus the religious zealot, headed the list when he exclaimed, of sinners "I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 15).

I met a man the other day in a small village in the backwoods of Canada, who told me that for years he had thought himself good enough for God. One day he tried to recall all the good deeds he had ever done to assure himself that he had really merited God's favour. But to his dismay, though he thought and thought and thought no good deeds could he remember, but his sins in black array crowded to his memory ; and he found out for the first time in his life that he was a guilty, helpless sinner before God.

Sooner or later you will make the same discovery, friend, either now in God's day of grace, while the precious blood has cleansing power, or hereafter before the great white judgment throne, when there will be nought but condemnation and the burning lake for you. But, thank God ! though the first "all" places you

without a doubt as a sinner before God, there is a second which is full of blessing.

It is this, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). Here is the only remedy, the God-provided one. You could bring no price to God by which to purchase exemption from wrath, for sins must meet with righteous judgment.

If this falls upon you it means an eternal hell.

Yet no salvation could be procured until this judgment was borne.

It is evident then, you could not procure redemption. "How then can a sinner be saved?" you ask.

Calvary answers that question. There I see the problem solved. The holy, spotless lamb of God bears the judgment due to sinners.

Wrath which would have sunk us into the eternal gloom and woe of the pit fell upon Him there, and on that cross Jesus rendered satisfaction to all God's righteous claims, and having borne the judgment, and bowed His head in death, the blood flows from His spear-riven side.

That blood can cleanse. It is no use for you to seek remission of sin in any other way, for God says, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22).

The work is done. The blood is shed.

And faith in that wondrous work and precious blood will save you. Oh! that I could reach the ear of the blackest sinner out of hell, these are the words I would ring out in his hearing, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Yea! were all the transgressions from Adam's sin downwards laid at your charge, the blood would have power to cleanse even you.

Cease then, friend, to seek salvation by other means. For there is "none other name given under heaven amongst men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

Talk not of your doings; for Jesus said, "It is finished."

Be not so presumptuous as to imagine that you are doing your best, for God says, "There is none that doeth good" (Rom. iii. 12).

And were you to be placed at God's bar to-day and dare to say that you had done your best after such a life of sin as yours had been, and after God had spoken so plainly in His Word about your doings, all heaven would hiss you into hell, and the demons would laugh you to scorn when you reached that place.

It is not your doings, for God's Word has said, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

That is God's estimate of your righteousnesses. You may give them another name, and proudly speak of them as good works.

But God is the judge in this matter. It is at His bar you have got to stand, and let Him be true and every man a liar.

No, your righteousnesses are worse than naught. "It is to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5).

Then be no longer amongst the company "who,

being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (Rom. x. 3).

But come as a poor, guilty, helpless sinner, trusting in Jesus alone, and be assured, that "By him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39).

May this full, free, and eternal justification be yours.

J. T. M.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

THERE is sunlight on the hill-top,
 There is sunlight on the sea ;
 And the golden beams are sleeping
 On the soft and verdant lea.
 But a richer light is filling
 All the chambers of my heart,
 For THOU art there, my Saviour,
 And 'tis SUNLIGHT where *Thou* art.
 Thou hast whisper'd Thy forgiveness
 In the secret of my soul :
 "Be of good comfort, daughter,
 For I have made thee whole."
 The "fowler's snare is broken,"
 And loosed my captive wing ;
 And shall the bird be silent
 Which Thou hast taught to sing ?
 In the dust I leave my sackcloth,
 As a thing of other days ;

For "Thou girdest me with gladness,
 And thou robest me with praise."
 And to that home of glory,
 Thy blood hath won for me,
 In heart and mind ascending,
 My spirit follows Thee.

Choose Thou for me my portion,
 My bitter and my sweet ;
 The cup Thy hand doth mix me
 I will drink it at Thy feet ;
 While I'm waiting for that moment,
 The brightest and the best,
 When Thou shalt stoop to lift me
 From Thy footstool to Thy breast.

Oh ! ye who sit in darkness,
 Ever mourning for your sin,
 Open the windows of your soul,
 Let the warm sunshine in ;
 Every ray was purchased for you,
 By the matchless love of One
 Who has suffered in the shadow,
 That you might see the sun !

Lord Jesus ! Thou hast bought me,
 And my life, my all is Thine ;
 Let the lamp Thy love hath lighted
 To Thy praise and glory shine—
 A beacon, 'mid the darkness,
 Pointing upward where *Thou* art :
 The smile of whose forgiveness
 Is the SUNLIGHT of my heart !

GOOD CHEER FOR LABOURERS.

LABOURERS in the Lord's vineyard sometimes get depressed, because they do not see immediate fruit of their work. To look for fruit, and to expect it, is a divine principle; but nevertheless we have often to wait a long time ere the fruit of the labour appears. Open-air preachers will be encouraged by what I am about to relate, as it is in that branch of service to the Lord that distinct results are usually less apparent, since the hearers move on or disperse when speaking ends.

A few weeks ago, one Sunday evening, at the close of a crowded gospel meeting in a large hall in this city I got into conversation with a lady who was an entire stranger. It was soon apparent that she was a happy believer in the Lord; and on my asking her how long she had known Him, she said: "I found the Lord more than fifteen years ago. I was not converted through your preaching, Doctor, but I have long desired an opportunity to tell you of the conversion of an aunt of mine, who was blessed through your preaching."

"Pray, tell me about her," I replied. "Do I know her?"

"No, you have never seen her, and it is not likely that you ever will on earth. Her conversion was very remarkable, and her history very sad. In fact it is an awful tale, but I will tell it you. She lived in the north of Scotland, and when no longer young,

married. The day after her marriage, her husband was called away from home, and was absent a considerable time. During that period she became entangled with another man, and was unfaithful to her husband. At length her sin became known, and, fearing the wrath of her husband, she fled from home, friends, and all surroundings, and came to Edinburgh, desiring to hide herself from the eye of man and of God, and to live, if possible, unknown and unnoticed.

“She had been, however, but a few days in this city, when she passed a place where you were standing, and preaching the gospel, in the open air. She was arrested by the tale of God’s love to the world, and the wondrous news that Jesus had died to save sinners. Deeply convicted of her sins, she was brought to repentance towards God. Faith in the Lord Jesus sprung up, and she was converted on the spot. She there and then received the sense of the Lord’s grace and forgiveness.

“Thereafter she returned to her home, humbled and penitent, to seek her husband’s forgiveness. This, however, he would not accord; he would not receive her, or reinstate her, and completely cast her off. She then came to live in a large town where I resided, and for over twenty-five years has been a consistent Christian, and a lowly, humble follower of the Lord Jesus. Lately her mind has given way, but, in a suitable asylum, she is being kindly cared for in the evening of her days. I thought it would cheer you to hear of this fruit of your labour, though

fully twenty-five years have rolled by since my aunt was converted."

This touching tale of God's grace to a guilty sinner, I need scarcely say, greatly cheered me. And all the more so when I recall the place where she must have heard me preach. The summer of 1876 will be ever remembered by me. We had an unprecedented spell of magnificent summer weather, and every evening, Sunday and week-day, for seven weeks during June and July, I, and other fellow-labourers, carried on an open-air preaching in the Meadows, at which many hundreds nightly stood to hear the tale of the grace of God, yet few conversions were manifested.

The physical strain of this work, superadded to all my other labours at the moment, resulted in a complete physical break-down, and for fully twelve months thereafter, the Lord sent me into retirement, and preaching, I thought, was a thing for ever gone by. This, however, was a mistake, for the Lord graciously put His healing hand upon my body, and, after a year or two, so restored my health that I was again enabled to take up the loved work of the gospel, the sweetest service that mortal tongue can render.

How good of the Lord, after a quarter of a century, to let one learn of this striking bit of fruit of the labour that nearly finished me. Truly the reward is well worth all the toil. Everlasting praise to His blessed name, who suffers His servants to preach, and then, "after many days," shows them the fruit of their labours. Nor was this case a solitary one.

Remarkably enough, a Christian young man, the

same evening, told me he had, a week before, come across an old grey-headed woman, who had been converted six-and-thirty years ago, by a few words dropped by her bedside, when she was a patient, and I House Physician in the *old* Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. The mention of her name recalled the person and the circumstances at once to my memory. Thirty-six years is long enough to test the reality of most souls. Reader, how long is it since you were converted?

The same evening, about ten minutes later, another brother in Christ stopped me, as I left the hall, to tell me of a conversion he had just come across. It was a young woman, who, twelve years before, had been brought to the Lord through the perusal of a little gospel booklet called, "God says I am saved."—the first I ever penned, and the most blessed of God to anxious souls.

These three incidents coming to my ears, all in one evening, were indeed very good cheer. The moral is very simple, and, with all the fervour of my soul, I would say to outdoor preachers, hospital-visitors, tract-writers, and tract-distributors,

GO ON WITH YOUR BLESSED WORK!

Sow the seed. Sow it in tears. Sow it prayerfully. Sow it constantly. The reaping day is sure to come, though you may wait twelve, twenty-five, or thirty-six years for it.

Keep your ears widely open to the Holy Spirit's solemn injunction, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable,

always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord” (1 Cor. xv. 58).

Reader, if you are not yet saved, you had better lose no time in coming to Jesus. Trust Him, and He will save you on the spot. When saved, you too can serve Him, but not till then. W. T. P. W.

“IT TOOK THREE SERMONS TO
CONVERT ME.”

SUCH was the statement of an aged Christian, who has lately passed away to glory, when speaking of the way in which he was brought to know the full redemption there is in Christ Jesus for all who believe in Him and His finished work.

In the first sermon he found out what a great number of sins he had committed during his life; that nothing but sin—SIN—SIN—was the practice of his life. He was brought then to see himself in the light of the glory of God, and that he had come short of that glory by his own self-will, which is sin. He did not measure himself by his neighbour, for if he had he would have considered himself a fairly respectable citizen, but what was brought home to him by the Spirit of God, in the first sermon, was that “*all had sinned and come short of the glory of God.*”

Dear reader, have you bowed to this statement of

the Word of God, and found out that the "*all*" includes you? If you have, you will own immediately that if you are judged by your works, you have lost the "glory of God" as your portion, and merited everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power.

But our aged friend found out another thing in the second sermon, and it was this, that not only had he committed a vast number of *sins*, but that his nature was corrupt, and that he never could, by nature, do anything but *sin*, according to that scripture, "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." This was made known to him by the scriptures which say, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God," that by nature we are "all the children of wrath," and that we need a *new nature* to become "children of God."

Reader, you may have had the truth of the first sermon brought home to you, that you have committed a good many sins, which, although perhaps you have confessed to God, you would be ashamed for man to know, but have you found out that no matter how many new leaves you may turn over, they will be all blurred by *sin*, because we are not only sinners by practice, but "born in sin."

You will now see how far our aged friend had got, and that he was just ready for the third sermon, which was this, that Christ bore all his *sins* on the cross, and "that he who knew no sin was made *sin* for us." In that way he realised that in the cross and death of the Lord Jesus Christ not only what he had

done (his sins) was dealt with, but also *what he was* (his sinful nature).

Reader, where are you as to these three sermons? Many are always in the first, confessing they are miserable sinners, and asking God to incline (only *incline*, mark!) their hearts to keep His law (thereby thoroughly ignoring their sinful nature), and therefore always in bondage—a bondage which no religious machinery will deliver them from. Again, others will own their sins, and sinful nature, but do not look wholly to Christ to settle the question for them, and in simple dependence throw themselves into His loving arms to do everything for them. Our aged friend, after believing the simple gospel, walked through this world in perfect peace. He implicitly believed in Jesus, “who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification”—simply *believed* that “He who knew no sin, was made sin for him.”

He had as a result: PEACE with God; STOOD in the FAVOUR of God; and REJOICED in hope of the GLORY of God, and thereafter gloried in tribulation also, because the *love* of God was shed abroad in his heart, by the Holy Ghost which was *given* to him (Rom. v. 1, 5).

May the reader be led by the Holy Spirit into the blessedness of a full salvation, like our aged friend, who was truly converted by these three sermons.

T. R. W.

THE THREE P's.

LET me take you with me into a tramps' kitchen, in which it has been my privilege to work, and where for fifteen years a weekly Sunday evening meeting has been continuously held in connection with the ——— Mission.

The room, which runs the whole length of the building, holds some 425 people, and is generally well filled. I am usually accompanied by some ten or fifteen helpers, forming a choir, who, as soon as they enter the kitchen, strike up one familiar Sankey's hymn after another, while the cooking and washing and mending are going on as usual. After a while I call out: "Now, friends, we have had our innings; it is your turn, and if you will choose some of your favourite hymns we will gladly help you to sing them."

One after another, chosen by the tramps themselves, is sung, and gradually the noise ceases, and sufficient quiet is obtained to enable speakers to give short, simple, pointed addresses. At a mission room in the neighbourhood, to which these men are often invited, with a view to help them both temporally and spiritually, we meet with many interesting cases.

The character of these smaller meetings is as follows: From 7.30 to 8 o'clock, the names and all particulars that we can obtain are taken down in a book kept for the purpose, with a view of helping

the poor men to start afresh in life or to communicate with their friends.

One evening while this preliminary part of the meeting was going on I heard the remark, "What's the good of saying 'The Lord's my Shepherd; I shall not want'; I am always in want!" When our mission service began I told the men what I had heard, and that I could not allow the remark to pass without notice, and that for two reasons. First, it betrayed great ignorance on the part of the one that uttered it; and secondly, it was calculated to do sad harm to those who heard it, and I claimed their attention while I gave them the Bible account. Turning to Psalm 22, I said: "Our friend wants to experience the blessing of the 23rd Psalm before he has learnt the lesson conveyed in the 22nd. The 22nd Psalm tells of the *Provision* God has made for the salvation of sinners; the 23rd Psalm tells of the *Protection* the Good Shepherd affords to the sheep of His pasture; and the 24th Psalm tells of the future glorious *Prospect* assured for the redeemed." Thus the interruption of the objector furnished me with three subjects, containing the very pith and marrow of the Gospel in a nutshell.

Some days afterward I was summoned to the miserable bedside, in the same lodging-house, of a man supposed by himself and others to be in a dying state. I was most agreeably surprised when he said to me, "I have a Bible in my locker, and I want you to mark those three Psalms." "What Psalms?" I inquired. "Those three you explained to us on Tuesday."

“What shall I mark them?” “Oh,” he said, “the three P’s.” I marked the Bible, pointing out again the teaching in the light of the New Testament, and it was quite evident the light of God’s Holy Word was effectually working in this poor fellow’s mind. On my next visit he said, “I have added another ‘P.’” “Indeed,” I replied; “what might that be?” He answered with much feeling, “Precious.”

In a moment I saw, through the rags and filth and wretchedness, that I was in the presence of an educated man. “Yes,” he said, “I am an Oxford graduate. My name and my father’s address are so-and-so. Will you write and tell my people that I have accepted the three P’s? Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, is my *Provision*. Jesus, the Good Shepherd of His sheep, is my *Protector*. Jesus, who, having overcome the sharpness of death, has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers, is my future *Prospect*.” With a joyful and thankful heart a lady friend of mine wrote to the father of the dying man, rejoicing to be the messenger of tidings that we thought would cheer his heart, and open the door of his house to the repentant prodigal; but the only reply received was, “I repudiate him; he is no son of mine.”

In our deep disappointment this kind lady at once procured a ticket of admission to the Brompton Hospital, that the last days of the invalid might be passed amid more congenial surroundings than those which for some time past his wretched life had made a dire necessity.

I hastened to impart the good news to my poor friend and arrange for his removal.

To my amazement the sick man seemed to be endowed with a fresh lease of life.

He was deeply grateful to the lady for her kindness to one so unworthy of consideration, especially from a stranger, but said: "I rejoice to believe I have already got what I wanted—not a bed in the Brompton Hospital, but a high stool in an accountant's office at a good salary, which has been secured for me by a kind friend, where I hope I may, in some measure, retrieve the past. All I now want to effect a cure is work, work, work, and having got it I shall soon get well."

I would not discourage him, but I judged otherwise. From the experience of years of similar cases I felt pretty confident that this apparent recovery was but the effect of mind over matter. The joy which followed upon a sense of sins forgiven, spiritual life imparted, the knowledge of acceptance through the finished work of Christ, and the assurance of eternal rest and peace in the immediate presence of his Saviour, infused the enfeebled frame with renewed vitality; but disease, resulting from long indulgence in vicious courses, and succeeding destitution and exposure, had done their fatal work. This apparent recovery was but the final flicker of the candle ere the mortal life should be quenched in the darkness of the grave. However, a suitable outfit was provided, and the pauper left behind him for ever the tramps' lodging-house. He was duly in-

stalled in the accountant's office, but it was evident that the high stool would soon be exchanged for one of the many mansions.

He worked steadily for a month, notwithstanding ever increasing weakness, giving entire satisfaction to his employers, when the final flicker died out, and he fell asleep in Jesus.

His life had been spared long enough to afford indisputable testimony to the fact that he had, in truth, accepted in all its fulness the *Provision* of the 22nd Psalm—the sufferings and death of Christ in his, the sinner's, place; he rejoiced, moment by moment, in the keeping power — the *Protection* which the Good Shepherd affords to every one of His trusting, submissive, obedient sheep; and with his last expiring breath he doubtless entered into the realisation of the *Prospect*, the expectation of which had cheered him as he passed through the valley of the shadow, when the gates of pearl rolled back and the redeemed soul entered within the portals of the heavenly kingdom.

My lady friend wrote yet once again to the young man's father, telling him that his son had departed to be with Christ, which is far better, but the answer to her letter was couched in terms similar to that which had preceded it.

ANON.

"I GIVE UNTO THEM ETERNAL LIFE."

(JOHN x. 27-30.)

HERE are seven things about the sheep of Christ; and wonderful things they are, as all that pertains to the blessed Christ of God is wonderful, inclusive even of His (otherwise poor) sheep.

1. My sheep hear my voice,
2. And I know them,
3. And they follow me :
4. And I give unto them eternal life ;
5. And they shall never perish,
6. Neither *shall* any pluck them out of my hand.
7. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all ;
and none *is able* to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

Now this is an unbreakable chain that binds the sheep, the Shepherd, and the Father that sent Him, all up together in the bonds of eternal life. Let us look at the several links of it.

1. The Shepherd came to seek the sheep, and the first thing the sheep knows is that it hears the Shepherd's voice. Occupied with the ritualism of the Jewish fold, or the devilish ceremonies of heathenism, the sheep are all unconscious of their lost estate until that voice reaches them—a voice secured to them by the porter, the Holy Spirit, who opens to the Shepherd.

How that voice arouses from torpor and arrests

the attention! How it stirs the spirit to its depths! What a magnetic attraction there is in it! But hark! it pronounces a name. It is the name of the sheep. For—

2. The Shepherd *knows* His sheep; and calleth His own sheep by name, and this to lead them out of all that with which they may have been connected previously; for He putteth them forth of that in which He finds them, as the blind man, in chapter ix., was cast out of the synagogue. And this is in order that—

3. They may follow Him. So when the healed blind man was rejected by the Pharisees, He who was before rejected found him and led him into deeper truth about the glory of His person as the Son of God, that he might be strengthened to follow Him, and to overcome the world.

How different this to man's way!

"Have you any interest in this life?" was asked of a young man who had stood listening to an outdoor preaching, in one of the coast townships of Victoria, some few years ago.

"I should think I had as good a chance as any," was the reply.

A reason for this confidence being demanded, he said—

"Well, I was baptized when a child, I have attended a place of worship since then, and have kept myself out of the hands of the police."

What a foundation! Alas for man!

But it is not to such the life is given which the

good Shepherd, came to give. It is of His sheep He says—

4. "I give unto *them* eternal life." Mark, in any case it is a *gift*, and *He* the giver. Blessed Shepherd! In order to give us that life, Thou didst lay down Thine own!

But notice here, that it is not said He *imparts* that life, as though He bestowed a share or portion of it upon us.* He gives in a different way from that in which we give, as He says, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John xiv. 27). We give away; He takes us into union with Himself that we may share all He has, and is as man.

This life that He gives is the life that was and is in Him as its source (though He was ever God also), and is given to us as in Him. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son" (1 John v. 11).

5. "And they shall never perish." There are no seeds of decay in this life. Adam's life was capable of perishing, that is, his life as a man on earth; but the life given to Christ's sheep is incapable of perishing, whether as a spiritual life, or as a life that shall quicken the mortal body in the coming day.

Think of it, ye sheep of Christ! A life capable of

* The word translated "impart" is used five times in the New Testament—Luke iii. 11; Rom. i. 11, 12; Eph. iv. 28 (rendered *give* in these two passages); 1 Thess. ii. 8; and has the sense of giving away entirely, as "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none" (Luke iii. 11).

the closest intimacy of communion with Him who gave it. A life *incapable* of death, and that even as to the body presently, "Neither *can they die* any more."

6. "Neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Satan seduced Adam and caused him to lose the place God gave him. Christ's sheep are held in His hand, and He says in almighty love, *none* shall pluck them thence. Notice there is no word for "man" here, for it is not man only that is in view, but any "creature," angel, man, or devil! And this is the assertion of love, almighty love! None SHALL.

"Ah! but," the tremulous soul may ask, "*can* He keep? How many have said to the object beloved, 'None shall sever us;' but how powerless are they in the presence of the foe. *Can*, oh, CAN He keep?" Now the love of Christ is almighty, yet He would give a double assurance to the timid sheep, and so He puts them, as it were, back into the Father's hand, and adds—

7. "My Father which gave them me is *greater than all*, and *none is able* to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Here omnipotent power backs almighty love; and thus assured, the sheep may be free to enjoy the wonderful communion for which they have been fitted, and which has been opened up to them.

Almighty love says, "*None shall.*"

Omnipotent power says, "*None is able.*"

Thus Christ and the Father are one. One in the gift of life to the sheep. One in pledging their

security. One in desire for their affections. One as object for communion and worship.

Happy sheep! Rest in the security pledged to you! Feed in the pastures prepared for you!

Are you, my reader, a sheep of Christ?

G. J. S.

“A FATAL MISTAKE.”

IT is not long since two young men, of about the same age, found themselves the only occupants of a railway compartment.

Few words passed, before it became evident that (although travelling to the same destination on that railroad) they were bound for different destinations as to the future ETERNITY. The one (a converted youth) was on “the narrow road which leads to life”; the other (an unconverted comedian) was, by his own admission, travelling the broad road to destruction.

Dear reader, in all love to your never-dying soul, I ask you to consider which road are you travelling? There are but two. “Enter ye in at the strait gate: for WIDE is the gate and BROAD is the way that leadeth to *destruction*, and *many* there be that go in thereat; because STRAIT is the gate and NARROW is the way which leadeth unto LIFE, and *few* there be that find it” (Matt. vii. 13, 14).

Are you, dear reader, amongst the last-named “few,” who have entered the strait gate and narrow

way which lead to life? If you are, you can pass this paper on to some one else.

"WHERE WILL YOUR SOUL SPEND ETERNITY?" asked the youth.

"Well," said the comedian, "I am not like some who laugh at such as you; I believe there is a God. I believe all the Bible, I used to read it when a boy, but now I have my living to earn, and my profession to follow. I have no time to think about God or any such things."

"Well," said his companion, "as you say you believe all the Bible, allow me to read you one verse from it—'The wicked shall be turned into HELL, and *all* the nations that *forget* God' (Ps. ix. 17). Do you believe that?"

"You mean to politely tell me," said the comedian, "that I am on my way to Hell."

"God says so," was the reply. "His word says, '*All that forget God shall be turned into Hell.*'"

Dear reader, I beseech you, consider this verse, if you are one who, up to this present moment, has forgotten God, one who, like this young comedian, says, "I have no time for such things," take warning ere it be too late. Settle the question of your soul's eternal destiny. Now you have the opportunity, "Behold, now is the day of salvation." Listen to God, and "boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1).

This young comedian was making the *fatal mistake*, which many like him have made, and are making to-day. Presently he said, "The title of the song I

am reading is, '*It is never too late to mend.*' I know what the Bible says is true, and I never intend to go to Hell. But I am young yet, my profession needs all my time and attention, and as regards the future (speaking of his soul's 'salvation), there is 'plenty of time.' When I get old will do for that. If I were to be converted, I should have to give up this business."

The journey came to an end, and the young comedian's parting words to his companion were, "Plenty of time," "It is never too late to mend."

What a fatal mistake! Procrastination is by far the best trap the devil has, and by it he lures to eternal ruin many thousands of souls. Take warning, unsaved reader, lest you too be ensnared by his fatal bait, "Plenty of time."

The rich farmer in Luke xii., whose ground brought forth so plentifully that he had not room where to bestow all his goods, thought within himself and said, "I will pull down my barns and build greater;" then he said to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for *many years*; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." This rich man was, like many others, expecting to live for *many years*; but he forgot God. He left God out of his calculations. And God said to him, "Fool! *this night* shall thy soul be inquired of." Unsaved reader; procrastinator, neglecter, or whatever you be, if your sins are still unforgiven, if the eternal destiny of your soul is still unsettled, take warning, for *to-night thy soul may be required of thee!*

“The blood of Jesus Christ (God’s Son) cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John i. 7). I beseech you, dear reader, do not miss your present and maybe your last opportunity, but accept God’s great salvation full and free.

“Depths of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me;
 Can my God His wrath forbear,
 And me, so great a sinner, spare?
 Can such an offer, full and free,
 Be really meant for such as me?
 That all my sins on Christ were laid,
 That all my debt by Him was paid?
 Yes! Jesus says it—He who died—
 Believe! and thou art justified.”

A. E. C.

THE WORLD.

THE WORLD AS MAN MADE AND SEES IT.

THE world! How often we hear the expression! What do you understand by it? Tens of thousands of lips utter the word, and tens of thousands of pens write it daily. What does it mean? Men’s views of it differ almost as much as men differ one from another. It is a very complex word, and may be looked at from many points of view. Speaking generally, in one aspect, it is the moral state of things built up by men, during their sojourn on this little globe, called the earth, rolling

wide in its orbit round the sun. It is a strange world, a strange medley! Human thought and device have reduced it to what it is. It is a vast puzzle to the thinker. Millions of minds work on it and search into its mysteries, as for hid treasures. It is a tangled skein, the end of which has not yet been discovered by the wisest. It is an enigma which baffles the loftiest intelligence. The most diligent searcher finds a thus far and no farther, whichever way he pursues his researches. The politician, the scientist, the divine soon gets out of his depth. The most learned scholar is he who most realises how little he has realised. The most profound thinker is he who most discovers how puny are his loftiest thoughts. The most renowned scientist is conscious that he is only on the threshold of unknown wonders. The greatest divine naturally can only bring natural thoughts to bear on that which is only spiritually understood.

The world! The world! The world! What is it? A strange medley indeed! How bright it looks in youth! What shoreless prospects, what far-stretching vistas of happiness and glory in one way or another float through the imagination, as youth develops into manhood. How many a glittering goal attracts the heart and eye! But when reached, how bitter oft is the disappointment! How many thousands have gone forth, full of youthful ardour and energy, with the world before them as a vast stage for brilliant exploit and noble deeds, and have either been stopped unexpectedly, in the midst of

their days, by the rude hand of accident or death ; or returned crowned with one of the world's rewards, its laurels, or its wealth, but with shattered health and a disappointed spirit ! Or some unwise action, some false step, some momentary indiscretion, has stopped them short in their career, just ere they succeeded in obtaining the long-sought goal of their hope ! Or, maybe, another with greater qualities had stepped into their place, or attained the top of the ladder of human fame instead of them ! Un-awarded circumstances seemed to conspire against them. Others appreciated not their efforts as they expected ; and the heart has become heavy, envious, and sore. The world that seemed so bright and full of prizes, easy to be attained, proved delusive, and as years increased, so also the awakening to the vanity of it all !

The world ! Yes, how suited it appears to man, who is the centre of it ! Mighty empires and kingdoms, brilliant with the accumulated glory of centuries, and historic records of mighty deeds ! Luxurious courts, surrounded with all that human learning and invention can produce to render life easy and happy ; political, social, religious, and moral elements combining to promote prosperity ; mighty armies and navies clad in gorgeous uniform, and armed with every weapon of precision ; glorious cities, with costly public buildings and monuments, spacious parks, brilliant streets glittering with electric light, and teeming with well-dressed thousands in elegant equipages or on foot ; stately palaces and

mansions; libraries, museums, theatres, music-halls, and every evidence of wealth and progress and prosperity! What a field for the heart of man to find satisfaction in, if only satisfaction could be found. Or if the higher needs of his soul demand satisfaction (for he has a soul, and it has needs), man's world has made its provision. Would you think for a moment of something more spiritual than all the embellishments of art and man's device to suit the natural senses, you have but to turn aside from the busy throng, and a few short steps will bring you to one of man's many religious temples, whether cathedral or tabernacle, chapel or church; and there you will find plenty to minister to your religious senses (and man is naturally a religious being). There is music for the ear, the loud pealing organ and religious song, architecture and sculpture for the eyes, the noble dome, the gorgeous transept, the wide-spreading arch, the chaste monument, and reverential religious dress and attitude for the spirit.

The world! Man's world! What is its future? Time goes on, man's days pass rapidly. He is a busy creature while they last. Where is *the goal*? What will be the consummation? Civilisation, education, invention are progressing rapidly. Trade both on land and on sea, with its attendant wealth, develops on all hands. Many a product of distant lands, once esteemed as a luxury, is now at the disposal of the masses, and men rejoicing in their success, delight to bring together in vast exhibitions the manifold results of their own skill. But where,

we repeat again, is *the goal*? We have read and heard of the glories of Babylon and Rome, &c., in past ages, but what remains? A few crumbling ruins at most! Will history repeat itself? Will modern European civilisation and progress go on advancing till all the world shall revel in power, knowledge, and luxury? Or *what*? One thing is very certain, that whilst empires and kingdoms progress, individuals by thousands pass off the scene, and lose their part in their glory. Wonderful and glorious things may yet be accomplished, according to human standards; but if so, another generation will profit by it, for none can deny that death is here. And death is a very disappointing factor in it all. But it has to be reckoned with. It is a humiliating thought indeed for a man, in the midst of his advancement and glory, to have to lie down and die! But who can escape it? Who can bid death begone? From the highest to the lowest, from the emperor to the beggar, not one. All the glory of man descends with him into death and the dark grave. What then is all this human glory around us in the light thereof! Useful as much in the world is, in the circumstances of the moment, what doth it all profit, once the summons to leave it comes? Man may put up a monument to your memory, and adorn it with garlands to the honour of your name, but where then are you?

The world! The world! What is it? At its best, a vast deceit, a delusion, a sham! Manifold mercies, privileges, and blessings are found in the midst of it,

but in itself that which man has built up for his own delight, it is a cheat, and a snare! There is very much that is beautiful and delightful outwardly, but the one article of death (not to speak of all the misery and suffering on the road to it), is the drop of poison, so to speak, in the glittering and intoxicating cup of joy!

(To be continued.)

“IF ONLY I HAD MY TIME OVER
AGAIN!”

YOU may perhaps wonder what is coming. Well, to make a short story of it, a relative of mine, living in a small village, was in rapid consumption.

I visited her one Saturday evening, and found that she was in a sinking condition, in fact a mere skeleton, but somewhat cheerful in spirit. After the usual inquiry as to her health, she gave me to understand very distinctly that she was quite conscious of the rapidly approaching moment of her leaving this world. I at once took the opportunity of asking her if all was right between her soul and God?

My friend, whoever you may be, let me ask *you* this same solemn and most important of all questions. Answer it you must, sooner or later. My relative's answer was that of doubt. She too, like

you, had heard the story of God's love many, many times; but I again put before her that God had shown great mercy to this poor lost, sin-stained world, in the blessed fact of having sent His only begotten Son into it to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and that now He (God) could come out with outstretched arms, and recover in His arms the vilest prodigal that believes in His own Beloved Son.

I then said to her, "Do you think that God is satisfied with Jesus?" Her answer was, "Oh, yes." After a little pause I asked, "Are not you?" and to my great delight, with joy beaming in her face, she softly said, "Yes!" We prayed together, and I left her.

A week after, on my second visit, she received me with great delight, and oh, what a difference was in her countenance. Again, my friend, let me ask, do you know what it is to be basking in the sunshine of God's love? If you have not found satisfaction in that Blessed One, who is at God's right hand, you do not know what real joy is. Then she said, "*If only I had my time over again, how differently would I have trained my children.*"

Mothers, may I ask you in the first place, Is it all right between your soul and God? Can you look up and say, God is satisfied with Jesus, and I am satisfied as well? This dear mother, very soon afterwards, was absent from the body *but* present with the Lord. Oh, dear mothers, think of your own eternal destiny, and let me ask, How can you train your children for the Lord if you are a stranger to

Him yourself? God has displayed His love and grace in the fullest possible way in the gift of His Son. There, on Calvary's cross, Jesus the Saviour shed His precious blood, that you and I, guilty sinners, might have our sins washed away, and thus be made clean and able to come to God suited and fitted for His presence.

Delay is dangerous—*trust Him now*; come just as you are. If you wait until you are one jot better, it is utterly impossible for you to ever come. Everything has been done by Christ, to God's eternal satisfaction, the way has been cleared, and you can, by faith in Christ Jesus, be eternally saved. Oh, what infinite love, who can fathom it? "Now is the day of salvation;" to-morrow may be too late. E. G.

"GRACE AND GLORY."

(TUNE—Grace.)

"**G**RACE and glory," what a story,
 For a bankrupt sinner's ear!
 Doubt and sadness changed to gladness,
 Peace, instead of anxious fear.

"Grace and glory,"
 Heav'n-sent story;
 Good news bringing,
 World-wide ringing,
 Heav'nly joys to man brought near.

Jesus ONCE for sin did suffer,
 THEN God's claims He fully met,
 Took the culprit's place and portion,
 Paid in BLOOD the mighty debt.

Grace declaring,
 Judgment bearing,
 Shame enduring,
 Heav'n securing,
 Now at God's right hand He's set.

Art thou filled with dark forebodings?
 Dost thou dread thy dying day?
 Does the thought of coming judgment
 Fill thy soul with blank dismay?

Hear the story,
 From the glory,
 God's love telling,
 Fears dispelling,
 JESUS SAVES AND SAVES TO-DAY!

'Twas for ruin'd, helpless sinners,
 Wretched, hopeless, sunk in shame,
 Full of love and deep compassion,
 JESUS from the glory came!

Oh, then trust Him,
 Simply trust Him;
 Guilt confessing,
 Take the blessing,
 Life, and peace, and joy obtain.

“IF ONLY ONE WERE SURE.”

LAST Christmas I was driving many miles across country with some friends in the South of Scotland, to attend a meeting of Christians, when a gentleman at my side said, “Do you see that house in the distance? The occupant, Mrs M——, died very recently.”

The name was familiar to me, and on inquiry I soon ascertained that the deceased lady was one whom I had met once only in my life. “Was she a believer in the Lord? Did she live and die a Christian?” I inquired.

“Oh, yes,” was the reply, “there is no doubt on that point. She had been a decided Christian for many years.”

“And do you know how she was converted?”

“No. I should like to know,” was my friend’s answer.

“Well, if you like I will tell you. It is fully more than twenty years since I met her; and it was under these circumstances. I was speaking on the Lord’s second coming in a large town many miles from here. The Christians with whom I was spending the night were relatives of Mrs M——. A matter of business had brought her from this district to her relatives’ town; and knowing that I was to have a meeting, and not being sure as to her being a decided Christian, they had urged her to spend the night at their house, and accompany them

to my meeting. She was a professing Christian, observant of all religious duties, kind to the poor, and exemplary in all her ways; but had never really confessed Christ as her own Saviour, nor given evidence of divine life in her soul. Hence her friends' anxiety concerning her.

"A large gathering assembled to hear the Word of the Lord; and God's Spirit was manifestly at work, as the reason and object of Christ's first coming to earth, and the certainty of His second coming, were unfolded. Man's necessity as a sinner, the fact that he was utterly lost, was demonstrated by the fact that God had 'sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.' And He Himself when here, had affirmed that 'the Son of man was come to seek and to save that which was *lost*.' But if He were to save man, He must Himself take up the question of man's sin, assume man's responsibilities, meet the claims of God on man, and die in the room and stead of the sinner.

"This, we saw, He had done, the apostle Paul plainly affirming 'that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures' (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4). Redemption was accomplished, God's claims had been met, the veil was rent, Satan's power was broken, death annulled, and the grave spoiled. The whole question of sin having been settled before God, Christ had gone on high, and the Holy Ghost had come down to proclaim forgiveness, and form

the Church His Bride, which He Himself would shortly come to fetch home.

"The scripture particularly pressed was this, 'Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And AS it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation' (Heb. ix. 26-28). The perfection of Christ's work was sought to be unfolded. The solemn question of sin in its fullest aspect had been settled to God's entire satisfaction, propitiation and atonement having been effected. This, the wider aspect of the cross, was fully dwelt on. Then came the 'as' and the 'so' of the passage, which bring the application of the gospel to the individual in connection with the precious truth of substitution. 'As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.' If our sins were not borne and put away by Him, they never could be. We could not put them away, for 'without the shedding of blood is no remission' (Heb. ix. 22), and Christ would not again shed His blood. He had done it once. If therefore the work of substitution had not been effected, we saw that it never could be.

"The 'as' and the 'so' brought light to many a heart that evening. As death and judgment were the lot of man, being the fruit and consequence of sin, it was abundantly plain that, when dying in grace on

the cross, to effect atonement, 'so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.' He there took the two penal consequences of sin, namely, death and judgment, and thereby delivers from these two awful penalties every soul that believes in Him. As a result, the statement, 'unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation,' was seen to be the natural sequence of the truth of the gospel. The believer in Jesus is delivered from the necessity of death, because Christ has died for him, and he now simply looks for Christ's return to take him to be with Himself.

"We plainly saw that when He came the first time, He took our sins away; and when He comes the next time, He will take us away. The question of death and judgment have been definitively settled already. The return of the Lord as the immediate hope of the Christian was presented and pressed; and scores of gladdened hearts afterwards sang—

"I'm waiting for thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
I'm waiting for Thee,
For Thy coming again."

"The meeting broke up; and on our way to the house of our Christian friends, Mrs M—— and I met. She broke the ice by saying, 'You have had a most solemn and impressive meeting, Dr Wolston.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'and a very blessed one for Christians. Is it not blessed to be waiting for the return of the Lord?'

“‘If only one were sure that one was ready,’ she replied.

“‘And cannot you say that you are ready, madam?’ I rejoined. ‘You know that you are saved, do not you?’”

“‘I never felt that I could say that. Oh no. Of course I have thought of these things, but I could never take on me to say that I am saved.’

“‘Will you allow me to ask you another question?’ I rejoined. ‘Have you ever got into God’s presence and honestly owned that you were *lost*?’

“‘Lost,’ she exclaimed. ‘No, I never thought I was lost.’

“‘Therein lies the solution of the difficulty of your never having been able to know you were saved. No one gets saved till they know they are lost.’

“‘But I never thought I was lost. Of course I know I have not been what I ought to be, and I have failed in my effort to be what I desire to be, but I never thought I was a lost sinner.’

“‘Well, my dear lady, if you will take the simple advice of a stranger whom you never met before, and may very likely never meet again, but who, nevertheless, has a deep interest in your soul, you will not lay your head on your pillow to-night, till, in the presence of God, you have owned that you are a *lost* sinner needing salvation. Then I believe you will get on to right ground before God, and He will give you to know what it is to be saved, and to rejoice in view of the Lord’s coming again.’

“By this time the tell-tale tear of deep emotion

was running down her cheek ; and feeling I had said enough, I held my peace and left her to walk alone. We soon reached her relatives' house. The supper-bell rang, and a large party gathered at the supper table. Mrs M——'s chair was vacant. After waiting a few minutes our hostess said, 'I will go and see what has detained her,' and shortly returned, saying, 'She will not be down to-night, and begs to be excused.'

"After the family had dispersed, and my host and his wife were left alone with me, she said, 'A most extraordinary thing has happened in Mrs M——'s case. I knocked at her door, and getting no answer, I went in, and found her kneeling at a chair with an open Bible on it, and in floods of tears. She was in too deep emotion to say anything, save that she would not come down to-night.'

"From that night dates the hour when she really turned to God, and found Christ. I never saw her again after the next morning, when she confessed she had received blessing overnight ; she had owned she was *lost*, and then learned that she was *saved* by simple faith in Jesus. Some time later I heard that the effect of God's Word on her had been abiding ; and now I am truly thankful to hear that she has gone home to be with Jesus. It is cheering after more than twenty years to learn of the safe home-going of one converted through the ministry of God's Word."

Reader, how is it with your soul? Have you learned yet that you are lost, and got into God's

presence and owned it? If not, I would urge you to lose no time in acknowledging the truth as to your state, and turn to the Lord Jesus as a living Saviour. Remember, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. “He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.” Thrice over, in the last chapter of Scripture, does the Lord Jesus say, “I come quickly.” Blessed indeed are they who are ready for His coming, and know it surely. I am one of that happy company. Why should not you be one also? Make up your mind for Christ now.

W. T. P. W.

“ A PLACE OF REFUGE.”

ON the distant prairie
 Lurid gleams the sky ;
 Clouds of smoke ascending
 Tell of danger nigh.

Oh, what pangs of horror,
 Agonies of fear,
 Flames are bounding onward,
 Soon they will be here !

Nought can check their fury,
 Nought on earth has power
 E'en to stay their progress
 For one little hour.

One, but one last refuge
Now at length is seen ;
Fire has lost its fuel
Where the flames have been.

Swift is formed a circle,
Swift a light applied ;
Throbbing hearts are watching
Till the flames have died :
Till the whitening ashes
Clear and plain are seen ;
Fire has lost its power
Where the flames have been !

Now in perfect safety
On that spot they stand,
While the flames' wild billows
Devastate the land ;
Safe, because their fury
Has already preyed
On the ground they rest on,
And a refuge made.

Sinner, there is coming
Judgment swift and sure,
Not one single moment
Is your life secure ;
Ere the twilight shadows
Veil the evening sky,
Hearts shall cease their beating,
You may have to die.

There is but one Refuge,
 But one single spot,
 Where the flame of Judgment,
 Coming, toucheth not.
 'Tis beneath the shadow
 Of the Crucified,
 Who, for you, a Victim,
 Suffered, bled, and died.

There, the fire of Judgment,
 He hath once endured,
 And “a place of Refuge”
 For your soul secured,
 All the waves and billows
 Of the wrath of God,
 O'er Him passed when bearing
 Your sins' heavy load.

Hasten to the Refuge
 Where the flames have fed !
 Hide beneath the altar
 Where the Victim bled !
 Safe, beneath its shelter—
 Sin on Him was laid—
 Safe, because your Surety
 All your debt has paid.

THE POLICEMAN'S STORY.

“WILL you come and see Tom Black?” said a nurse in the Northern Hospital, Liverpool. I consented, and followed her to the ward where he lay. Only thirty-five years of age, but a wreck through drink and a fast life.

Stooping down, I whispered in his ear, “You are very low, the nurse says.” He shook his head, as if to say, “I know it.” I took up a novel which was lying on the table beside him, and I asked him if this gave him any comfort; but again he shook his head. I whispered in his ear that it would be a terrible awakening if he died in his sins, and then I opened the Word of God, and read to him, “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”

He then spoke very low, and said: “Sir, whoever you are, you are too late. You do not know who you are talking to. There is no mercy for me! I am the greatest sinner in Liverpool! I am everything that is bad! I have sinned away my day of grace, and there is no mercy for me!”

I then read to him John iii. 16, “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“That’s not for me,” he said, in a low voice.

“Well, then, who is this for?” I said, as I read

Romans v. 6, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

He was silent for a short time, then he said, "Read them two verses again," so I read, "For God so loved *Tom Black*, that he gave his only begotten Son, that if *Tom Black* believeth in him, he should not perish, but have everlasting life." "For when *Tom Black* was yet without strength, in due time Christ died for *Tom Black*." "Now," I said, "you are soon to die. You have a dark record of sin against you. You have no strength, and you are just in the condition for God to pardon and save you." He asked me to read the two verses over again, so I read them again, and again, till he closed his eyes. I thought he was weary, but as I sat and watched at his bedside, I saw the tears bursting through his closed eyelids and begin to trickle down his cheeks. So I left him, never expecting to see him on earth again.

One afternoon, about a week after, a knock was heard at the door of my house, so I went to see who was there, and to my great surprise there stood Tom Black, propped up against the wall, with a man on each side holding him up. We brought him into the kitchen, where he sat down.

"You look surprised," he said. "Well, it's this way. After you left me, my whole life passed before me. I saw then, as I never had seen before, what a terrible sinner I had been, but the light of heaven has shone into my heart. I have found out that God loves me, that Christ died for me, the ungodly sinner.

Oh, I believe God, so I could not rest until I had told you the good news. I knew that I would soon die, so I asked the doctor to let me go home and die with my wife and two children."

The end soon came; and on his last night on earth I stood beside the dying man in his poor garret. I said, "Tom, tell me before we part what is it that gives you such peace and assurance in the presence of death, with such a wasted, sinful life in the past?" I shall never forget the radiant look of joy that spread over his face, as he clasped his hands above his head and said, "God so loved *Tom Black*, that he gave his only begotten Son, that if *Tom Black* believed on him, *Tom Black* should not perish, but have everlasting life. Christ died for me, the ungodly one. Oh! why should I be afraid of meeting the One who so loved me that He died for me? I long to see and be with Him." He tried to sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," but with the words on his lips he passed away.

Such is the testimony of T—— M——, a converted policeman in Liverpool, who was the honoured instrument, used of God, in leading that dark sinner into the light and love of God.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you ready to meet God? Tom Black only knew two verses of the Bible, but he received them as the message of God to him. He received the pardon procured by the death of Christ and presented to him. Have you? If not, do not delay, "Now is the accepted time."

"GOING TO HELL."

I CAN'T see your soul going to hell without telling you of it." These words once spoken in simple faithfulness, were used of God to the awakening and conversion of a man till then dead in trespasses and sins. It was at a small sea-side place just outside the busy city of Bristol.

Major G—— was very ill. He had retired from the army, and was living in peace—the devil's peace, a false peace, which thousands in their blindness are lulled into at this hour.

Well, Major G—— was ill, very ill, and the doctor came and privately told his friends that he was marked for death. The news spread through the house that the father, the husband, the master was dying, and could not live longer than three days.

Now there lived in that house a little servant-maid, who feared God, one who had found in Christ a refuge for her poor lost and guilty soul. The news so impressed her that she was led in faith to enter her master's room. She approached his bedside and said, "Oh, sir, the doctor says as how you cannot live only three days longer, and I can't see your soul go to hell without telling you of it." To which he in anger replied, "How dare you come into my room? Do you see that door? Go out at once, and leave my service this day month."

The dear girl left him, and all that day she went about sorrowful and in tears. But God was at work.

The dying Major lay, and, do all he could, he could not shake off that message, "Going to hell." What solemn words, yet there he was going. Are you going there, dear reader?

The evening came round and found the poor dying Major in a very wretched state. He was now awake to his danger, and in distress of soul he sent for the little servant-maid he had dismissed in such haste, and when she came he said, "Tell me, what did you mean by those words you spoke to me this morning? I cannot get rid of them." The dear girl answered, "I can't tell you, sir, all they mean, but I know I am saved. I would be only too glad to change places with you and die in three days' time. But, sir, I know a true servant of the Lord living at Exeter, who led me to Christ, he can tell you all about it. Shall I send for him?" To which the dying Major replied, "Yes." This dear man was a poor humble bootmaker, living about eighty miles away, who, when he arrived, found the dying man just ready for Christ. He just told him of God's great love, of Christ's precious blood, and of a welcome for poor sinners, however guilty, to the blessed Son of God.

The dying man believed the gospel, received the love of God, came to Jesus, rested on Him, and rejoiced in His finished work. He then said, "I have a son a clergyman, I've had clergymen sitting, eating at my table, and not one of them ever spoke to me of my soul. If it had not been for that poor servant-girl I should have gone to hell."

He begged the humble bootmaker to stay with

him until he died, and in the interval bore witness to the wonderful grace of God in saving a poor sinner, such as he, when just on the brink of hell.

Reader, this gospel of the grace of God has now been preached for nearly two thousand years. Many have accepted the blessed message it brings. Have you yet done so? Soon the day of grace will be over, and the Master of the house will arise, and the door will be shut. Which side of that door will you be? If you are unsaved now turn to God without delay. There is no time to be lost. That door may be shut this very hour. We are close, very close, to that moment, and every fleeting hour brings us closer. In love I warn you, yea, God Himself does so, by these words. In Luke xiii. 25 the Lord Jesus says many will want to enter when the door is shut and will not be able. They are too late! That tender voice which is *now* beseeching men to "come," will then be heard saying—yes, saying in sadness—"Depart from me."

How will you stand in that great day? *Now* you may claim and trust the precious blood for sinners shed. If so, you will not then be put to shame. Remember that He who is now desiring to be your Saviour will then be a Judge. Has His mercy long been spurned? How often have you turned your back on Christ? Then against you He will be turned. Heaven and earth will vanish away, but the lake of fire remains for the rejecter of Christ. Heaven is lost, and your lost soul, in eternal chains, will for ever repent missing God's salvation.

Sinner, "Behold the Lamb of God" who suffered in our stead. "Come unto me" is His word to you. "Hear, and your soul shall live."

I just leave this little tale in your hand, dear unsaved reader, praying that God's Holy Spirit will bless it to you before it be too late. May He awake you out of sleep to call upon God, and Christ shall give you light.

H. G. I.

THE WORLD.

THE WORLD AS IT TRULY IS.

NOW this world, so beautiful to the natural eye of man (even though the shadow of death everywhere hovers over it), is what man himself has reduced it to, blinded in heart and mind (though he is not aware of it) by the enemy of Him who created him for His own glory. Man through the Fall and the reign of sin has, so to speak, become colour blind. His eye, his ear, his heart are all deceived. We read in various scriptures, that Satan deceiveth the whole world (Rev. xii. 9), that man is blinded through the deceitfulness of sin (Heb. iii. 13), that his heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii. 9), that he deceiveth himself (1 John i. 8), and that he deceiveth his own heart (Jas. i. 26). How then can he arrive at a true estimate of all that surrounds him? The most learned, the most

refined are amongst the deceived ones. There is one only source to which one can turn to get light about it all, that is, to God Himself. He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all (1 John i. 5). Would you have right thoughts about Him, yourself, and the world that surrounds you, you must accept His thoughts. His thoughts are not as ours. Would you be truly wise in your generation, you will forsake your own thoughts and bow to His. You will find them in His Word.

In the midst of this world of man's exaltation, vanity, and pride, *God has revealed Himself*. He spake in His Son. His Son came into the world. He came in manhood, Emmanuel, God with us. What was *His* estimate of the whole state and course of things? Did He approve and uphold it, or did He condemn it? His testimony was faithful, true, and uncompromising. He was the light of the world, and His presence fully exposed its condition. The contrast between a Man who did God's will, a Man perfectly after God's own heart, and a world which did its own will and loved darkness, was striking in the extreme. And the power of Satan and the will of man were provoked against Him. Man, with all manner of enlightenment, and proud of his accomplishments, was so completely blind, and his heart so completely callous and deceived, that not a single ray of light could penetrate. He was in darkness and he loved it. More he hated light, and sought to put the light out. His world, so beautiful in his own estimate, centred in himself, and was

sued morally to his blind condition. Light exposed all, and utterly destroyed his imaginary happiness. "Away with him, away with him, crucify him, crucify him!" was the bitter and awful expression of the human heart against perfect goodness and unsullied light. There was nothing whatever in common between the holy Christ of God and man's world. Under the outward garb of Judaism on the one hand, and only thinly veiled, was all the corruption of the human heart. The blessed One who sought to win them in patient grace, closed His ministry by calling their leaders hypocrites, blind guides, whited sepulchres, serpents, a generation of vipers that could not escape the damnation of hell! (Matt. xxiii.).

On the other hand was the heathen world, walking in the vanity of their mind, with darkened understanding, blinded heart, past feeling, given over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness (Eph. iv. 18, 19). See also Romans i. This was the moral state of the world that cast Christ out, both Jew and Gentile combined. They crucified the Lord of Glory. The world sealed its own doom and signed its own death warrant in the death of Christ; and judgment, the holy judgment of God, has rested on it from that day to this. Beautiful as all may appear to the natural eye of man, the world's glory is the merest tinsel, the garb of civilisation a mere spider's web, and the polish of educated society the very thinnest veneer.

Now the fact that man does not perceive this,

shows that a moral cataract is over his eyes. Brilliant and showy as the world's great cities and exhibitions, &c., may appear, take an honest glance beneath the surface, and the awful traces of sin, the utter corruption and wickedness of the human heart and mind will meet you at every turn. Lying, dishonesty and deceit, perjury and corruption, drunkenness and immorality, theft and wickedness, with bodily and mental suffering, and disease and death abound on all hands. Discontent, socialism, opposition to authority, anarchy, revolution, nihilism impregnate the moral atmosphere of the world. With such a crop of poisonous weeds, *must there not be something radically wrong at the root?* What mean these law courts, judges and magistrates, these reformatories, prisons, and thousands of detectives and police? What mean these vast hosts of armed men, these mighty armies and navies of the modern world, if all is fairly as it should be, as so many vainly think? What means this great struggle for existence among the nations, and the struggle for daily bread among the masses, the world itself in many respects but a prison with *travaux forcés*? What mean these hospitals, orphan houses, asylums, homes? Are they the signs of prosperity, the evidences of peace? Is the Prince of Peace already reigning, as some would vainly tell us? Alas no, the Prince of Peace and Righteousness has been rejected and murdered, and an usurper has mounted the throne. Satan reigns, and holds the human race in his thrall. The power of darkness has folded him

in its deadly embrace. Sin and unbelief have triumphed, and the heart of man, with the thin veneer of external religion as his outward garb, is infidel and corrupt to the very core. If you deny it, dear reader, your denial is but one more proof of the fact. "*The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.*" And "*that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.*"

And what will be the end thereof? Thousands reply (notwithstanding that the twentieth century, with all its advance and enlightenment, is opening with wars and revolutions, and the attempted murder of potentates) that the world is getting better, and that science and art, education and discovery, will go on till all the great social questions that shake society will be solved, and men's efforts produce a period of prosperity, and peace, and happiness unparalleled in the history of the world. Revelation tells us that infidelity will triumph over religion (Rev. xvii.), and the world's boasted progress end in the worship of the devil, and universal strife and slaughter (Rev. xiii. 19). No doubt, in the mercy of God, education, civilisation, and scientific discovery, &c., have greatly ameliorated the state of man in many parts of the globe, and that things, in that sense, are better than they were in the past. But all the civilisation and education in the world, and all the scientific discoveries that ever were, or ever will be made, never touch for a single instant the state of the human heart before God.

Man is a sinful and lost creature, under judgment (Rom. iii.); the world lies in the wicked one (1 John v. 19); and all man's efforts to put himself right are utterly vain. And evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. The shadows are deepening, the darkest hours of the long night are approaching rapidly. The mass are caught in the terrible vortex of pleasure-seeking, vanity, and fashion. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life are ministered to on all sides. A few bow to the authority of God; many profess, whose hearts are far from Him. Some churches and chapels are filled on the Lord's Day. Many are half empty. The mass are scarcely entered from Monday till Saturday. Whereas music-halls, theatres, circuses, exhibitions, and shows find their thousands of votaries night after night! The gospel in its purity in many pulpits has become almost a strange sound! A once a week external form quiets the consciences of millions. And where the eye and ear are best ministered to, is generally found the best throng. Where is the glory of God in it all? "My people (and all who bear the Christian name to-day profess to be that) love to have it so," but what will be in the end thereof? Ah, what indeed?

Reader, halt. You have gone on long enough. "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, *Where is the good way, and walk therein*" (Jer. vi. 16). The outline of the future is clear. The world is under the usurper, Satan, and he is using his mighty and deceptive power, duping men

on all sides. The world's political power, speaking broadly, is becoming rapidly infidel, and the professing element rapidly apostate. The infidel power (the beast and ten kings) will overthrow the religious (Babylon), eat her flesh and burn her with fire, practically seize her wealth and destroy her utterly. Then will men worship Satan, the beast, his image, and the false prophet or antichrist, and with the beast's brand-mark on the forehead or on the hand, accept the devil's millennium as their long-looked-for goal!

Then shall the Lord Himself return in power, and God Himself shall judge the habitable earth by Him, the Man whom He hath ordained (Acts xvii. 31). Then shall He set up His kingdom and reign—His saints, who shall be previously translated (1 Thess. iv. 15-18) returning with Him—and the armies and nations having met with judgment at His hand, all kings shall fall down before Him and all nations shall serve Him. For a thousand years there shall be one King over all the earth, one Lord, and His name one (Zech. xiv. 9).

Now the question of all questions for every reader of these lines in view of all these things is, Where shall *I* be in that day? The world, man's world, is without God; its fashion passeth away. All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. If honest, you will admit it does not satisfy you, and out of it sooner or later you *must* go. You *may* go by the way of death this moment, or the Lord at this moment may come for His own, and you

be left to live on till Satanic rule and antichristian power get completely the upper hand. The outlook for you is terrible, whichever way you look, if unconverted. But is there not a remedy? Yes, *there is*. God offers you

CHRIST.

When the world crucified Christ, God made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; and *He died, His blood was shed*. In Him God was glorified, and He exalted Him to highest glory as a present Saviour for all. He alone can satisfy your heart. *What think ye of Him?* He is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, and fairer than the children of men. *Without Him*, you had better never have been born. *With Him, all is yours* (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23), blessing inconceivable, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man. It is revealed to the believer by the Spirit. In Him are unsearchable riches—riches which become the portion of *every one that believeth*.

Your life, dear reader, hangs as it were upon a thread, which may be snapped at any moment. It is then the height of folly to take another step, *without looking eternal realities in the face*. Have to do with God now. He is a Saviour-God, the God of all grace, and will meet you in grace. If in your folly you let the hour of grace slip by, you will bitterly rue it in the day of judgment. *Grace waits on you*. Bow in self-judgment before God, and believe His blessed testimony concerning His Son

and His finished work. Then shall you know that all your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake, that you are justified by God Himself, and that you shall never come into judgment. You are in the midst of a complete wreck, under death, in a world built up by fallen men under Satan's power. But Christ has overcome Satan, it and death, and sits as a crowned and victorious Saviour in glory. *It is Christ you need. Accept Him as your present Saviour and all is well for ever.* Believe on Him, your Saviour and Lord, and a present deliverance from the power of evil will be yours; and then follow Him till the bright and blessed moment when you shall enter upon eternal blessedness in the presence of God on high.

Will you or will you not receive Christ? You will receive Him. Then, to use His own words to another—

“Thy sins *are* forgiven,
Thy faith *hath* saved thee.
Go in peace” (Luke vii. 48-50).

E. H. C.

A RECORD MAN.

WE hear a good deal to-day about “records” of various kinds, and we will just refer to one more. So far as we know, *Methuselah*, the son of Enoch and grandfather of Noah, carries the palm for old-age record, covering the enormous period of nine hundred and sixty-nine

years, which is about fourteen times longer than our present comparatively small life-term of "seventy years." There is not much said in the Bible about this record man, but we may just call attention to two very special things connected with him.

The first is "*he lived*," and the second is "*he died*." He *lived* so many long years, but even that oldest man on record had to part company absolutely with everything in this world, and it is very certain, had he still been living upon earth, it would have been only a question of time, and he would, after all, have had to die.

DIE? YES, DIE! BUT WHY DIE?

Some say that death is merely the result of decay of nature from old age and the like. Well, in a way that may be so, but it is by no means the mainspring of the answer. There is a much deeper cause for death than *that*. God, who is holy, with whom we all have to do, tells us in His Word, that "death passed upon all men, for that ALL HAVE SINNED," and that "*the wages of sin is death*." Yet there is something even still more serious than *death*, and that is—

"AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT."

There are people who do not seem afraid to die. That infidel we read of said on his death-bed, when his friends were bolstering him up, "I have plenty of courage to *die*, but what makes me a coward is the *judgment*, because I am not ready for it." No

indeed, "not ready for it," and no wonder, when he had been so busy for many a day denying the very existence of the Saviour-God who had been waiting so long and patiently in love and grace to save such a sinner as he. Everything in this world bears the stamp of *death*, everything in heaven carries the impress of *eternal* life, while everything in hell is marked with *endless judgment and misery*. Whether a soul departs this life saved or unsaved, it is to enter upon endless duration, and

"AS THE TREE FALLS, SO WILL IT LIE."

Friend, sooner or later you will be forced to face this solemn question, and why not *now* in the day of grace. God would have all to be saved, and He waits in the attitude of giving you a very welcome reception. God is so satisfied with what the Sinless One has done for sinners on Calvary's cross of shame and death, that He has raised Him from the dead and given Him glory. When on earth Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the *life*: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he *live*: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall *never die*."

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?"

Dear reader, if you accept that blessed Person and put your trust in His precious blood that cleanses from *all* sin, eternal blessing is yours, and, in due course, you will *live* where

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH."

“THERE ARE SO MANY RELIGIONS.”

THE above statement may often have been made by those who desire an excuse for refusing God's salvation, but it never struck me so forcibly as some three years ago, when it came from an aged woman of more than fourscore years.

I had called at her cottage with a gospel message, and in reply to it she made the above remark, adding that “each one says that his is the best.”

How terribly had Satan thus succeeded in diverting her attention from her need of the grace of God! Never have I felt more deeply for a soul in its lost condition! Tottering on the brink of eternity, knowing a great deal about “religion,” yet without a personal interest in Christ as her Saviour!

How blessedly does the gospel as the “gospel of God concerning his Son” (Rom. i. 1-3), appear to one in view of such a case. I told her that I had not come with another “religion” for her, but with God's glad tidings. What joy this message ever gives to those who have learnt its value. There is no question now of man's opinions about salvation, for God has spoken, and with no uncertain sound. Yet if souls desire to put the subject away from them, Satan is ever ready to furnish them with an excuse for doing so.

Is my reader among those who thus treat God's salvation with contempt? If so, you are surely sadly

deceived. Clever as your excuse may appear to you now, its utter hollowness will soon be proved. You must in any case soon leave this world, and of what avail will excuses be, in view of eternity? They can give no lasting satisfaction here, and the coming day will show in awful clearness how Satan has cheated your soul.

It may be that you have thought but little of your need of a Saviour! But His very coming into this world does but prove that need, for it was "while we were yet sinners that Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). Think not that you are not included in that class, for God has said, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23).

Own now that you are a sinner, exposed to the wrath of God (soon to be poured out). Then receive the blessed news into your soul that it was indeed for such that Christ came into this world. God now has a positive delight in giving salvation to all who thus believe in His Son. Remain in the distance no longer, but prove His abounding grace to *you*. He waits to be gracious; do not despise His mercy, and therefore perish in your sins.

"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."

"WHAT SHALL THE END BE?"

I HAVE a little question to propound to you that are not saved, and I should very much like if you would answer it. This is the question, "What shall *the end* be of them that *obey* not the gospel of God?" (1 Pet. iv. 17). That question deserves your most serious consideration, for your end cannot, at longest, be far off, and if you have not obeyed the gospel, did you ever reflect what it will be? One thing is certain, it will be eternal, whatever it be.

Now you may think that rather a curious question in relation to the gospel. Obedience to it never suggested itself to your mind. Depend upon it, dear reader, that obedience is necessary to salvation. It is all quite true that the gospel is the outflow of the heart of God, and the nature of God, but then do not forget this, God is God. Sinner, you are a *sinner*, but God is God, and He is holy. You may stiffen your neck, knit your brows, and go on in your sins, but God is God, and you must yet meet Him.

You do not like the thought of obedience. Stop a bit; if you do not bow to the gospel, it will be an awful thing. What an awful eternity lies before the young person who has heard the gospel, and has not obeyed it.

Perhaps you may say to me, "Will not all the children of Christians be saved?" I do not say that. I have one thing to say to you, that you are very

likely the child of a Christian, and yet you are not saved. And are you going to build upon your mother's prayers? Stay, my friend. You have not *obeyed* the gospel. If you have, you will have *confessed* Christ. Confession with the mouth is of vital importance. It is clear I am not right with God if there has not been confession with the mouth before men. What saith Paul? "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).

Do not deceive yourself. I shall not deceive you either. If there be real faith, there will be honest confession. I know you *talk* about your hopes. I have no doubt in the world Balaam hoped to be saved too. If you had gone to him he could have told you the counsels of God, but if there ever be a damned man in eternity it is Balaam. You may, like him, be able to talk about these things, but if you have not *obeyed* the gospel, what shall the end be? You are on the road just now. Balaam said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" (Num. xxiii. 10). Was not that a wonderfully pious ejaculation? Do you know how he died? "Balaam also, the son of Beor, they slew with the sword" (Num. xxxi. 8). That was

his end. He died in full conflict with the people of God. And Scripture speaks of his madness (2 Pet. ii. 16). He had a grand chance of salvation, but he missed it. He sold his soul for money. My beloved fellow-sinner, you have a similar chance to-day. Do not miss it. If you never came to the Saviour before, come now.

Now connect the question of the apostle Peter with a wonderful passage in the first chapter of Romans. “Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto *the gospel of God . . . concerning his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David, according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead*” (vers. 1-4). Now, what is the gospel? The gospel is God’s tale about Jesus. Is the gospel about us? Not one line of it. There was a great deal about us in the law. The law was all about us. It presented the claims of God upon man. Thou shalt do this and that. It was all about us, telling us what we ought to be, and what we ought to do, or not to do. Is the gospel about us? Thank God, no. You say, I thought it was all *for us*. That is not yet the point. It is “the gospel of God.” Where does it come from? God. It is “concerning his Son.” It is all *about* Jesus. Who is it for? It is *for us*. And in that gospel the righteousness of God is revealed. All His thoughts and His feelings come out. He has told out what He is that you and I might learn to know His heart.

Wisely, therefore, does an Old Testament preacher say, "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace" (Job xxii. 21).

The gospel is the glad tidings of what Christ is, as the Man who delights the heart of God, the Man who has overcome the enemy of God and man. It is tidings of what Christ has been in His pathway here. And what was His pathway? Nothing but love and grace and moral beauty; a life in which everything was suitable to God. That sinless life closed, He glorified God in His death by taking up and settling the question of sin. He met all the claims of God, and bore all the wrath due to us. He took our sins, and died our death. Why did He die? Was there anything in Him that demanded death? Not at all. He could say that God searched Him and found nothing: "Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find *nothing*; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress" (Ps. xvii. 3). He says too, "The prince of this world cometh and hath *nothing* in me" (John xiv. 30). Everything was perfect, and Satan owned it. Again the dying thief said, "This man hath done *nothing* amiss." God, Satan, and man each own His sinless perfection.

There was then no reason for His death. Why then did He die? Wonderful truth, He actually became a man that He might die. He knew we could not extricate ourselves from the state we were in. We could not get clear of our sins. We could not meet God's claims upon us. What did He do? He

desired to do the Father's will, and in His deep love for us He went into death that you and I might live. Ah, that is good gospel for a troubled sinner. He drank the cup of God's wrath to the very dregs that He might save guilty sinners like you and me.

Now mark, beloved reader, the gospel is the tale of all that Christ is. You very likely say, “What must I do to be saved?” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31). Believing is not doing. It is simply crediting the goodness of another. You *do* nothing. The point is this, your eye is turned from yourself to Christ. Listen to God's witness: “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to *every one that believeth*” (Rom. i. 16).

It is like God to forgive and save a man like me. It is the grace of God. You do not know how God thinks about you, if you did you would trust His Son at once.

What will take any man into glory? The grace of God. That grace will take me there, as well as Mary Magdalene, a person out of whom the Lord cast seven devils? He cast out seven dozen the night I was converted, and now I can witness that for forty years His grace has kept me. Bow down to him now, sinner. Get your soul saved to-day. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation. And mark you, when God saves a man, He does it out and out. He saves and keeps him to the end.

There is a beautiful statement in the end of

Romans which I want you to ponder. "Now to him that is of power to stablish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the *obedience* of faith: to God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen" (Rom. xvi. 25-27). There the apostle shows how we get established in the gospel we have obeyed. "Now to him that is of power to *stablish* you according to my gospel." If the Lord picks me up, He has power to keep me. Oh, you say, if I confessed Christ just now, I should not be able to stand to-morrow. Do not you think He could keep you to-morrow? I know the night I was converted I was afraid I should not stand the next day, but a young man who spoke to me said, "If He can save you to-night, do not you think He can keep you to-morrow?" Of course He could. If He saves you where you read this, He will keep you to-morrow. That is what He loves to do.

"Now to him that is of *power* to stablish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ." What is God's power? Jesus Christ. Who brings a man from death to life? Jesus Christ. Who brings you out of the grip of the devil? Jesus Christ. "According to the revelation of the mystery," another revelation now, "which was kept secret since the world began" (ver. 25). There was

something in the mind of God through all eternity that He has brought out now, and “made known to all nations for the *obedience* of faith” (ver. 26). What does God expect when He makes known His testimony concerning Jesus Christ. He expects the obedience of faith in your heart. What does faith say? Thank you, Lord, I will have it. Lord, I believe, that is the obedience of faith.

And now, my friend, you will surely understand what the apostle Peter means when he says, “For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that *obey not* the gospel of God?” (1 Pet. iv. 17). It is this, God will judge sin. And He begins at His own house. “And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?” (ver. 18). That is, they are saved with difficulty. “Let me die the death of the righteous,” said vacillating Balaam, “and let my *last end* be like his.” But, you see, the difficulties were too many for Balaam. What came in to hinder Balaam? Money and worldly position. Very likely you have something similar hindering you. Beware, lest you follow Balaam into eternity! I beseech you, my friend, to fairly face these queries of the Spirit of God. Can you say in your heart honestly, I have obeyed the gospel. The Philippian jailor did. “What must I do to be saved?” said he. “*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be *saved*,” was the reply (Acts xvi. 30, 31). He believed right off and tasted God’s salvation.

Now, tell me, "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel?" I thank God I shall never know that end. And I pray you may never know that end. What is the end of a person who does not obey the gospel? Eternal judgment. The blackness of darkness for ever. Everlasting punishment. But if you obey the gospel, you will be saved on the spot, and there will be a change in the life; your heart will be happy in the sense of His love, and you will go on your way telling others of Jesus—yes, sweetly ministering Jesus.

Who would not be a Christian? If I had never been converted before, I should trust the Lord now. You do the same. Go further, and confess Him. Oh, you say, I am afraid to confess. You are ashamed of the gospel? If you were to confess Christ your old comrades would very likely laugh at you. Never mind. Do you know what a true heart says? "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." After I was converted, I talked to my unconverted friends of Christ, and they soon left me, or believed in Him. Do not you be frightened. Instead of your being frightened of the world, hoist your colours boldly, and it will be frightened of you. And then what will be the effect? Your unsaved friends will begin to think, and one by one they will be converted.

Now go on, dear young believer. Hoist your colours. Do not you think what people will say about you. Some one said to Luther, "The whole world is against you." "Never mind," said he, "God

and I are a match for them;” and he was quite right. It is a grand thing not to be “ashamed of the gospel of Christ,” for the day is coming when Christ says, “Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father’s, and of the holy angels” (Luke ix. 26). Are you ashamed of Jesus? God forbid it. Ashamed of the eternal Lover of our souls? May God put us in the tomb the day we are ashamed of Jesus.

Reader, come out for Jesus. Come boldly out for Jesus. He will carry you on. I want your heart for Jesus now. If only you are attracted to the heart of the blessed Lord Jesus, you will be able to say—“I know what the end is to be for me. It is glory with Christ for ever and ever.” You are quite correct, for of the simple believer the Spirit says, “But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and

THE END EVERLASTING LIFE” (Rom. vi. 22).

“Praise the peerless name of Jesus,
Sing of Him for evermore;
Praise the precious name of Jesus,
Tell its value o’er and o’er.
Jesus Christ is God’s salvation—
Ever blessed be His Name—
And ’tis through Thy death, Lord Jesus,
Faith can wondrous blessings claim.”

"I'M NO' A THOROUGH ANE."

D— was an exceptionally good, moral-living young man. He very rarely swore, he kept clear of bad company, he had very seldom in his lifetime tasted strong drink ; in short, he was so good that when he came to work at H— R— his mate, who was a Christian, thought surely he must be a Christian also. However the latter, not being satisfied with the mere outward appearance, longed for an opportunity to find out for certain whether his new fellow-workman was converted or not.

An occasion presenting itself in a spare moment one day, he sought to show D— from God's Word that all men, whether morally good or bad, were alike in God's sight, sinners ; quoting to him the Word of God, "There is none righteous, no, not one : there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable ; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. . . . For there is no difference. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God " (Rom. iii. 10-23).

D— listened very quietly till he had finished, and then broke out with, "Man, but I'm no sic a bad fellow aifter a'."

No more passed between them at that moment, but feeling sure now that this young man was under the impression that his own goodness would count with God, his mate began to pray that his eyes might

be opened. Some time passed, when, while at work one night, something seemed again and again to say to the Christian, "You have never asked D—— outright if he is a Christian." Convinced that it was God's Spirit that was prompting him, he determined to do so. Waiting for the first spare moment which afforded an opportunity, he put the question, "Are you a Christian, D——?" The words seemed to go through and through him; his eyes fell, there was a short pause, and then he answered, "No, I'm no' a thorough ane."

The way being now opened, the Christian began—according to the light he had got—to present the gospel to D——. It was soon plainly evident that he wanted to be saved. Up till this time he had been able to keep his anxiety hid, although, as he afterwards put it, from the first day he started to work alongside of this Christian he was under the conviction that the latter was the possessor of something which he himself did not have.

It was *peace with God* that he longed for, although he did not then know it, and as the days went by, and as yet divine light had not shone in upon his soul, his face showed his misery. It was not, however, to be for long.

One day, while working together as usual, his mate felt led to bring before him that verse, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24), telling him that

he had only to believe to obtain everlasting life, and asking him to ponder over those words. Every now and then throughout that day D—— said to him, "What were those words again?" He repeated them to him, inwardly praying to God that He would bless His own Word.

Time for stopping work came, and D—— went away home still undecided, but, thank God, not to rest until he was sure of his soul's salvation. After he went home he got down on his knees and asked God to forgive him, and as he knelt there he felt sure that God answered his prayer. God had forgiven him for Christ's sake. He rose from his knees a pardoned sinner.

And now, dear reader, just a word with you. Are you, like D——, going about seeking to establish your own righteousness. If so, we pray that God may open your eyes to see—as he saw—that your good works, and good moral living, are all in vain; that all man's righteousnesses are as filthy rags in God's sight, and that "the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe" (Rom. iii. 22), is the only righteousness that avails before God. "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). May you, like D——, soon find your chief delight in saying, "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).

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

IN a certain Western city a celebrated painting had been on view entitled "Ecce Homo" (Behold the Man), and as the time drew near for its removal, some hand-bills were widely circulated, bearing the heading

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE—"ECCE HOMO."

We were reminded as we read one, of a solemn fact briefly stated in those few words, that shortly, very shortly, will close the open door of salvation, and with it the sight of "the Man Christ Jesus," now glorified at God's right hand, which brings to every sin-burdened man or woman, beholding Him there, a full and everlasting forgiveness.

The painting referred to, which had been attracting thousands, was a picture of Christ standing before Pilate. Never before was, and never again will such a scene be enacted. Confessed by Pilate to be without fault, He had been by him unjustly scourged, and the Roman soldiers, with more than usual brutality, had plaited a crown of thorns and put it on His head, and arrayed Him in a purple robe, exclaiming, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Thus invested, Pilate brought Him forth to the people, confessing again, "I find no fault in him." Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, and Pilate saith unto them—

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

Loud voices were instantly raised, crying out, "Crucify him, crucify him," and Pilate answered in cold indifference, "Take ye him, and crucify him, *for I find no fault in him.*"

Was ever such a thing heard of? The judge declares the prisoner not guilty, and yet delivers Him up to the executioner! Never before, we repeat, was such a deed committed. The darkest blot upon the page of this world's history is the rejection and murder of the Son of God.

But, oh, what a tale of grace is the long-suffering of God! It was the purpose of divine love that Christ should suffer, and though man's guilt is not lessened by the fact that it was by "the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God" that He was delivered up, yet God took occasion by that act to express what His thoughts were concerning man, and at the same time to fully reveal Himself.

It had been written long before, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree"; and into the place of death and the curse the Son of God went in order that God might be enabled to approach man in grace and blessing. Having raised Christ from the dead, God now proclaims repentance and remission of sins, in His name, to all nations.

Never again will the world see Christ as once they saw Him, in humiliation. Never again will He be the object of man's vile sport and hatred as once

He was. When next His presence is known in this world, it will be when He comes forth crowned with many crowns, accompanied by the armies of heaven to smite the nations, and rule them with a rod of iron. Then His foes will be made His footstool, and His enemies lick the dust.

But God is slow to arise and do His strange work, and grace lingers still over a judgment-doomed world; and while the day of calling the world to account for its awful deed is held in abeyance, the good news of salvation is being heralded far and wide, and from that earth-rejected but heaven-glorified Saviour the winsome invitation is sent forth, "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

Reader, one word with you. On which side are you? On the side of the One whom the world refused, or on the side of the world which stands guilty of the blood of the Son of God? Now, before the day of grace closes, is the time to own Him; now, while He is calling, come to Him, and in heaven's bright glory, there by faith

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

"Behold the Man upon the Throne!
Both Lord and Christ is He alone.
God sent Him forth, His Only One,
The Father's well-belovèd Son.

God doth extol none other Name,
Supreme, eternal, is His claim;
His rights let all confess, obey;
'Come unto Me,' he saith, 'TO-DAY!'"

"TEN THOUSAND THANKS."

"TEN THOUSAND THANKS TO YOU, YOURSELF HAS DONE IT ALL!" Such was the simple language used by a dying Roman Catholic, in the West of Ireland, before she passed away into the Lord's blessed presence.

It was the utterance of deep heartfelt gratitude—not to the Romish priest who had come to sprinkle her with holy water (so-called) which she refused, and to pronounce her absolved from all her sins—but to the blessed Lord Jesus Christ who loved her and gave Himself a sacrifice on the cross for her guilt, whose precious blood had cleansed her and made her sin-stained soul whiter than snow.

She had been spoken to by a Christian doctor, who was well known in those parts. In spite of bitter opposition, he went quietly on dropping a word for the Master whom he served, which God used in other instances as well as the one related.

Formal prayer-saying, holy water, and extreme unction could not atone for guilt, nor put it away from God's sight. None of these could set the poor troubled soul at rest and peace in the presence of divine holiness. No, sin is not cancelled so. Scripture plainly says that "without shedding of blood is NO REMISSION" (Heb. ix. 22). Again, "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12), but the name of Jesus. "Other foundation can no man lay

than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ” (1 Cor. iii. 11). “The blood of Jesus Christ God’s Son cleanseth us from ALL sin” (1 John i. 7).

The dear woman had her feet, not on the slippery sands of priestly dogmas, but on the solid immovable foundation of the finished work of Christ. She was rejoicing in the knowledge of what He had accomplished for her. Her sins had all been atoned for and put away, therefore she had no fear of death. Nor was she in the dread apprehension of purgatorial fire, which the Romish priest, even after anointing her with holy water and pronouncing extreme unction, would fain make her believe she must pass through, ere her soul would be fitted for the purity of heaven.

What delusive folly! If we are cleansed from “ALL SIN” by the atoning death and blood-shedding of Christ—if, as the Scripture says, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,”—what further need for the imposition of priestly hands or purifying fire?

Reader, you may be a Protestant (so-called) and may have often pitied the ignorance of the Romanists; you may have been brought up with more light than they; but, withal, if you were dying, could you meet death so bravely and pass away so confidently and triumphantly as the one we have spoken about? Are you resting on the finished work of Christ? Are your sins all gone from your conscience? Is peace with God your present portion?

“IT IS FINISHED.” What thrilling words! How

pregnant with meaning! How much is implied by them! They were uttered by the Saviour-Son of God in the very throes of His dying agony. What is finished? The whole work of redemption by which God was glorified, sin put away, the power of Satan broken, and the peace of the believer eternally made.

If the whole work is finished by which God is glorified, our sins put away, and our peace made, why seek to add anything to it? Why be so base as to insult the Son of God by your puny works, as if His glorious work were not sufficient? Why be so proud as to think you could do it better?

Away with holy water! Away with sacramentalism! Away with penance! Away with human works! Away with everything that would hinder the poor convicted, distressed sinner, casting himself entirely on Jesus, and in simple faith, resting on the finished atoning work of God's blessed Son!

“Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands,
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and Thou alone.

Found by Thee before I sought,
 Unto Thee in mercy brought,
 I have Thee for righteousness—
 From Thy fulness grace for grace;
 Thou hast washed me in Thy blood,
 Made me live, and live to God.”

A TELLING TOMBSTONE.

HERE LIE THE EARTHLY REMAINS
OF

JOHN BERRIDGE,

LATE VICAR OF EVERTON AND AN
ITINERANT SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST,
WHO LOVED HIS MASTER AND HIS WORK,
AND AFTER RUNNING ON HIS ERRANDS
MANY YEARS WAS CALLED UP TO
WAIT ON HIM ABOVE.

I was born in sin, February 1716.
Remained ignorant of my fallen state
till 1730.

Lived proudly on faith and works
for salvation till 1754.

Admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1755.

Fled to Jesus alone for refuge, 1756.

Fell asleep in Christ, 22nd January 1793.

READER, ART THOU BORN AGAIN?
NO SALVATION WITHOUT A NEW BIRTH.

JOHN BERRIDGE, one of the most devoted preachers of the eighteenth century, had the above inscription placed on his tombstone at his own request.

Like thousands in our day, he made one great mistake. For twenty-six years he laboured and

prayed, preached and strove, vainly hoping that in this way he could avert the wrath of God against his sins. Multitudes are fondly dreaming of getting to heaven at last in the same way, by faith and works. "Believe on Christ," they say, "and do the best you can;" and thousands of pulpits are occupied by men who preach this very thing, while the Word of God says, "But to him that worketh *not*, but believeth on him that justifieth the *ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5).

For *twenty-six* years Mr Berridge tried this way, and at the end of that time found himself far from the kingdom of God. Lost and helpless, he looked to JESUS *alone* for salvation, and found—what works and prayers could never give a guilty sinner—peace with God. "Being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

And, reader, if you this moment cease from your own works and rest on the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, and His *finished* work, you too will have peace; you will be immediately justified; and, knowing this, you can then labour with a right motive; and, like good John Berridge, you will love your Master and His work, because He first loved you.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me" (John xiv. 6).

Extracted.

PROFIT.

THERE was an interesting question put by the Lord Jesus Christ when here on earth. It reads thus: "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). What a question, friend. Can you answer it?

Business man, you love the Profit and Loss Account if there is a good balance; nothing gives you greater satisfaction than reckoning up your profits. Here is a Profit and Loss Account. On the one side put the world itself—the whole world—and on the other your soul—your own soul. Oh, think of the value of *your* soul—immortal, never dying—your priceless soul. Now strike the balance!

To man, nothing on earth is so precious as life. In the Book of Job, Satan says, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life" (chap. ii. 4). If, then, natural life is of such immense value, what about the life of the soul in eternity? Oh, unsaved reader, stop in your mad pursuit of the phantom pleasures of this poor world, and for a little think of the interests of your soul.

A sad affair that illustrates the truth of Satan's word, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," happened not long since.

In a small town of Northern Italy dwelt an old

millers. By working late and early, and by dint of oppressing his workmen, he had amassed a considerable fortune. He purchased a handsome house, and settled down with his wife and two children to enjoy life.

Just about this time the people began to complain bitterly at the exorbitant price of grain. The complaints soon became savage growlings, and the people turned their resentment against the wealthy millers and merchants who kept up the prices.

Early one morning this miserly miller was awakened by people shouting under his windows. He dressed hastily, and on looking out saw with alarm that his house was surrounded by a savage mob. A howl of execration greeted his appearance, and the mob demanded admittance. He asked them what they wanted. "Your life!" was the grim reply. He begged long and earnestly that they would go away, but in vain; and as a last resource he produced his much-loved money-bags. Handful after handful of his precious gold he scattered till all was gone, and yet the battering at his door continued. At last with a crash the door gave way and the mob rushed in. Up the broad staircase they surged, and burst open his bedroom door. On his knees the wretched man begged for mercy. "Take all," he said, "house, furniture, everything, but spare my life." Alas! he pled with those who knew no mercy, and so he was cruelly murdered before his wife and family.

What a lesson this teaches us. All he had accumulated after a lifetime of toil was willingly

parted with because it was in the balance against his life.

Now, friend, the question is, What shall it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose—not your life—but your soul? The loss of life is bad enough, but what mind can e'er conceive the horror of passing into eternity a lost soul? A lost soul! what inexpressible agony lies in that word "lost"; how it rings down the eternal ages—how it echoes in the caverns of hell. What a tale it tells of opportunities missed, rare chances let slip, time wasted, and then a fearful eternity in the lake of fire.

Oh, friend, be wise now—reckon now. Call up all the world ever gave you, all it is ever likely to give, and balance it against your soul eternally lost. Have you yet got salvation? The apostle John speaks of *having* eternal life. Can you say, "I have eternal life"? If you cannot, let your earthly position be what it may, you are immeasurably poorer than the least of God's children. Solomon says, "My son, with all thy getting get understanding." As a servant of Christ I would say to you, friend, "With all thy getting get salvation." You may easily do without other things, but salvation is absolutely necessary if you would not eternally lose your soul. You need salvation, for *all* have sinned, and the wages of sin is death. You must *be* saved, for you cannot save yourself. God has said of a man—His own blessed Son—"Neither is there salvation in any other." In Christ alone is safety.

Turn aside then from this giddy, godless world for

a moment, into the quiet of God's presence; look your position fairly in the face, and as you see yourself a lost and helpless sinner, turn to Him and trust Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

J. K.

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

"He is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—HEB. vii. 25.

COME, let us sing the glorious worth
 Of God's belovèd Son;
 How He doth save from first to last
 Those He from death hath won.

He saveth to the uttermost
 Those brought by Him to God;
 He never leaves nor e'er forsakes
 The purchase of His blood.

They wander oft from Him they love,
 They often turn aside;
 They grieve His Spirit, and forget
 His words, "In me abide."

But oh! His heart, so full of love,
 Still yearneth o'er His own;
 Still longeth with intense desire
 For those by God foreknown.

Before the heavens or earth were made
His saints were His delight ;
The Father chose the Church in Him
In yonder realms of light.

Beguiled by Satan when they fell,
He undertook their case ;
Yes, Jesus left His throne above
And took His people's place.

His Father hid His face from Him
In that unequalled hour ;
Forsaken by His God, He was
The mark for Satan's power.

'Tis past, Jesus will die no more,
He sits enthroned on high,
Exalted by the Father's hand
In brightest majesty.

He hath by that one offering
On Calvary's cursed tree,
For ever fully perfected
And set His people free.

Their great High Priest and Advocate
Passed through the heavens above ;
He ever lives to intercede
For those whom He doth love.

What doth His blood-bought saints concern
He surely will complete,
And they shall reach the home for which
His blood hath made them meet.

With what exceeding, wondrous joy
 To Him and to His own,
 He will present them in that day
 Faultless before God's throne.

What rapture then shall fill each heart
 When they shall fully know
 The heights and depths of love diviné,
 The love that blessed them so.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The glorious Trinity,
 Be glory, honour, praise, and power
 Throughout eternity.

M. S. S.

A DYING WITNESS TO A LIVING CHRIST.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AFTER the battle at Elands Laagte, two surgeons continued their search for the wounded till near midnight, and when attending to what they thought was the last case, they heard a cry in the distance, and tracing it, they found that it came from a wounded Highlander, who was lying behind a boulder near the summit of the hill. The poor fellow was unconscious, though every now and then uttering a

cry, but as the surgeon examined his wounds he recovered consciousness, and eagerly asked him who he was. He told him, and then he asked, "Have you been here before, sir, to-night?"

"No, not exactly here; but why do you ask?"

"Because Somebody was here before, and He looked so tenderly at me, and laid His hand upon my shoulder, and spoke so kindly."

"What did He say?" the surgeon asked.

"He said, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' Do you think, sir, that it was Jesus?"

Again reason failed, and by the light of his lantern the surgeon saw that he had not long to live. Presently the poor soldier's consciousness returned, he opened his eyes, and with a delighted expression he exclaimed, "There, there He is again!—He is beckoning to me—I am coming;" and as he was endeavouring to raise himself up, the blood burst afresh from his wounds, and he expired.

ANON.

MAN, in his natural state, is liable to, and expects death and judgment. The death of Christ delivers the believer from both of these consequences of sin, *as a necessity*. At His first coming He took away *our sins*; when He comes a second time He will take *us* away. If fallen asleep we shall be raised, but if alive when He comes, we shall be changed into His likeness, without dying at all. What a prospect! The sinner expects death and judgment; the Christian, Christ and glory. What a difference! Reader, which do you expect?

W. T. P. W.

"JESUS . . . OR I PERISH."

PICTURE to yourself a workhouse infirmary. On one of the beds lies an old man very ill.

It is visiting day. Many friends are there to see him, amongst them two of the Lord's servants, one of whom has long striven to lead this sick soul to the Saviour, but hitherto only to meet with rebuffs; but now all is changed—the fear of death is there, a God to meet, an eternity to spend, sin and its judgment—eternity in its dread reality has opened up to him.

Waving his arm, he bids his friends to stand aside, and after asking forgiveness for what he had said before to his kind visitor, he spoke in a loud voice, so as to be heard by all in the ward, the following words—

"Jesus I want—Jesus I must have; or I perish."

He died and went to be with Jesus one week after this.

How is it with you, my reader? Do you want Jesus? *If you don't have Him, you perish!* Don't wait another moment. God never in Scripture offers salvation at any time but the present. Not in the future, but *now*.

Jesus you must have, or you perish.

"I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Who by Thy blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost."

“THE SOLITARY DIGNITY OF THE
BLOOD.”

“**T**HE blood of Christ in its solitary dignity has settled all.” The speaker was on her death-bed, and these were among her last sensible words to me.

Mrs M. had for some years been occasionally under my care professionally, and I had long since found out that she was a simple believer in the Lord Jesus. A few months before this, her husband, drawing near to threescore years and ten, passed away from this scene. She had had several children, but all were gone before, and the house being empty, her life-work seemed over.

Within a few months of the death of her husband, she sent for me; and it was easily seen that she was only following him. Knowing that she had a little worldly goods, I one day inquired of a kindly sister-in-law, who waited on her, if she had settled her affairs, and made her will. She replied, that she thought she had, but it might be well for me to inquire, if I thought she was not going to get better.

Going to her bedside, I said: “Mrs M., you are very feeble; I think the end of the journey is drawing near, and I do not think you will be very much longer with us. Have you made your will yet? Your sister tells me that she thinks all your worldly affairs are settled. Is this so?”

“Oh yes, they are all settled; I have nothing to think about,” she replied, not lifting her eyelids.

“And the Lord has settled all your spiritual affairs?” I continued. She opened her great lustrous eyes, and with intense emphasis replied: “I could do *nothing* at that; the blood of Christ in its solitary dignity has *settled all*. I am too weak to speak more.”

What more indeed needed to be heard? Everything settled for time and eternity. Well indeed with her that it was so, for two days after she passed to be for ever with the Lord.

“The blood of Christ in its solitary dignity has settled all.” What a testimony. It is magnificent in its simplicity. And as I heard the words I took pencil and paper and noted them down, with the determination that wherever my voice could be heard, or stroke of pen reach, the dying testimony of this saint to my blessed Saviour’s blood should, by the grace of God, be made known. That blood had brought rest, peace, and joy to her soul for many a long year, and in full view of eternity it was perfectly charming to see the solidity of her faith in that blood, as she triumphantly declared its far-reaching and settling power. She and her lawyer *together* could settle her earthly, the blood of Christ *alone*, her spiritual affairs. “

Reader, what do you know about that blood? Is the language of your soul similar? You may not be on your death-bed, or you may, as you read this. But whether hale and hearty, in the prime of life,

or fading away in the evening of life, there is but one thing can fit you for the presence of God—the blood of Christ. We hear of that blood all through the Scriptures. Testimony to it runs right through Scripture from Genesis to Revelation. No faith is genuine that slights it. It is hinted at in Genesis iii. Its voice is heard in Genesis iv. : “And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother’s blood from thy hand” (vers. 10, 11). Then it called for retributive judgment. Now, the blood of Jesus claims blessing for all on whom it is sprinkled, “and speaketh better things than that of Abel” (Heb. xii. 24).

When God brought His people out of Egypt on redemption ground, He said, “And *the blood* shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood, I will pass over you” (Exod. xii. 13). It sheltered all under it from the righteous judgment of God. But more than this, listen to what God, at a later day, said to Israel: “The life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar *to make an atonement* for your souls: for *it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul*” (Lev. xvii. 11). It shelters from judgment and it makes atonement for the soul. Precious blood!

Coming now to the New Testament we read, that when the Roman soldier had pierced the Saviour’s side, then dead upon the cross, “forthwith came

there out *blood* and water" (John xix. 34). The blood effected atonement; the water gives the sense of purification from sin.

If the question of righteousness is to be settled, it can only be in this way. "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through *faith in his blood*, 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" (Rom. iii. 24-26). Jesus is the object of faith; but it is a Jesus whose blood has been shed, and the one who has faith in Jesus has faith in His blood. Hence we are told, "Much more then, being now *justified by his blood*, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. v. 9).

Elsewhere we are told, "In whom we have *redemption through his blood*, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7). "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are *made nigh by the blood* of Christ" (Eph. ii. 13). Redemption, forgiveness, and nearness to God are all through the blood.

Again, we are told in the epistle to the Hebrews: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, *purge your conscience* from dead works to serve the living God. . . . And without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 14, 22).

Again, “Now where remission of these (our sins) is, there is no more offering for sin. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest *by the blood* of Jesus” (Heb. x. 18, 19). That blood remits our sins, and gives us title to enter the Holiest. Well, therefore, may the Spirit of God say by the pen of Peter, “Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but *with the precious blood of Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot; who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, 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. 18-21). If the Holy Ghost says it, well may we echo the words, “Precious blood!”

Again, “*The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin*” (1 John i. 7). The joyful song of praise which the Church raises in Revelation is based too on that blood: “Unto him that loveth us, and *washed us from our sins in his own blood*, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen” (Rev. i. 5, 6).

Nor is the Church alone redeemed by that blood, for the white-robed multitude, who will fill the millennial earth with worship, are they who “have washed their robes, and made them *white in the blood of the Lamb*” (Rev. vii. 14).

Let us see then what the blood does. It shelters from God's judgment. It makes atonement for the soul. It gives the knowledge of present justification. It is the basis of redemption, forgiveness, acceptance, and peace with God. It is the ground of the remission of sins, and the title to enter the Holiest. It gives the full knowledge of present cleansing from every sin. Again I say, Precious blood!

Reader, can you join my dying friend in saying, "The blood of Christ in its solitary dignity has settled all"? No works of yours are needed. Christ's blood alone avails, and the moment you trust Him, and it simply, you may know, as Mrs M. knew, that it "has settled all."

W. T. P. W.

"WHAT I AM."

YOU may depend upon it that when a man wishes others to be *what he is*, he must feel himself uncommonly well off.

A Christian is well off, and if he is in the power and joy of divine life, he certainly wishes everybody to be *what he is*.

But a Christian is not a Pharisee. No, no. To feel yourself a poor undone sinner, having no merit in yourself or your works, pleading nothing but the precious blood of Christ, and claiming Him as your only righteousness, is the mark of true Christianity; whilst, to say, "God, I thank thee that I am not

as other men," because, forsooth, you are a shade better, and perform a few works of self-denial or of charity which they, so far as you know, leave undone, is the most patent stamp of a genuine out-and-out Pharisee. The Christian begins by owning himself the very worst of men; the Pharisee lives, dies, and maintains before the judgment seat that he is the best. Witness the brother of the prodigal, and also the wicked of Matthew xxv. 44. I do not believe that these ever discovered their awful condition until they went away into "everlasting punishment," and found the door of damnation closed upon them for ever.

My reader, wake up in time! Self-righteousness is perhaps the levellest road to hell, and the most frequented. Cain took the lead, and has an enormous following.

I question if the Pharisee can truthfully wish any to be *what he is*. He may pity, despise, and scorn those around him, but he has no such spring of joy, no such superabundance of life, nor rivers of living water that he can afford to spare with or dispense them to others.

But the Christian can. Paul could and did. He said in his memorable address of Acts xxvi., to that distinguished audience of royalty and power, "I would to God . . . that all that hear me this day were altogether such as I am except these bonds" (ver. 29).

Never would he have used the words, "*would to God*," had he been a self-righteous Pharisee on the one hand, or a heartless finger-post on the other.

These words declared, first, the grace that was in God's heart, and second, the deep, yearning desire in Paul's, excluding every idea of self-righteousness, and including the sweet and blessed activities of divine love for others.

And these are not the product of Phariseeism. No, never!

"That all that hear me." I like the word *"all."* It savours of heaven and a well-filled house; of love and its widest range of bliss; of grace and its rich, unstinted salvation.

"Were such as I am." He was a prisoner, he did not wish that for them; he was an apostle, he could hardly have thought that they should all fill the apostolic office; he was a Christian, and from his inmost heart, he desired the king, the governor, and every one that heard him to be that.

Well, but they were heathen or Jews, and Christianity is an advance on all prior systems.

True, but what then?

Why, we are all Christians to-day, and therefore, such enthusiasm is out of date.

I have often told the following fact:—"How does a man become a Christian?" After a pause the reply came:—

"By saying your prayers, becoming religious, and believing on Christ."

"Reverse your words, and you state the truth."

"What! is it first to believe on Christ, then to be religious and prayerful?"

"Yes, that is God's way of salvation," and the

captain, hitherto totally unconverted, though a professing Christian, was saved on his own quarterdeck that day!

Hence, there may be, and are, many professing Christians who put prayers and religion before Christ, and therefore are not Christians at all, nor saved.

Paul had believed on Christ. He was “not disobedient to the heavenly vision.” “The Lord Jesus had appeared to him in the way.” He was convicted of sin. Then “as it had been scales fell from his eyes, and he received sight.” Happy man. Then “he preached Jesus in the synagogue that he is the Son of God,” and continued by the help of God in His blessed testimony right on to the end. He began with God’s salvation, he continued by God’s help, and he ended in God’s glory,—a path in comparison with which the crown of a king is dross. Hence his great, deep desire that all should be such as he was.

“What soul is more happy than I,
 Who am for eternity saved?
 Made nigh to my God,
 Through Christ’s precious blood,
 In whom, through His grace, I’ve believed.

In Christ, then, I stand all complete,
 Whose Name be for ever adored;
 And now, while I live,
 All glory I’ll give
 To Jesus my Saviour and Lord.”

THE RECLAIMED INFIDEL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I WAS blessed with a religious education. My parents endeavoured to bring me up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At nine years of age I lost my invaluable mother; and in my fourteenth year I commenced my apprenticeship.

Hitherto I had regularly attended the public worship of God; was frequently catechised; and, in seasons of peculiar distress, was wont to pray to God for deliverance; promising that, if He would bring me through the present trouble, I would forsake my evil ways, and serve Him alone; but no sooner was deliverance granted, than I forgot my promise and my Deliverer—the common case with self-sufficient mortals! When freed from the control of my father, and surrounded by persons who made no pretensions to seriousness, I became indifferent; and, before I was eighteen, began to wear the profession of religion very loosely. I despised the idea of being led by the nose on this subject, either by my parent or any other person; and rashly determined to think for myself.

In this presumptuous course I first stumbled at the doctrine of the Trinity; and then at the other peculiar doctrines of revealed religion. I was now on the highroad to infidelity; for in my professedly religious inquiries, I never opened my Bible, nor

sought to have my understanding directed by God. I listened only to the wild suggestions of my own depraved mind, or the noisy cavils of those who were as graceless as myself. My companions often urged me to go to the theatre; for a while I refused. At length I dismissed my fears; thrust myself into that place of wicked resort, and neither the warnings which I had often received, nor the chidings of a disturbed conscience, could reclaim me. Before this, my conduct had been bad; now I cast off all regard to religion, and became openly profane. Plays and play-books engrossed all my thoughts, were the only theme of my conversation, and the source of my guilty delights.

I had long felt it disagreeable to attend public worship, now it was much more so. I never appeared in the chapel, except when compelled; and then irreverence or profane and impious scoffing marked my conduct. As the service ended, waiting with contemptuous impatience for the concluding blessing, I rushed from the house of God into the world, as my proper element.

I shook off the slender remains of parental authority, absented myself entirely from public worship, and not having received the word of truth, I was given up to strong delusions, so that I believed a lie, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator. I thirsted for vain philosophy, embraced the principles of Deism, and openly denied the existence of sin, Satan, a divine revelation, and of Jesus Christ. Sometimes I questioned the immortality of the soul,

the reality of a future state; and for a while I doubted even the being of God Himself. Ah! there is but a slight remove from one stage of freethinking to another. Paine led me again to acknowledge a Divine Being; but I continued in the blackness of deistical darkness, and had a head full of notions, and a mouth full of profane arguments, ready on every occasion.

In these days of aggravated guilt, I advocated the principles of pagan morality, the specious notions of honour and virtue, which many professors of a philosophy, rather heathen than Christian, inculcate; whilst the habit of backbiting, lying, and swearing, gave sad proof of the extreme depravity of my whole nature. Licentious poetry and false politics were among the snares by which I was led captive; every new pursuit was to me as a new idol, and I was not "afraid to speak evil of dignities." Was I happy in this course? No. I cried for mercy to the next amusement, and found only disappointment. My Sundays were miserable; my life hateful; and death, when reflected upon, was terrible.

I became a romantic lover; was married at the time when peace was expected to bring extensive commerce and overflowing plenty. Great were my expectations, and as great was my disappointment. Want of work increased my poverty. I became abandoned, miserable, and almost helpless. A child was born unto me! the hardships which he had to undergo increased his father's wretchedness. In less than two years we had to leave our dwellings ten times. At length we were favoured with three

months' employment; but the necessaries which we then scraped together were again scattered by a fever which seized my wife, and confined her thirteen weeks. Part of this time my child likewise was ill. Too poor to provide a nurse for my afflicted partner, I attended her myself; and many a dreary night I watched the progress of the disease, and sometimes hourly expected her to be snatched from me for ever. We were so wretched that we wished we might all three die together. My feelings were beyond description.

During this affliction we had no one to remind us that we were guilty creatures; that we must soon be called to give an account of the deeds done in the body. We had no Bible—its threatenings and precious promises were alike unknown to us. How awful our condition! The recollection of it makes me shudder! At length my wife slowly recovered; and my fears, which were slight indeed compared with our dangers, soon subsided. In this state, a person prevailed with me, one evening, to go to a public-house. There I met with two strangers—freethinkers like myself. I joined them in conversation; and, in answering to a question of theirs, denied revelation in so hot-headed a manner, that they seized my hand, and heaped guilty praises upon me; saying, that they had never seen one so young dispute these points so freely.

After much talk, of a very foul nature, they invited me to a tavern next Sunday evening, where a whole gang of such profane wretches met, for discussing

deistical principles and other matters. One of them, with a presumptuous grin, said, "As clearly as a watchmaker could describe to you the works of a stop-watch, so clearly will I discover to you the great First Cause, and the Cause of that Cause." Whilst he uttered this contradictory and horrible expression, I fixed my eyes on his guilty countenance, which reminded me of one whose existence I had long disbelieved (I mean Satan). Oh! there appeared, even to me, something so alarming in the expression, that I was shocked; and hastily said to my fellow, "Ah! a man may go too far!" I parted from the company, and I thank God that He has delivered me from their snare.

From this time, though my principles remained the same, my presumption received a check. My life had been hitherto almost one continued scene of suffering. Still short of employ, I wanted food and raiment; I was involved in debt. Another source of misery arose from discord in my little family. We were often jarring, and thus aggravating our woes. One Saturday, we had been without food a great part of the day. This prevented my poor wife from finishing her part of our work, which having been received late in the week, we could not complete in time for payment. Knowing what this would expose us to, I flew into a violent passion, which discharged itself in dreadful oaths and curses. But never did I reflect on the sin of swearing with such abhorrence as now. I was ashamed of myself, and determined never to be guilty of the like again. My

eyes were in a measure opened; I saw that I had proceeded in a very wrong course of life, and believed that I was cursed in my basket and in my store, in my going out and my coming in, in my lying down and my rising up. I thought that the whole artillery of heaven was pointed against me, and that it would soon destroy me if divine mercy prevented not.

Feeling the fearful idea of being under the displeasure of an offended God, I went out to pray for mercy. I earnestly begged God that He would enlighten my mind, teach me what to believe, and how to serve Him. Though I knew that I had lived in wickedness, yet I had not hitherto felt "the exceeding sinfulness of sin"; but that night Jehovah gave me to drink of the wine of astonishment, and the mixture thereof made me to cry out. Being ignorant of God, and the way of access to Him, I spent the night in tears, and sighs, and groans. I cried, "What shall I do to be saved? How shall I escape the wrath to come?" I saw and acknowledged that I was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Thus God humbled one of the most hardened and impenitent of sinners!

The next day being the Sunday, I was under the same impressions; but I could not, on account of my clothing, presume to appear at any place of worship. Having no Bible, I took Cowper's Poems, which I regarded as the best book I had. In reading the preface, written by the late Rev. John Newton, I met with a remark concerning the natural or

carnal man—that “he would be glad to exchange his life for that of a dog.” This arrested my attention; for it was an exchange which I had often wished. But I was still more deeply impressed by another remark—“that he and his friend had often wondered, why it was that they were so unhappy, till they discovered that they had lived without God in the world.” These words, “*without God in the world,*” were applied with a divine power; they entered my very soul; every feeling within me bore testimony to the fact, and obliged me to confess it in reference to myself. On this memorable day, the sacred name of Jesus Christ kept passing through my mind for several hours together. “Ah!” I exclaimed, “why should I think of that name which I have so long despised?” I had not remembered it for five years, except for the purpose of deriding it! Still it dwelt upon my mind, and melted my very soul—“Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!”—And for ever blessed be that holy name, for it then shed a cheering influence on my heart, which yet remains.

Arrested by the arrows of divine conviction, I could no longer maintain my objections to revealed religion, as I was conscious that they had arisen from a judgment perverted by vicious inclinations. I therefore became earnestly desirous of a Bible; but unable to purchase one, I knew not how to obtain it. On the following Tuesday, this blessed book was sent to me; and, as it came from a very unexpected quarter, I received it with eagerness and gratitude, as the gift of divine providence. Being now reduced to the

simplicity of a little child, I thought, as I held the book in my hand, "Whatever God may be pleased to teach me by this book, I will obediently embrace."

I proceeded through the Evangelists, and then read the other books of the New Testament, every part of which served to enlighten, to strengthen, and to comfort my mind. I was astonished to think I could ever have been an unbeliever. The truth was, God had in some measure "opened mine understanding to understand the Scriptures." O my soul, and all that is within me, give to Him the glory! The sacred volume became daily more precious to my soul. I began to pray to God in the name of Jesus, entreating that He would enlighten my understanding, convince me of my guilt, and forgive mine iniquities. I drew near unto God through Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." "The stone," which I had so long rejected, now became to me "the head-stone of the corner." It is the Lord's doing.

I felt a longing to attend public worship, but from the meanness of my dress, remaining pride prevented me. Besides, I was afraid lest I should prove false to my profession. I continued, however, in prayer, and in reading the Scriptures; and one Sunday evening I resolved to go, as I was, to a chapel where I thought I might attend unnoticed. I stood a while in the porch. The congregation were singing, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," &c. I longed to unite with them; but was about to retire, when a noise in the street brought out one of the hearers. He invited me, and a gentleman standing at the door with me,

to come into the chapel. He refused, but I gladly accepted the invitation, feeling, as I entered, that it was "no other than the house of God." I was overwhelmed with shame, not on account of my rags, but of my guilt; for I recollected that I had been absent from public worship for nearly five years. If the circumstances which had brought me to the chapel were calculated to fill my mind with holy admiration, much more so was the text which the minister gave out! It was, "Will ye also be His disciples?" My feelings were beyond description while I uttered within myself, "O blessed Lord, fain would I be Thy disciple!" The text did me more good than the sermon. I retired to prayer and thanksgiving for being restored to the means of grace.

Soon after this my little son had the measles. I expected his death; this awakened within me a most earnest concern for his soul: for I was persuaded, that according to the Scriptures, he was conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity. He lived but ten days from the first of his illness; during which I was under very serious impressions on my own account, and offered strong cries with tears unto God for mercy to us both, beseeching Him day and night to grant us an interest in "the precious blood of Christ," for then it was PRECIOUS. I burned all my wicked books and papers. On the Sunday, having read that "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much," I requested the supplications of the faithful in their religious assemblies; and it was a day of prayer with myself. Next day his plaintive

cries pierced the air and his father's heart, but God calmed and supported my spirit.

On Sunday evening I witnessed the solemn scene of his departure. I had ever been, even to weakness, fond of my child; I had shed over him many tears; but now, when he lay before me in the agonies of death, clasping his hand, and beholding him with as much fondness as ever, I could not help exclaiming, "My dear son, thou art leaving this world for a better! I do not wish thee a single pang less than thy Heavenly Father sees fit to inflict." After a painful struggle, he gave up the spirit; and such was the support of divine grace, that I was enabled to maintain calm composure under this stroke.

I now attended public worship regularly. For several Lord's Days I was astonished to find, that what I heard preached, agreed so exactly with what God had taught me in private by His holy Word. Several discourses, some of an alarming, and some of an encouraging nature, were very profitable to my soul. But the most delightful sermon that I heard was one which described the character and experience of a soul under the influence of the gospel. I had hitherto looked more to the threatenings of the law than to the gracious tidings of the gospel. Hence I was in general distracted by doubts and fears; but now these were removed; my feet were established upon a rock, even upon "Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." I will not attempt to describe the joy which I felt in these first truly happy moments of

my life. Oh! who among the sons of men can truly rejoice, save he who has received a sense of the forgiveness of his sins? Happy is the man who is in such a case!

On many a Lord's Day morning God has been graciously pleased to free my mind from all the anxious cares of life; and I have been "in the spirit on the Lord's Day." Entering into the place of worship, my soul has been filled with holy awe in reflecting on the threatenings denounced against sinners. At such seasons, how painful has it been to me to see some sitting around me indifferent, and others perhaps asleep! Oh, how have I felt for the spiritual interest of my relatives and friends! At other times the Holy Spirit has suggested the gracious invitations and promises of God to my mind; and then, had it been possible, I would not have exchanged five minutes of the happy time, for a whole eternity of what the world calls joy.

Since I believed in Jesus, though my portion has been scanty, "my bread has been given to me, and my water has been sure." I have found a sacred pleasure in observing the hand of Providence on my behalf. My mercies have been new every morning; and, on receiving them from the hand of God as unmerited favours, they have filled my heart with gratitude and thanksgiving. Many are my remaining imperfections, and changeable my religious experience, but, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press towards the mark, for the prize of the high

calling of God in Christ Jesus." Trials I find ; and trials I expect in the present state. The bitter must come before the sweet, to make the sweet the sweeter. But when my troubles are so sanctified as to excite me to prayer; I consider this as a token for good, knowing that "we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

My past experience affords me encouragement under every distress ; for my greatest sufferings have ever been the forerunners of some special mercy. When was it that I felt the persuasion that Christ would mercifully save my dear child ? It was when unable to procure food for my sick starving family. When was it that I felt most Christian resignation ? When my child lay before me in the agonies of death. When was it that I was enabled to believe my interest in the salvation of Christ ? At a time when I was trembling on the borders of despair. Indeed I never found that I had a Friend in heaven until deprived of all earthly friends.

May I but know more of Christ, and of myself ; may I love Him more, and serve Him better ; may I "put off the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts," and being renewed in the spirit of my mind, may I follow the Lord Jesus through evil report as well as good report, esteeming it my highest privilege and ambition to walk humbly, closely, and steadfastly with Him ; and thus having saved my soul from death, may He do with me as seemeth good in His sight !

"NOT IN MY LINE."

"GOOD morning, Thomas, we are holding some special gospel meetings in this city. Will you come?"

"Well, I may drop in one evening, but that sort of thing is not quite in my line."

"Indeed; I am sorry to hear you say so. What sort of thing is in your line?"

"Oh! anything that can help a fellow to enjoy himself. Give me a man that can crack a good joke, and who can take his turn at a game of poker, and who doesn't mind how often he stands drinks all round, and that is the man for me."

"I see; those are the things that are in *your* line, are they? But will you kindly tell me where does your line lead to?"

WHERE DOES IT END?"

"That is a pretty hard question."

"Then let me answer it for you. Your line is the main line to hell, and it ends in *damnation*. It seems pleasing and attractive to you *now*, but like everything else it must be measured by its *end*."

"For instance, a football match has just been played. As you come from the field an acquaintance meets you. 'Hello, Tom,' he says, 'been to the match? Well, how did it *end*?'"

"Yes, that is the point, the *end*."

"Again. Two young ladies are conversing to-

gether. Says one, ‘I have just finished reading that novel that I was telling you about.’ ‘Well,’ replies the other, ‘how did it *end*?’

“You see the *end* is what people look at in the things of their everyday life. Then let me urge you to consider

THE AWFUL END

of your line of things.”

“Well, sir, you are certainly painting the picture pretty dark.”

“Not a bit darker than it really is. I might lay the colour upon the canvas with a still heavier hand and yet be true to the reality.”

“Well, it may be true, but I don’t see the use of bothering about these things now. I am only a young man, and there is plenty of time yet.”

“Are you sure of that? Let me ask you another question :

WHEN WILL YOUR LINE OF THINGS END?”

“I see you are trying to get me into a corner, but I don’t want to talk any more on this subject.”

“Then I will say good-bye. But one parting word. It is easy to answer the question, ‘*Where* will your line of things end?’ but none can say *when* it will end. Many a man, younger and stronger than you, has been laid low by the iron hand of death, and has been launched suddenly into an eternity of wildest woe. In the name of God I warn you. Good-bye.”

Reader! art thou a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God?

Then remember that the eternal testimony of Scripture is that the WAGES of sin must follow the pleasures of sin.

And after you have been paid your well-earned wages of death (Rom. vi. 23), *what then?*

“Oh, *then* the judgment throne,
Oh, *then* the last hope gone,
Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal HELL.”

H. P. B.

MAN'S BEST—GOD'S BEST.

“**W**HAT more can God want than a man's best?” demanded a young man angrily of his sister, who was anxious about his eternal welfare, and was pressing upon him his need in relation to God. “My dear brother, your best will not do for God,” was all the sister could say, with a sad heart.

We are not surprised at his being angry. He was a respectable, moral, temperate young man, and after being at the trouble of cultivating all these good qualities, no doubt it seemed hard to him that God should require any more. This young man has had many brethren since Cain's day. *He* was the first who offered to God “a man's best”—for we have no doubt it was the very best the ground could produce he brought to God—but it was not accepted, and

like our friend he was angry. It must certainly have been disappointing after all his labour. One thing both these men had overlooked—that *sin* had come in. If they had taken that fact into account they would have had very different thoughts as to what God would require. God *does not* want more from man than his best—man's best and his worst are *alike* to God—*useless!*

This question has been proved and disposed of nineteen hundred years ago; so the man who offers God his best in this day is more foolish than Cain in his day. Although God well knew what the result of sin coming in would be, He allowed man thousands of years to manifest what was in his wicked heart, testing him in many ways, and under different circumstances, giving him every chance to bring out good if good was there; but at last He had to say, "They are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not so much as one" (Ps. liii. 3). Job explained this salt truth when he said: "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one" (Job xiv. 4). The proud heart of man does not like this; but it is the truth of God, and it is well to bow to it, for it is the first step to blessing. Man is helpless as far as he himself is concerned.

Indeed, the truth is, nothing but "*God's Best*" could fill up the gap that had come in through sin, but blessed be His name, He did not withhold His Best, although man had no claim on Him. He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up, yes,

even to death. That blessed One met all God's righteous claims in regard to sin, and over and above offered to Him an acceptable sacrifice—Himself: the Lamb without blemish and without spot. Now God can come out to man, and man can be brought to God, on the ground of that finished work of Christ. All who plead His precious name, and the blood He shed, are received by the Father with outstretched arms: "They receive forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7); "Are sealed with the Holy Spirit of God unto the day of redemption" (Eph. iv. 30); "Are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. ii. 5). God can accept nothing from man except through the Lord Jesus Christ, and, beloved reader, if you up till this moment have been presenting to God that which is the fruit of your own corrupt heart, we would implore you to cease. It may look all very well to man's eye, but in God's sight it is but "as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

Besides, my reader, it is a slight to His beloved Son, and God has decreed that every knee shall bow to Him; either now while still it is the day of grace, or in a coming day, when it will only be to be banished from His presence for ever in the lake of fire. Oh, be wise in time! let your best and your worst alike go: own your helpless, lost condition before God, and by faith lay hold on His Best—Jesus—as your Saviour.

SUDDEN DEATH.

DEATH suddenly and unexpectedly seized her! She had been away from home for some weeks, and was to have returned home on the following day. Her box was ready packed for departure on the following morning, a conveyance had been ordered to call and take her to the station, her friends at the other end had been advised of her return, when suddenly after her return from a walk in the village, death laid his icy hand upon her, and before those around her could realise what was taking place, she was gone. Yes, *gone!* Having passed the portals of time, her soul had entered eternity.

Two sudden deaths in one week had taken place, we were told by a Christian in the village, and we have reason to believe from what was told us, that more than one in that village had been made to feel very uncomfortable by the presence of death among them. Yes, death to the unsaved is ever an unwelcome visitor, and who knows, dear unsaved reader, but what *you may be its next victim?*

“Oh, but I am young and in good health,” you say. Granted, but is that a guarantee against death? Did no one ever die young? Ah, you know better; then be wise and look the matter straight in the face. You will have to die some day, and what folly to put off such an important

matter as the salvation of your soul, and run the risk of being lost for ever.

The story is told of a certain king, against whom a plot had been laid to take away his life. A friend having got to hear of it the day before it was to have been carried into execution, sent a letter to the king warning him of his danger, and charged the messenger to deliver it into the king's hands, and beseech him to read it immediately, as it contained serious tidings. When the messenger arrived at the palace, the king was merry with wine, and having received the letter, tossed it on one side, exclaiming—

“SERIOUS TIDINGS TO-MORROW.”

The morrow dawned, but the king was stiff and cold in death—the assassin's knife had done its work; whereas had he given heed to the kindly warning, he might have escaped and saved his life.

Unsaved reader, death is a serious thing. Then put not off such a serious matter as being prepared for it until to-morrow. However short or long your stay on earth may be, death awaits you at the close of life's short day. “After death,” Scripture says, is “the judgment.” How will you meet it? Would you escape it? Thank God, the way is open. In death the Son of God once lay, bearing there all the judgment of God against sin. Delivered for our offences, He has been raised again for our justification, and now all who believe in Him are justified from all things.

E. E. N.

LOT'S WIFE—A BEACON.

CONVERSION is inseparably connected with salvation, and is usually sudden. But you may tell me that you do not believe in *sudden conversions*. Tell me this, Do you believe in *sudden damnation*? Ah, God can easily cut a man down in his sins. It is quite possible. Man, forget not that Korah perished in an instant (Num. xvi. 32, 33). Woman, "Remember Lot's wife" (Gen. xix. 26).

Long ago, Elihu, when addressing Job, said, "Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job xxxvi. 18). Stop, my friend, God's stroke may fall to-day. I do not believe there was ever a single person lost that *meant* to be lost. You do not mean to be lost. "No, I mean to come to Jesus some day." What day? Shall it not be now? "There must be a change first." No. "There must be a reformation." No, the day of reformation is past. The fact is, you and I are past reform. There must be something new, and that is what the gospel brings in. The gospel brings in Christ. If I am to be before God, I must be fit for God. I must have a righteousness that suits God. I must have a life suited to the heart and nature of God.

But where is all this found? It is all in Christ. And what does God say? "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through

Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). And there is the gift of righteousness too. God presents to you and me, in the absolute grace of His heart, everything in Christ. He wraps all up in the Person of His blessed Son the Lord Jesus, and gives Him to us. I can well understand the apostle Paul saying, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. ix. 15). The moment you have the Lord Jesus Christ all is settled. The question of life is settled. I have it in Him. So, too, I have redemption and forgiveness. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7). All is secured for you in a risen Christ. Christ is now alive at God's right hand. The veil has been rent, and the One who glorified God about sin in death is now at God's right hand in glory: everything is *in* Him, and the soul that knows Him has it all. And how can I get it? By faith in Him. Oh, get it just where you are. His grace delights to meet and bless you, to save you just where you are. Turn to the Lord now. Obey the gospel.

But stop, Are you not yet saved? Listen to this. "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" Let me implore you, turn to the Saviour just now. Tell me not that you will yet do it. Tell me not that you hope you will do it by-and-by. Ah, remember the Lord is coming. The door will soon be shut. It will not then be grace but judgment. "What shall the end be?" Your end then?

It will be like Lot's wife, an everlasting witness of the folly of procrastination and unbelief. Our Lord Jesus Christ says, "Remember Lot's wife!" Why? Because she had such opportunities, and yet missed salvation. And, dear friend, have not you opportunities? She was so near being saved, but missed it. Mind that. She was so nearly blessed, but missed it. She had great privileges. Some one prayed for her. She had a pious, prayerful old uncle, Abraham (see Gen. xviii.). He prayed on the hill-top, and he went on praying for Sodom and Lot's house till he said, "Peradventure ten shall be found there," and then he stopped praying. Why did he stop at ten? I think he thought he was pretty sure there would be ten righteous persons found. There was Lot and his wife, and their sons, and the two unmarried daughters, and the sons-in-law, with their wives. That made *ten persons*. But there were not *ten righteous*.

Lot's wife was not saved although Abraham had prayed for her. She was judged, not saved. You have been prayed for. Do you think that will secure your salvation? No. Have friends prayed for you, and you still have not obeyed the gospel? Of all souls alive you should "remember Lot's wife." Old and young, who have praying relations, Christ's word to you is, "Remember Lot's wife!"

There was not only that. Lot was a "just" person, a "righteous man" (2 Pet. ii. 7, 8), and she was connected by marriage with this man, who was a saint of God. Spite of this, she missed the blessing.

Have *you* godly relations? They cannot save you. Unless you are mad, you will "remember Lot's wife."

Another thing, God sent two messengers to Sodom, and they ate with her. Possibly some of the Lord's servants often come to your house, and eat with you. Ah, my unsaved friend, then you should remember Lot's wife above all people, and ask yourself again, "What shall *the end* be of them that *obey not* the gospel?" Mark, Lot's wife did not obey it, and you have not obeyed it yet.

Think well on what happened to her. She heard that judgment was coming on Sodom (just as you have heard that it is about to burst on this world), and in the morning light the angels took her outside her house, and she went down the road. The people who saw her go might easily have said, "Well, anyway, if judgment comes, she is all right." She looked all right, I admit, and you, unsaved church member, who are making a profession of Christ, look all right, but God knows you are not all right. Your mere profession of a Christ you have never known will not save you. And Christ says solemnly to you, "Remember Lot's wife!" Why? She did not *obey* the gospel preached to her. The word was, "Escape for thy life; *look not behind thee*, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed" (Gen. xix. 17).

Well, she went out, and down the road, and then the sun rose, and the judgment began to fall on Sodom, and she went *towards* the spot of safety, but alas! never reached it. There is a spot of safety for

you in Christ, dear friend, see that you reach it. And as she went on, do you know what sprung up in her heart? Unbelief. She did not believe that God would judge such a beautiful city as Sodom, and she turned to see if He had done it. Similarly you cannot bring your mind to believe that judgment is coming. "Remember Lot's wife." She looked back, and God's judgment fell upon the one who did not have the *obedience of faith*, and "she became a pillar of salt."

Anybody who came along that blackened plain, I do not doubt, would have been arrested by the sight of that sparkling object, the figure of a woman. That woman is God's beacon to people that have opportunities and privileges untold, who are very nearly saved, but have not *the obedience of faith*. Do you know why God made her a pillar of salt? To awaken you. When you next take a pinch of salt on your plate, you will do well to "remember Lot's wife." God has used, as His beacon to sinners, the very thing that comes under the eye of most sinners three times a day, salt. And when you next see salt on your plate, God help you to "remember Lot's wife."

"'Almost persuaded,' come, come to-day ;
 'Almost persuaded,' turn not away,
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;
 O lingerer, come !"

"THAT'S ME."

W M'L— had been a wild fellow, a regular drudge of the devil, so he told us.

But he came to one of our gospel meetings away in a little town in Canada, and heard the sweet sound of the gospel story. Thank God! it reached his heart. He stayed to speak with us, and we read to him of the prodigal's wanderings and return, in Luke xv.

He listened with deep interest to the tale of sin and wretchedness, whispering the while, "That's me, that's me," until he could contain his feelings no longer. And as we read, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy," he fell down on his knees exclaiming—

"THAT'S ME, TO LIFE."

There into the ear of God, who pardons the guilty, he poured out his repentance. There he met with as joyous a welcome as the prodigal of old, and went away rejoicing in a known forgiveness.

Oh! the wonders of "redeeming love." The vilest are received, the most forlorn made to rejoice, and heaven is filled with raptures over every returning one. My reader, have you returned from your wanderings to the Father's heart and home yet. He waits to welcome you.

Your way has led you into sin and want. The world with all its boasted store cannot meet your need. But there is plenty in the Father's house.

The blood of Jesus has opened its portals to the vilest. The one

DOOR OF MERCY

is wide open for all. But remember it is the only door. Your good works, your psalm-singing and sacrament-taking, will not gain you admittance to the Father's home. You must come acknowledging your guilt and owning three things to God:—

(1) I HAVE SINNED

(2) AGAINST THEE

(3) AND AM NO MORE WORTHY.

Then He will say, Bring forth the best robe. The sinner is saved, the lost is found, and the joy that fills heaven at your return will echo in your own heart. Come now.

“Pass in, pass in, the banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free ;
Room, room, still room,
Oh ! enter, enter now.”

J. T. M.

 THE COMING OF THE PRINCE.

THE past month of May has witnessed the greatest event Australia has ever known—the coming of the Prince of Wales and the opening of the first Parliament of the great Australian Commonwealth.

Thousands—scores of thousands—of people have

poured into Melbourne from the adjacent Provinces and States, until a population of half a million has increased by leaps and bounds, and accommodation at some of the leading hotels has only been procurable at thirty guineas a week.

The Prince, the heir apparent to the greatest Empire on earth, arrived amid the boom of cannon from the representative warships of all nations. Landing at St Kilda, with his fair consort and a glittering escort and retinue, he began his three hours' triumphal passage through the city proper, amid all the honours that civic money, wisdom, and art could devise.

Scores, one might say hundreds of thousands, of police, militia, and civilians lined the streets and crowded huge stands. Verandahs and house-tops and every bit of vantage ground were filled with eager sight-seers. Many waited half a day, so desirous were they to catch a glimpse of the Prince, and to view the magnificent pageant. Decorative arches and obelisks were erected, at immense cost, along the route, and banners, flags, pennants waved with the wind, and sparkled in the sun, till the place seemed transformed into a fairy-land—a dazzling galaxy of glories. Then, at night the whole city became ablaze with thousands of electric lights, and illuminated escutcheons, and imitation fountains, of every conceivable design and colour.

Such was the coming of the Prince. But as we read and heard of it, and afterwards saw something of its attendant and accessory splendour, we thought

of another and far greater event, which is quickly approaching, even

THE COMING OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

(Isa. ix. 2-7).

Is Australia, is the world ready for His advent? If He came would men welcome Him? Is there a spark of expectant desire in any unrenewed breast for His coming?

Alas, no. Men do not want Him. The world might brook and even applaud "A Twentieth Century Christ"—a Christ who would countenance their pleasures, and be the object of their semi-Pagan and Jewish religion, and who would wink at their follies and sins. But the Christ of God; the despised, rejected, and crucified Jesus; the holy, harmless, undefiled, separated, and heavenly Nazarene, men do not want.

It is true that when, a few days later, the first Australian Commonwealth Parliament was opened by the Prince, and twelve thousand of the *élite* of the land crowded the building, the orchestra sung the "Old Hundredth," the words being taken from Psalm c.—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

It is also true that prayers were uttered of the same earthly, if not Jewish character, linking the name of God and of His Son with the government of a Christ-rejecting world.

But it is likewise true, as true as God's Word can

make it, that millennial praise or prayer, taken from the Psalms, and from Old Testament Scripture, is not suitable to the present age; and its being used only shows how little men understand what Christianity really is. Christ is still "despised and rejected of men"; and He and those who intelligently love and serve Him, await the moment when He shall come for them, and afterwards appear with them, and take the reins of earthly government into His own hands.

And He *is* coming!

Coming to catch up every loyal and loving heart that trusts Him (1 Thess. iv.).

Coming as the Warrior King to tread down His foes and to establish His Kingdom (Rev. xix. 11-21).

Coming to arraign all nations before His judgment throne (Matt. xxv. 31-46).

Coming as the Prince of Peace to sway the sceptre of universal blessing and equity, and to "reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth" (Ps. lxxii.).

Reader, are you ready for the coming of the Prince?

Oh, may the divine mandate and message of Christ's coming day stir even now the very depths of your immortal soul. Heed God's advice—

"Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him" (Ps. ii.).

A LAST MESSAGE.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”

“**W**HAT message have you for the unconverted?” was the question I asked of a dearly-loved and aged sister in Christ, five days before she departed to be with Him.

“*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else*” (Isa. xlv. 22), was her immediate reply.

I had known and highly esteemed this choice servant of Christ for about three years. Never had I entered her cottage-home without realising a sweet savour of Christ in her spirit and ways. Naturally of a kindly, thoughtful, and unselfish heart—one of that generation, so quickly passing away, that seems born to live for others, and that therefore shines all the more brightly as it is placed in contrast with the self-love described in 2 Timothy iii., and lamentably characteristic of the “last days”—she had also learned, in the school of grace, how to care for others in a spiritual way. She was, in her sphere, a thorough evangelist. Like those women alluded to by Paul in Philippians iv., she laboured in the gospel. True, her field of labour was limited. The cares of a large family engrossed much of her attention. Home duties were never neglected. In all these details she furnished a pattern, and was an example both as a wife and mother.

But, with all this, her real treasure lay in the Master's interests. She loved and yearned over souls around ; and, as opportunity offered, by visitation and other means, she "did what she could" to "speak of Him."

Ah ! what immense influence attaches to such a life—the heart occupied with Christ, and the hands and feet consecrated to the good of man ! How little do we appreciate the dignity and value of such a life. Like the sweet-scented lily of the valley, it may be unnoticed, unless perhaps sought for ; but the fragrance of the flower emits a redolence, and is the sweeter because the flower itself is so little seen.

This may be a fair type of every servant of Christ, but specially so of *women* who would "labour in the gospel." *Self-concealment* is by no means a concealment of the truth. *Self-display* is its destruction. Preaching is not confined to the platform. There are ten thousand ways beside the public platform of making known to others the truth and grace of God. And such were the ways of the dear aged one of whom I write. For some thirty years did "rivers of living water" flow from the heart of her whose "last message" only breathed out the deep and broad desires that had found a lodgment there.

I was just starting for some evangelistic work at a distance, and, desirous of seeing as much as possible of Mrs P——, I called to bid her farewell. A cataract on each eye had closed her earthly vision for some time, so that she was unable to look on the faces thronged around her bedside ; but they could

gaze, with a kind of sacred admiration, on that fairly-chiselled face, calm as the summer sea, even though weakness and pain of body might well have disturbed its serenity. "Will you sing a hymn?" she asked. "Have you any one in particular?"

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,"

was her choice; and how appropriate! A few more grains of sand were all that the upper globe contained for her, but the presence of the Lord was, at the fall of the last, to be her bright exchange. No wonder she could sing! Coming into port full sail! Sighing and sorrow all over, and everlasting joy instead! What a scene of triumph is the death-bed of the Christian! The spirit, one moment clogged by a body, perhaps aged, feeble, and agonised; and the next, unclothed, unfettered, and able to enjoy in paradise the undivided company of that Saviour, who Himself passed through death and judgment, in order to take all those who trust in Him to be with Him, in spirit now, in body by-and-by! Ah! yes, such a death-bed is just the dawn of heaven.

But divine joy is unselfish, and finds pleasure in communicating itself. I therefore, at such a moment, felt free to ask the question at the head of this paper. I was certain that the good of others lay as deeply at her heart as ever. Nor was I mistaken. The salvation of their souls had long been her desire; it was so still; and so in answer to my question, her immediate reply was, "Look unto me, and be ye

saved, all the ends of the earth ; for I am God, and there is none else."

Special emphasis was laid on three of these words :—" *Me* "—" *Saved* "—" *All* ." They came in power to me, as I listened intently for the last message.

" *Me* ." " I am God, and there is none else." Here we have the glory of the Person.

" *Saved* ." In this word we have the wonderful result of looking to such an One—Salvation.

" *All* ." Here we see the scope, the world-wide range of the call—it is universal.

A *look*, is the condition.

A *Saviour*-God, is the object.

A full *Salvation*, is the result.

An invitation is given to *all*.

What a full gospel, what a remarkable text to choose as her last !

Now, dear reader, pause and ask yourself—" Have I *looked* ?" " Am I *saved* ?" Make this an intensely personal question. In looking to Christ by faith, there is salvation for the soul. It is not by working, nor by feeling, but by looking—that is, by believing. The bitten Israelite looked at the brazen serpent ; he lived. The sinner is bidden to believe on the Son of Man lifted up ; he gets everlasting life. " I am God, and there is none else." No ; for " there is none other name given whereby we must be saved." I pray you look not to your fancied merits, your earnest prayers, your charitable actions, your deceitful feelings—salvation is in Christ alone. *Look to Him*. The immediate result is that you are

saved. And this had been for many long years the happy experience of beloved Mrs P——. Her holy life was the evidence to others.

Five days quickly passed, and the sunset was calm, as had been the day. Love for, and gratitude to, others filled her thoughts during moments of consciousness; and at last her spirit passed into His presence whom she commended as the Saviour-God to the very end.

“When he shall appear, we shall see him as he is.” Faith sees Him to-day, sight to-morrow! Blessed consummation!

“Brief life is here our portion;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.”

I close this little tribute to the memory of the just one, by repeating earnestly her farewell message to the unconverted—“*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else.*”

J. W. S.

DISPENSATIONAL REIGNS.—From Adam to Moses *Death* reigned. From Moses to Christ *Law* reigned. From Christ's first advent to His Second Coming *Grace* reigns. From His Second Coming to the end of the Millennium *Righteousness* will reign.

Now Righteousness suffers; in the Millennium it reigns; in the Eternal State it dwells. S. E. R.

A REMARKABLE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

AN evangelist named Philip, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, found nearly nineteen centuries ago a ripe harvest field in the city of Samaria, and the villages of the province of that name. Many hearts were opened to believe the testimony he bore to the kingdom of God, and to the name of Jesus Christ.

Suddenly, in the midst of his successful labours, the angel of the Lord sped direct to His busy servant, and said to him, "Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza, which is desert" (Acts viii. 27). The command was plain, definite, and unmistakable. "And Philip arose and went." Had Philip been serving on the lines of many at the present day, or fettered by a plan, or the servant of a society or an organisation, it would have been no easy matter for him to obey. But Philip was *the Lord's servant*, and in no sense man's. Hence immediately he received His directions, he arose and went.

Had he not been the man of faith he was, one could well understand his hesitating. If *unbelief* had had a place in his soul, he might have *reasoned why* he should give up that wide field of service, where crowds were flocking together to hear the gospel, and go to a desert, where not a soul is to be found. Would it not be a waste of time and strength

for nothing, and neglect of present opportunity and privilege? Besides, where was he to eat and drink and sleep? And these are necessities. But there are no kind brethren or hospitable inns in a desert. Why, it seems almost flying in the face of Providence. It can hardly be expected of me to go such a journey as that.

But *not so Philip*. He was full of faith and power. And faith obeys and sees no difficulties. It is true he had no directions *why* he was to go. But that was not his affair. The angel of the Lord had told him to go, and indicated the spot. That was enough. He arose and went.

One has often pictured this devoted servant of God trudging from Samaria to that desert in the south. Doubtless his heart was lifted up many times to God on the way to show him what he was to do, when he should arrive. It was no short journey, and there was no convenient train as nowadays. But Philip had his Master's orders, and Philip obeyed. There was no consultation with flesh and blood. He had his orders direct, and he carried them out without a moment's hesitation.

And now, see him on his arrival at the spot indicated. Philip is alone in the desert. Yet not alone, for God is with him. North, south, east, and west, nothing but rocks and sand. No sound but that of some swiftly flying bird, or the scamper of some wild animal, affrighted by the intrusion of a stranger. A strange place this to evangelise! But Philip was there, a vessel prepared and sent of God.

He had not long to wait. The passage reads as though the moment he arrived, his work was before him. Gazing towards the north in the direction of Jerusalem, he spies in the distance a little cloud. What is it? A dust storm raised by the wind? No. What then? Some one is approaching in a chariot. Who can it be?

Philip is not left a moment in suspense as to what to do. The Spirit said to him—not the angel of the Lord this time, but the Spirit of God Himself—“Go near and join thyself to this chariot.” His faith was equal to the occasion. One fears many of us would have hesitated. What! speak to a man like that! Why, though an Ethiopian, he is evidently some great personage. He will surely count it as a great impertinence. Ah, but God is no respecter of persons. And who art thou that fearest a man who shall die? And when the Lord’s servant gets the word from his Master, whether it is a message to the high or to the low, he is called to be faithful and to speak without fear.

It was no mean personage that Philip was called to evangelise, for we read, “Behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning; and, sitting in his chariot, read Esaias the prophet” (chap. viii. 27, 28).

And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read, and said, “Understandest thou what thou readest?” The King’s business requires haste (ver. 30). Philip *ran*. One can easily imagine the surprise of

the Ethiopian on hearing suddenly that hasty footstep, as he looks up and sees Philip in that lonely desert spot, and hears him accost him thus. But the whole matter was of God, and his confidence apparently was gained in a moment. The question seemed to imply that the questioner could help him to understand. And he was evidently sorely puzzled at what he read. What a remarkable incident! An eunuch from a distant and idolatrous land, not going to, but returning from Jerusalem, and reading from a large roll the earnest, wondrous, and wild strain of Israel's great prophet and poet, Isaiah.

How had it all come about? Ah, God had brought it about. God wanted that man, that black eunuch, Candace's minister of finance, or the Ethiopian chancellor of the exchequer, as we should call him, saved by grace, and brought to glory, for His own joy. And the happy moment of his liberation from the power of Satan and sin had come.

The eunuch had been up to Jerusalem to worship. It would appear that the Spirit of God had already awakened that precious soul in the dark land of his birth. And from that moment *idolatry* could not satisfy him. He had doubtless heard that the Jews were God's people, and of the great city Jerusalem, and the gorgeous temple, the wonder of the earth, which took forty-six years to construct. And he finds an opportunity to journey there, to worship the true God. But, alas, where was the Jew? Long ago the glory had left the temple, and lately the incredulous Jew had killed his Master. The sacrifices,

the forms, the ceremonies, and the feasts, &c., continued, but *where was Christ?* They had fulfilled these shadows *in crucifying Him.*

See, then, this poor inquiring soul, joyous at the thought, as he reaches Jerusalem, that at last he will find the object of his heart's search. See him in the court of the Gentiles, intensely interested as he beholds the Jews bringing their offerings to the priests, and the priests carrying on the service of the altar, the fire consuming, and the whole, as they still thought, going up as a sweet savour to God. But where was anything in all that to satisfy the void in that aching heart? Ah, where indeed? He had found the old shell, but where was the kernel? He had turned his back upon idolatry, but there was no wine for the joy of his soul in the empty cold stone water-pot of Judaism. The days run swiftly by, and the eunuch must return. With a heavy heart he turns his back upon that thrice guilty city. His soul is as empty as when he came.

But lo, he reads Isaiah in his chariot. Where did he obtain the roll? Who knows? Whether some stray copy had found its way to Ethiopia, and the perusal of its contents had led him to take this long journey, or whether in his intense desire to arrive at the truth, he had obtained one from some friendly priest or Pharisee, or elsewhere at Jerusalem, we cannot tell. One thing we know, he possessed the blessed roll, and was turning it to good account. Would that all readers of these lines were as earnest with their Bibles to-day.

Now the angel of the Lord, Philip, the Holy Ghost, the eunuch's journey, and *the roll* all contributed in the inscrutable ways of God to bring about the troubled soul's blessing. And now, generally speaking, a man of intelligence reads a book straight through. And the eunuch was one. Supposing then (for we are not told) he had begun to read at chapter i., in the wondrous ways of God, he had just arrived at that precious verse 7 in chapter liii., when Philip met him. Let us cite the passage, as in Acts viii. 32, 33, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth; in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth." Accosted with the words, "Understandest what thou readest?" he answered, "How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. And he continued, "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" Deeply impressed by these soul-stirring words, the poor seeker after light in his ignorance would know of whom the passage spoke, for he had no idea. It might be the prophet himself, or some other man, but to the true subject of it, with which the whole quotation teems, as yet he was a total stranger.

Then Philip opened his mouth, and *began at the same scripture*, and preached unto him *Jesus*. What a theme! and what a sermon! We would like to have heard it. That sermon was not bought at an

old bookstall, nor made up of cullings from the productions of other minds. That was no bit of Sunday eloquence, written or thought out during the six days of the previous week. No, but the outflow of the heart of a man filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, who delighted in the One of whom he, and also Isaiah spake. *Jesus, precious Jesus*, the Lord, the Christ; Jesus, the Son of God, the only Saviour of sinners, whether Jew or Ethiopian, white or black.

He preached unto him Jesus. Jesus, the gift of God, the Lamb without blemish or spot. Jesus, the Christ, who offered Himself through the eternal Spirit without spot to God. Jesus, who glorified God. Jesus, whose precious blood was shed for the guilty and the lost. Jesus, who died to save sinners from their sins, and from Satan and sin's domination, and the wrath of God. Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus.

We think we see and hear the earnest look and tone of the preacher, and the intense interest depicted on the countenance of Queen Candace's minister. As Philip warms with his thrilling subject, and tells of Jesus, led as a sheep to the slaughter, and His life taken from the earth, the look of anxiety and pain on the bearer's face gradually gives place to one of ever-deepening interest, and then to joy and peace, joy inexpressible and peace surpassing understanding, as the citadel is taken possession of by the mighty Victor, and the heart of the poor black eunuch captured by Jesus, the Son of God!

Enough! the scene which follows tells how his soul appreciated the blessed joyful news. At that

very moment again, in the wondrous ways of God, his eyes fell upon a certain water, and the eunuch said, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?*" And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: *and he went on his way rejoicing*" (vers. 38, 39). The eunuch's faith was manifested in his desiring baptism. What he could neither find in heathenism nor in Judaism he found *in Jesus*. And had he not just read that His life was taken from the earth? Then said the eunuch in principle by his desire, *My life must go too*. Philip baptized him. This was the end of the black man morally before God, in figure by baptism. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" (Jer. xiii. 23). Impossible. No more can the sinner his corrupt flesh. That which is born of the flesh is flesh (John iii. 6). No, his sins must go, and not only so, but he after the flesh must go also. Trusting in Jesus, the eunuch's sins were forgiven. He was doubtless cleansed by the precious blood. And in baptism, he was to have done with sin, and with sinful self. And coming up out of the water, in figure he was beyond death, to live to God. *And he went on his way rejoicing*. *Rejoicing, yes, rejoicing*.

But the Spirit caught away Philip, and he was

* Verse 37 is well known not to be in the original. See any reliable new translation.

found at Azotus. No doubt his faithful Master provided food and lodging for him there. And passing through, he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cæsarea.

And what a different man the eunuch must have been as he drove back to the dominions of Queen Candace! Do you think that that joyful heart could keep the glad tidings of Jesus to itself? Impossible. We doubt not, though we have no record, that many a soul in Ethiopia from that time forth heard of and believed in that all-blessed Name.

And you, dear reader, what think ye of Him? Of *Jesus*? Of Jesus the Saviour, who saved the eunuch, the Saviour of whom Philip delighted to tell. He is the same precious and all-powerful Saviour to-day. Seated in highest glory, the crowned and triumphant One in the presence of God, He is ready to save every one that believeth. *He is ready to save you.* You will no more find what your soul needs in the external forms of Christendom than in Judaism or in heathenism. It is *a living Saviour whom you need. Jesus is He.* Are you in earnest about it as the eunuch was? Surely He will meet you. Why should not that happy rencontre take place to-day? A sinner you are, and Jesus, just the Saviour you need, is offered to you. He died for sinners, *died for all.* Then did He not die *for you*? Put in your claim! *Now* is the moment for decision. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved* (Acts xvi. 31). *And thy house*, if thou hast one. Can you say, before we close, *I do believe on Him, Jesus is mine?*

“BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE
ALL WATERS.”

OH! ye servants of the Lord, be encouraged. Ye that labour in the Master's blessed work, be cheered! Ye lovers of souls, go on! Ye that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, ye shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you. Ye that preach the Son of God—Jesus—as glad tidings, pardon for the guilty, forgiveness for the sinner, salvation for the lost, justification for the ungodly, be assured your labour is not in vain; “the husbandman that first laboureth must be partaker of the fruits.” Continue. Be not weary. Preach the Word; scatter the seed; cast in the net again and again.

Some little time ago a few Christian young men went every Lord's Day afternoon and preached the gospel in a court or enclosure of small houses in one of the poorest parts of Bristol. The blessed Master was with them, they knew, and helped them each time to do so, but for some time they saw no result.

One Monday, a man that lived in the court was suddenly stricken down by an alarming illness, from which the doctor gave no hope of recovery. He had long been weakly and consumptive, and the attack was so severe that the doctor feared it would make very short work with him.

The fear of death came upon him—distress and anguish; his soul was weighed down with the burden

of his sins, and what troubled him most of all was that he had never once listened to the preaching of that little band of young men that had brought the gospel every Sunday afternoon to his very door. God had stretched out His hand, he had not regarded, he had set it all at nought.

He went down on his knees and cried, "O God, only spare my life till next Sunday, and how I will listen." He counted the days as they passed slowly by—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—still spared—Friday, Saturday. He thanked God, and now counted the hours, in soul anxiety, and on Sunday, at mid-day, had his bed drawn near the window. At three o'clock the young men sung their gospel hymn, and preached, after which he sent out to them to come in and speak and pray with him.

It was God's work in his precious soul—the work of God—the work of grace—the work of divine power. There was repentance toward God, and before the young men left him, there was faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ. The ground was all prepared, the seed fell into good ground that afternoon. The sin-sick needed the Physician, and found Him. The sinner needed the Saviour and received Him. There was joy in the presence of the angels of God above, and joy in that court on earth, that afternoon, over that one sinner that had repented. They magnified God and spake His praise with tongues (Acts x. 46).

God was pleased to lengthen the days of this now dear disciple for a few years. He shone a bright little light amid the surrounding darkness, till the

Lord was pleased to take him. He had great love for souls; opened his cottage for a little weekly gospel meeting in the winter time, and placed a chair outside his door for the preacher to stand on in summer time; and any ill or dying around he would get to know of, and take one and another to speak to them about their souls, and tell them of the Saviour's love.

Thus did God much bless His Word, and encourage this little band of His servants.

"Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him,
Well He sees and knows it, if our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven to see us shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine then for all around,
For many kinds of darkness in the world are found;
There's sin, there's want and sorrow, so we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

W. F.

"THE SUMMONS HAS COME."

AN ungodly man had been trying all he could to persecute a young Christian, when the foreman of the works, taking the young convert's part, advised him to summons him. The only reply he made was, "*The summons will come some day.*"

Shortly afterwards a man was seen to fall, and

many rushed to the spot to see what was the matter. It was the young Christian's persecutor suddenly laid low. As the bystanders looked on awestruck, the poor fellow suddenly exclaimed, as his eyes rested on the young Christian standing in the crowd, "*The summons has come.*"

Reader, are you ready for the summons? It may come far sooner than you think, and how awful should the summons come and find you unprepared in your sins. Perhaps you think that you will evade the summons; but as sure as you are living you will have to answer to it. It may be at noonday when engaged at your work in the shop, at the desk, or as you hurry along to fulfil your business engagements. Or it may be at midnight when all is still around you, and you are lying upon your bed. Then suddenly death's hand may be laid upon you, and in obedience to his summons you will have to leave all of earth behind—friends, relatives, all you have acquired in this world—to enter eternity and spend it—

WHERE?

Have you never faced this grave question? What folly to refuse to look such an important matter full in the face, when it concerns you so intimately. May you through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ be prepared for the summons, so that should it come unexpectedly you may be ready to answer to it.

"THE WAY TO HEAVEN."

SOME years ago, when passing through the crowded streets of London, a man tapped me on the shoulder. Thrusting a tract into my hand, he asked, "Young man, are you on the way to heaven?"

He was off before I could answer him, but his question gave rise in my mind to a score of others.

"The way to heaven!" I repeated to myself, "which is the way? How does one get into it? Is it open for all who wish to enter? Are my feet walking therein?"

Probably, if the question had been addressed to *you*, similar thoughts would have arisen in your mind. My present purpose is to anticipate any such thoughts on your part, and to invite you to look with me at four points connected with the way to heaven.

1. The making of the way.
2. The opening of the way.
3. The entrance into the way.
4. The character of the way.

First of all—

THE MAKING OF THE WAY.

Get clear as to this, that it is impossible for you to make it yourself.

Men of old thought they could build a tower to reach the skies, but they were sadly mistaken. Men

of to-day are not much wiser. They bring their prayers, their law-keeping, their moral life, their good character, and they think that they can make their way to God with such things as these.

But stay. The chasm between your soul and God is deep. You cannot get across it on stepping-stones of your own. If you try, you will surely fall, and sink into the awful depths of hell.

You need a good solid road, leading from the very spot where you are right up to the throne of God.

Praise His name, such a road has been made. God Himself has made it. His great heart of love longed to save us wretched rebels on the other side of the chasm, so

FROM HIS OWN SIDE

He has made a way for us to reach Him.

In order to make that way, He had to heap upon His only Son the judgment that was due to us. There, in the dark depths of Calvary's sufferings, when Jesus was bearing the wrath of God, the broad foundations of the way to heaven were laid.

And how much of the way was completed then, think you? Every inch of it.

Before the Saviour left the cross, a triumphant cry rang out from His blessed lips—

“IT IS FINISHED!”

Finished, the work which He came to do for us!
Finished, the bridging of the awful chasm between

wretched sinners and a holy God! Finished, the making of a way straight from the depths of sin to the heights of heaven. Finished, finished, all finished; not one jot or tittle left for us to do.

There are some who seem to think that the work is only half done. Their idea is that salvation should be a joint affair, Christ doing His part, and they doing theirs. They would fain have a bridge to span the distance between them and God, made partly of Christ's merits and partly of their own; a bridge made like the Tower Bridge in London, which spans the river Thames. Do you know how that bridge was built? It was begun at the same time on both sides of the river. Some worked from the northern side and some from the southern, till they met each other half-way across.

But none can ever reach heaven by a bridge of that sort. No; the bridge has been *begun and ended* from God's side. The way by which we can be brought to Him has been brought to us FROM Him. It was *His* heart that conceived the plan. It was *His* Son that did the work, and *He* shall have all the glory of it.

Now, let us come to the second point—

THE OPENING OF THE WAY.

When a way has been made, the next thing is to get some important person to open it to the public.

When the Manchester Ship Canal, the highway to the ocean from the centre of England's cotton

industry, was completed, the Queen went down to open it.

In like manner the way to heaven has been opened. It has been opened by the One who made it, none other than the King of kings Himself.

But first He must go down into death to crush the power of Satan, else that great enemy of souls would do his best to keep the newly-made way to heaven closed against poor sinners. So down into the dark domains of death the Saviour went. For three days and nights He lay in the tomb. No doubt the devil thought himself the conqueror. "Aha!" says he, "the blood has been shed in vain. The load was too great for the Sin-bearer; He has sunk beneath its weight. Not a sinner shall escape from my hands."

But, thank God, the devil was mistaken. On the third day, Jesus burst the bonds of death and rose triumphant from the tomb.

See the mighty Victor as He rises and ascends! Heaven swings its portals open, and the angels ring out a chime of rapturous rejoicings as the King of Glory enters in with the laurels of victory upon His brow.

"Open!" they cry, "the gates of heaven are open!" Bright seraphs bear the message far and wide in the universe above; while God the Holy Ghost Himself descends to earth to bring the blessed news, that *the gates on high which opened to let Jesus in*

ARE OPEN STILL.

That is how the way was opened! Jesus *came down to make* the way, and He has *gone up* again to *open* the way; and the Holy Ghost has come down to declare to us, through the Scriptures, that the way is open, and that the vilest sinner may enter in.

"Thank God!" said one, as this glorious truth dawned upon her soul, "then I can see my way clear right up to the throne of God."

Yes, the way has been made by the blood of Jesus. It has been opened by His resurrection and ascension to glory; and now we come to the third point—

THE ENTRANCE INTO THE WAY.

This is most important, for the way will have been made and opened in vain, as far as you are concerned, unless you enter it.

But perhaps you ask: "How am I to get into the way to heaven? What is the door of entrance through which I may pass in?"

Listen! the Saviour replies in His own blessed words, "*I am the Door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.*"

Mark that verse! There is enough gospel in it to save every reader of this paper.

It shows us that

CHRIST IS THE DOOR OF ENTRANCE

into the way that leads to heaven, and there is none other.

His blood has *made* the way.

His ascension to glory has *opened* the way.

Himself is the *Door into* the way.

Notice, the invitation to enter in and be saved is a world-wide one. It includes you. It says, "If ANY MAN enter in, he shall be saved." It means just what it says, that, *by Christ*, any man (no matter how black a sinner he may be) may enter in and be saved.

Oh, will you not enter in at once? Come to Jesus and cast yourself at His blessed feet, or you will never get inside the door. What is there to prevent your entering in this very moment? Nothing.

It is madness to remain outside when

ONE STEP

would land you across the threshold. Step out boldly to-night! Step out once for ever, out of the broad way into the narrow way; out of self into Christ. It is not a long process that is needed. One step is enough.

"But I don't believe in those instantaneous conversions," says some one.

"You don't?"

"No, I can't see how a man can be turned round all of a sudden."

"Well, did you ever see a man go through a door?"

"Yes, lots of times."

"How long did it take him?"

"Why, only a second, of course."

“Exactly so. And when Jesus says, ‘I am the Door,’ He means that you who are at this moment outside, may take *one step* and be safe for ever.”

Will you not take that step, the step of faith, JUST NOW?

One word, now, as to the last point—

THE CHARACTER OF THE WAY.

It is a “narrow way” (Matt. vii. 14); too narrow to let in a single bit of human merit or self-righteousness.

If you enter this way you will have to give up all faith in anything that *you* can do, and you will have to trust in Christ, and Him alone.

But though the way is narrow and exclusive, there are blessed compensations.

As you pass through the town where you live, no doubt you often see the names of the streets overhead. There is “High Street,” and “Market Street,” and so on.

When we are in the way that leads to heaven, we find that God has got many names for it.

In one place it is called “the way of *Life*,” because those who are in it have passed from death unto life.

In another place it is called “the way of *Salvation*,” because all who enter in by the Door are saved for ever.

Again it is called “the way of *Peace*,” because our souls bask in the sunshine of peace with God.

In the fourth place it is called “the way of *God*,”

because we are brought to Him, and know Him as our Father.

But I will not stay to describe the way to you any further. I earnestly beseech you to come to Christ, and prove the sweetness of it for yourself.

H. P. B.

SITTING DOWN AT THE TABLE.

AS I was going out of Limerick one night by the mail train, the guard came to me and said, "Sir, may I shake hands with you?"

I said, "Who are you?"

"I am the guard of the train."

It was in '69, and I had been having some blessed meetings in Limerick, at which God had been saving many souls. The guard had been at one of the meetings down to a late hour that night, and I said, "What do you know of me?"

"I now know where I am," he replied.

"Where are you, guard?"

"I am sitting down at the table of which you told us to-night, spread by the Father for His prodigal."

"Then you are not outside, longing, craving to come in?"

"Oh! no, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"I am listening to the music and dancing."

"Then you are happy."

“Yes.”

“And saved?”

“Yes.”

I am here reminded of a conversation I had with a German Count, when I was abroad in Italy. He had been most kind in directing me as to my journey. Knowing he was about to leave, I said I had come to thank him, and to express the hope that some day we should meet again.

“Not likely,” he replied, “at my time of life.”

“Yet still,” I added, “I hope that some day we shall meet again.”

Looking thoughtfully, he asked, “Do you mean in heaven?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Oh! then,” rejoined he, with a sigh, “I shall never be in heaven. I am too great and too old a sinner” (or words to that effect) “ever to be in heaven.”

Turning to the Countess, who was near, I said, “Madame, do you believe what your husband is saying?”

Bursting into tears, she responded, “I was brought up in England—in the English Church—but have lived in every folly. We are both great sinners; and I am like one without a home, with no Father. What would you do with a child who had left her father’s house?”

“I would read to her the fifteenth of Luke.”

“What is that?” she asked; and taking out my Bible, I read. When I came to the part where the

prodigal began to *be in want*, the Count stopped me, saying, "Is that *me*?"

"Yes; and *me*!"

He wept as I explained how a sinner separated from God must come to be in want—be in dire necessity. He may seem to be rich, and have need of nothing; but, not having Christ, he is wretched and miserable (as to eternal things), and *poor*, and *blind*, and *naked*.

Reading on, I came to the passage where the father is represented as running to meet his son, embracing him, saying, "THIS *my son*."

"Sir," interrupted the Count, "is that God?"

"Yes," I said; "that is God, and God is love." I described to him how it was that God had never lost sight of man, though man had gone from God; how, though man had changed, God had never changed; how He, in love to us, had given His Son to die for us; and how the death of Christ enables God righteously, as well as in love, to receive and embrace the oldest and vilest of sinners.

They both wept.

Said the Count, "Let me record this chapter and those verses in my pocket-book, saying, as it were, 'That prodigal is *myself*; that Father is God.'" With more such words, he took me by the hand, saying, "Thank you, thank you very much; yes, thank you. We shall meet again."

ANON.

FAITH: HOW IT COMES.

SCRIPTURE is full of instances of faith, and of what it can do. It "cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." In that statement is contained the true value to the soul of the sound of God's own blessed Word. A man may ask me, What is faith? I do not know that I can define faith to you, but I will turn you to a scripture which I think gives us a perfect definition of faith. This is found in the third chapter of the Gospel of St John.

I find there these words concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all; he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth." He that cometh from above can tell us what things please Him who is above; while he that is of the earth—you and I—I take it, one and all of us, could discourse about the earth, though perhaps you could not tell me a word about heaven. But continue: "He that cometh from heaven is above all. And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth; and no man receiveth his testimony. He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true" (John iii. 31-33). Very striking that! You must receive first of all what the Lord says of you. There is not a man—a Christian man—reading this but will confess, I was forced to it. Man's heart naturally sets itself against God, but faith accepts

His testimony. "*He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true.*" There I believe you get the real definition of what faith is.

God has spoken by His Son the Lord Jesus, and the man that receives His testimony, "sets to his seal that God is true." That is faith. What evidence have you got of the truth of what is alleged? you ask. None at all! There is no evidence to the senses, nor does faith ask it. Ask any person who is a believer; question any of your friends who have been born of God, through grace, and have had their eyes opened, to know the blessedness of the love of God, the value of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, and the joy of knowing that they are saved—ask them how they first really got to know that they were saved, and they will tell you, by giving God credit for speaking the truth, by taking Him at His word, which is faith.

Human reasoning and wisdom of words cannot manufacture faith; it comes by hearing the Word of God. A young man said to me lately, "I hope you will make it plain, doctor!" I cannot do that. I cannot make it plain to any man's mind, and I will tell you why, because the gospel is divine. It comes from God, and no human mind can explain it; and no human mind will receive it. Faith is the result of hearing God's Word, and the Spirit of God working upon the heart. The Word of God goes through a man; it convicts him, converts him, and gives him a new life somehow. He does not know how, but his eyes are opened, and he believes.

“Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.”

This simple faith is a very blessed thing! It puts the soul wholly in touch with God. You are brought to have to do with God. Indeed, you must meet Him sooner or later. It is in vain for a man to endeavour to avoid this. Unbelief and twentieth-century scepticism may lead you to say, “Perhaps there is no God, and I shall not have to meet Him.” Make no mistake, you will have to meet God sooner or later. You are a responsible creature—a sinner.

It is the essence of responsibility that the creature, man, should have to meet God, his Creator, sooner or later. Why not meet Him now? Why not know Him now? The aversion men have to this shows something is radically wrong. Sin has produced strained relations, distance, and dread of God, and when you try to get near a man with the gospel, and want to put the blessed things of the Lord Jesus Christ before him, he is frightened at, or indignant, with you. He draws back, as if you were about to inflict some great injury upon him. That just shows that there is a natural repugnance in the heart of man to have to do with God. I do not deny it. It is perfectly true.

I can remember the time when there was repugnance in my own heart to the things of the Lord Jesus. Thank God, that day has gone by, and I can echo the language of one who recently said to me, as he confessed that he had got his eyes opened a week ago, “This has been the happiest week of my

life!" I do not doubt it. It is bound to be the happiest week in a man's life when he comes to know the living God as his Saviour. If you have lived till now without the knowledge of the Lord, and of His salvation, I trust you may learn from God's own Word, His way of salvation, and how very blessed and simple it is. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

The naked truth as to the condition of man is that he is lost. Man is a lost sinner. There is no mistake as to that. There are only two classes—the saved and the lost. There is no intermediate stage, no middle ground anywhere in Scripture. The Lord Jesus Christ brought that plainly out in His lifetime. You recollect in the fifteenth of Luke, He speaks of the Shepherd going out to seek the sheep which was *lost*; secondly, He gives us the figure of the woman who swept the house diligently for the bit of silver because it was *lost*; and thirdly, when the son comes back to his father's house, the father saw him afar off, ran to meet him, kissed him, and brought him into his house, saying, "Let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was *lost*, and is found." Three times do I get that solemn description of man's condition—lost.

But in blessed contrast with man's awful condition, we get the activity of God—the Son, the Spirit, and the Father. The Son *seeks* the lost sheep, the Spirit *liberates* the wanderer from the death that lies upon him, and the Father *receives* the lost one, when he comes back. We have there not three parables, but

one. "He spoke this parable," it says. Why? Because He was bringing out the activity of the love of God to man, the lost sinner. The gospel met me as a lost man, and convicted me of being lost, and when I took the place God gave me, He saved me on the spot.

The condition in which man is renders it an absolute necessity that he be born again. He needs not reformation, but new birth. Reformation will not do. Have not I seen many a one try to reform? Did not I try it myself? I recollect well the time when, on a sick-bed, I thought I was dying; and I was very near it. I remember well, when I thought I might soon die, and felt my unfitness to die, that I turned to the Lord and cried, "If Thou wilt spare my life I will serve Thee." God answered my prayer, and I recovered from my sickness; but I was more than ever the child of hell after than before. You see I was going to turn over a new leaf. I tried it for a time, but the fact was I was a lost sinner, and the devil was too strong for me, and I was soon worse than ever. Man has no strength in himself. He has to be brought to this point sooner or later—and you have to be—that he is a sinner, ungodly, without strength, and therefore a lost man.

People say to me sometimes, We thought a man was *lost* only if he left this world in his sins, and so passed into eternity. Scripture does not say so. When a man passes into eternity without the knowledge of God, I will tell you what he finds—that he is damned. He finds out that he has to be judged

by God, and none can rise out of that judgment. All men are lost now, and that is why Paul says, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you, my reader, may be saved to-day, if you have never been saved before, and faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.

Have you heard God's Word, and bowed down before it, believing what it puts before you. I do not ask you to believe a word of mine. I want you to believe God's Word. I certainly seek to unfold that Word, and make it simple, and I love to point out to you that blessed salvation which the gospel brings to a lost, undone, and irrevocably ruined creature, like you or me. The gospel meets me as I am, and after it has met me and shown me what I am, it shows me what Christ is, and what He has done for me. If you believe it, you will get what I have—salvation through the blessed Son of God.

The gospel is very simple. God is love, and His nature is expressed to us in the gift of His Son. After we had sinned, and before the day of judgment He who will be the judge has died for the guilty culprit. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 6). That is all God's side; now for yours. You must believe God, *i.e.*, take Him at His word. Faith believes God. Do you? If so, Christ is yours and you are His.

TO THE PIT.

IT is remarkable that all the conversions in Scripture are described as *immediate* in their occurrence. I had in my congregation at Kingstown a lady who was converted in this way—suddenly. She was walking one evening to her seat in the theatre, when she saw in letters of fire (gas being used), above the doors of the theatre, these words—“*To the Pit.*” The thought struck her—“Ah! there is, indeed, a *pit!* There is, indeed, a hell! to which I feel I am hastening.” God deepened that conviction. The arrow rankled in her soul, and she is now a loving disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Nor is this a solitary case. I have seen marvellous revulsions in a moment of time. I know an instance of a lady who was riding over the fields in summer with her husband, and as her horse leapt a hedge she was nearly thrown. It was a dangerous spot, and the thought in a moment struck her—“What if I had been thrown, and had been killed? How dreadful; for, alas! I am not saved.” The thought pierced like an arrow her very soul. You may smile when I tell it, but it is nevertheless true, that before her horse had gone out of that field, before it crossed another fence—the boundary that separated that field from the next—she had received the salvation of God, had fled for refuge to Him who died; and her mind was at rest and peace in Him.

I have often spoken of the conversion of the thief

on the cross, as if, as to its suddenness, it were exceptional. But no. When a poor sinner finds out that salvation is not of *his* doing, but that all has been done for him, his salvation must be immediate. There is no other way for any to be saved. Thus the jailer at Philippi was awakened—convicted—hears of Jesus—believes—is saved. Same also with the eunuch: he reads in the prophet; he is told of Messiah—Jesus; he believes and is baptized. The three thousand at Pentecost—the same. They, too, heard—were pricked to the heart—believed—and were saved. The very day of their conversion they were told how “they had slain that just One.” How could *they* get to heaven, whither He had gone, on the ground of any conduct of theirs? but, knowing *Him* as having done all for them in dying, they repented, had a new mind, believed, and that same day, though guilty in themselves, they knew their guilt had been taken by the CRUCIFIED ONE; and that on seeing it they were saved. Hence their baptism was the “answer of a good conscience towards God.” There was not only a great work wrought for them, but they owed to a blessed work done in them—their consciences having been purged, and their affections having been awakened, by the knowledge of the precious blood which had been shed on the cross for them.

Ah! reader, your response to the truth of Christ having died for you may be *now*, whilst you read this; for now is the accepted time, even *now* is the day of salvation.

ANON.

"I WILL CONSENT;" AND A SUDDEN CALL.

D—— had just come south to E—— for a short holiday. He came from a very dark place, spiritually, and some of his friends who were Christians, were anxious that during his short stay in E—— he might be brought under the sound of the gospel. With this end in view, his elder brother, a Christian, persuaded him the night after his arrival to go to an open-air gospel meeting.

There was a goodly number of young men and women gathered together that night, and the precious gospel story was told out—no doubt, in weakness, and with great simplicity, but withal, earnestly, and in reality. It was such a time as one would greatly desire to see oftener.

Undoubtedly D—— was impressed, and after going home and getting to bed, his brother and he began to talk over the matter. The early hours of the morning found them still talking, he asking many questions, and it almost seemed as if he was to bow to the truth there and then. However, he at last brought the conversation to a close by saying, "Ah! well, I cannot understand it," and settling down in bed, in a very short time he was asleep.

After this things took an unexpected turn. D——'s prospects in the north had not been over-bright, and work coming readily to his hand in E——, he decided to stay. No doubt the Lord's hand was in it: He had His eye on this young man for blessing; still the

Lord often tests the patience of His people, and for a time it seemed as if D——'s stay in E—— was not to be for his good.

After getting acquainted a little with the town, he began to get taken up with things as found in a large city. Not that he went into gross sin. The Lord in restraining grace kept him from going so far as he very likely would have done if left to himself, but it was just enough to keep him from getting in contact with God. This went on for about six months, and then he went north for a few days.

At this time there was a real revival in E——, many were being blessed, but as yet D—— had managed to keep clear of it. It was late at night when he returned from the north. All were asleep in the house, but his brother, who occupied the same room with him, woke up when he came in. Of course, D—— was full of the home news; but before he had time to say anything, he was met with words something like these—"Oh, D——, there have been wonderful things happening since you went away; J——, and K——, and C—— are all converted." These were a brother and two sisters who had all professed conversion within a few days.

Of course when God is working, the devil is always busy, and one of these apparent conversions proved to be unreal, but two of them went on through the Lord's grace. However, this was the news that met D——, and it did have a wonderful effect upon him. He seemed quite staggered, and oh! how disappointed. He had always had this brother to move

along with, and now it seemed as if he was to be left alone. He did not say a word, but sat down to think it over. After a bit his brother said to him, "I think, D——, you had better give in too: that is all that is needed now just for you to give in."

Still he sat there, until he could contain himself no longer; everything together was too much for him, for the Lord had not been leaving him to himself. He confessed afterwards that that very night on his journey to E——, he had been thinking of eternity. How wonderful God's ways of reaching souls: no noise or excitement. It is the "still small voice," but it *must* be heard.

D—— now broke thoroughly down. It was happy work then again to present the gospel to him, and it soon became evident it was just a question of how long he would hold out, or rather how long the devil would be able to keep him bound. By-and-by he began to fear lest if he were to make a profession he might not be able to go on. Of course with him, as with most, the thought was that a great deal depended upon himself. After putting the truth before him in every way, according to grace given, his brother said to him, "You know, D——, it is just like this—if you consent to let Christ take hold of you, He will never consent to let you go."

He thought a little longer, and then settled the great transaction thus—"Well, I will consent, whether I manage to go on with it or not." Confession was pressed upon him, as essential to making a good start—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth

the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9). And he said afterwards that he resolved there and then to confess to his fellow-workmen next day—a good resolution, and one which through grace he was enabled to carry out. No doubt this gave him a firm footing, for there can be no real progress without it.

If this should meet the eye of one who is starting in the Christian course, we would say: Do not be afraid, or ashamed to confess Jesus as Lord: do not keep what you have got to yourself; make much of Christ, and let everybody know it: thus you will be blessed, and made a blessing.

It was now well into morning, so after thanking the Lord together, both settled down to sleep, although by this time sleep had become quite a secondary matter.

Next day when D—— came home for dinner he gathered together his pipes, tobacco, and tobacco pouch, and put all in the fire. Next followed his newspapers and other rubbish he had been accustomed to read. This gave his friends confidence, the work was real, as nothing had been said about these things, and time proved it to be so. The Lord was now free to lead him on as He delights to do, and He did lead him on; to Him be the praise.

And now, circumstances have arisen which call for a little more to be added. Since starting to write this account of God's gracious dealings, indeed, on

the very day we had hoped to finish it, D—— was unexpectedly called (although, thank God, not taken by surprise) to be for ever with the Lord, whom he loved, and had served faithfully according to his measure for nearly three years.

His last words to his young wife, who had only been three months by his side, as he went out that morning, were, a request to look up for him, that he might be led to speak a word from the Lord to a fellow-workman for whose blessing he longed. Within half an hour he met with a serious accident ; he was taken to the Infirmary, where an operation was deemed necessary, after which he gradually sank, and that same night he departed “to be with Christ; which is far better” (Phil. i. 23.) Yes, better indeed than anything he could have had here—better than having the Lord’s company or serving Him either here. Sad for dear ones left, but well, oh, how well for him.

Reader, suppose it had been *you*. How would it have been with you? Have *you* consented to let Christ take hold of you? If not, be sure of this—The devil has hold of you, and if possible will keep his hold, for time and eternity. Oh, dear reader, rouse up from your sleep of death. We would say to you in the words of that hymn—a hymn which dear D—— helped to sing just a day or two before he was called—

“Life at best is very brief :

Be in time.”

D——’s last words to his brother—although he was in such pain that he could scarcely speak—were, “I know it is for a purpose.” Yes, without a doubt it

was for a purpose: a purpose of blessing we feel assured. Oh, dear reader, how we long that you might share it.

At the funeral of the remains of dear D——, many were gathered together, relations, friends, and fellow-workmen. Over the open grave which said so plainly, "*Death is busy*,"—a note of warning was sounded out, and those present were pled with to "*be in time*." The word was used to reach at least one soul, very possibly more. Friend! have you been reached yet. If not, we would yet again press upon you to—

"BE IN TIME."

Whether it is your sins that bind you, or the self-will of your proud stubborn heart that keeps you from humbling yourself before God, we would beseech you to let all go. Cast yourself in simple faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour God has provided. *He* is willing to save you. Will *you* consent? A. C.

"I SHALL BEAT YOU ALL."

THE Lord was greatly owning the ministry in the gospel of some of His servants in the North of England about one hundred and fifty years ago, when, as always, there was great opposition, and "their persons and message were treated with contempt. The propagation of malicious falsehoods was encouraged, with design to counteract the good effects of their ministry."

A Mr Thorpe ranged under the standard of their most virulent opposers, and not content with personal insult, added private ridicule to public interruption. Public-houses became theatres, when the fate of religious opinion was to be determined. It was at one of these convivial resorts that Mr Thorpe and three of his associates, to enliven the company, undertook to mimic the above preachers. The proposition was highly gratifying to all the parties present, and a wager agreed upon, to inspire each individual with a desire of excelling in this impious attempt. That their jovial auditors might adjudge the prize to the most adroit performer, it was concluded that each should open the Bible, and hold forth from the first text that should present itself to his eye. Accordingly, three in their turn mounted the table, and entertained their wicked companions, at the expense of everything sacred. When they had exhausted their little stock of buffoonery, it devolved on Mr Thorpe to close this very irreverent scene.

Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all!" But oh! the stupendous depths of divine mercy! who would have conceived that a gracious Providence should have presided over such an assembly, and that this should be the time of heavenly love to one of the most outrageous mockers?

Mr Thorpe, when the Bible was handed to him, had not the slightest preconception what part of the Scripture he should make the subject of his banter. However, by the guidance of an unerring Providence,

it opened at that remarkable passage, Luke xiii. 3, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." No sooner had he uttered the words, than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary manner. The sharpest pangs of conviction now seized him; conscience denounced tremendous vengeance upon his soul. In a moment he was favoured with a clear view of his subject, and divided his discourse more like a divine, who had been accustomed to speak on portions of Scripture, than like one who never so much as thought on religious topics, except for the purpose of ridicule. He found no deficiency of matter, no want of utterance, and he was frequently afterwards heard to declare, "If ever I preached in my life, by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time."

The impression that the subject made upon his own mind had such an effect upon his manner, that the most ignorant and profane could not but perceive that what he had spoken was with the greatest sincerity. The unexpected solemnity and pertinency of his address, instead of entertaining the company, first spread a visible depression, and afterwards a sullen gloom upon every countenance. This sudden change in the complexion of his associates did not a little conduce to increase the convictions of his own bosom. No individual appeared disposed to interrupt, but, on the contrary, their attention was deeply engaged with the pointedness of his remarks; yea, many of his sentences, he afterwards related, made, to his apprehension, his own hair to stand erect.

When he left the table not a syllable was uttered concerning the wager, but a profound silence pervaded the company. Mr Thorpe immediately withdrew, without taking the least notice of any one present, and returned home, with very painful reflections, and in the deepest distress imaginable. Happily for him, this was his last bacchanalian revel! His impressions were manifestly genuine, and from that period the connection between him and his former companions was entirely dissolved. Thus by a sovereign and almost unexampled act of divine grace, in a place, where and at a time when it was least expected, "the prey was taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered!"

M. A. D.

PRAISE BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

"I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock that hath horns and hoofs."—Ps. lxi. 30, 31.

FATHER, we adore Thee, magnify Thy name,
Once in nature's darkness, heirs of death and
shame ;

Thou hast gently drawn us to Thy blessèd Son,
Chiefest of ten thousand, Thy belovèd One.

Thee we worship, Jesus, praise Thee with a song,
Render Thee thanksgiving, bless Thee all day long ;
This doth please Thee better than aught else beside,
Praise is meet and comely for Thy Church, Thy bride.

For the Holy Spirit, Thou to us dost give,
We extol and praise Thee, 'tis through Him we live:
May we never grieve Him in thought, word, or deed,
Since He dwells within us, satisfies our need.

And for countless mercies which bestrew our path
We give thanks, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.
They are new each morning, fresh again each night,
Great Thy lovingkindness, God of love and light.

And though grief and trial be Thy people's lot,
Them Thou'lt turn to blessings, they will hurt us not.
For our Father maketh all things work for good
To His saints who love Him, purchase of Christ's
blood.

Therefore we'll not murmur, e'en though chastenings
come,
They are for our profit on our journey home.
Aye, we'll praise Thee, Father, e'en amid our tears,
Since the God of comfort stilleth all our fears.

Oh! how sweet to praise Thee with a joyful song,
Dwell in Thy blest presence happy all day long;
This to Thee more pleasing, sweeter in Thine eyes,
Than a goodly offering, than a sacrifice.

Father, keep us near Thee; dwelling in Thy love,
With our heart's affections set on things above,
Looking for the coming of Thy blessed Son,
Our belovèd Saviour, Thy belovèd One.

"THE TURNING POINT."

A FEW weeks since I was driven to a railway station through a lovely part of Bedfordshire, and, getting into conversation with the coachman, I found out that for many years he had been in the army, and had been an officer's servant.

"I went to India," said he, "soon after I enlisted, and that was the turning point in my life, sir."

"What do you mean by the turning point?" I inquired.

"Oh! I was turned to know the Lord, I was converted."

"That was good," I rejoined. "Tell me how it came to pass."

"Well, I was at one of the hill stations, and a young fellow in my regiment asked me if I would go with him to a meeting one Saturday night. He said there was good singing, and though I did not care for the things of the Lord, I liked singing, and so I said I would go. The meeting was addressed by a Captain T——, and he spoke very earnestly and very nicely about God's way of salvation. I got thoroughly aroused as to my state as a sinner, and for a fortnight was in real distress of soul. Then at a similar meeting I was in such misery that I got up in the middle of the address, went to the top of the room, and asked to be prayed for. My request was followed by earnest prayer, and while on my knees

the Lord revealed Himself to me, and I got the sense that I was pardoned, and I found peace with God.

“I left the meeting rejoicing, but on my way to the barrack-room the devil said to me, ‘Now, do not confess Christ, it will bring you into great persecution if you do, for all the men in the room will be sure to make fun of you,’ and I knew what that meant in a barrack-room. I argued with him that Christ said, ‘Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God; but he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God’ (Luke xii. 8, 9). I felt that I must confess, for I knew the scripture, ‘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.’

“The devil kept on saying, ‘Do not confess Him, do not confess Him, keep quiet,’ and I was fairly staggered to know what to do. However, I looked to the Lord to give me strength to confess His name among my fellows. It was late when I got into barracks, all the men were in bed, and asleep, and the lights were turned down. I got on my knees by my bedside and thanked the Lord for His grace in saving my soul that night, but of course nobody saw me. When I turned in I began to wonder what I would do in the morning, and I resolved that I would rise early, before the other men were up, hoping that again no one would see me. When I awoke in the morning I found to my dismay that I had overslept myself, and all the men were up and

dressing. 'What shall I do now?' I said to myself, 'I think I will pray under the blankets,' but then I thought the Lord would neither hear nor answer that sort of blanket-prayer, so I rose, dressed rapidly, and then knelt down to pray.

"I expected a volley of boots and oaths, but instead of that profound silence reigned. The Lord restrained them all from saying one word, and the first step of confession having been taken, the rest was easy work. I was enabled to confess Christ with my lips and in my life, and very soon some of my comrades got converted also, among them the young man who first took me to the meeting, for at that time he was not decided. From that day to this, over seventeen years, I have had joy and peace in the Lord, and have never ceased to thank God for being turned when young to know Himself."

The beaming face and happy eye of the coachman attested the truth of his joy in the Lord.

And now, my reader, let me ask you, Has "the turning point" in your history come yet? If not, let it be now. Very likely your difficulty is that of the young soldier, the lack of courage in confessing the Lord, whom you believe on in your heart. Get hold of this clearly, that the heart and the mouth must go together. You get right with God by your heart, and you get right with man by your mouth. Ponder these words, "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thine 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).

That is exceedingly simple. With your heart you believe that Christ died for you, and that God raised Him from the dead. This faith in Him and in God's action towards Him constitutes you a *righteous* person. The heart being thus affected operates on the lips, and with the mouth confession of Jesus, as your Lord, is the natural sequence. "*Thou shalt be saved*" is what God says to the person who so believes and confesses, and the happy knowledge and *assurance of salvation* is the legitimate fruit of the lips in such a case. The young soldier knew he was saved, and confessed it. "Go thou and do likewise."

W. T. P. W.

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

A CELEBRATED preacher asked Garrick, the actor, "How is it the people weep under your words of *fiction*, when they are indifferent under mine, which are *true*?" His reply was, "I play *fiction* as if it were fact, and you preach fact as if it were *fiction*."

Let me ask, Is the prospect of coming judgment a *fiction*? Has God, or has He not, predicted it? Oh! there is a time coming when He will take

“vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The solemn predictions on the past human world were predictions at which men mocked. Did not God predict judgment on the antediluvian world?

Did He not predict judgment on Sodom and Gomorrah?

Did He not foretell the judgments that befell Jericho?

But how can men be *infidels*? God never, in the past human world, gave notice of judgments without their having transpired; at the same time He showed a way of escape.

He told Noah, “Make thee an ark of gopher-wood.” That ark was *Christ*.

For Lot there was Zoar, or “Escape to the mountain.” Nothing between the two was salvation. Though Lot’s wife was *out* of Sodom, she was not saved. She was not *in* Zoar. If Lot were scarcely saved, “where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?” For Rahab there was the “scarlet line.” That line again was Christ; it was atonement through a crucified Christ.

Moreover, God gave opportunity to their houses that they also might be saved. Said God to Noah, “Come thou *and all thy house* into the ark.” And his house was saved.

Ere the lurid flames broke over doomed Sodom, God said to Lot, “*Hast thou here any besides?*” God gave them the opportunity of salvation; but his wife looked back, and was turned into a pillar

of salt. His sons-in-law were burned to ashes—ashes which will rise in the resurrection of the damned, when God shall judge the world in righteousness.

“Thou shalt bring thy father,” He said to Rahab, “and thy mother, and thy brethren, *and all thy father’s household*, home unto thee.” Foreshadowings of what God said to the jailer—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, **AND THY HOUSE.**”

How righteously, in the midst of judgment, can God save. How read we? Damnation surely; but also salvation. But on what principle? On what principle did He save Rahab?

First in *grace*. Rahab was a sinner—she was “Rahab the *harlot*.” She had no merit, no works, to shelter her in the day of doom; but God saved her through *grace alone*, by faith.

Secondly, in *love*. She was “a *lost sinner*,” but God *loved* her, sent the spies to her, as He sends this written message to you.

Thirdly, in *righteousness*. The “scarlet line” showed death. Rahab deserved death; death had transpired; the *scarlet* line had been, as it were, dipped in the blood of the slain Lamb.

What a salvation!

Sins gone! Jesus only! The blood in all its solitary efficacy! The ark, Zoar, the scarlet line, each in its solitary security! Not Noah, but the ark! Not Lot, but Zoar! Not Rahab, but the line! Not *sin*, but the blood! Not *me*, but *Christ*! Reader, do you regard Christ as being enough? Are you *saved*?

ANON.

"HE WASN'T THINKING."

TWO or three months since, I was travelling with my father on one of the electric railways which begin to intersect the busy city of London in all directions. As we waited on the platform he asked me, "Did you hear of the sad accident which recently happened here?" My reply being in the negative, he said, "A gentleman was explaining to some friends the working of the machinery, and as he did so he touched the rails with a metal ruler which he held in his hand; he wasn't thinking what he was doing, but his touch completed the circuit of the electric fluid, and he fell lifeless to the ground."

Just then the train came up, and we, joining the throng of passengers, went on our way; but those words followed me, "He wasn't thinking what he was doing." Poor fellow! how one's heart ached for him! that such a simple act should be fraught with such disastrous consequences; alas! for the loved ones who would wait his return in vain. And yet, what of the crowds all around us, are there not many, very many of them in a like case?

See that young man, tall, strong, stalwart. All his leisure time is spent in athletics, cricket, football; his bicycle he usually rides all day on Sunday, because his health demands this, he says; for these things he is selling his soul, because "he isn't thinking what he is doing."

Or that man of middle life, haggard and careworn, shrewd indeed is he as to all that concerns his business ; none can make better profits than he ; even now he is planning how to increase his turnover, and add to that ever-growing balance at the bank ; for money he is going to sell his soul ; but then, he isn't thinking what he is doing.

There also goes the sceptic. Nothing so vulgar as money-making engrosses him. Mark that fine head, that noble brow. He is too intellectual to believe, he prefers to doubt and reason, to talk of higher criticism and modern thought. He was made in the image of God, but he will exchange his soul for philosophy and vain deceit. He does not think what he is doing.

But there mingles a weary woman in the crowd. From early morning until late at night she makes and mends, and cares for the little ones entrusted to her. She has no time to think of her own soul or theirs. How one pities her ! She will let care rob her of her soul. Oh ! if she would only think what she is doing.

There are others still. Here is a fair maiden, hardly out of her teens. She is fair to behold, and life smiles upon her. She has no cares. A round of pleasure fills up her days. Picnics, the races, regattas by day ; and as though that were not enough, she must have concerts, balls, and the theatre at night. Flung into the vortex of what men call society, what will become of her ? Will she sell her soul for pleasure because she does not think what she is doing ?

Thus the eager crowd surges on, and there stands
 One among them whom they know not, One who
 wore a thorny crown, whose eyes of love wept
 over sinners long ago, whose hands were pierced
 for them on the cruel tree, and instead of business,
 or care, or pleasure, He offers Himself to be a
 Saviour, a Friend, an everlasting Portion, His Father’s
 Love-Gift to the end of the ages.

Instead of the service of sin, He offers His service
 sweet; instead of the mammon of unrighteousness,
 the true riches; instead of doubt, knowledge; in-
 stead of care, His peace; instead of fast-fleeting
 pleasure, pleasures for evermore.

Now risen, ascended, and glorified, on His Father’s
 throne, in the person of His messengers, He comes
 to the crowds again, and speaks in tones of love.

“Soul, for thee I left My glory,
 Bore the curse of God;
 Wept for thee with bitterest weeping,
 Agony and blood.

Soul, for thee I died dishonoured,
 As a felon dies;
 For thou wert the pearl all priceless
 In thy Saviour’s eyes.

Soul, for thee I rose victorious,
 Glad that thou wert free;
 Entered heaven in triumph glorious,
 Heaven I won for thee.

Soul, from heaven I speak to woo thee,
 Thee the lost and lone.

Earth may fail thee, sin undo thee,
 All the more Mine own.”*

* From “Hymns of Tersteegen and others,” by Mrs Bevan.

Oh! Christless soul, if thou hast never thought before, think what thou art doing. Life's little span will soon be at an end—eternity lies before thee; and yet the affairs of to-day absorb thine every thought, and those of that long to-morrow give thee no concern. Hast thou ever considered that the first sound that will greet thee in those mansions of the blest will be a voice of welcome, a song of praise, a sound of One saying "Rejoice with Me"? and as surely as this is so, so surely will it be that if thou dost reject the Saviour, neglect salvation, and go down to a lost eternity, the first sound that will greet thee from the dark shades of eternal night will be the mocking taunt from those lost like thyself, "Art thou also become one of us?"

Let me plead with you, whoever you may be, my reader, pause now, and *think what you are doing*; let there come a big *selah* (pause and consider) into your life; trifle no longer with the mercy of God and your never-dying soul, but accept now Christ and His salvation for the joy of His heart and for your eternal blessing.

"Reject Him not, O man!
 He speaketh from above;
 He offers thee Himself, and all
 The fulness of His love.
 Was ever love like His,
 So boundless and so free?
 Love for the sinfullest,
 Love for thee!"

"GOING THE WRONG WAY."

SOME little time ago there was labouring in the Lord's work at Bristol an earnest servant of God, an evangelist who could blow the gospel trumpet well. God gave a hearing ear, and that more might get in to hear the Word of God, the preaching was transferred from the little meeting-room at O—— Street to the Hall of the Asylum for the Blind, a much larger place.

God was pleased to work, and to let His work appear unto His servants. Blessed be His name! God wrought in that hall His work of grace, His work of divine power; and it abides—"What he does, it shall be for ever."

Two instances of His work were of a deeply interesting character, one being a very religious man; the other, a very godless man. The former, Mr G——, had long been trying to save himself by his own works. After his conversion he said, "If any man ever tried hard to save himself by his own works, it was I." He attended an exceedingly high church, which very edifice had the repute of being the finest parish church in England. This, he thought, might make something toward his entrance into heaven. He zealously and sincerely attended all the numerous services at this church; constantly sought and submitted to most of the instructions of the clergy, whose ritualistic observances were so high and Romanist as even to include the confessional.

Some little invitations had been printed to make known the special preachings at the hall, and Mr G——'s housekeeper (who loved to get souls in to hear the gospel), taking some to distribute, made so bold as to give one to her master, who, on reading it, said, "Well, Alice, I plainly see you have got what I have not, and what I wish I had." She was encouraged, and said further, "But, sir, you are going the wrong way to get it." He thought this over, and came the first Lord's Day evening to the hall to hear.

The preacher did not know who was there, but the Spirit of God did, and led him to preach from three words, "IT IS FINISHED" (John xix. 30). Those three blessed words did all the work, and led him to look away from self TO CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, and to put all his trust in His finished work upon the cross for poor lost sinners such as he. His soul was there and then filled with light, peace, and rest. He ceased from his own works, and entered into, and received the rest that Christ gives to all that look to and come to Him; and joy and peace have been his ever since.

The other instance of God's work before referred to, that of Charles H——, was the very antipodes of Mr G——. Utterly godless, he cared for none of these things. Christ, the church, the gospel, his soul, a hereafter, were no more to him than to the large handsome dog that was always accompanying him. At this time, if any had spoken with him about his soul, or asked to read to him a little from the Bible, he would have replied, "There! close your mouth. I never

could understand the Book, and I never shall, so save your breath." But God had His gracious eye upon C. H——, and gave several of His people to care for his soul. One was an old Christian that lodged with him, and died under his roof. His death took some effect upon C. H——. He had observed the old Christian's life, and said, "Well, if there is a hereafter, I believe old Tom is gone to the happy place."

He attended his funeral as a mourner, and was particularly observed to listen to what was spoken at the grave-side. He left off bad, vile language, which he had always been addicted to, but could not be prevailed upon to come and hear the gospel until the dear servant of God came to preach at the aforementioned hall, when renewed effort, with prayer to God, was again made, and he was made willing in the day of God's power.

With C. H—— it was not to receive the Word at the first hearing; it was a more gradual thing. He came night after night, his ear was gained, and his heart gradually opened to attend unto the things which were spoken of the preacher. While listening to the Word there came a tear to the eye and a lump in the throat—the stony heart was going and the heart of flesh coming. Bless God! The wind bloweth where it listeth, the blessed effects are seen; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

The result of these meetings at the hall was that one night C. H—— went into his room in secret and prayed—"O Lord Jesus, I have heard it all, what a friend You are of sinners, and what You have done

for them upon the cross; but someway I am not quite comfortable like; I feel as yet I do not know You, as if I have not had to do with You. O Lord, I come now, come to be forgiven, come to be cleansed, for You have said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.'" The Lord gave him to know there and then that he was received, and there he also received Christ Jesus the Lord, and he rose up, joy and peace filling his soul.

Thus the Lord wrought in that hall. The place was true to its name, it proved an asylum for the blind to both these; their eyes were opened there, and they were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Christ Jesus (Acts xxvi. 18).

Both these interesting cases of conversion now know each other, both are in the "great sheet" of heavenly grace (Acts x. 11-16), let down from heaven and to be received up again into heaven; its origin heaven, and its destiny heaven; all within those four knit-up corners perfectly secure; all within are those whom God hath cleansed. Blessed for ever be His Name!

Dear reader, are you in Christ? are you in this heavenly grace? or are you still "going the wrong way"? If so, may the reading of this little paper lead you, like these, to come to Christ, and you too will find grace and salvation and all you need in Him through time and to eternal days.

W. F.

“FIVE WORDS.”

ONLY five short words—yet they made a great stir when first uttered. Many false professors and worldly pleasure-seekers were made to tremble as they rang in their ears.

I give their echo through this paper for YOU who are living for time only and forgetting ETERNITY.

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD,”

cried the prophet of old, and people trembled because they were not ready for this. “Prepare to meet thy God,” I say to you, and if you are unprepared, well might you tremble too.

A man charged with murder at Melbourne was convicted and sentenced to death. After the sentence had been passed upon him, he stood up in the dock and with a defiant look hissed out, “I care for neither man nor devil.” A thrill of horror passed through the court-house as the poor wretch was led away to his cell. He proved during the few days he had to spend on earth how true his words were. But on the eve of his execution he was seen pacing wildly up and down his cell as though in intense agony.

“Aha!” said one of the warders, “what’s the matter now? I thought you said you ‘cared for neither man nor devil?’”

“That’s true,” replied the condemned man, “but at eight o’clock to-morrow morning I have to meet God, and I fear Him.”

Well might he tremble.

And this has never given you an uneasy thought, and yet (who can say), before another sunrise you may have passed into eternity and into

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Oh! ye canting Christless professors of religion, you must meet God, and then all your hypocrisy will be stripped from you.

And you who are selling your soul for the tinsel and glitter of this world—you who grovel at the shrine of the goddess PLEASURE—these five words should shake you into deep soul exercise, for meet God you must.

You have made great preparations for many things in your time. Amongst my readers there is a young fellow who has made great preparation for a successful life—a middle-aged man who has prepared for old age—a maiden who has prepared for marriage,

BUT FORGOTTEN GOD.

Yet you must meet Him, and the God-forgotters, together with the wicked, are to be turned into hell.

Turn now, my reader, to the Lord Jesus Christ. What you cannot do for yourself, He has done on the cross. God's righteous claims were satisfied on the sinner's behalf. Jesus cried, "It is finished!" Then, everything was fully done. To seek salvation by works of your own is to deny this fact. God is not telling you to prepare yourself now, but turns you to Christ Jesus. He says, "Behold the Lamb

of God." His blood can wash away your sins. Without Him you must be damned. "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).

J. T. M.

PEACE.

A FRIEND of mine, when visiting in the Yorkshire dales, giving away gospel books and speaking to those he came in contact with about their souls' eternal salvation, met an aged woman in a cottage reading her Bible, to whom he addressed the following question:—

"What are you reading your Bible for, ma'am?" She answered in her broad Yorkshire dialect, "I's trying to make I's peace with God." My friend said to her, "I will give you so much, ma'am, if you find one line in all that blessed book that tells you that you have got to make your peace with God."

She seemed greatly surprised, and told my friend that a gentleman of great religious reputation in the neighbourhood had told her that she had to make her peace with God. She, acting on his advice, had diligently set about to do it, but had not accomplished such a difficult task when he met her.

He asked her to turn over on the pages of her Bible to the first chapter of Colossians and read the first clause of verse 20, "And *having made*

peace through the blood of his cross." As she looked at the simple words, and read them over again and again, light from God broke in upon her soul. She now saw for the first time that all she had been trying to do had been done for her before ever she came into the world at all. The blessed work of *peace-making* was all done when Jesus cried "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.

What a day of unspeakable joy that was for her when she saw for the first time that her peace was made by the very One that created her and all things. The same chapter which speaks of His having made peace, says also, "For by him were all things created." "And he is before all things, and by him all things consist." "By whom also he made the worlds." Blessed mighty Son of God, if Thou hast made peace, it must be well made! Who in all heaven or earth shall dare to challenge Thy blessed work? Who could add to it or improve upon it?

As her husband entered the door she said to him that she did not now belong to the having-to-make-peace company, but to the company for whom peace was made. He also, through her simple words, soon entered into the enjoyment of the same blessing.

Thus was all their diligent preparation and legal effort brought to an end. How could human effort make peace with an offended God? How could diligent preparation blot out the awful account of our sins? Our very best actions are sinful when examined in the light of God's holy presence. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

It could only be done by the blood of the Saviour's cross, which means all that He passed through as a holy sufferer on the cross to atone for sin and put it away from God's sight. This He undertook to do, and He has done it once and for ever. "After he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." He sits there in the highest place in all the universe, because He did His work so perfectly.

If anything else would have done, why should such a plain statement be written in God's blessed Word as "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" ?

"The wages of sin is death." Nothing but death could meet what sin justly merited. Christ gave up His holy life and died a willing sacrifice, thus meeting the whole case. The blood that flowed from His riven side was the evidence of death. It flowed to purge away our sins, and thus to make our peace. If it purged away our sins and made a full expiation for them, how can God ask more?

Enough has been done. He does not ask more. Nowhere in all His blessed Word does He tell us to do more. He has got enough, and more than enough. He is perfectly satisfied, and more than satisfied. He is glorified for evermore by the death of the One who made my peace.

Christ lives in heaven as the witness of it. He is glorified there because He glorified God here through His atoning work. He waits there in heaven until He gets His earthly throne. The throne of the

whole universe will yet be His. Awful day for those who have not now yielded to Him !

We do not get into the enjoyment of peace with God by our own doings or strivings or religious earnestness. *We never find peace by looking inside ourselves to find evidences of it.* This is the mistake thousands make, and have always made in the past. Peace comes through the knowledge of God's perfect satisfaction with Jesus and His accomplished work. How and where do we get that knowledge? Through the Holy Scriptures. They testify in the fullest and most direct way of it. How can it be ours? By believing the record God has given in the Holy Scriptures of His beloved Son. Faith sets to its seal that God is true. Faith honours God and gives Him His true place, and God always delights to honour faith. "Being justified by faith (believing), we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some sincere and earnest souls think that this is not enough, because it appears to make the way far too easy. Let such read Matthew xxvi. and xxvii., and there see all that the blessed Son of God endured, and say if the way is too easy. Thank God, the way is easy for us if we turn to Him in faith and repentance. No other way would suit those who are completely bankrupt. "*When they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both*" (Luke vii. 42).

When the religious Jews came to Jesus on earth demanding, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" did He tell them to become

more fervently religious? Did He tell them to amend their ways, and do more works of charity? Did He tell them to be more scrupulously particular about all the ceremonies of Judaism? Did He even tell them to go to the temple and make much prayer? Nay, but, "This is the work of God, that *ye believe on him whom he hath sent*" (John vi. 29).

Peace is the result to me of believing God's unerring testimony. Faith is most productive of good works. Before we exercise faith, all works rendered to God He calls "dead works," because they are not the fruit of faith. Paul speaks of "remembering without ceasing *your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God our Father*" (1 Thess. i. 3). "*Faith worketh by love.*" That is, it produces works acceptable to God in the power of His love as enjoyed in our hearts. When we are brought into peace and joy through believing, then His love takes possession of our hearts and becomes the motive spring of action for all active service that His will directs us to do.

Hear what Chalmers said, who himself, before his conversion to God, was a strict law-keeper and a most religious man—"I am now most thoroughly of opinion, and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system of 'Do this and live,' *no peace, and even no true worthy obedience, can ever be attained.* It is, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' When this belief enters the heart, *joy and confidence enter along with it.*

We look to God in a new light. We see Him as a Father; love to Him—which terror scares away—re-enters the heart, and with a new principle and a new power we become new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Consequent upon believing God's testimony about His Son, we receive the Holy Spirit, who is the power for the constant enjoyment of peace and every other blessing in Christianity, while the work of Christ is the foundation of peace, and nothing can shake that. Walking in the Spirit ensures the enjoyment of peace. These things must not be confounded, but kept very clearly in our minds. Hence the word, "To be carnally minded is death; but *to be spiritually minded is life and peace*" (Rom. viii. 6). "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, *peace*."

Now, I believe the reason that many true believers are not at times happy, and do not always enjoy peace, is that they indulge the flesh in one way or another, get a defiled conscience, and thus grieve the Holy Spirit, who is the Spirit of Holiness. Then instead of the Spirit being in them to maintain them in the enjoyment of peace and happiness, He rebukes them that He may humble them and lead them to self-judgment and confession.

When confession takes place, as the result of self-judgment, of whatever we may have allowed to grieve the Spirit and rob our souls of the peace of communion, then there is no hindrance to the restoration and full enjoyment of peace.

Jesus said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." One is for the conscience, the other

is for the heart. He would have our hearts as free from care as we pass through this world as our consciences are from guilt. Nothing ever disturbed His peace as a man on earth, because He ever walked in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the Father's love.

When the disciples were terrified and affrighted in the storm He remained perfectly unmoved. He knew His poor people would have to encounter many a storm passing through this world, but He says, "In me ye shall have peace." We turn to Him as our resource along the road, and He meets us both in mercy and in grace. In mercy He may preserve us from the storm or quell it by His power, or if not He will give us grace to sustain us in the midst of the storm, thus making us happy in it, superior to it.

We have all we need in Him, blessed be His name! He is nearer to us than the nearest, and better than the best earthly friend. Oh, that we proved Him more, and learned Him better, and trusted Him with all the confidence of our hearts at all times. Our souls would thus be filled with peace and joy all the day long.

"Peace! what a precious sound!
 Tell it the world around:
 Christ hath made peace!
 Our souls are brought to God
 By His atoning blood,
 And crowned with every good:
 Christ hath made peace!"

“COME . . . AND . . . REST.”

(MATT. xi. 28.)

THERE are four points of special interest in the verse from which the above words are culled— (1) The Inviter; (2) the invited; (3) the promise; (4) the effect.

Who is it that issues such a blessed invitation? It is Jesus, the Saviour, the Son of God. He is the great Inviter. With the full knowledge of what was *in* man, and expecting nothing whatever *from* man, He came down into this world to reveal God and make known what was ever in the heart of God *for* man. He came not to be ministered *to* but to minister. He knew perfectly well how man would receive Him—how He would be rejected, cast out, and crucified; but with the full knowledge of this it did not alter the great love of His heart. He came to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*, and in devotedness to such He was prepared to suffer, bleed, and die, undergo the judgment, brave the storm and tempest, drink the cup of wrath in order that He might meet the necessities of poor perishing sinners.

In His life here He was the most accessible of men, although the holy, spotless Son of God. It was recorded of Him, “This man receiveth sinners.” He never turned one away. Broken-hearted, hell-deserving, undone sinners could at all times draw near to Him. He was so gracious, so kind, so full

of love, that He never repelled. The woman of the city who was a sinner found forgiveness, salvation, and peace at His blessed feet. Broken-hearted as to her condition, the grace of His heart attracted her into His presence, and *at His feet* she found pardon and peace. Although no longer in this world, He is still the loving Saviour. He is still the Great Inviter.

His words are as true to-day as they were in the day of His sojourn in the world—"Come unto me." From the height of His present position in glory He invites. His heart is the same; His blood, once shed, has never lost its value. His work on the cross is still available, and the blessed invitation still goes out, "*Come unto ME.*" It is not, Come to church, chapel, or mission-room! It is not, Go through this form or ceremony, or attend to this, that, or the other religious duty; but it is having individually to do with a personal loving Saviour—it is responding to the invitation, *Come*. It is not, Go here or go there, do this and do that. The invitation could not be possibly plainer, easier, or more distinct—it is *Come*. It is so simple that a child can take it in, so easy that the weakest can avail themselves of it.

It is simply to take Him at His blessed word and act upon it. "*Come.*" When? Just *now*. Delays are dangerous, and the invitation is a royal one. Respond to it; eternal happiness is yours in responding; eternal woe in refusing. He will not always invite. The day of grace is closing in apace. We would therefore beg you with all our power to respond to the gracious invitation and go to Jesus.

Oh! but you say, I have no title—how do I know that it means me? What do you consider would give you a title to the Saviour? No amount of repentance, prayers, almsgiving, psalm-singing, Sunday school teaching, district-visiting, tract-distributing, or even preaching—all right in their place—ever could or ever will give you a title to come to the Saviour. Turning over new leaves, living a religious life, paying your way, living an upright moral life, give no title to the Saviour. You say, I find none of these things or all of them put together has given me real peace, joy, or satisfaction. Now, friend, perhaps the very last thing that you think of that would give you a title is really the means of your availing yourself of the Saviour's invitation. What is it? Your *sins*. You say, My sins; why, that is the very thing that keeps me from coming. When I think of my long catalogue of black sins, my mispent life, my living in wickedness—it is that that keeps me back from coming. Nay, dear friend, that is all the more reason why you should come. Come, just as you are, in all your sins and utter misery, to Jesus. There is not a sin you have committed in thought, word, or deed, but what He has full knowledge of, and with this knowledge He still bids you come. Weary and heavy-laden you may be, it is just such ones that He wants, craves and longs for, and He promises, "*Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.*"

Look at the effect of coming, poor, weary, heavy-laden soul. *Rest*. How you long for it. Buy it

you cannot, you are too poor—the millionaire with all his riches is far too poor; but still it is available. God cannot sell rest. It cost Jesus the laying down of His peerless, precious, spotless life, in order that He might impart it, on His own terms, and on those terms only it is obtainable—“I will give.” Rest is only to be obtained by receiving it as a free gift from the loving hands of Jesus. He died to secure it. He did the work that you might get your sin-stricken conscience relieved of its weight of sin and guilt, and that you might enter into and eternally enjoy the rest which it has cost Him so much to provide, and which He freely offers.

Beloved friend, do trust Him. He is worthy to be trusted. His work is reliable. His word is inviolable. Take Him at His word, believe what He says, act upon it. It was for sinners Jesus died, and if He died for sinners, why not for you. Cast yourself in simple faith at His feet; tell Him what you are; own what you have done. Rest your soul on what He is; rest your conscience on what He has done. Consider the glory of the person who invites, the nature of the invitation, and the blessed result assured. May it be yours, dear beloved reader.

“Jesus, I rest in Thee,
 In Thee myself I hide;
 Laden with guilt and misery,
 Where could I rest beside?
 'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
 My weary soul alone can rest.”

STAND WHERE THE FIRE HAS BEEN.

OH, stand where the fire has been, dear soul,
 If God's judgment has terrors for thee ;
 For over this world will it surely roll,
 And no place, but that one, be free !

But can a sinner like me be saved ?

I've no right to escape the woe ; [braved,
 God's love I have scorned, and His threat'nings
 I deserve but His wrath to know.

We deserve His wrath, but He gave His Son
 To stand in the sinner's stead ;
 That the punishment due for all we have done
 Should fall on His holy head.

By faith we may cling to His riven side,
 Who has borne our curse and shame ;
 And learn how His love, like a mighty tide,
 Has extinguished, for us, the flame.

And now in the Father's glory bright,
 In triumph we see Him shine,
 The One who once left that Home of light,
 That its joys might be yours, and mine.

Then stand where the fire has been, dear soul,
 And know thou art safe, and free ;
 For the precious Saviour has borne the whole
 Of the wrath, and the curse, for thee.

**A TRANSFORMATION SCENE—
HARDENED, BROKEN, SAVED.**

(Read Acts xvi. 9-40.)

PART I.—THE HARDENED SINNER.

SELDOM, if indeed ever, has there been presented on the stage of this world, a scene so marvellous—whether we contemplate the drama, where the sensational imagination of the human mind finds vent for itself, or the truthful records of the historian—as the “transformation scene,” enacted within the dark, dingy walls of an ancient prison during the midnight which hours succeeded a day of cruel deeds.

Let the mind of the reader go back over a good number of centuries to a city in a European province where Rome had her martial sway, but where the name of Christ was not yet known. In the city, there are a few Jews, proselytes, who own the “One True God,” whom they professedly worship as Jehovah, the God of Israel; the rest are sunk in idolatry. The former, who, it appears, were only women, not having a synagogue, resort to the river side on the Sabbath day for prayer. One day two strange men, who had come from far, join them, and for the first time the name of Jesus falls upon their ears. One heart, at least, is opened to receive the Saviour, and at once she opens her house to lodge the servants of her newly found Lord.

An unseen evil personage, who has had his dupes disturbed from their infernal stupor through these two men in other parts of his dark dominions, is following on their track with a keen eye. What had been done through these men in Asia, from whence they had just come, he, no doubt, fears be may repeated in Europe, where, till now, he has had its teeming millions—with the exception of a few scattered Jews and a handful of proselytes—bowing to idols, that through these he might get the worship of God's fallen creatures to himself (1 Cor. x. 19-20.)

He is more alarmed still as he beholds these two men on their knees, day after day, and hears their earnest cry going up to God to make manifest His power in this place also. Well he knows his own power cannot stand against the power of God. Already his dark domain of death has been entered by One he could not hold in its iron grasp. Yea, by the death and resurrection of that One he has himself been *annulled* in regard to his power over all those who take sides with Jesus, the mighty Victor. Wherever these two men went, the power of Christ's death and resurrection made itself known and felt.

To raise open hostility against them does not at first commend itself to that foul, wily fiend. A more subtle method is adopted. A woman, who had long been an active agent for his Satanic deceptions, is selected to act as an "angel of light" (2 Cor. xi. 14, 15.) Her familiar evil spirit takes possession of her, and she at once assumes to advertise

these two men of God as "the servants of the Most High God, who show unto us the way of salvation." This she did many days, as she pointed them out to the inhabitants of that city. This kind of *help* would have deceived many a servant of God as to its *source*, but one of these men was "not ignorant of Satan's devices," as he tells a lot of worldly Christians afterwards (2 Cor. ii. 11). The great heavenly "search light" of God's spirit in him enabled him to see underneath all this *apparent* help a diabolical "plot" to *spoil* the work God had brought them there for. His quick spiritual ear caught also the deadly sound of the *hiss* of the old subtle serpent, and the suppressed *growl* of the "roaring lion" behind the angelic tones of her proclamation.

As a wise servant of God he forbears interference for days, for his mission was not to denounce Satan, but to *preach Christ*, but the limit of forbearance came, and the spirit of Python is commanded to come out of her. This makes the enemy appear in his real true character as the *avowed adversary of God* and man's blessing. He, who but an hour before spake in the melodious tones of an "angel of light," is now arousing the whole city with his fearful growls as the "roaring lion," seeking to *devour* the men who would have none of his deceitful help (1 Pet. v. 8.) His work *appears* a real success. The men are seized, false witnesses swear lies against them; stripes are laid heavily upon them, and finally they are handed over to the

jailer with a strict charge to keep them safely, who then **THRUST** them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Let the reader mark well the word above in capitals, as that word lets us into the secret of the *jailer's real state of soul* when the Spirit of God first brings him before us. It was right that he should do his duty, as a servant of the State, by seeing that prisoners handed over to him, with such a charge, to keep them safe, were put in *irons* in the *inner* prison. But his duty could have been performed without his *casting*, or **THRUSTING** these *meek* harmless men—the meekest prisoners, I doubt not, ever put under his charge, into their cells. But God is careful to note the *manner* in which he did it, that we might make no mistakes as to the *nature* of the material God was going to operate upon by His Spirit, to bring about a revolution in the man that would be to the everlasting honour and glory of the “God of ALL *grace*.”

We will now gladly let the curtain drop on the first part of this remarkable scene, where Satan has been the chief actor. First, as an “angel of light,” in the woman. Then as the “roaring lion” in her angry masters—the tumultuous multitude—the frenzied magistrates, and lastly, the Godless, Christless, *sin-hardened*, unfeeling-hearted jailer. As the adversary of God, Satan has done his work well. He has God's servants safe away from the streets and highways where the multitudes might have heard the gospel and been saved. Their sphere of labour is

reduced to a few square yards in a dingy cell with no occupants but themselves. "Surely I have triumphed gloriously," he might have said to himself in tones of congratulation as he saw the last light of the prison go out, and all was wrapt in darkness and hushed in profound silence, while the thousands of citizens outside are asleep on the brink of hell and *don't know it*.

PART II.—THE BROKEN-DOWN SINNER.

Let us lift the curtain shortly before midnight on that same scene—the prison. All is perfect tranquillity. Prisoners and jailer fast asleep; God's servants as well perhaps, for He may have given "His beloved sleep" (Ps. cxxvii. 2). All at once a most unusual sound is heard proceeding from the inner prison. What can it mean? It grows louder and louder. It is the voice of men crying to their God. From praying, they burst forth into songs of praise. Strange disorder this at the dead of night. Stranger still that such outbursts of praise should be coming from the lips of men who had been brutally scourged only a few hours before. Why could these men act thus? They "look not at the things which are *seen*, but at the things which are *not seen*, for the things which are seen are *temporal*, but the things which are not seen are *eternal*" (2 Cor. iv. 18). These are the inspired words that explain their mysterious action. Christ filled their souls' vision which lifted them far above their bleeding backs and

heavy chains. Surely music so sweet never before reached the ears of God from that dark prison.

But heaven is not the only listener ; God will have the other prisoners in the jail aroused out of their midnight slumbers to hear the heavenly melodies of His beloved servants also. And shall it be counted too wonderful if some of these criminals *heard* the convicting and *life-giving* Word of the "Son of God" in their souls at that moment? For all this was but the glorious beginning of a night of divine wonders.

But let us in spirit now betake ourselves to the jailer's bedroom. There he lies fast asleep ; no heavenly music has awakened him. Not a care disturbs his rest. No thought of the bleeding wounds and heavy chains of these meek, lowly, and harmless men he had *thrust* into prison. Hardened wretch thou art ! But more cruel still is the devil, who binds thee with his chains, and thou art not aware of it. But oh, sleeper, if thou hast no thought of these "men of God" and their chains, surely they have thoughts of thee and thy chains, for though we are not told what these men prayed for, yet how readily we can conceive that the one whose cruel hands fastened the irons on their flesh would have a large place in their big, *compassionate*, loving hearts, which would lead them to pour out their desires for his salvation into the ears of God. They had drunk deeply into the spirit of their Lord and Saviour, who prayed for His enemies, saying, "Father, forgive them," &c., and three thousand of His murderers

were saved in answer (see Luke xxiii. 34 ; Acts ii. 36-47).

Further, had not one of these very men reason to regard his own conversion as an answer to the gracious petition that he heard presented to the Lord by the dying martyr Stephen, who used his latest breath in saying, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts vii. 60). If heavenly music did not waken the jailer from his slumbers, God, who has set His heart upon him for blessing, has other means, and He will use them. He can shake the earth, and He does it. The earthquake does its *Creator's* work. The foundations of the prison are shaken. The prison doors open. The prisoners' chains are loosed, and the jailer is aroused from his *natural* sleep, but that is all. His soul is as fast asleep in his sins as ever. There is not a single trace, as yet, of a thought of God, or his own lost condition having entered his soul. His fears of the prisoners having fled does not awaken his sin-hardened conscience either, for he then takes a sword to kill himself, the very last thing he would have done if he knew that death would have sealed his doom for ever in the sinners' hell. He only preferred *suicide* to "public execution," which he knew would have been his fate, as it was with those who had charge of Peter on the night of his escape (Acts xii. 19).

God's voice was to be heard in his soul by other means than the earthquake altogether. The earthquake had done its work at the bidding of the "Creator"; God, the Holy Ghost, will now do His

work in the *soul* of the jailer. The tongues that had filled the prison with praises must be the same *medium* through which the *voice of God* is to be heard in the sinner's soul. "*Do thyself no harm, for we are all here!*" were the words that carried straight home to his inmost soul the voice of the "living God," and at once he is a convicted, broken-down sinner, wholly absorbed with *one and only one* thought—the salvation of his precious soul. What a strange revolution was wrought in an *instant!* Without a single thought of God, and the weapon of death in his hand ready to cut his life off from the earth one moment, and the next moment there is nothing but the fear of meeting a holy God before his trembling soul, which makes him fall at the feet of his ill-used prisoners, saying, "What must I do to be saved?" Previously, the fear of the prisoners having escaped was his *one* great concern; *now* he loses sight of every prisoner in the jail save the two men of God, at whose feet he has fallen, a broken-down, repentant sinner. All the other prisoners may escape, for aught he cares, if only he can get his *own soul* saved.

Oh, my reader! is this the case with you? Of all questions you have to face, there is none of any comparison to that of your soul's salvation. An eternity of *unspeakable blessedness* with Christ in heaven, or *everlasting torments* with the devil and the lost in the "lake of fire," are the issues of your *acceptance* or *rejection* of Christ as your Saviour. If ever a man might have pled an excuse for delaying

the great question for at least a short time, it was the jailer at that moment. He might have said, "Wait till I get the prison doors all secured again, to keep the other prisoners in, and I will come and see if you can tell me how I am to be saved." But no; it must be *now* or it might be *never*.

But what was there in these nine short words from the lips of God's servant that should so overpower him with a sense of *God's presence* and his own lost condition? Surely God's name was not even mentioned. Nor was he reminded of his hard-heartedness towards His servants. There were no thunderings of Mount Sinai, demanding obedience to God's law, or death as the penalty of disobedience. What then could it be? for no one can read the inspired story without seeing these words were the means the Spirit of God used to bring that sinner *face to face* with God, and which gave him such a sense of his own unfitness to meet Him. One short word will answer the question, *viz.*, GRACE. Yes, dear reader, the *grace of God*, reflected in the conduct of His servants, at that moment wrought in the jailer's soul what the rumbling noise of the earthquake and the tottering foundations of the prison failed to do. It was with him at that moment as it was with Elijah when the Lord was to *pass by* him on the mount of God. God was *not* in the *great wind* that broke in pieces the rocks, nor the *great earthquake*, nor the *fire*, but in the *still small voice* (1 Kings xix. 11-13). Yes, what but a heart *rimful* of *divine* love and grace could have mad Paul

give utterance to such words of compassion under the circumstances? What could have been more *natural* than for these two men to let the cruel wretch who had thrust them into their cells commit the rash act he was about to perform, and make good their escape. But instead of acting thus they do what was *supernatural* or divine—they refuse to avail themselves of the liberty their loosened fetters gave them the chance of, and did their utmost (for Paul *cried* with a *loud* voice) to prevent their enemy from injuring himself.

It was this *divine* and *heavenly* grace that gave him such a sense of his own vileness, for if the God of these two men was, in *His nature*, what was expressed at that moment in His servants, he must have felt it was all up with him in his then present condition, for he was in his nature the very *reverse*, and therefore *unfit* for God's *presence*—vile, lost, and hell-deserving.

This is your nature, dear reader, too. You belong to the same stock as the jailer if you are still in your *natural* state. If you were ushered into the presence of God as you *are*, you would be miserable, for you have not a *nature* that can respond to His, which is *love*. Besides, God is *holy* and *righteous* in His attributes, and He can have no one in His presence in heaven but what will be in perfect harmony both with His nature and character. Therefore man must be born again. You must, by the operation and presence of God's Spirit, be made a possessor of a new nature, to fit you to *enjoy* God

and live in His holy, blessed presence. Mere morality will not do, for with all this there is in your nature real *enmity* to God (Rom. viii. 7; Eph. ii. 3).

We will now consider the momentous question put by the anxious jailer, viz., "What must I *do* to be *saved*?" and God's soul-emancipating answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Like many an anxious soul he asks what he was to DO to be saved. But the answer was not what he was to DO, but *on whom* he was to *believe*. He was told to believe on a person who had *done* all the DOING that was needed to satisfy the claims of a holy God, whose throne had been outraged by man's sin, so that the *believing* sinner could be justified *freely* by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii. 24). This is God's simple but pointed answer to man's anxious inquiry. This is how millions have been saved, and this is how the reader can be saved also. Ignore this, God's only way of saving a sinner, and you will ensure for yourself an abode with the lost through all eternity in the "lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15).

PART III.—THE SAVED SINNER (OR SAINT).

We will now raise the curtain on the third and last scene presented to us by the Spirit of God within those prison walls, and we shall be fully

justified in styling it the *grace* "transformation scene," for what but the *grace of God* could have produced in so short a time a change so remarkable as that seen in the jailer after God's servants spake unto him the word of the Lord? "He took them the *same hour* of the night and washed their stripes, and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house he set meat before them, and REJOICED, *believing* in God with all his house" (verses 32-34).

This is indeed a scene of moral grandeur. The cruel, hard-hearted sinner violently casting the men of God into the inner prison, unmindful of their bleeding backs, *now* full of tenderest pity, doing his very utmost to soothe their sufferings by washing their wounds. The same hands that fastened the irons on their flesh *now* busy with soap, water, sponge, and towel. The jail-keeper's own dining-room is *now* judged by him to be the only *fit* place for the men he had thought only worthy of a felon's cell. The squalid fare of the prison he gladly replaces with his own well-spread table for his royal and heaven-born guests. The terrors of hell, too, that made him fall trembling at the apostles' feet, were supplanted by a "joy unspeakable and full of glory," by believing in the God who so loved him as to give His Son to die for him.

All this, mark, was the precious product of *pure grace*. No works of legality found their expression in him. Not a single command or even an exhortation to do any of the good works he was now so full

of had been given him. They were all the lovely, natural, spontaneous fruit of the *new* and *divine* nature formed in his soul by the Holy Ghost, who had revealed Christ to his heart. But this glorious diffusion of mercy and blessing must be worthy of the One from whose large heart it flows. It will not *stop* at the jailer. It must *permeate* the whole house. All participate in the rich outflow. "He *rejoiced*, believing in God, with *ALL his house*."

There is still another side to this grand night's work. The Lord is bent on making this transformation scene a record one in more ways than one. He will not only make it one of richest blessing to those whose hearts have been opened to receive it, but He will also *rebuke* the enemy who *dared* to oppose Him in His work of grace, and from whose hands He had "plucked this brand (the jailer) from the burning" (Zech. iii. 1, 2). He *publicly* turns the tables upon the enemy in the *morning*. The direct instruments of Satan—the magistrates who commanded God's servants to be scourged and put in prison are forced to come and *beseech* these same men to *take their liberty* (verse 39). Surely the wily enemy has outwitted himself. He can no longer say to himself, in tones of congratulation, "I have triumphed gloriously."

But we must leave this lovely scene, as space will not permit us to dwell on it longer, much as the heart loves to linger over it. For it is well for us to *learn* what *true* "conversion" is, as set forth in those who are brought before us in the inspired

Word of God. There we learn what a change it makes in a man in a *very short time*. All we have seen of the jailer took place within an hour or two. He first comes before us as a *sin-hardened* sinner, *thrusting* the men of God into prison. Then an *anxious* sinner, at the apostles' feet, crying, "What must I do to be saved?" And lastly as a *saved* sinner (or saint), filled with joy, and displaying the lovely fruits of the Spirit.

Which of these three conditions are you in, dear reader? *Hardened* in your sins, with no thought of getting saved? Or *convicted* of sin, and *anxious* to be saved? Or having taken Christ as your Saviour, are you saved, and do you *know* it? We leave you to answer before God, and pray you not to sleep till you are in the same blessed state as the jailer when the Spirit of God *finally* drops the curtain on the last scene in the divinely inspired narrative of Acts xvi.

"Salvation! oh, Salvation!
 Endearing, precious sound!
 Shout, shout the word "salvation!"
 To earth's remotest bound:
 Salvation for the guilty,
 Salvation for the lost,
 Salvation for the wretched,
 The sad and sorrow-tossed.
 This good gift, unto us
 Is sent from heaven above;
 Then praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
 For all His love."

“IT IS BETTER TO GO TO HEAVEN
WITH ONE LEG THAN TO HELL
WITH TWO.”

“The entrance of thy Word giveth light.”

“**G**OD have mercy on my soul! O God, have mercy on my soul!!” This was the cry that burst from the lips of Joe B—— as he lay on one of the cots in a hospital ward. The kind matron, moving in and out among the patients, had long been accustomed to the groans of pain and the appeals for something to relieve the poor sufferers, but she had not become hardened, and oftentimes when wearied in mind and body, tender pity for the sufferers led her to forget herself until every patient was made as comfortable as her skilful care could make them.

“God have mercy on my soul!” Here was a call for relief which she could not give. She could not help *soul sickness*. In her helplessness she retired sorrowfully, leaving Joe alone with God.

O sinner, you who say, “If I’m to be lost I shall have plenty of company,” stop a moment. Joe had plenty of company in that hospital ward, suffering each with his own special malady, and occupied with himself. No one could comfort poor Joe. He was alone with God.

He thought of his past life, and he trembled. His history was a sad one. Almost the only opportunity

he had had of learning anything about the Word of God, was at a Sunday afternoon class held in a neighbour's house, and which he attended for nearly a year. Circumstances prevented the continuance of the class, and poor Joe drifted from bad to worse, until in the act of stealing coal from a moving train, an unexpected jerk threw him under the wheels. He was so badly injured that his leg had to be amputated. It was then that God spoke to Joe, reminding him of his sinful and lost condition, and the possibility of death in the near future. Oh! what a black record! How could he meet God? He had heard, in days gone by, of God who cannot look upon sin, with the least degree of allowance, but he could ask God to forgive him, for he had heard, too, that God was not willing that any should perish, and so he cried to God from his very heart. There was joy in heaven that day, for He who is light, as well as love, sent His glory—beams into poor Joe's mind and heart, not only showing him his own vileness but the value God sets upon the death of His beloved Son.

The verse specially used to bring peace was one learned years before in that little Sunday school class, "God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). How satisfying! Joe rested.

A few weeks passed and Joe still lingered, suffering but rejoicing. "It is better to go to heaven with one leg than to hell with two!" he remarked, one afternoon, to one who was sympathising with him.

Again he said, "It is not reform that can save me, nor going to church, nor reading the Bible, nor even prayer. *Nothing but the blood of Jesus, and I believe it.*" Again he said, "I thought I would get well, and then I would go to the place where Christians meet, but now I am going to heaven, and I shall meet them all there."

A visit from a Roman Catholic priest was made to him a few hours before he died, at the request of the boy's father, who knew nothing of the peace which his son enjoyed. The usual ritual was performed, no comfort being administered by pointing to the finished work of the crucified Saviour, but Joe knew something which that reverend father had not told him, and after the little service was over the remark was quietly and respectfully made by one present, that Joe knew his sins were forgiven, and was only waiting for the Lord to take him to be with Himself to spend eternity. No one knows what passed in the mind of the reverend father, but he seemed affected by the remark, and taking Joe by the hand, he said, "When you get there, will you ask God to keep me faithful?"

Joe's sixteen years in a world of sin and sorrow, pain and poverty are over. He is now "with Christ, which is far better," praising the love of God and of Christ, who died for us while we were yet sinners.

PEACE AND ITS BASIS.

PEACE with God is a wonderful thing! What does it rest on? The wondrous fact that already the judgment of my sin has fallen on my substitute, on Jesus, in my room and stead.

Do you know who is going to be kept out of heaven for my sins? I daresay you say, "You will be." Oh, no. "Who then?" If any one, it will be the Lord Jesus. "What, do you dare to say that Jesus will be kept out of heaven for your sins?" Yes, if any one. "But you cannot keep Him out. He has gone in." Thank you for telling me that; I shall go in too.

He took my judgment, died my death, and drank the cup of wrath to the very dregs. He has sustained what I deserved, when, in the deep love of His heart, He hung on Calvary's tree. When He had "by himself purged our sins," He went into death; but death could not hold Him. He was raised from the dead, and now He has gone up into glory without my sins, and I know I shall follow Him, for He would not be happy without me.

"Oh," you say, "who are you?" A downright hell-deserving sinner for whom He died. I learnt that was my condition—that I was a hell-going sinner, and then it was the case of right about face. I turned to the Lord, and He saved me. Have you

ever got to that point in your soul's history? I want you, my reader, to see your true state before God. It is of the last importance to be plain, clear, and distinct, as to the fact of what and where we are by nature. The devil is deceiving people on all hands as to this, and possibly you too are deceiving yourself.

You may have a grand veneer of religion, but it is only skin-deep. Inside, has the truth ever entered? Have you ever gone through the exercises of a soul awakened to the discovery that it is utterly lost? Again, have you repented? Depend upon it, if you have not gone through this experience I would not give a rush for your conversion. What are you converted from? Have you been converted from your old lusts, passions, ways, habits, and companions? Do not you dream of conversion if you have not. Do not deceive yourself. No, no. You might deceive me, or your neighbours, but you cannot deceive God.

There is neither salvation nor peace in a mere profession of Christ. There must be knowledge of Himself, or the sure end is damnation. In Israel's day the blood on the lintel and the two door-posts was the witness of salvation, and the ground of peace. So is it to-day. The appropriation to yourself of the work of Christ for you is a grand necessity. His death on the cross made peace. Well has the poet expressed it—

“ My peace with God is made, is made,
Since Jesus for me died.”

The dying man in H—— was perfectly right. He had got hold of the gospel, and one day was visited by a clergyman, interested in his soul. This would-be instructor in religion said to him, "Have you made your peace with God?" The dying man said very shortly, "None to make, sir."

"I hope you understand me," said his questioner. "It is manifest to me, and you know very well that your end is near. Listen to me. Have you made your peace with God?"

"None to make, sir," was again the simple rejoinder.

"I fear you do not comprehend me, do you understand that you are a sinner, I would solemnly ask you, have you made your peace with God?"

"I have none to make, sir. Do you not know," said the dying man, "that it says in the Scripture, 'Christ made peace by the blood of his cross'? He made it, and by faith I have received it."

Christ made peace. Ah, my friend, there is a solid resting-place for the soul. It is that finished work of Jesus upon the cross, when he sustained the judgment of God in respect of sin, and when He glorified God about sin. There is the basis of peace. There will come, by and by, a new heaven and earth, and they will rest on that blood. Every bit of blessing that God will bring in, by and by, will be in virtue of that blood. And that blood is God's ordained resting-place for the soul. If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ just now, you will be able to say, "By faith I sprinkle that blood on

the lintel and side-posts of my heart. I believe that Jesus died for me."

Do you understand that all this is intensely personal? It is for *me*. There is where *the link* is. And there is where the *missing link* often is. I have not the least bit of doubt that you are convinced that Jesus died. But stop, can you say, "He died *for me*"? You will have to get it for yourself. And you will also have to confess Christ simply for yourself. And I would implore you to confess Him honestly and distinctly, and not to put it off till another day.

Have you turned yet, my aged reader, with grey hairs? It is about time. You may be shortly in eternity. Turn where you are. God save you just now, my friend. I tell you what it is, countless thousands of men are passing into hell through procrastination, coupled with great propriety. God is giving you another chance now. Oh I wish you would take it. Now is your time. Make up your mind for the Lord now. Believe Him just now. Own Him just now. And do not be ashamed to say—

"The blood, the blood is shed,
 And God is satisfied ;
 My peace with God is made, is made,
 Since Jesus for me died.
 And justice asks no more,
 The sinner now is free ;
 My heavy debt is paid, is paid,
 Yes, Jesus died for me."

“SIXTY YEARS OF SINS ALL GONE.”

SUCH were the words of a lady to the writer a few months ago, who had gone through deep exercise of soul, and with whom he had many a talk. She also attended the public preaching in the City Hall. Deep and protracted were her exercises, for she felt that it was with God she had to do, and her sins were in question; but at last light came, and she saw that her sins had been borne by Jesus on the cross, that God had taken them *every one* and laid them on Him, and that He had atoned for them, and put them away, and was without them, and that they were gone, cast behind God's back, and that God would remember them no more. She saw that if God had taken them from her and laid them on His blessed Son, when He died for her on the cross, and that when He rose He rose without them, that they were gone, and gone for ever. And, with a face radiant with her new-found joy and peace, she said, “All is rest now: the burden is all gone—sixty years of sins all gone.” And she looked all that she said.

She did not die; she lives still to testify of the wonderful grace of God that has saved her, and of the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus that has washed her from her sins, and of her acceptance in that risen and glorified Saviour that sits at God's right hand—of Him “who of God is made unto us

wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30).

Blessed and wonderful Saviour! He saved this dear woman of sixty years. He can and will save the reader if he or she will trust Him as she did. There is power in Jesus' blood still. Hallelujah! The grace of God is able to save still, and the Father's arms are ready to embrace any prodigal that will return confessing his sins.

Yes; He awaits to plant the kiss of pardon and peace upon the brow of any sinner that repents and turns to Him.

Repentance is self-aborrence and self-judgment for sins committed. All sins are directed against God, and therefore the exercise of soul when brought face to face with God. And unless there is a full confession there cannot be the knowledge of divine forgiveness, nor peace with God.

David said, "When I kept silence (that is, withheld the confession) my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer."

But mark what is reached in the next verse. "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and my iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgression unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sins" (Ps. xxxii. 3-5).

There is nothing like having it all out with God. When there is repentance towards God, there is an open and honest confession of our sins to Him.

And when there is faith in Christ, "who suffered once for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," it is our blessed privilege to know that Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

In fact, the New Testament is full of it. Listen to this: "To him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43). Blessed testimony.

And to those who do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ it is written: "*I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake*" (1 John ii. 12).

Blessed, peace-giving testimony is this. May you know it, beloved reader, and know it now, and give God thanks. And if death overtakes us before the Lord comes, how sweet it is to simply fall asleep in Jesus here and wake up in the paradise of God. "Absent from the body and present with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8).

"*Is it death, doctor?*" said an elderly Christian lady, who had just been smitten with apoplexy. To which he replied, "I could hardly say."

"*It makes no difference: all is well,*" said the saint, who in a few more brief moments passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

Such is the power and the consolation of the gospel at the moment of death.

Ah, friend, if you do not know its saving power, nor the blessed consolation of knowing the precious Saviour, seek Him now, come to Him, trust Him,

and He will save you. With His own blessed lips He said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Come, then, to Him at once.

E. A.

THE LAST OFFER ACCEPTED.

GOLD, desolate, weary, and soul-sick, she stood with her back to the wall, one dark, dreary night, listening until a late hour to the tidings of redeeming love. Tears of contrition flowed down her sin-stained cheeks, as the burning power of Almighty love pierced her weary, burdened heart.

A feeling seized me that some one was hearing their last invitation. Hence I lingered rather in my entreaties, pleading with them that they would accept the proffered salvation that flowed from a rich Christ in the glory of God. Peace through His work, and rest in His person, were among the royal bounties at the King's table for needy souls.

At the close of the meeting I went to speak to a group of listeners. I found this poor woman among the company. I pressed upon them the deep importance of deciding at once for Christ. The darkness of eternal night, which would not be illuminated by one ray of light from heaven, might soon burst upon their Christless souls. Oh, for more of that God-given earnestness that pleads.

Oh, for those bowels of compassion that linger in pity, love, at the reclining shadows of the soul's departure. Leaving a loving invitation to Christ the Saviour, we bade farewell. The little crowd dispersed.

On her way home this woman met a neighbour, whom she addressed thus: "I have been listening to some preaching at the corner of the street, and they tell me I can be saved by just trusting in Jesus. I do trust in Him this night. Won't you?" Having said this, she passed on home, never to be seen alive again.

The dawn of morning found the blinds still down. As the day wore on, the neighbours began to be a bit alarmed, not seeing her about. She lived alone. They knocked at the door, but received no answer. They knocked still louder, but all seemed quiet. Getting through the window, they went into the bedchamber. All was still. 'Twas the stillness of death. Upon the bed, cold and stiff, lay the lifeless frame of the one who so shortly before had heard and received the last entreaty of the Saviour's dying love. We have every reason to believe that she is now with Jesus. From a world of sin and death to the celestial brightness of the Saviour's glorious home was that weary one taken. Happy, glorious, triumphant exchange."

What a narrow escape, you say. Yes, it was indeed. Only just in time. Yes, friend. Had she not listened to the evangelist of hell's horrors, had she given her ear to Satan's lie once more, she would

have been damned for ever. I think I hear you say, I hope I shall not be taken off like that. Well, for your sake, I hope not. But remember, God's Word says, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." *Not despise, not reject*, but simply neglect. Reader, I am bold to say that hell's vast prison-house is being filled by ever-swelling myriads from the ranks of the neglecters. This is what my unsaved reader is doing. Helping to swell this awful company. You are most certainly a stranger to me, but this, I know, is what you are doing if still unsaved. No middle ground. No neutrality. Saved or lost. Awful word—Lost. By this awful sin you are adding to your black past history, *i.e.*, neglecting this great salvation, which divine compassions hold out to you.

Oh, reader, could I bring before you the terrors of judgment; could your ears but catch the shrieks of anguish as they burst from the souls of the lost; could you but see the soul-wrecks that skirt the limitless shores of eternity, so as to awake your own slumbering soul from that sleep of eternal death—'twould be an everlasting blessing to you. But, dear reader, a voice speaks to thee. Hark! a voice not from earth; a voice not from the cross; a voice from the glory—charming sound! This should have twice ten thousand claims upon thy deafened ear and uncircumcised heart. 'Tis the voice of Jesus. Blessed Saviour! Harken to its heavenly strains. He who poured out His love in the overwhelming sorrow of Calvary's bitter cross, 'tis His voice call-

ing, in all the charms of heavenly grace, saying, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxi. 7).

Now, reader, He calls thee. Yes, the Master is come, and calleth for thee. Long has He waited, but He waits still. There are no weights and measures to the royal bounty He has for thee. Oh, be wise! Come now while He lingers over thee. Those eyes that wept for sinners; that heart that feels for sinners, and that once bled for sinners; those hands that were pierced for sinners, are still engaged in blessing, and will bless thee now. Those black, foul transgressions must be blotted out e'er thou canst see His blessed face. Do you say, How can I be blest and saved? Are you a sinner? You say, Yes, I am. A guilty sinner? An unworthy sinner. A lost sinner. Fit only for fuel for hell fire. Can you say Amen to this? Then, Romans x. says—"If *thou shalt confess* with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, *and shalt believe* in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved.*" Not if, or perhaps, or may be, but *thou shalt be saved.* These are the terms upon which God can come out and bless and save you. Redemption is in Christ Jesus, and by faith in His blood—His precious blood—His vicarious and atoning blood. *Confess* Christ Jesus as your Lord. *Believe* in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, and salvation is your eternal portion. J. H. L.

A DRUNKARD'S ARREST.

“ I HAD been drinking for weeks, and was bordering on ‘delirium tremens,’ when God awakened me to a sense of my danger, of dropping into hell-fire. I shall never despair of God saving a man, even when he is dead drunk, after myself.

“ Though I had been a drunkard for years, continuing incessantly for four and six weeks at a time, I have been an abstainer ever since, without signing the pledge; and what is more wonderful still, God took the drunkard’s craving from me at the first, and, by His grace, it has never returned.”

The above testimony to the marvellous power of God’s grace over a poor drunkard came from the lips of one who is now a dear Christian. He joyfully related to the writer the way in which God broke in on him—in his hell-bound course—and saved his precious soul.

In the hope that God may use it for blessing to others, and bring glory to the worthy name of Him, whom man in derision called the “Friend of publicans and sinners,” the story of W——’s conversion is sent forth in these pages.

Along with other companions, when very young, he took to drinking in moderation. Very soon the *craving* for strong drink was formed; and before he was twenty he was a confirmed drunkard. Through this he

lost his work, and had to leave his native place to go on tramp. After tramping and working over the greater part of the south of Scotland and north of England, he came at last to work in a town in his native country, and stayed with his two sisters who resided there. It was while there that God stopped him in his sinful course, by saving his soul in the following way.

His life there had just been a repetition of the past. A few weeks' working and drinking alternately. On one of his drinking turns—the last, thank God—which had lasted for about four weeks, he had come home each night stupidly drunk, to be aroused in the early hours of the morning by a most awful craving for drink—a craving only known to the poor drunkard—leading him sometimes with boots unlaced, and waistcoat unbuttoned, to the door of the public-house hours before it was opened.

This, then, was his condition, when God in a most dreadful—yet merciful way—aroused him one morning from his sleep of drunken stupor—not with the craving of drink as on previous mornings—but, to behold the very “hell-fire,” to which he was fast hastening. Its lurid flames seemed to be leaping up into his very bedroom, as if anxious to embrace him in their terrifying grasp. Then the thought that he was dying took possession of his mind, which made him think his body was swelling out of all proportions, and would rapidly reach the region of his heart and kill him. His agony was beyond all description. He trembled from head to foot, making his bed shake

like machinery in motion. The sweat, too, poured from his body till his bed was drenched. GOD—*his* SINS—DEATH—and the HELL that was yawning before his opened eyes, were becoming every moment more dreadful REALITIES, till all control of himself became lost, when he shrieked out in a most unearthly manner for God to have mercy on him.

His sisters, who were aroused from their sleep by his wild scream, rushed, terror-stricken, into his bedroom, to ascertain the cause of his agony. "What's wrong with you?" they exclaimed. "Oh! I'm dying! I'm dying! And there is HELL! Do you not see it? I'll be in it directly."

"Oh! you drunken fool, frightening people in this way, at this hour of the morning. It's just the effects of your heavy drinking. We thought it would come to something of this kind," said his sister.

"It's not drink! Look how my body is swelling! It will be up to my heart in half-an-hour, and kill me! And—look!—look!!—Hell is just waiting for me!" Then, with another awful shriek, which made his sisters flee from his presence, he implored God to have mercy on him, and keep him from dying, and he would never taste drink again, and he would become a Christian.

He kept on shrieking, groaning, and trembling, while he *felt* the swelling rising, until, he believed, it had almost reached the heart. Then, just when he thought the *fatal* moment at hand, he got the sense that his cry for mercy had been heard, and that God would now preserve his life. Gradually

he felt the swelling subside till he was able to rise out of bed.

He now betook himself to the Bible, reading it more as a duty at first, as he believed being a Christian consisted in reading the Bible, *abstaining* from drinking, swearing, and other bad habits. This he tried for some time, and though he succeeded in a marvellous degree in the judgment of others, he felt anything but satisfied with himself. He felt his *outward* reformation still left him with a deep sense of his *unfitness* for the holy presence of God. He saw, if he were to face death again, he was no more fit for it than before, as the sins of his life had never been forgiven, though God, in His mercy, had prolonged his life.

It was the *forgiveness* of his sins, that was now the momentous question with him. How a righteous God could forgive and save an *unrighteous, unholy, and ungodly* sinner like him, was a problem he could not solve. He saw it was as IMPOSSIBLE for his *late* life of reformation to *blot out* his *past* life of sin, as it would be to clear off a debt *already* contracted, by carrying out a resolution, not to go one penny deeper into it. Here, then, was his difficulty, and until he got a God-given answer, he could find no peace to his guilty conscience.

During his few weeks of reformation he was regarded as a real Christian by almost everybody but himself. They concluded, by the great change in his walk and conversation, that he must be saved. During these weeks too, he had been attending

mission and other religious meetings, and making only Christians his companions.. Even at his work his unconverted fellow-workmen looked on him as one professing conversion, and the striking change in his life led them to think there was *reality* in it.

Thank God! this uncertain state of things for him had its limit. God had in store for him the very thing he longed for. God, who never errs, allowed him to pass through this ordeal for his ultimate good, as it would be *false* kindness to give an anxious soul a *false* peace based on a *false* foundation.

Previous to finding *true peace* he had been reading the Bible, not, as at first, as a mere duty, but to get *divine light* on the question of *divine forgiveness*, and God—blessed be His name—led him to the very portion bearing on that all-important subject.. The Scripture he was led to was Romans iv. 25, v. 1, "He (Christ) was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have PEACE *with God*, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In these two verses his whole difficulty was solved. His sins, which were offences against God, Christ had been delivered up to death for. Here he saw how God had dealt with them, putting His own Son to death for them. In raising Him from the dead, we have the undeniable proof that God, being fully satisfied with the death of Jesus in the sinner's stead, can now *righteously* forgive and justify the sinner who believes in Christ. Grasping thus the

way that a holy, righteous God could be just, and yet *save* and *justify* an *ungodly* SINNER, his soul entered by faith into *solid* "peace with God" as stated in verse 1 of chapter v.

Now he was a REAL Christian—*inwardly* as well as *outwardly*—carrying about with him the blessed ASSURANCE that he was really forgiven, SAVED, and *justified* by God Himself. His assurance was based upon the *unchangeable* "Word of God," and his peace on the *unchanging* value of the death of Christ—the ONE great sacrifice for SIN (Heb. x. 9-19).

From this time he became a perfect enthusiast in the Lord's work. His heart, overpowered with the sense of God's grace to a sinner like him, and the deep realisation of the sinner's danger of the HELL of which he had had such a sight, made him speak to almost everybody he met. And God used the heart-bubbling zeal of the young convert to awaken and lead sin-burdened sinners to his new-found Saviour.

Many years have passed since God first lavished His love and grace upon W——, during which time the REALITY of His work in his soul, from the morning when God awoke him from his drunken stupor, has been distinctly manifested.

If my reader be a drunkard, may God also give you to see your AWFUL DANGER of HELL-FIRE. Or if you do see it, and would like to be saved from it Now, then take courage, God's grace can meet you and SAVE you just as you are. It was

not W——'s reformation that saved him. It was Christ, who died in his stead for his sins. If you, as a helpless sinner, trust Him *now* as your Saviour, He will blot out all your *past life* of sin, and save you for time and eternity.

But, perhaps, the reader may be one who has never even tasted drink in his life, and who pities the poor drunkard whom he sees going headlong to a drunkard's hell. Yea, you may be one of those who spend your time, talent, and money in the "temperance cause." By your efforts many a poor drunkard may have been reclaimed from a life of wretchedness to a respectable position in society. Now, do not think we want for a single moment to make little of such good work for the good of our fellow-men—far from it, rather would we encourage it. But in all affection for your precious soul, let us ask you one question, Has there been a moment in your history when YOU "passed from *death* unto *life*"? (John v. 24). In other words, as you stand under the eye of a holy God, can you say your OWN *sins* are all forgiven? YOUR *sins* need to be forgiven as truly as the drunkard's, though your list may not be so long and black as his. One single sin *unforgiven* is enough to keep any one out of heaven *for ever*, and who can say, in the face of "God's Word," "I have not committed ONE sin." In Romans iii. 23 we read, "ALL have sinned." Oh! then, reader, you need God's forgiveness, if you have not yet received it. But, thank God! you can have it *now*, on the self same *ground* as W—— the

drunkard—on the ground of Christ's death as a sacrifice for sin. "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man (Christ) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

J. M.

FROM DEAD WORKS TO SERVE THE LIVING GOD.

IT is impossible to over-estimate the value of the blood of Christ. It is spoken of in the Word of God as "precious" (1 Pet. i. 19), and as that which "cleanses from all sin" (1 Tim. i. 17). It enables the saints to sing their exquisite anthem of praise—"Unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 6, 7); whilst it will peal forth, as the pean of victory, on the part of the faithful sufferers, when the great dragon shall be cast out of heaven to torment with great wrath the inhabitants of the earth for a little while. They shall overcome by the Word of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony (Rev. xii. 11). Again, I fearlessly say it is impossible to over-estimate, in any way, whether in reference to God, Satan, or self, the value of the precious blood

of the Son of God. And to this the Spirit of God bears unwearied testimony.

Now, let me draw your attention to a very rich passage in Hebrews ix. 14: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." Here we have a striking contrast. Previously, the inefficiency of the blood of bulls and goats to accomplish anything more than the purifying of the flesh—a mere transitory and external cleansing—had been stated; but now, the blood of Christ purges the conscience and qualifies it for the service—the free and worshipful service of the living God. Bondage of every conceivable kind is removed, and the once guilty heart is set at liberty.

What but the blood of Christ could produce such a result? God, hitherto unknown, or else shrunk from, and sought to be propitiated by what He called "dead works," absolutely unavailing in themselves, is now gladly obeyed, and served in the freedom and intelligence of priests, whose consciences once guilty, reproachful, and in the darkness of fallen nature, are now cleansed, purged, and perfected by the blood of Christ! Wondrous result indeed!

But as the effect, so the cause; as the work, so the workman; and as the value of the blood, so the glory of His person whose it was!

Analyse the verse:—

1. "How much more"—a great contrast! 2.

“Shall the blood of Christ”—no common or unholy, or needless, or powerless thing, but the blood of Messiah, Christ, Son of man, and Son of God.

3. “Who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God”—a parenthesis full of wealth—“who”—the Son, “offered himself” in the dignity, authority, and willingness of His proper divine Person, “without spot” or (margin) “without fault” according to the saying of Pilate—“to God” as His object, though our blessing was in view—and all this “through the eternal Spirit”—in order to demonstrate the complete mission of the Godhead in this wonderful redemption, and thus—

4, to “purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.”

Every word in this analysis bears examination; and, if only in this day of doubt and questioning and uncertainty in many minds on a subject of supreme moment, the reader would kindly, and for his own eternal profit, spend a few minutes in pondering these inspired words, his gain will be very great. May God grant it.

J. W. S.

“ALL GONE, OR GONE WHERE?”

IT was but this afternoon that I had a conversation with a young man about God. He admitted that man in his natural state is unfit for God, and therefore that some change is absolutely necessary before he can ever hope to enter God's

presence. But on asking the conditions under which God could come out to man, so as to fit him for His presence, I discovered that he was ensnared in the darkness of philosophy. His idea was that man by his own efforts must elevate himself to a degree of excellence sufficient to meet the demands of God. This degree of excellence was to be attained by the light of science and philosophy. Such is the delusion of Satan!

After much talk I left him with the words—

“All the fitness God requireth
Is to feel our need of Him.”

If he had known his helpless condition his tale would have been different. He would not have spoken about fitting himself for God. The jailor in his agony of despair cried out, “What must I do to be saved?” and such is ever the cry of the one who has come to himself.

Have you come to yourself, reader? On this depends your suitability for God, because Christ came to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance (Matt. ix. 13).

Quite recently I met one who had come to herself. After preaching the gospel I spoke to her as she was about to leave the room. She was in darkness, but as I anticipated, was anxious to know her sins forgiven.

Thank God, no one has ever been turned away by Him. Christ came into this scene as a lowly Man to lay a basis in His death whereby God could

righteously come out and forgive the sins of the vilest.

I therefore directed her gaze to the glorified Man at the right hand of God (Heb. ii. 9), but like many another anxious yet real soul she could not understand how God could save *her*. Her eye was turned *inward* to find internal evidence that her sins were forgiven, but God always directs the eye *outward* to Christ in glory.

After reading many scriptures we turned to Romans x. 9, where we read, "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."

On the latter part of this verse we conversed as follows :—

"Did Christ bear your sins when He hung upon the cross?"

"Yes, I can truly say that He did, because God says so in His Word" (1 Pet. ii. 24).

"And what became of Christ afterwards?"

"He was, of course, laid in the tomb."

"Did He take your sins with Him there?"

"Yes, He must have done so."

"Now then, the scripture we have just read tells us that God hath raised Him from the dead. So tell me what became of your sins?"

With joy and much to my surprise, she exclaimed in a tone of mingled satisfaction and delight, "Why, they are *all gone*."

Yes, I found that she had undoubtedly received

light from God, demonstrating to her that Christ had settled the question of her sins, not only to her joy, but to God's satisfaction. She was justified through Christ (Rom. iii. 24), who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification (Rom. iv. 25).

What a joy it is to know that one's sins are forgiven! Have you ever thought of your sins, reader? Some day you will have them in remembrance; if not now, while it is yet the day of God's grace, then most surely in the day that is fast approaching. There is no forgiveness beyond the grave. If you die in your sins, you will live to be haunted with them for ever in outer darkness. Just turn to Jesus where you are, and as you are, and He will forgive you freely and fully. “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.”

Let me narrate to you another instance. A few weeks after the above conversation took place, I met another young person who was in a somewhat similar state of soul.

Trying to do her best, she hoped that she belonged to the Lord, but she did not know her sins forgiven. I related to her the story as I have penned it above. While endeavouring to show her that her sins were gone if she trusted in Christ, she answered, “But *where* are they *gone* to?”

This question was easily answered by a simple illustration. Suppose a man to be condemned to a period of imprisonment for breaking the law of the State. After^d serving out his sentence he is once

again at liberty. The officers of the law have now no power to seize him. He is as free as if he had never committed the crime, inasmuch as he is free from being condemned again on account of it.

Now God has dealt likewise with the sins of the believer in Christ. The sinner is incapable of bearing the judgment of God, but Christ has suffered in his stead (1 Pet. iii. 18). He has borne the full penalty instead of us. We are free. Our sins and iniquities will be remembered no more (Heb. viii. 12).

This was enough. She saw that what she was attempting to do Christ had done.

What about your sins, dear reader? Are they forgiven or unforgiven? Perhaps they have never caused you one anxious thought. If so, Satan has been successful in deceiving you.

The present day is an age of moral darkness, and how often, alas, Satan succeeds in blinding the minds of those that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them (2 Cor. iv. 4). Infidelity, philosophy, and science are occupying men's minds, and the light of God is refused.

Oh, beware lest that come upon you which was spoken aforetime (Acts xiii. 40, 41).

Flee to Christ, and *in Him* know your sins forgiven. Reject no longer; procrastinate no more; to-day believe, and thou shalt be saved.

“WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?”

A YOUNG woman lay dying, and, as is usual at such times, friends sent for the clergyman to come and see her. When he arrived he put the following questions to her—

Have you been christened?

Have you been confirmed?

Have you taken the sacrament?

Have you come to church regularly?

Have you been a good girl?

To all of which she answered, “Yes.”

“Well,” said he, “you ought to be satisfied;” but she replied, “I am not, it does not satisfy me. *I want something more.*”

“WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?”

he inquired. “I cannot do anything more, and I think you are very unreasonable!” and with these words he went away, leaving the poor girl still in distress.

Alas! how many of these miserable comforters are to be found. “Physicians of no value” they are indeed!

Knowing of a Christian living near by, they sent to ask her if she would come and see the dying girl. From her lips she heard of One who had died for

sinner on the cross, upon whose holy head all the judgment due to our sins fell, and from whose blessed lips those words broke forth, "*It is finished!*" telling to all who trust in Him that the work for the putting away of their sins is DONE. Upon that precious Saviour she was led to believe, and, shortly after, she died rejoicing in Him.

Reader, one question before we lay down our pen. We ask, not if you have been the round of religious observances, such as was asked of the subject of our narrative, but,

HAVE YOU COME TO CHRIST?

for cleansing, forgiveness, and salvation? Remember, sin is against God, and no doing of yours, or anything done for you can ever make you fit for His holy eye. "Without shedding of blood is no remission," is the testimony of Scripture; there is no "shedding of blood" in your sacraments, religious exercises, or deeds of charity. What you want in company with the young woman is something more, and that "something more" is found in Christ, and His atoning death on Calvary's cross. To Him you must go if you would be blessed. He has done all that was needed to be done, and since God has accepted His sacrifice on our behalf,

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

“BEWARE!” AND “BEHOLD!”

“Beware, therefore, 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 no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.”—ACTS xiii. 40, 41.)

THESE are intensely solemn words. When God says “Beware,” He is in deep earnest. When He says “Behold!” woe betide the man who does not look. Usually the “Behold!” relates to Christ. “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!” (John i. 29). There He is the sin-bearer, and hence the Saviour. Again; “Behold the bridegroom; go ye out to meet him” (Matt. xxv. 6). There He is the returning Bridegroom, coming for His blood-bought Church. Again, “Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him” (Rev. i. 7). That will be a day of judgment.

That striking little word “Behold!” in relation to Christ, is full of import. Thank God that He turns the eye to Christ. But there comes a time in the history of the soul when God will turn your eye on to yourself. I think it is an awful moment. And I think the case is a desperate one when God has to say, You take your eye off My Son, and look at yourself. If that man, woman, or child is reading this paper, I would not stand in your shoes for ten thousand worlds.

Listen. “Behold, ye despisers.” Ah, that is an awful name. That is an awful label for God’s Spirit

to put upon a man that has been hearing the gospel again and again, from boyhood to old age. Very likely you have heard it from your childhood. And what has been the effect? It has gone off you, as we say, like water off a duck's back. And here you are, friend, still unsaved.

Now just you take a good, steady, long, penetrating look at yourself, as God describes you and your future. Listen. "Beware!" and "Behold!" When God says "Behold!" depend upon it, beloved friend, you will sooner or later have to open your eyes and look. It will not be the day of grace when this scripture has its application. It does not hint at redemption. It does not turn your eye to the glory-crowned One. It does not indicate the Bridegroom coming in all the affection of His heart for His deeply-loved bride. But it is this. God lets you look and see what the fruit of your folly and madness has been, and in eternity you will perish. Why? Because you have made light of Him whom God has made everything of. You love your sin. You love your lust. You love to gratify the passions of your body and mind. Even the devil knows perfectly you do not love Christ. Am I a false witness? You know better. Listen to this: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha," that is, "accursed when he comes" (1 Cor. xvi. 22).

Friend, pause and listen, "Behold, ye despisers." If you have not been converted to God, my friend, you have despised the gospel. If your heart is not

won to the Saviour, it is only because you have despised Him. I know you do not like to be called a despiser. But, man, it is true. God wake you up to the truth. Do you think I am going to tell people soft things about their souls? God forbid. No, no, it is the truth we want. Mark well, it is what God tells you by the lips of a man that is either the means of your salvation, or that which becomes the positive reason of your everlasting damnation. You have heard of God's blessed salvation, and you have made light of it. I know you would not like to coldly and boldly proclaim, "I am a despiser." But tell me, have you bowed to Christ? Has your heart been won for Him? Have you ever discerned the love that is in His heart, and that came out in His death? Have you ever yielded yourself to Him, surrendered yourself to Him? Never. Then hear God again, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish."

You may often have heard a servant of God, and said, "That was a nice discourse." Did you believe it, and get converted? No. Then you will perish at the end of it. You hear all, but, alas! it goes in at one ear and out at the other. You are still unmoved. Your conscience is still unreached. What do you mean? Tell me, are you really determined to be damned? God forbid! "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish. I work a work in your days." What work is that? It is the work of redemption: the work of Christ on the cross for us, and coupled with it the work of the Holy Ghost

telling out the blessed gospel to-day. How sad then to hear, "I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." Why? It is despised. The Lord said, in the gospels, when talking of the King's Supper, "They made light of it."

Now, my friend, if you have made light of it till this hour, may God help you to become a guest now. Receive Christ to-day. I believe His coming is drawing near. I believe the moment of His return is at hand. He is coming. He has tarried, and the Church has gone to sleep. "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." But at midnight God woke them up with this, "Behold, the bridegroom; go ye out to meet him" (Matt. xxv. 5, 6).

Christ is coming, but, alas, my unsaved reader, you are not ready. For your soul's sake get ready at once. Whether you be young, old, rich, or poor, oh, let me implore you, get ready. I charge you by the joys of heaven; I charge you by the horrors of hell; I charge you by the infinite value of the Saviour's blood; I charge you by the spot where the worm never dies, and the fire is not quenched; let not the closing month of 1901 pass away without having Christ as your own personal Saviour. Oh, my friend, you will yet see Him. You shall, you must. I love to think of seeing Him. Oh what joy it would be were I to see Him to-day. But what is the deepest joy to the heart of the Christian, will bring eternal despair to those who are not ready.

Friend, you have heard and read enough gospel to save or condemn you. If you believe it you receive salvation. If you decline, neglect, or make light of it, you really despise it, and condemnation is the only issue. I am not now going to again preach it to you. I am going now to press upon you the awful responsibility of the soul that has heard it and not believed it. Oh, my friend, be warned, be urged, ere it be for ever too late. Be in time. Do not delay a single hour. For, mark you, Christ is coming, and "every eye shall see him."

It will be a wonderful moment when the Christian sees Him. When will it be? I do not know. If you are the Lord's, at the moment of His coming for His saints, with what gladness you will greet Him. If His you be not, He will judge you then. You will die and be buried, but you must come out of your grave, and you will come out of that grave in your sins. You have lived in your sins, and died in your sins, and you will pass through the whole range of the millennial day, and when that day has gone by, you must rise again, and rise in your sins, and you will see Him at the Great White Throne. The deceiver and the deceived will rise and stand side by side in that day. The murderer and his victim will rise and stand side by side in that day. "Every eye shall see him."

Oh, friend, you have yet to see Him. And let me tell you this, if there be one thing more than another that will add to the sorrow of a lost soul in the everlasting hell, of which Scripture speaks, it is this, you

will always remember that you have seen Him. When you have stood before Him, and when you have heard His sentence, and when at length you have to depart to be with Judas (think of spending eternity with Judas), and when, like Judas, you go to your "own place," you will go down through the gates of hell with this picture everlastingly imprinted on the eye of your soul, yea, never to be forgotten. I have seen the One who might have saved me, but who has had to judge me instead. What an awful eternity is that of the Gospel-rejecter!

You will never forget that you have seen Him once, and that you will never see Him again. God save you now. Oh, let me urge you, let me implore you, let me beseech you, do not delay, do not put off believing on and receiving the Lord Jesus Christ. All the devil wants now is to get you to continue as you are, without deciding for Christ. And if he gets you to continue indefinitely without Christ, I do not think I shall go too far if I say, you will be damned. Why? Because you have despised the Gospel of this blessed One.

Oh my friend, give in. Bow at his feet. Receive Him. Believe Him. Own Him. Confess Him. From this hour forth may you be able to say, "Lord, I believe." But, more than that, confess Him. Take your stand. The effect when a man receives the gospel is that the lamp is lit. And the Lord says the danger is that you may put it under a bushel, or under the bed. What does putting it under a bushel mean? You go back to your business, and you do

not confess Christ. Some, you know, put it under a bed. That is laziness and indifference.

Let me press on you that Jesus is worthy of the affection and confidence of your heart. If you have never found the Lord as your own Saviour till now, you have missed a wonderful blessing. But thank God there is still time. Where you are you may receive Him and be ready. And then, when He comes, you will meet Him in the air, and be with Him, and like Him for ever. God help you to close this year by surrendering yourself to His blessed Son. You have often been besought to turn to the Lord. "Now then, do it."

W. T. P. W.

THANKSGIVING.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—2 COR. ix. 15.

THANKS be unto God our Father,
 For His gift unspeakable,
 Christ, His Son, His well-beloved,
 Gift of love ineffable.

Thank Him for a full redemption
 Through the Saviour's precious blood,
 Blood that makes the vilest sinner
 Meet to stand before our God.

Thank Him for the Holy Spirit,
 Sent our hearts to dwell within,
 Bringing joy and peace and gladness,
 Vict'ry over self and sin.

And give thanks for daily mercies,
 Countless as the sea-side sand ;
 Health and strength and food and raiment,
 Gifts from His own loving hand.

Thank Him for the gospel message,
 To lost sinners to proclaim,
 Telling of "so great salvation,"
 God's free gift through Jesus' name.

Telling of a home in heaven
 Purchased by the Saviour's blood,
 Where nor sin nor death shall enter,
 And where we shall see our God.

Hallelujah ! Christ is coming,
 Coming soon to claim His own,
 To behold His face in glory,
 And to share with Him His throne.

Oh ! what joy for us His ransomed,
 How it makes our hearts rejoice,
 Knowing that at any moment
 We may hear the Bridegroom's voice.

M. S. S.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of souls as well as of time, and the plunder can never be recovered. Rowland Hill well called it "The Recruiting Officer of Hell." Its twin-brother is Indecision, which is the bane of many, and the danger of all. Thorough-going decision for Christ is the great necessity of the day. Full surrender to Him floods the soul with peace and joy, and gives power with God and man.

W. T. P. W.