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STARVED TO DEATH ON A BED OF GOLD.

WHEN I was a child, there used to come to our door a fine tall old man, carrying a basket of small things to sell. Mother used to give him a bit of food, and sometimes father would give him a little tobacco, and they would sit down and have a smoke, and talk about the days when they were young, and I used to listen to them.

There was something grand about this old man that quite fascinated me. I loved to hear father and him talk. I remember that he had ten sons and daughters (my mother's number of children), and they used to speak of their height, and size, and beauty, and how one sickened and died at one place, and another one somewhere else, and one enlisted for a soldier, and was killed in the battle of Waterloo, another one was killed in a coal-pit, and a fifth did something wrong, and was sent over the seas to Van Diemen's Land, how his daughters had turned out consumptives, and nearly all of them were dead and gone.

Then the poor old man would take the pipe out of his mouth, hold it in his hand, and fix his eyes upon the fire in a deep study as if he could see something there, and I could see great tears rolling down his haggard face, and to me the old man always looked so grand when he got to that part of the conversation. Then he spoke of his poor old wife, whom he had left ill that morning, lying on a stone.

On one occasion he brought word of her death, and how they had no candle that night. She died in the dark, but she talked beautifully to him about One that she could see. She had called out the name of "JESUS" many times that dark night. At last she only whispered His name, after which she was quiet, and he thought she had gone to sleep. When the light came in the morning he looked at her face. It was so pale, and to his surprise he could not wake her up—she had entered upon

HER LAST, LONG, DEEP SLEEP

—her spirit had gone to be with Christ until the RESURRECTION morning, when His shout, "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God" (1 Thess. iv. 16) shall wake up His sleeping saints to "*shine as the stars for ever and ever*" (Dan. xii. 3).

After a while the old man ceased coming round, and the news reached us that he had been found dead, lying on the hearthstone in the old Roman ruins by Shrewsbury. A coroner's inquest was held, and the jury found that he had died from starvation.

In the course of time, Her late Majesty's sappers and miners had orders to go to Shrewsbury to excavate the old Roman Encampment, and when they came to this part of it, and raised the big stone upon which the old man and his wife died, they found three large crocks of gold coins, one near where his feet had been, another where his head had been, and a third where the centre of his body had lain. There were only six inches between his starving person and the gold, which would have made him rich. He died for the want of a pennyworth of food upon a bed of gold.

And so, like that poor old man's case, many poor guilty sinners die and go to hell when there is not more than six inches between them and Christ. There were six inches of stone between the poor old man and the gold. Perhaps there are six inches of some fine named *religion* between you and Jesus, or six inches of *fashionable dress*. It may be six inches of *scholarly attainment*, or six inches of a *betting book*. Perhaps six inches of the *cursed drink*. It may be six inches of "*charming music*," or six inches of *novel reading*. I have never known a person yet, who reads *fiction* and *novels*, to be TRUE to the Lord Jesus and His "TRUTH." Whatever it is that intrudes between you and the Saviour, whether it be one inch or six, it will surely ruin and damn your soul, and how dreadful that will be.

When the disciple Thomas was brought face to face with the RISEN Saviour, and he saw the PRINT of the NAILS, and the WOUND in His side,

he said, "*My Lord and my God*" (John xx. 28). Sinner, let us join him, and say from our heart,

"MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

Oh! what a grand and glorious Person our Lord Jesus Christ must be for the eternal God to see in Him, and in His death, a something more than equal to all human beings and their need put together.

When you cash a sovereign into farthings, and you count out the 960th one, then the heap of farthings is equal to the sovereign. But when all "REDEEMED" and "BLOOD-WASHED" persons in heaven are counted, and placed in the one side of the balance, and the Son of God in the other, yet will He outweigh them all. "*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound*" (Rom. v. 20). What a Saviour! Will you not trust Him?

J. J.

FRAGMENT.

You and I do not like the wilderness; there are so many troubles, so much deep sand to get through, such pitfalls, and the hearts of people getting so tired. Oh! but it is with a God of resurrection you have to do, in a place where He lets you stay to give you the opportunity of learning what self is. It is not by taking the natural side, where sharp flints cut the feet, but by taking the side where God is, that pilgrims carry a happy heart all through the wilderness.

G. V. W.

THE RUSSIAN PREMIER'S DOOM.

FOR years, the Russian Premier, M. Stolypin, had expected that sooner or later he would fall by the hands of an assassin. The measures used by him in quelling the revolutionary movement in unhappy Russia were so stern that he was entered on the list of the Terrorists as "the first of the condemned."

Five years ago an attempt was made upon his life, but he escaped, though many others suffered. The next time—in September of last year—he was not so fortunate. The assassin's bullet laid him low, and, after lingering in agony for four long days,

M. STOLYPIN PASSED INTO ETERNITY.

We are not left to speculate as to the state of mind which characterized the doomed Premier during the last few years of his unhappy life. To a newspaper correspondent, shortly after the first attempt at assassination above referred to, he confided what was his daily custom.

He said: "Every morning when I awake and say my prayers, I look upon the day that has dawned as my last, and I make ready to discharge all my duties during that day with my gaze fixed on eternity. At night, when I re-enter my room, I say to myself, 'I have to thank God for one other day vouchsafed me.' . . . I sometimes feel that one day an assassin may be

successful. But there are not seven deaths, and I can die but once. In no way does this feeling influence me."

No one could envy such an existence, with death so imminent day by day, nor could any man, who looks into eternity, desire to possess the almost callous spirit of the Premier.

On the other hand, it behoves us all to take life far more seriously than we do at present. Who knows, as he wakes to consciousness in the early morning, if the sunset hour will find him in time or in eternity? Can any man lay his plans for four-and-twenty hours with the certainty that he will see them through? Well wrote the man of God, long years ago, "*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom*" (Ps. xc. 12).

The importance of this present life, so short in its duration, lies in the fact that

WE ARE ACCOUNTABLE

for all that we do in it, and that our eternal destiny is decided before its close. The reader of this paper is probably not living in daily dread of some assassin, but he will do well to order his life as though death might overtake him at any hour. No man can possibly be the worse for being prepared to die, and woe betide him, who is *not* ready when the summons comes. "*It is appointed unto men once to die*"—from that decree there is no escape—"but after this the JUDGMENT."

Wherein lies the horror of the "King of Terrors"? Not necessarily in the mere article of death, for thousands have faced death without a tremor. But let a man sit down soberly and *think*—let him face the stern fact that a reckoning day is certain as death itself, and he *must* fear.

None but a thoughtless braggart would refuse to listen to the conscience that insists upon a man's unfitness TO MEET GOD. M. Stolypin is beyond the reach of friend or foe; his assassin, as I write, waits his trial at the hands of men, but both must give account to GOD. And so must you and I unless another takes our place.

Herein lies our only hope, and all questions must give place to this, the most urgent of them all:

WHO IS COMPETENT TO MEET GOD FOR ME?

And the answer, quick as the gospel can declare it, is: No one but Christ. He alone could measure the holiness of God and the sinfulness of man, the claims of the Creditor and the poverty of the debtor.

He wrapped Omnipotence in weakness, Deity in humanity, and went forth to die. To DIE—because love and holiness, mercy and judgment all demanded death—for "*without shedding of blood is no remission.*"

The atonement was as much a necessity as it ever will be a mystery. The Saviour dies—dies for those who were sentenced to death, and who richly deserved the judgment that follows death.

What means His dying then to me? If I believe the gospel message it means everything. No longer am I in my sins, for He has borne them; no more is death a terror to me, or that once-dreaded "*after this the judgment.*" For the believer it is peace and happy boldness, for in death Christ bore the judgment, and in resurrection peace is preached.

"*Perfect love casteth out fear*" (John iv. 18), and my soul can think untremblingly of judgment. The storm has burst, the clouds have vanished, and the sky is clear right to the throne of God!

Believers can say, "*He 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*" (Rom. iv. 25, v. 1). What relief, what liberty, what holy boldness now are possessed by those who trust in Jesus!

DEATH BECOMES A FRIEND FOR LIFE,

for to the death of Christ we owe our all. Our life is hid with Christ in God, and is thus beyond the reach of death. The commonest duties have a new glory and a new responsibility. "*He died for all, that they which live*"—and only Christians live—"should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 15).

In the language of M. Stolypin: "Every morning . . . I look upon the day that has dawned as my last, and I make ready to discharge all my duties during the day with my gaze fixed on eternity," but

with this difference—without the dread that cast so dark a shadow over the Russian Premier's closing days—taking up the responsibilities of life, being still accountable as stewards to the One to whom we owe our all, we may look forward with joy to an eternity of companionship with Him.

W. B. W.

“WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?”

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, in giving the introductory address at the annual conference of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, last year, said they hoped to give an answer satisfactory, if not full, to the exceeding bitter cry, which went up from some 500,000 of their brothers and sisters, who asked, “*What must we do to be saved?*”

He referred to the sufferers from consumption. We all sympathize deeply with such. Modern methods have given more hope in that direction, it is true, but it is a terrible disease to have, and one can realise to some degree, what Sir William Osler calls,

“THE EXCEEDING BITTER CRY”

that goes up from such.

Yet, after all, if consumptives are cured, it is only at most the prolongation of life, and in the end, what raises the “exceeding bitter cry”—the fear of death

—again overtakes them, and death becomes inevitable.

Would that the cry were wrung, not only from the half-million consumptives in the United Kingdom and Ireland, but from every sinner in the world! Would that it were raised, not as to prolongation of life in this world, but as regards—*eternity!* Would that it were heard, not in regard to the body merely, but in respect of — *the soul!* For what are ten, twenty, forty, fifty years added to this life compared to the unending ages of eternity?

There is one thing certain. If any one of the readers of *The Gospel Messenger* asks this question, seriously and earnestly, "*What must I do to be saved?*" we have a divinely inspired answer.

Under the heading,

THE ONE THING LACKING,

Sir William Osler laments, "The world still lacked one thing in tuberculosis;

THEY LACKED A SPECIFIC."

Sad as that is, ten thousand times sadder, nay, intolerable, would it have been if God had not given us a clear distinct answer to the question of all questions, "*What must I do to be saved?*" In all reverence we can say,

GOD HAS GOT A SPECIFIC,

which has never once been known to fail. Sound it clearly and earnestly in the broad highways of life, sound it by the quietness of the dying bed, sound it in cultured hall and humble cottage, sound it in the

ears of professing Christians and professed atheists, sound it everywhere where sinful man is found, “*The blood of Jesus Christ, His [God’s] Son cleanseth us from all sin*” (1 John i. 7). Here is God’s glorious specific. Thank God for this; ten thousand times.

So the answer to the question, “*What must I do to be saved?*” is clearly given in Acts xvi. 31: “*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*” How simple! how easy!

But before the Lord Jesus Christ could be presented to the anxious sinner as the object of faith for salvation, what did it mean for Him? The veiling of His Godhead glory. The making Himself “a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death.” His lonely life on earth. His death in the shame and distance and darkness of Calvary’s cross. His lying in the borrowed tomb. It is through the death of the Lord Jesus Christ that blessing can come to the sinner. He has atoned for sin, He has completed atonement, He has

BURST THE BANDS OF DEATH,

He is risen from the dead, He is ascended up into glory, He is presented as the object of faith to the sinner.

Another doctor speaking at the conference said that one method of spreading consumption was by the use of the chalice in the communion service, and the reason he gave was that most people, who were well, did not go to church nowadays, but when they fell ill they did.

Alas ! I am afraid this testimony is too sadly true. *Indifference* is the great feature of the age. *Indifference* is doing deadly and soul-damning work. A man or woman in a state of indifference is never saved. Their indifference must give place to anxiety and concern before they will ask the question, "*What must I do to be saved ?*"

Reader, have you asked this great question seriously and earnestly? God grant, if you have not, that you may. Your weal or woe for eternity depends upon it. Be in earnest, I beseech you. "*Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation*" (2 Cor. vi. 2). A. J. P.

"THOU KNOWEST."

IN the beautiful Père la Chaise Cemetery in France there is to be seen the simple but striking inscription on a tombstone :—

"THOU KNOWEST."

The story connected with it is interesting in its pathos and mystery. A— was a famous beauty. At the early age of fourteen she had gained renown as a great singer. Her physical beauty, both of face and form, was almost unequalled. When she appeared on the stage in the early sixties it was commonly said, "All London flocked to hear her." Wealth rolled in upon her. She was married four times—to her first husband at the early age of

seventeen—and four times divorced. When she died she was not much over thirty years of age.

Her biographer writes: “Poor girl! little did I imagine as I saw her radiant in her youthful beauty that within three or four short years she would be lying dead in a foreign land.”

Yet it was so. She caught a chill while rehearsing in Paris, and died there in August 1868.

Had she been brought like the prodigal to feel her deep need? We know not, nor does her biographer throw any light on the subject. Had she in the quietness of her bed-chamber in her last great agony turned to God, and cried, “*God be merciful to me a sinner*”? Who can say?

“For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.”

This much we know, *by her own desire* this telling inscription was put on her tombstone. There it preaches its silent, significant sermon to all who read it. A shorter sermon could not be preached—only two words!—“THOU KNOWEST.” But they mean volumes. What a voice to infidel France!

If our Lord said, “*Remember Lot's wife,*” turned as she was into a pillar of salt as a standing witness of her idolatry and worldliness, and of God's righteous judgment on her, may it not be that God has a voice in the midst of the increasing darkness of France as multitudes pause and read the inscription upon that tombstone. Who can say? God makes His voice heard in ways undreamt of by us.

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

What a cast-out, heart-broken woman got comfort from, may comfort the most downcast and debased.

“THOU GOD SEEST ME,”

were words that put new life into Hagar when she was forlorn and desolate.

Reader, does the thought of God's knowledge of you make you happy or miserable? Does it fill you with joy, or with evil forebodings as you think of the future?

A man of like passions to ourselves said to God, *“O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me. . . . Thou hast beset me before and behind. . . . Whither shall I go from THY Spirit? or whither shall I flee from THY presence? If I ascend up into heaven, THOU art there: if I make my bed in hell,*

BEHOLD, THOU ART THERE.”

“GOD IS LOVE.” If so, why should men dread love? What makes anyone resent being loved by an Almighty Friend, Creator, Preserver, Upholder, and Benefactor? Why should we all not court the closest scrutiny and inspection of One who is Love? But the One who is Love is also Light.

“GOD IS LIGHT.”

But why dread light? Is it not most pleasant to the eye? Does it not cheer us when it dispels the darkness and the gloom? Why then do men dread the light of God shining upon them? Ah! that tells a tale, and a sad one!

MAN IS IN DARKNESS, AND LOVES IT,

He hates the light of God, which shone out in all its intense brightness in Christ Jesus, His well-beloved Son.

What has brought in the darkness, the moral darkness in which men are? I answer in one word,

SIN.

If God made man, He made him for Himself. He has the right to be obeyed whole-heartedly. Do men then yield that whole-hearted obedience to God, which is His rightful due? Reader, do you?

What remains for men when they prove themselves unrepentant rebels? Punishment!

WHAT KIND OF PUNISHMENT?

Listen most attentively and earnestly, “But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, INDIGNATION and WRATH, TRIBULATION and ANGUISH, *upon every soul of man that doeth evil*, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile” (Rom. ii. 8, 9).

That is the fixed and final verdict. No alternative of that law for any. Slight it men may, or grow indifferent or callous to its fearful import; but none can escape it.

Reader, do not risk it. It is too awful to do so. Do not take a fatal leap in the dark when the true light shines for all. Let the light of God through Christ shine into your soul. He shines in His love for YOU. You may be saved. “Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.”

FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

THE arrival of the Editor of *The Gospel Messenger* on Australian shores — the stirring gospel meetings held by him—the helpful fellowship with him—have brought back memories of days long past.

Then I was a boy in Scotland, led to attend evangelistic services conducted by him in Leith. It was a time of gracious revival. There were many moved to come under the sound of the gospel; better still, many were led to accept the truth as it is in Jesus.

Among these I was one. Forty-two years ago! and yet it appears like last year, so vivid at this moment is the memory of that blessed time with me.

My conversion is the great and memorable epoch of my life. Here I would narrate the story of how the Lord met me, with the prayer that God will be pleased to bless it to those who may read it.

When a very young child I was brought under deep convictions by the Spirit of God, through the singing of the hymn:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

I could not have been more than three years of age, yet I felt my sin and unworthiness as deeply the morning I heard that hymn sung as I did at any after-period. I told my mother of my desire to love Jesus.

Very earnestly she talked to me of the love of Christ. Yet at that time I did not receive the Saviour.

Shortly after this the house in which we lived took fire. I was in the midst of the flames when rescued by my mother. The fire was extinguished, my wounds were dressed, and I was put to bed again. On awaking next morning—it was Lord's Day morning—a hush was on all inside and outside the home. When the blind was drawn up I saw the ground covered with beautiful snow. Then the scene of the night came before me, and in that moment

THE SPIRIT OF GOD SPOKE TO MY HEART.

Saved from the devouring flames the night before, but I was not whiter than the snow, I was not saved for eternity. How I longed at that moment to call the Saviour mine. That time also passed without anything further than a deeper impression, which I carried into the days ahead of me.

Many a time have I gone into the wood, or leaped behind a hedge to pray. Seldom was the thought of the Saviour absent. On another occasion I heard the words explained, "*Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*" The thought came with mighty power, "You are not a member of that family." I felt it—anguish, such as I had never known, came upon me. The deep cry of my heart was for Christ. Mother spoke with me; Christian friends did so too, but my sin remained. I was out

in the darkness, driven by the enemy, and I did not know my way home to the forgiving love of God.

Thus days and years went past—no light, no life, no Christ within! I was blind and in the dark. There were moments, too, of carelessness, in which I was assailed by the most dreadful doubts—tempted to think that the Bible was a myth, that the Lord Jesus, if a Saviour, was not for me, God's heaven I would never enter, and that hell would be my portion, which I felt I richly deserved.

I was still in my boyhood when the Editor of *The Gospel Messenger* came to Leith, where I resided, and commenced his work there for the ingathering of souls. Prior to his coming there was no special interest in gospel services. There were those, however, who were praying—amongst whom was my mother—for

A VISITATION OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

Those prayers were answered by the Lord sending His servant to preach the gospel.

It was at one of the early meetings that I was laid hold of. That day I was never more careless. Mr C—— preached that evening. As soon as he ceased preaching my one desire was to get away without being spoken to. However, the preacher detained me. Then the Editor of *The Gospel Messenger* came along, and asked, "Would you like to become a Christian?"

I replied, "I would."

"Have you ever thought of the Lord?"

"Yes, for years."

"And you have never found Him?"

"No."

"Well, then, let us kneel down and tell the Lord all about it."

He did tell the Lord, in such a melting prayer, that my carelessness fled, and the one desire of my heart was to receive the Lord Jesus as my Saviour.

On rising from our knees, I was asked, "Will you receive the Lord Jesus?"

"Yes, I do receive the Lord Jesus," was my answer.

In that moment I felt that I could do no more; indeed, I saw that the Lord did not want me to do any more.

GOD'S SALVATION WAS FOR ME,

and I entered into possession of it then and there. I cannot say there was any deep joy at that time, such as many speak of. I just knew that I had done what the Lord wanted me to do, *i.e.*, receive Himself.

I went home with the hush of God upon my spirit. At once I told mother of my conversion. The joy that welled up in her heart illumined her face. Down on her knees she went; I knelt beside her, and the influence of that outpouring of soul remains with me to this hour. What love there was in the tone of her voice as she uttered the words, "Heavenly Father, Thou hast saved my boy! I thank Thee! I thank Thee!" Then, on rising from our knees, she

said to me: "Speak to the Lord more than you speak to anybody else, and read His Word more than you read any other book." Blessed advice, which I have found invaluable.

Ten days after my conversion the thought took possession of me, "You, a Christian? You are professing what you do not really possess." The idea of being a hypocrite filled my soul with the blackness of darkness; my brain well-nigh reeled; waves of anguish rolled over my heart. On the evening of that day there was a gospel service, and after it was over the preacher came to me, and on learning my condition, asked the question, "Does the devil ever tell the truth?"

"No," I replied.

The darkness fled, for I saw that the devil never told me before my conversion that I was not a Christian. Had he done so he would have been speaking the truth, but seeing that he told me what he did, I took it as

A CLEAR PROOF

that I was a Christian.

From that day till the present the devil has never been able to hook me with that doubt. Bless the Lord, forty-two years have passed away since then, and I have never doubted the glorious fact that Christ has redeemed me with His own precious blood.

As I look back I must confess that I feel ashamed of my unbelief, but I am not ashamed that the Lord

has saved me. I am ashamed of the weakness of my faith, and I wish it were stronger; but I am not ashamed that the Lord has given me a place in the kingdom of grace, and that before long He will have me in His heaven, when I shall give Him perfect love and service.

J. H. M.

REAPING IN JOY.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”—Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

GOD loves to encourage His servants. What divine stimulus the above precious verses afford. Their object is twofold. To stir the hearts of the Lord's saints and servants to a suited *moral state*—weeping and tears. Then to produce *movement*—the constant momentary work of a sower. The result is certain; *reaping* in joy, and *returning* laden with sheaves. That there is a grand “Harvest Home” ahead of Christ's diligent labourers is abundantly certain, for “God is faithful.”

The perusal of the article preceding this—“*Forty-Two Years Ago*”—has brought this scripture vividly to my mind, and the illustrations I have had since landing in Australia, on the 13th March last, I shall briefly narrate, to cheer my dear fellow-labourers in the gospel, whether they be fervent prayers, public preachers, or earnest tract-distributors, who silently sow the good seed of the Word of God.

In 1868-69 three aged widows, living in Leith, for over a year met daily at one or other of their homes, to cry to God to bless the unsaved in that town, and to send some servant of His to preach a simple gospel in their midst.

I was quite ignorant of this little praying band—whose cries God heard and meant to answer—but early in 1869 the Lord greatly laid Leith upon my mind. Like Peter, “God made choice among us, that the Gentiles [in this case, the inhabitants of Leith] by my mouth should hear the word of the gospel, and believe” (Acts xv. 7).

Securing St Andrew’s Hall, in what was then a rather slummy neighbourhood, I began in April week-night addresses on the Lord’s Second Coming. The third night the Spirit of God wrought very visibly, and eight souls confessed Christ as their Saviour. A most blessed revival followed, necessitating the meetings being carried on in the large Assembly Hall, and by August I had the names and addresses of over two hundred persons, who averred that the Lord had saved them, and were rejoicing in His love.

The centre of this work was the locality where the three praying widows lived. Numbers of their neighbours were converted, though the wave of blessing rolled to every quarter of the town. Never in fifty years of gospel preaching have I seen the like. These facts may well encourage prayerful believers to unite in crying to God for their own localities. Believing prayer He will always answer.

Within a few weeks of landing at Melbourne, I was asked to take tea with a gentleman living in the outskirts, who told me that, when a lad of twelve, he had been saved at these Leith meetings. At tea we were joined by Mr M——, the writer of "*Forty-Two Years Ago*." Very soon after his conversion he devoted himself to the work of the Lord, and for over thirty years has been preaching the gospel in Australia, and been the means, in God's hands, of leading numbers to Christ. What a joy this was to me, I need not say, nor was it lessened by the contents of a letter for me, which I noticed lying on the mantelpiece, with the Bendigo post-mark thereon. It ran thus:—

BENDIGO, 19th April 1911.

DEAR DR WOLSTON,—In a letter which I received to-day from Mr M——, he informs me that you are at present in Melbourne, and although, I believe, I am quite a stranger to you, I feel that I must send you a line to welcome you to Australia, and to tell you that you were the means, under God, of leading me to the knowledge of Jesus Christ as my Saviour.

I was in the Assembly Hall, Leith, on Sunday evening, 30th May 1869, when you were speaking. During the course of your address you made use of the expression—"*Take God at His word!*" and there and then my heart responded. I was too shy to speak to you—I was under thirteen years of age—but I date my conversion from that moment, and thank God, that through the forty-two years which have elapsed since, I have been able to rejoice in the assurance that He not only saves but keeps.

I came to Australia with Mr M—— in 1877, and have endeavoured, as the Lord has given me opportunity, to pass on the glorious message of salvation.

You may possibly remember my brother, Charles D——, who was converted about the same time. He died at Leith two years ago.

I am sorry I am unable to visit Melbourne at present.

It would be a great joy to look into your face once more. Trusting that you will enjoy your visit to Australia, and that you may yet be long spared to preach the glorious gospel of God's grace.—I am, yours very sincerely,

ALEX. M. D——.

To thus meet two converts of forty-two years ago, and hear of two others of the same date, was cheering indeed. To the blessed Lord be all the glory.

Within a few days of this, further cheering news came to me. My kind hostess in Melbourne, who had herself been converted to the Lord in Edinburgh in 1874 when I was speaking in the Artillery Hall, said to me, "I met a woman to-day, Doctor, who says she was converted through you in Edinburgh over twenty years ago." Calling to see the person alluded to, I found a bright, happy gardener's wife, who told me with joy how God saved her in Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, over twenty years ago.

An evening or two after this I was about to begin a gospel meeting in Arcade Hall, Prahran, when a lady accosted me with the query, "Are you Dr Wolston?" Replying in the affirmative, she continued, "But are you the Dr Wolston who writes little gospel books?" Pleading guilty, she opened her hand-bag, and diving to the bottom, brought out a little book, and said, "Thirty-seven years ago I

was brought to God through this book." Its title was, "*God says I am saved*"—the first bit of gospel I ever wrote, and that which the Lord has graciously allowed me to hear He has blessed to hundreds of anxious souls.

Miss G—— thereupon went on to tell me that passing the hall door she saw my name on a placard, and came in to see if I were the writer of the tract. Great was her joy and not less mine. She afterwards told me somewhat of her life, which had mainly been spent in various parts of India in missionary work amongst low caste natives, with much blessing to their dark souls. The unknown person, who gave her the little book, will have his or her joy in the day of Christ, when the fruit of the service is manifested. Tract distributors may well be stimulated to widely scatter the printed gospel.

A fortnight after this occurrence I was preaching in the Collingwood Town Hall. At the close of the meeting a plain working man accosted me with, "So you're frae Scotland?" "Yes, from Edinburgh." "I'm frae Glesca' mysel', but my missus was converted through you in Edinburgh; she shall come round herself to-morrow night, and tell you all about it." This Mrs S—— did. Very bright and happy was she as she told her tale. "It's thirteen years ago. I was walking down George Street, Edinburgh, one Sunday night with a girl friend, just sauntering aimlessly. We saw a placard announcing a gospel meeting, outside Freemasons' Hall, and we went in. God spoke to me that night. I was con-

verted in my seat. I found Jesus as my Saviour that night. He forgave me my sins and saved me, then and there, and I've been happy ever since. I did not speak to you that night, but I'm real glad to meet you out here, and tell you how God blessed and saved me then." Her beaming face gave true witness of the joy of the Lord that filled her heart.

Thus within a few weeks I came across eight souls, blessed in the old country by word of mouth or stroke of pen long years before. How gracious of God thus to encourage us, at a time too when there was a good deal in Australia's spiritual state the reverse of encouraging. But my tale is not yet finished.

In August of last year we were led to Brisbane, in Queensland, where the Lord opened the door for the gospel, and a month's preaching there resulted in a good few souls being turned to the Lord. During that month I came across four young people, all converted to the Lord at Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, seven to ten years ago.

At one of the last meetings I observed a middle-aged Presbyterian minister, whose bright, happy face and earnest interest in the Word quite attracted my notice. At the close of the meeting Mr T—— came up to me and said, "You don't know me, but I know you. Seventeen years ago I was taken to Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, to hear you preach. Your subject was, 'The Prodigal Son' (Luke xv.). That night, where I sat, I was converted to God, praise His name!"

“Did you speak with me that night?” I said.

“No, I left the hall without telling you, but I am very glad to do so now. That night’s address changed my whole life. I felt I must devote myself to Christ and His work, so I entered the ministry, and for many years I have been out here preaching Christ, with cheer and success I am thankful to say.”

It was a real joy to meet this dear convert, of whom I later heard a very good record, as a devoted servant of the Lord and a real soul-winner. He was the thirteenth link in the chain of results of the gospel preached in Scotland, and the fruit found, 13,000 miles away, in Australia.

Gospel preachers, go on with your sowing. The reaping time will come. Our blessed Master does not always permit us to see the fruit of our labours on the spot. How good is it to find it, “after many days,” as I have done here, and so will you, dear fellow-labourer, if not here, then surely in “that day.” To all such would I say, “*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, 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, are you converted yet? It is high time that you were. Do not delay in coming to Jesus, if you are yet unsaved. Trust Him simply, and He will save you now. True and blessed are His words—“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37).

“ MESSENGERS.”

ANOTHER year is gone !

Another season past !

And time's fleet messengers are hastening on,
Each swifter than the last.

And as he bears us on his bosom wide,

We near the heavenly shore,

The soul's sure haven—whatsoe'er betide—

When time shall be no more.

Another year, farewell !

Life's fountain floweth still ;

And God's glad messengers the tidings tell

To “ whosoever will.”

But if thou tarry, oh ! thou Christless soul,

Till grace no more forbear ;

Then o'er thy head death's waters dark shall roll—

The sinner's doom beware !

Another year is o'er !

The glory gleameth bright !

And blood-bought messengers have gone before,

To dwell with Christ in light.

Then up and onward ! till the daylight dawn,

And earth's dark shadows flee ;

And glory ushers in the fadeless morn

Of God's Eternity.

“GOD SAYS YOU ARE LOST!”

THE man of whom I write was a coarse, blaspheming, intolerant sceptic. His occupation was that of a travelling showman. But lack of success brought him at last to the verge of destitution, and landed him in a common lodging-house in London.

Somewhat to his surprise, he found that this lodging-house was visited each Sunday evening by some Christian men, who preached the gospel to all who would listen.

At first our friend was

INCLINED TO RESENT THIS AS AN OUTRAGE.

To think that a “religious service,” as he called it, should be tolerated in the place where *he* chose to stay! He sat, however, and listened.

One evening the preachers laid stress on the fact that men are *lost*, and that it was *lost* sinners that the Son of man came to seek and to save. Luke xix. 10, which distinctly affirms this, was quoted.

At the close, a question was addressed to the sceptic concerning his soul. He immediately began to ventilate his infidel notions, and poured forth a torrent of blasphemous abuse.

The preacher turned from him in pained silence. As he stood near the doorway, a man came up and said loudly: “God says you are lost!”

Remembering what had been said in the address,

he became terribly angry, imagining himself to have been insulted. He determined that he would knock the speaker down when he came out.

While waiting, with this purpose in his mind, the words kept ringing in his ears: "*God says you are lost!*"

All that night as he lay sleepless upon his hard bed, and all the following day, these five words haunted him. The misery of a convicted sinner was now his.

At length, after three days, the scripture quoted so many times by the preacher came back to his memory: "*The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" These gracious words brought peace to his wretched soul. If he was lost, he was one whom the Saviour came to seek.

THERE WAS SALVATION FOR HIM.

In this way, wonderful in its simplicity, the erstwhile blasphemer became a child of God.

It is not surprising that anyone should feel indignant when told for the first time that he is *lost*. But the Word of God declares this to be so. We read on one page of holy writ of "*them that are saved,*" and "*them that are lost*" (2 Cor. ii. 15, iv. 3). Lost—not of course in the sense of being beyond the reach of mercy, but in the sense of being utterly unable to save themselves in the smallest degree.

Many, it is to be feared, shut the door of salvation in their own faces by refusing to admit that they are lost.

A woman, some years ago, attended a gospel

meeting, accompanied by her little girl. In the crush by the door the child got separated from her mother. In her distress, the poor woman searched in all directions, and at length sent a message to the preacher asking him to call out her child's name. He at once announced: "Mary Moore is lost. If she is here, will she please rise. Mary Moore, your mother is anxious to find you."

No one rose. Apparently the child was not there. The mother, now almost frantic with anxiety, got the bell-ringer to go round the streets, crying, "Lost! lost! Mary Moore is lost!"

The meeting ended, and the crowd began to dissolve. Then little Mary Moore was discovered sitting upon the front seat.

"Why did you not stand up when your name was called?" they asked.

"*Because I wasn't lost,*" replied the little lassie. She had heard the announcement, but imagined that some other Mary Moore was lost.

Do you see the point? When we ask them, people often say, "No, I am not lost." And consequently they are not anxious to receive

GOD'S GREAT GIFT OF SALVATION.

Reader, are *you* willing to confess yourself a *lost* sinner? Paradox though it may appear, it is nevertheless true that the first step to being *saved* is to discover and acknowledge that one is *lost*.

May we urge you as a sinner confessedly *lost* to turn in confidence to the Saviour, who came seeking such in order that He might *save* them. H. P. B.

"RESERVED UNTO FIRE."

I WITNESSED last night a fire; nothing very serious perhaps, only the destruction of a four-storey building, and of much contained therein, but of no lives.

I have seen far greater fires, and been thrilled by many an "alarm of fire." These are common things; but as I watched the progress of last night's fire, and saw the cruel power of these elements when beyond control, I confess to certain serious reflections.

Someone standing beside me made the remark, as we saw the gradual progress of the flames, and the sore destruction, which followed: "You see

A PICTURE OF MAN'S WORLD
in this work of devastation."

Very true words, thought I. Here is a large house, strongly and compactly built, and containing a large assortment of perishable goods, attacked by an instrument of unrelenting destruction, and bound to yield since adequate relief was unobtainable.

Fire, thought I—fire is the predicted end of man's busy world. It was once water, and bad enough; but next time it is to be fire!

What more awful than fire?

What an end!

I am not speaking of the "fire that shall never be put out," or its dreaded "Lake," nor of the smoke of a torment that shall ascend for ever and ever, or its eternal punishment; but I refer to the end of this

little planet on which we live to-day. It is, mark, "*reserved unto fire*," when "the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (Please read attentively 2 Pet. iii. 7-10).

Such is the predicted doom of this great but very small world; and the prediction will be literally fulfilled. God has declared it.

Now, I don't wish to take your attention from that fiery doom. I desire to

FIX IT IN YOUR MEMORY INDELIBLY.

You may say that it will not occur in your day, and that therefore you may go on with your busy life, and take your chance for the future. After you the heavens may fall for all that you care.

Very well, but you have your own future to face—your own death, your own judgment, and your own eternity. You personally have to meet the God against whom you have sinned, and to give account to Him. You cannot escape this!

How awful to meet Him in judgment when there shall be no possibility of remission. How well to meet Him now in grace when pardon is so free and salvation so suitable.

But apart from your own case, there is that of the world beside, and I want you, my reader, to contemplate the predetermined end of the world. It shall be by fire.

A variety of events will happen ere the end is reached. The Lord will come to take all His own to be for ever with Himself in the Father's house. A

course of judgments on earth will prepare His millennial reign. A thousand years of absolute and perfect monarchy shall dissipate all rebellion and anarchy against His sceptre; this gives place to a brief outburst of Satanic energy, then the judgment of the Great White Throne, and the End. A new heaven and a new earth shall follow, and therein righteousness shall dwell; but

THE END OF THE OLD WORLD

shall be by fire.

The prospect is serious. Would that men would awaken from their mad dream of an earthly Elysium—a “will-o’-the-wisp,” and view things as they should be viewed. Thank God, some do so; some took warning before the flood of waters, and some pay heed to the judgment by fire, and wise they are.

Look at these hills and dales. They are “reserved unto fire.”

Look at these fields and forests. They are “reserved unto fire.”

Look at these cities and plains. They are “reserved unto fire.”

Look at these deserts and oceans. They are “reserved unto fire.”

Look at the heavens and earth which now are. They are “reserved unto fire.” Fire! fire!! fire!!!

No waste of water will suffice to extinguish that fire. The hand of God will light the torch which shall consume the world for its wickedness.

Oh, earth, earth, what a day of terror lies before thee—the day of God!

J. W. S.

TWO WAYS.

WITHIN fifty miles of London, not long ago, two men might have been seen conversing together. One was setting before his friend the way of life. Earnestly and lovingly he pressed his companion to receive God's gift of eternal life, and turn to Jesus, "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." He listened carelessly, turned on his heel, and, as he bade his friend farewell, exclaimed, "*You go your way; I will go mine.*" He had chosen his way, rejected the offer of mercy, and continued his journey along the *way of death*. What his thoughts were as to turning another day, I know not; what his resolutions for the future, none living can tell.

That same week he took the train for London, spent some hours there, and returned by the last train at night. His home was at a wayside village, and the nearest station was M—— in Surrey. On his way from London, he slept so soundly that he did not awake when the train stopped at M—— station. The signal was given, steam turned on, and the ponderous train began to draw out of the station, when a sudden jerk aroused the sleeper, and he discovered that the train was moving away from the place at which he intended to alight. He jumped up, rushed to the door, leaped out, was caught by the wheels, and instantly crushed to death.

But what of his soul? "*You go your way; I will*

go mine," was his response to the last offer of mercy he is known to have had. Think of it, reader—awakened from sleep, and hurried in a moment into eternity.

Sooner or later you also must pass into eternity. We seek to awake you to the solemnity and importance of decision for Christ *now*.

In contrast to the case of the young man, whose sad end speaks so solemnly to us, is that of another young man, who also fell asleep whilst travelling one night from London.

A fellow-passenger, fearing he might go beyond his destination, aroused him from sleep, and then used the occasion to speak to him about the salvation of his soul. Finding he was unsaved, he warned him of the peril of being quietly lulled to unconcern and indifference about such an urgent matter.

He listened, his eyes were opened to see his peril, and with deep and earnest anxiety turned to the Saviour, and experienced the blessedness of passing from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. His feet trod "the way of life" for the first time.

Ever since, in speaking of that memorable journey, he says, "I was awakened out of 'two sleeps' that night."

Friend, which of these two young men is a picture of yourself? Which path are you in? What road are you travelling; the "Way of Death," or the "Way of Life"? Shall this warning find you still treading the downward way to destruction? H. N.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THESE are days of extensive advertising. Vendors vie with each other in placing their wares before the public in the most enticing form possible. The advertising headings are often adorned by veritable works of art. To turn over the advertisement pages of a high-class magazine is both entertaining and informing.

But occasionally in the middle of what is attractive and pleasant, we come across a stray advertisement, which raises a very different line of thought. All would combine in having it removed, *if it were possible*. And yet, if the lesson to be learned from such were received, it would be well. The majority of people rush on, careless and unconcerned, and pay no heed to the warnings placed in their path.

For instance read this advertisement :

1. *Funerals to suit all classes.*
2. *Coffins of all sizes kept in stock.*
3. *Coffin-makers wanted—constant employment.*

Death is an unpleasant subject, yet it is one that must be faced. It forces itself directly and indirectly upon the attention of everyone.

Why not face the question? The advertisement proves three things,

1. *That Death comes to all alike.*
2. *That Death comes at any age.*
3. *That Death is busy all the time.*

In short, this advertisement warns you that death is going to visit YOU, and that you know not when the visit may take place.

That being the case, are you prepared? You would find it hard, if not impossible, to find anyone possessed of his senses, who does not know that life's journey must be sooner or later ended, and that death might occur very unexpectedly. No one can be sure in the morning that he will live to see the evening. And yet there are multitudes who make no preparation for such an event. What blindness! What folly! Are you guilty of such folly?

I would entreat you with all the energy of soul I possess,

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

Meet Him you must, but how?

A. J. P.

A SIMPLE QUESTION AND A HAPPY RESULT.

IT was in the early part of 1901 that it was laid upon the hearts of some of the Lord's people to hold some special gospel meetings in the West End of London. Many met together for prayer that the Lord would bless the occasion. An invitation was sent to almost every house in the district, and gospel books were enclosed in each envelope.

The following narrative may encourage those who are sowing “the seed beside all waters.” At one of

these special meetings some six to seven hundred listeners were gathered together, and the Lord pressed home the word. It was in the after-meeting when we were speaking to one and another that the following incident, detailed in the words of the lady, who was converted, occurred. I received the letter lately, and thought I would send it on for the encouragement of those who use the seed basket. Do not let us relax, for the enemy is busy, and our time of rest will soon be here.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just received the calendar. My heart warms up when I think of that night in the Portman Rooms when someone came behind me, and inquired, ‘*Are you saved?*’ I felt very vexed, and did not answer. In a minute the question was repeated again, ‘*Are you saved?*’ I did not want to answer, but I thought it would be rude not to do so, so I said, ‘*I think not.*’

“The next thing the servant of the Lord asked me was, ‘*Will you come to the Lord Jesus?*’ No answer. ‘*Will you come to the Lord Jesus?*’ No answer. Then he said, ‘*We are very plain people here, and we use great plainness of speech. Will you come to the Lord Jesus?*’

“I began to melt, and said, ‘*I will try,*’ but then in such a pained voice Mr —— said, ‘Oh! you must not say, I will try; that is no good at all; you must *trust*. Will you trust?’ I was conquered with that word, for somehow I could not quite realise what ‘faith’ meant, which I had always heard preached, but I then felt ‘faith’ simply meant ‘*trust,*’ simply to trust in Jesus, and I came to Him just as I was, without one plea, but that His blood was shed for me, and that He bade me come to Him, and He gave me His grace and

strength and so I am saved, and it seemed as if there was no earth under me all my way home, but that I had wings.

“How I love that story of Philip and the eunuch, and how exactly I know how he felt when he came up out of the water, and went on his way rejoicing, for that is how I felt that night, and I owe it all to Him, and how He has watched over me ever since, and how good He has been to me, lending me a helping hand just when I needed it, and bringing back so vividly to my remembrance that night when I resented being asked if I was saved, but now I am quite, quite, quite happy, for God and His love keep me steadfast in the faith, and I know He has loved me, and will never let me go.

“Now this is all about self, but it is about the *new self*, a self He has been the means of changing me into, so I know you will sympathize with and think gently of this grateful convert. How gentle is the Shepherd; not only does He seek lovingly, but when He has found His sheep He layeth it upon His shoulders, carrying it home. — Yours truly,
“_____.”

In the above incident we see how beautifully the Lord carries those whom He saves, and shelters those whom He loves. If you have not yet come to Christ, let this incident encourage you to decide in as short a time as our friend, for His word is, “*Come now,*” and “*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*”

Time is quickly passing away, eternity is coming, and our time for service drawing to its close. Jesus is waiting to welcome every sin-burdened, weary sinner, and, oh! how glad all become who come to Him, exchanging a heavy burden of sin for a light heart of joy. Reader, will you not do this? A. E. W.

THE PICTURE SHOP.

WALKING along the streets of London one may frequently 'come across a picture-dealer and frame-maker's shop with an old family portrait in the window. The portrait is there to attract attention. It has been half-cleaned, and the remaining half has been left with the dirt of ages upon it. The dealer places the picture in the window as an advertisement. He desires passers-by to understand that he undertakes to clean and partially restore old oil paintings that have become disfigured by long exposure to dust and neglect. It is even possible that he may profess to make old paintings as good as new. Some do make this claim. A real artist would not allow the claim. He would acknowledge that much dirt might be removed from the picture, and that it might present a comparatively clean appearance, but he would assert that the master's touch had been impaired, and some of the beauty of the original colour gone. He would not agree that any but the master's hand could make it as good as new.

Strange to say there are all sorts of persons, who pretend they can make themselves and others clean from the guilt and stain of sin. Sin is defiling, and disfiguring too, but men think a little amendment of life and conduct will make them all right and fit for heaven. Few are willing honestly to acknowledge themselves sinners. They do not believe God's

description of all mankind, without exception, as He sees them apart from the Lord Jesus. They do not credit the statement that "*the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?*" (Jer. xvii. 9). They do not believe that God has looked down upon them and upon all their fellows, and that He has pronounced them spiritually "filthy" (see Ps. xiv. 3). They do not believe the faithful photograph of every unconverted person as set forth in Isaiah i. 5, 6. Hence they attempt to do what God declares is impossible—they strive to wash themselves white (see Jer. ii. 22 and xiii. 23).

It is acknowledged that thieves and drunkards and such like persons need converting, but the "respectable" and "well-to-do," who could have the rudeness to say they need converting? Well, the Lord Jesus said it, and He knew. "*Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*" (Matt. xviii. 3).

To be "converted" is to be turned or changed, and most sure it is that we all need to be turned from our wrong way of looking at ourselves. We must have our opinions about ourselves changed. We must have a simple child-like faith that believes God's Word, and therefore searches in His Word to learn the truth about ourselves.

Once let us truly believe God's Word and we shall submit to His description of us, and more than this, we shall turn to Him and cry to Him in prayer to cleanse us in the one and only way whereby it can be accomplished, The Lord Jesus

really came to save sinners. "All have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23), but only a few acknowledge it. Those who refuse to acknowledge the truth reject the Lord Jesus, and this is a terrible sin to be guilty of. The Lord Jesus bare the wrath of God against sin, and because death is the consequence of sin,—He died. He made atonement for man's breach of the law. He bare the sins of every believer in His own body on the tree, and before He died He cried, "*It is finished.*" All this He did that He might save sinners, that "*whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*" (John iii. 16). Cease trying to whitewash or cleanse yourself. You cannot do it. Faith in the Lord Jesus is what is required.

If we see that—however uprightly we may have lived before men—we are sinners in God's sight, because the least deviation from His holy law is sin, then we are bidden to confess our true state to Him, to pray God to "*take away all iniquity and receive us graciously*" (Hos. xiv. 2), and He will do it, for "*the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin*" (1 John i. 7).

"'Come!' for angel hosts are musing
 O'er this sight so strangely sad:
 God 'beseeching'—man refusing
 To be made for ever glad!
 From the world and its delusion
 Now our voices rise as one;
 While we shout *God's invitation,*
 Heaven itself re-echoes *Come!*"

CONVERSION OVER THE TELEPHONE.

IT is now twenty-seven years ago that the telephone was a new appliance on the railways. At that time my mate and I were both signalmen, working in cabins a little distance apart from each other.

I was not well acquainted with my mate, only that I knew him to be an ungodly young fellow. I had, however, through the grace of God, known the Lord Jesus as

MY PERSONAL SAVIOUR FOR MANY YEARS,

so that our paths lay apart.

Just at this time the railway company we worked for adopted the telephone system, thus connecting all the signal cabins, and this of course brought us all into close contact with each other. We were not long in learning each other's thoughts and ways, as the telephone, being novel, was a great attraction, and led to our using every spare moment in conversing with each other. At that time there was no bye-law forbidding the telephone to be used in this way, as there is now.

There were about ten cabins on our circuit, and we began to hear voices, and speak to men whom we had never seen. It would occupy too much space to narrate all that God wrought amongst the railwaymen at this season of revival, so mightily did the Spirit of God work in souls.

But in passing I record with gratitude how that on one turn or watch there were eight saved men on duty at once, although only a few weeks before there was only one in ten. How my heart bounds with thankfulness and praise to God when I think of those times when swearing, quarrellings, song-singing and the like were all stopped, and a sweet sense of peace on earth and goodwill to man prevailed.

But I must return to my mate. The telephone being put into our cabins brought us into close touch with each other, and through our many conversations we soon learnt each other's character, and likes and dislikes.

Thus a new door of usefulness was opened, and it became

A SUBJECT OF PRAYER

that God would bless the conversations that might take place over the telephone. Many short messages passed between us, many a pleading to turn to the Saviour, many a verse of a hymn sung.

The cabins where my mate and I worked were both busy ones. On one occasion we were both on the night turn. The trains were late, and this gave us a little breathing space, and I seized the opportunity of these few minutes' lull in the work to speak more personally to my mate, and to my joy I could hear by his altered tone of voice that he was at last really concerned about his soul's eternal interest. I spoke to him of the work of Christ, and begged him to yield at once to Jesus.

"What!" said he, "here in the cabin?"

"Yes," said I, "now God is speaking to you, and now is your acceptable time."

"But I do not know how to pray, or what to do! What must I do?"

"Just get on your knees there beside your locker, and speak to God just as you are speaking to me. Tell Him how sinful and wretched you are, and beg for His grace and forgiveness through the blood of Jesus."

I heard the tube put on the fork, and I felt sure my mate was on his knees. I fell on my knees, and prayed for his salvation. In a little while he called me up again, and in a glad voice said, "'Tis done, Richard! Ah! how different I feel now,

THE BURDEN IS GONE, JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR."

There in that signal box at the midnight hour twenty-seven years ago my mate sought and found Jesus as his personal Saviour.

How swiftly the rest of the night passed, and how easy our work seemed. The sweet sense of the grace of God seemed to smooth the movements of the traffic, and although after the lull came extra pressure, yet we easily got through all our night's traffic without a hitch. On the following Lord's Day he went to a hall where the gospel was preached, and heard words, which the Spirit of God used to strengthen his faith, and give him the joy of salvation.

And now you may ask if my mate has been

enabled to stand firm. Yes, thank God, having obtained help of Him, he has continued until this day, enjoying the communion of saints, and as opportunity offers, testifying to the gospel of the grace of God.

Just a few weeks ago we spent a Lord's Day together in a neighbouring town. In the evening we shared the privilege of holding forth the Word of Life, and in the course of his address he gave the account of his conversion, just as I have told it here, and adding, "The Lord has saved; the Lord has kept; and, blessed be His name, He is still with us."

May the Lord graciously use this little narrative to encourage some soul to do likewise, that is, to turn to God in repentance, and to the Lord Jesus Christ in faith.

R. P.

FRAGMENT.

It can never be true that we are crucified to the world unless the heart is in constant communion with the cross of Christ, with Christ crucified. The cross comes in, in everything, as a matter of daily experience. How can one meet difficulties with a word, and be kept in perfect quietness? Only by the cross. We must learn to be able to carry the cross, saying of everything that is evil, "I have nothing to do with that, because my Lord was crucified on account of it."

G. V. W.

SALVATION IN THREE ASPECTS.

(A Word to Believers.)

IF a man is in the water perishing, he is not in the life-boat. If he has been rescued from perishing, and is safe in the life-boat, he is not in the water perishing.

So before God there are but two classes—saved or lost; they are either in Christ or out of Christ, in their sins with God's fearful judgment awaiting them, or out of their sins through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

If men by nature are not lost, they need no one to save them. The mission of the Son of God has been a huge mistake, if man in his lost estate needs not a Saviour. Who, but one consumed with self-righteousness, would dare to take such ground?

Our Lord's own words are most emphatic on this point: "*The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" The very name given to Him at His birth foretold His soul-saving work: "*Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins*" (Matt. i. 21).

Salvation may be looked at in three different aspects:—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

PAST SALVATION

relates to the penal consequences of our sins. A dreadful penalty is attached to every wrong we commit. To sin is a serious thing. All sin is against

the moral government of God, and it affects ourselves, and injures others.

Had a Saviour not come, the consequences to us must have been eternal punishment. We must have perished in our sins.

To save ourselves from sin's guilt and penalty is impossible. As well might a single man try to harness Niagara, or cross a river on a rope of sand.

That the Holy Son of God might save us from sin and its eternal consequences, *He must become a sufferer*. He must die and bear the penalty. Sin's guilt must be expiated and put away.

This could not be done by the holiness of His life. That life is a noble example, but does not and could not save us from the guilt or penal desert of sin.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

Such penalty is righteously put on sin. Death—spiritual death, physical death, and death eternal.

“*Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures*” (1 Cor. xv. 3), says the Holy Ghost through Paul. “*Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust*” (1 Pet. iii. 18), witnesses the same Spirit through Peter. He is “*the propitiation for our sins*” (1 John iv. 10), is the same Spirit's testimony through John. Need we any further witness?

The death of Christ for our sins means that He in His rich grace became our Substitute, and therefore bore the penalty of our sins in His own body on the tree. “*Who His own self bare our sins in His own*

body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). When the glorious news of such grace is received and believed, the burden of our sins is gone.

"Conscience now no more condemns me,
For His own most precious blood,
Once for all has washed and cleansed me,
Cleansed me in the eyes of God."

The only daughter of a wealthy gentleman lay dying. She was handsome and highly cultured. On her dying bed she was

TERRIBLY DISTRESSED ABOUT HER SOUL

As she looked back on her past worldly life and forward to the judgment bar of God, the greatest alarm seized hold upon her.

Death from consumption was inevitable, *meet God she must*. She had lived to herself and the world, and had forgotten God. "The God in whose hand thy breath is hast thou not glorified," was as true of her as of Belshazzar of old. It is a most serious charge, because that to glorify God is man's chief end.

In her deep misery she sent for her clergyman, who administered the sacrament to her. But this did not relieve her mind, or dispel her misery. In her distress she raised herself up in bed, and said to the clergyman, "*Is that all?*"

"Yes," he answered, "*that is all that I can do for you.*"

"*But I am dying,*" she exclaimed, "*and I am afraid to meet God. Is there nothing I have got to do whereby I can obtain peace with God?*"

“Nothing more is required of you ; you have been a sincere worshipper in the church, and lived a good moral life, and nothing else does God require.”

She replied, “ *But*

ALL THAT DOES NOT MAKE ME HAPPY ;

I am miserable.”

As the clergyman left the bedside of the young lady, those were the last words that fell upon his ears.

Her father and mother, and the young gentleman to whom she was engaged, were all asked in turn if they could tell her anything she had got to do whereby she could obtain peace with God. All answered in the negative.

The maid, who waited upon her, told her of a Christian, who was preaching in a barn near to where she lived, and suggested the possibility of his being able to help her out of her difficulty. Her kind, indulgent father willingly sent for this gentleman at her request.

As this unknown stranger entered her bedroom, she sat up in her bed, and fixed her dying, despairing eyes upon him, and said, “ *Can you tell me anything I have got to do whereby I can obtain peace with God ?* ”

He answered promptly, “ *No, madam, I cannot.* ”

As these words dropped into her ears, she fell back again on her bed in the helplessness of despair.

After waiting for a little time, he spoke again

to her : “ *But, madam, I can tell you of something that has been done whereby you can obtain peace with God.*”

The glad news revived hope in her heart. Her despairing eyes rekindled with fresh vigour as she looked at the Heaven-sent evangelist with all the desperate eagerness of one, who felt she needed a Saviour.

He had no fresh revelation to make. He simply told her that Christ had died to make atonement for sin, and was raised again, because He had finished the work to God's satisfaction, and that peace had been made on the cross, and that “ *all that believe are justified from all things* ” (Acts xiii. 39).

“ *And is that all ?* ” she exclaimed, as the light of a Saviour's grace broke in upon her distracted mind. Peace with God filled her soul without the least effort on her part.

A few days afterwards she died in triumph, saying, “ *What grace ! what love !* ”

“ *We preach Christ crucified.*” Who shall fathom the depth of the hidden meaning of those three simple yet profound words ?—

“ IT IS FINISHED.”

The last drop of sin's awful cup was drained. The hiding of God's face was over, the power of Satan broken and vanquished, the will of God accomplished, God Himself in all the love of His heart declared, God in all the majesty of His being glorified, the believer's peace eternally secured, because it rests

upon a work that is unchangeable in its value and power.

His resurrection from the dead is the eternal declaration of it. The heart of the glorious gospel lies there. There is no gospel without a risen Saviour. From His risen life He says to His apostles, "Go," and make it known to every creature. He added, "*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.*"

PRESENT SALVATION

is a daily salvation from sin's power. If He died to save us from sin's guilt and its eternal consequences, He ever lives to save us from all that might impede or hinder us in standing up manfully for His honour and glory here.

Nothing makes us feel our weakness like sin. It has enfeebled man's whole moral constitution. Every effort to overcome it in our own strength only teaches us how powerless we are.

No one feels the exceeding sinfulness of sin like the man, who is ever struggling to break the chains of lust that bind him. It is like the fluttering of a lark against the door of its cage. A man may loathe what sin leads him to do, and suffer from its dreadful effects, but break the power of sin he cannot.

Except love, sin is the mightiest force in the universe. The awful ravages it has made, no mind can conceive or tongue declare. The envy, the hatred, the heart-burnings and heart-breakings, the

prisons, the hospitals, the asylums, the suicides, the graveyards, show its terrible power. It easily besets us. We know not where it may meet us.

“Be watchful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.”

Far more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.”

Thank God there is a mightier force in the universe than sin. There is an Almighty Saviour on heaven's throne, who has conquered and overcome it. That Saviour is ever ready to stretch out His loving, helping hand to the tempted, tried, and needy. In the power of His mighty love alone can sin's power in us be broken and mastered.

Listen to these words : “ *Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them* ” (Heb. vii. 25). An uttermost salvation demands

AN ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR.

Infinite love is in His heart, and omnipotent power is invested in His hand for all who come unto God by Him.

Whatever need arises in our pathway it ever finds a place in His heart. Whatever touches us touches the apple of His eye. His heart moves His hand, and His powerful hand controls the universe. “Nothing is too great for His power, and nothing too small for His love.”

Even if we sometimes fail in our struggle to over-

come, He lives as our Advocate with the Father. Therefore do not be discouraged, tempted and failing one, if conscience upbraids, and Satan accuses, and shame has covered your face with sorrow. There is One that ever lives for you, that Satan with all his subtle ingenuity can bring no charge against.

He is the Righteous One. He represents you. He is

YOUR RIGHTEOUSNESS BEFORE GOD.

If you feel you have failed in practical righteousness before men, Christ has never ceased to be your Friend in heaven. Confess all to Him. Keep nothing in your failing history back. He will most assuredly make you right again.

He can turn your very sin into good for you, as He did David's sin. If you humble yourself before Him, truly blessing will come out of it in ways unknown, perhaps, to you. It may be a wholesome and needed discipline all your life afterwards. It may be the means of making you hate sin all the more. You will be able to warn others against what entangled yourself. You may be able to help those who have been entangled. *"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous"* (1 John ii. 1). *"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"* (1 John i. 9).

FUTURE SALVATION

has reference to the salvation of the body, which still suffers from the effects of sin. Weakness, feebleness,

infirmity, and depression from various causes, are all the effects of sin.

In this sense full salvation has not yet been attained. We hope and patiently wait for it. Hope is not faith, but it is the result of faith. In the daily power of faith, which connects our souls livingly with what is unseen, we are buoyed up with the sure and blessed prospect of seeing what is now to us unseen. "*For we are saved by [in] hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?*" (Rom. viii. 24).

Hence we wait daily to be delivered from the bondage of corruption, which will be the redemption or

SALVATION OF OUR BODIES

by the Almighty power of the Lord. "*For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the power whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself*" (Phil. iii. 20, 21).

"Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day!
 Thou wilt arise, and with Thy beams
 Chase every grief away.

"Lord, Lord; Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee."

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

THE short winter's day was fast drawing to a close ; already the lights had been turned up in one of the long wards for women, of a large city hospital, when a visitor passed down the ward on her way to the door.

The visiting time had expired, and having remained longer than usual with a patient at the top of the ward, who was to leave the hospital on the morrow, the visitor meant to pass the last four or five beds with only a word of inquiry, and the leaving of a little book, and a few grapes or sponge cakes, as permitted, on the locker of each patient, when from the bed quite near the door, an earnest voice cried out, "Oh ! do wait and speak to me ; the woman in the next bed tells me 'Sister' never minds your staying beyond the time, and she says you will be able to help me."

The sister of the ward came up at the moment, and having obtained her permission to remain longer, the visitor sat down by the bed of the patient, who had thus stayed her footsteps, and asked her what she could do for her. The answer startled her.

"I want you to tell me what this means, '*Ye must be born again.*' A voice said it out loud in the night, and I do not know who could have said it, or what it means. '*Ye must be born again, ye must be born again.*' The woman in the next bed says I must have been dreaming, and heard it in my sleep, for

she says no one spoke in the ward. But I was not dreaming, I was wide awake, and the woman three beds up was coughing badly at the time; and it was as plain a voice as ever I heard in my life, saying, 'Ye must be born again.'

"I never heard the words before, and I could not get them out of my head all day. What do they mean? Where *do* they come from? Who could have said them?" and again she repeated the words, "'Ye must be born again, ye must be born again.'"

"The words come from the Bible," her friend replied, "and you have probably read them or heard them read, or learned them when you were a child; and in the stillness of the night they came back to you."

"No, no, I never heard them before. I never read the Bible, or heard it read. I am a Catholic. We never had a Bible in our house, when I was a child; and since I have been married I have never seen one, and the voice said it out quite plainly in the night twice over, 'Ye must be born again, ye must be born again.' I cannot think why nobody else heard it, and even the night nurse thought I was wandering.

"I was not wandering," she continued with the insistence of a person fully possessed by one idea, "so the woman in the next bed told me not to bother, but to wait till you came in, in the afternoon, and ask you about it. You would be sure to know, and so I waited, and have watched you round the ward, and I had to cry out when I found you were going

away without speaking to me, except just to pass the time of day, and leave me a book."

The speaker was a new patient, who had come into the ward since the last visiting day. She was a young married woman, Mrs G—— by name, and was very gravely ill. To her new friend the circumstance seemed remarkable, and put her in mind of the words of the Apostle Paul, "They that were with me . . . heard not the voice of Him that spake to me," for, whether a voice had spoken out in the ward in the night or not, yet, one thing was certain, the Spirit of God had spoken to her heart in a wonderful way.

Having "Sister's" permission to stay until the tea-trays came in, the visitor took out her Bible, and read the first eighteen verses of John iii. to the sick woman, where the words occur, "*Ye must be born again.*"

"Is that the Bible?" she asked.

"Yes, God's own Word."

"But how could I hear the voice saying that to me in the night? and it has kept running in my head all day, so that I cannot get rid of it; and yet I never read it, nor heard it before in my life."

"I cannot exactly explain that to you," her friend said, "except that God's Holy Spirit works just when and how He pleases. The Lord Jesus says in this very chapter, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' I have no doubt God's Spirit spoke these words in

your soul, and has fastened them there, in order to lead you to the Lord Jesus, the One who spoke them, when He was on earth."

"But what does it mean?" the sick woman said, "'Ye must be born again?' How can I be born again?"

Simply, as to a child, her friend tried to put before her the truth, that by nature we are "dead in trespasses and sins," lost sinners, and that the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save the lost, that He shed His precious blood, suffered and died on Calvary's cross, that He might be able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, and that the Spirit of God touches dead souls, and a soul, thus touched by God's Spirit, comes to Jesus, trusts Him and gets the pardon of all his or her sins, and is made a child of God. For "as many as received Him, to them gave He power [or *the right*] to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

"I have no doubt," continued her friend, "that God's Spirit spoke to you in the night, through these words of the Lord Jesus; and now I am sent to you with His message of love, that you may know that Christ died for just such lost dead sinners as you and I, and He gives life to all who come to Him."

Much more passed than can be written here, and the sick woman listened eagerly. "Have I then nothing to do?" she said. "No good works, no penances, no prayers—*nothing*? Is it all God's

work? Is there no purgatory in front of me? And can I *know* that I am forgiven, and made God's child,—really born again? Was that God's Spirit speaking to *me* when I heard these words, 'Ye must be born again,' for I *did*. hear them, and I never heard them before."

The questions came as fast as her weakness allowed, and her friend sought to give her God's Word, in answer to each. Then as the tea-trays appeared, and she rose to leave the ward, she said, "If I leave you my Bible, in which I have marked these verses, you will not let the priest take it from you when he comes in?"

"No, no—I will cover it up under my pillow—I must get this settled. If the voice had not spoken to me, I might have been afraid not to give it up to the priest: but now I *must* be sure, and I must tell my husband, for he does not know. We thought we had so much to do, and I know I had no time left, and oh! I was so afraid of the dark, of purgatory, when I have done so little. You say I have no works *to do*, that the great work, so great to me, of my soul's salvation is all *done*. Is not that too easy?"

"It is not I who say so," her friend replied. "It is *God* who says it. He says in His Word, 'To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness' (Rom. iv. 5). You can trust God's own Word. But I must not stay longer," she continued, "and tresspass on 'Sister's' kindness, but I have marked

the passages that answer all your questions, and have left a slip of paper in each page so that you can find the places readily, as it is such an unknown book to you. Ask the Lord Himself to teach you, as you read His Word. He will finish the work in your soul that He has begun. When He said on the cross, 'It is finished,' everything was done. His work is enough for God, and is it not enough for you to rest your soul in without any attempted additions of your own?"

The dying woman gazed longingly, earnestly, at the speaker, but did not answer, and leaving one or two little books with her, as well as the Bible, and promising to see her again as soon as possible, her friend said "good-bye," and left the ward.

A glad smile welcomed her as she once more stood by the bedside of Mrs G—— a few days later. She was weaker, much weaker, but the worried look had gone from her face, and was replaced by one of quiet restfulness. It was evident before she spoke that the Lord had brought her to Himself. From under the bedclothes she drew out the little Bible. "Will you let me keep this till the end?" she said, adding, "I know I could have one of the ward Bibles to use, but no other would seem quite like this, for you marked the very verses that could help me."

"What has the Lord taught you?" her friend asked.

"He has taught me that I could do nothing to save myself, but Christ has done *everything*, God has laid on Him the iniquity of us all, and so I go free.

There cannot be a purgatory, for that would make the blood of Christ not enough without our suffering too. It takes from Him; it takes from Him and His work to think of purgatory, and besides, He said to the dying thief on the cross, '*To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!*' I liked that bit, oh! I did like that bit. I was so glad you put the paper mark in there—for he had no time, even less time than I, to do any good works, and if the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus were enough to take him straight to Paradise, they are enough to take me. I wish I had known all this before—my life has been wasted—but oh! how good of Him to take me just as I am, and so near the end."

The dying woman did not say all this without many pauses—just a few words at a time came out, as the failing breath would allow, but every word seemed to come from the depths of a full heart.

Two or three times more her friend saw her, always restful, always occupied with what He had done, His love—Himself.

In those days the Lord gave her the joy of seeing her young husband one with her, in simple faith in the finished work of Christ, he learning the truth of the gospel from her lips first, and then from the word of God itself.

The Lord was very pitiful in giving her this joy down here, ere He called her to exchange a hospital ward for the paradise of God, "with Christ, which is far better."

Reader, have you heard the voice?

x.

THE SEVEN PARTNERS.

TORRENTS of rain were falling when the good S.S. "Otway" berthed at Melbourne, Australia, after a record voyage of calm weather from London.

Spite of the early hour, and the tropical rain, more than twenty, earnest, warm-hearted Christians were on the wharf to greet our party. This hearty welcome was at once followed by the words: "The Lord has cut out your work for you. Dear old John M'A——, the baker, fell asleep on Saturday morning, and you are to bury him this afternoon. His last request to his wife and two sons was, 'I know I shall not live to see them, though I have much desired to shake their hands, but they will arrive on Monday, so keep my body, and get them to

PREACH CHRIST AT MY GRAVE.'

They have bidden us ask you to do this service."

Needless to say, we gladly consented, and within a few hours we found ourselves at the house of mourning. The crowd of relatives and friends assembled there, and the hundreds of men who gathered at the graveside, some miles away, bore witness to the fact that we were interring the remains of a remarkable man—a man of God. This is his history.

John M'A—— was born in County Armagh, Ireland, in 1843. He came with his parents, both

Christians, to Australia when he was eleven years old, and very soon went to the gold diggings, and later had a hand in the "Eureka" stockade riots, at Ballarat. When about eighteen years old his father died, very suddenly, in his arms, singing the closing words of the Scotch metrical version of Psalm xxiii. :—

*"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be."*

His father's death God used to arouse him, and was the commencement of his

CONVICTIONS OF SIN.

To drown these he went off to the New Zealand gold diggings, and was there for three years, in the midst of godless companions, seeking in every way to get rid of these convictions. He then had a severe illness, and returned later to the Bendigo diggings. There he joined six other men in partnership. Finding no gold he soon became penniless, and with his partners got heavily in debt to the local storekeeper.

One night his six friends awoke him from sleep, bade him put on his clothes and follow them, they having made up their minds to decamp, and escape their liabilities, amounting to several hundred pounds. John went about a mile, when his conscience again began to work, so he came to a halt, and said to his companions—"Boys, we are on the wrong track, I'm going back."

"Back to what?" was their reply.

"To pay my just debts, and clear my conscience," said John.

"You'll have to pay for us all, if you do," said they.

"I know that, but my mind is made up. I'm going."

And so John went back.

Next morning, to the surprise of the storekeeper, he walked into the store. "Well, Johnnie, I thought you had cleared out with the rest," said his creditor.

"So I did, sir, but my

CONSCIENCE SMOTE ME,

and I returned," replied John.

"Do you know your liabilities?" said the storekeeper.

"I know they are pretty large," John rejoined.

"Yes, they are. You are responsible for the liabilities of the seven, which amount to some hundreds of pounds," replied the storekeeper.

"Well, I have not anything to pay them with, but give me time, and I will meet them all," was John's answer; and leaving the store he began prospecting again, and fortune favoured him.

He soon found gold in quantities, and in a few months was back again at the store, with the amount due in his hand. Placing it on the counter he said, "There's the money, sir, kindly give me a receipt." The storekeeper, coming round the counter took up the bag of money, and placing it in M'A——'s pocket, said, "There, John, that settles the account."

“No,” said M‘A——, “I owe the money, and will pay it.”

The storekeeper seizing his hand, replied, “You’re the first honest man I’ve ever met in the district, and, so long as I’ve got a roof, you shall share it.”

Leaving the diggings, John then went back to Melbourne, and became apprenticed to a baker. When in his twenty-fifth year he was converted to God through the preaching of one of His servants, Walter Douglas, who held a mission with great power and blessing. Many were blessed in Melbourne at that time. Men and women were so

ANXIOUS TO OBTAIN SALVATION,

that they would not leave the place, and the preacher had often to go on with his work till 3 A.M. Oh, for such awakenings to be again seen!

John M‘A—— married at twenty-eight, his wife being a devoted child of God also. His life thenceforward was one of constant testimony to the Lord, while, at the same time, carrying on a large business as a baker. He never let any, who came to him on business matters, depart without speaking to them of the Lord. After the business was concluded he would say, “Now, how is it with you as to things eternal?” In this way he was used of God to the blessing of numbers, while for practical Christianity amongst the poor, the needy, and the sick, he will be long remembered.

After nearly forty-five years of service to the Lord he fell asleep, aged sixty-nine. For the last six

months he suffered much, but was so energetic that he never kept his bed.

At 6 P.M. on Friday, 12th March 1911, he went to bed, and at 4 A.M. on Saturday he was "with the Lord." His last words to his eldest son were: "Be true to the Lord. As for me, there is nothing between my Lord and me; nothing on my conscience; no cloud between my Lord and me!"

Happy old saint and servant! What a bright home going! A privilege, indeed, we felt it to be to speak of his Lord over his grave. Rarely have I attended such a funeral. The sun shone brilliantly as over 300 men—men of all classes and conditions,

SOME SAVED, SOME UNSAVED,

men who had sold to and bought of him, men who had served him in his business, and men whom he had served for Christ's sake—stood at the graveside.

I read part of 1st Corinthians xv., and preached a risen, triumphant, and returning Christ to them.

Our chapter offered a lovely gospel for the unsaved, as the words, "Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures" (ver. 3), fell again and again on their ears. Who died? Christ, the blessed Son of God, who became a man, that He, the sinless One, might die for sinners under sentence of death. He "died for our sins." Glorious fact! By His death sins are put away. But more, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept" (ver. 20). Death is annulled, and the believer shares Christ's victory.

Nor is this all, He is coming back for His own. The body that we sowed there that day, in corruption and dishonour, Christ would raise *in glory* and incorruptibility (vers. 42-44). The portion of the once godless young miner, but for so long by grace the warm-hearted baker and true believer, was glory and the likeness of Christ. A wonderful partnership that!

Many a tear fell as I was speaking, and amongst the weepers was the only survivor of John M'A——'s seven partners. As the company departed, an old man, utterly broken down with emotion, remained to say that he only was left of the six that ran off the night that John M'A——

RESPONDED TO THE CRIES OF CONSCIENCE.

The other five had all died wretched deaths, in absolute poverty, and he was now ending his days on earth in an almshouse, a poverty-stricken man too. How true is God's Word, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). Again, "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour" (John xii. 26).

The aged survivor knew that J. M'A—— had gone to glory. Of the other five he could say nothing as to eternity. For himself, he was glad to have heard the gospel. Whether he believed it I know not.

Reader, have you believed it? Partnership with Christ in glory is infinitely better than the companionship of Satan in the lake of fire for eternity. (See Rev. xx. 10-15; Rev. xxi. 8.)

A FIFTY YEARS' TESTIMONY TO GRACE.

THE lapse of half a century may well obliterate much from the memory, because the crowd of intervening events is likely to engage the mind to the exclusion of matters so distant.

Still, there are some things in life that stand out in clear form, and are imprinted so deeply that they remain indelible to its end—some, but not many. Heart impressions remain when those which touched only the mind are forgotten.

Convictions of conscience are, I may say, really ineradicable. When conscience is stricken, the effects of the blow are lasting.

Hence

I RECALL MY CONVERSION TO GOD

this day fifty years ago with the greatest ease and thankfulness. That day stands out in clear and vivid outline. It was my day of days; nor has the crowd of events, which has filled up my life since then, dimmed its glorious lustre.

In it there were exercises both of heart and conscience. This was convicted; that was won. Light and love accomplished their separate actions, the one exposing, and the other attracting. Each was the work of the Spirit of God; and, if so, what a miracle must every genuine conversion be.

If creation were a miracle, so is conversion. The one, not less than the other, is absolutely the work of God. But, of the two, conversion is the more wonderful.

In creation. "through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which we see were not made of things that do appear" (Heb. xi. 3), once created, there is inert and plastic matter, susceptible of being moulded or modelled as the Creator may see fit; but in conversion there is the conquest of an opposing will-power, which asserts itself in myriad forms of resistance to the hand of the Deliverer. The fallen human will is the seat of rebellion, sin, and misery.

This will has to be overcome. The rebel must be conquered. God must be supreme; and all this is made good in

THE MARVELLOUS WORK OF CONVERSION.

Well do I know that the word "conversion" is disliked. Such a thing may suit a drunkard, a gross liver, a thief, a man like Saul of Tarsus; it may suit the Jew or the heathen, but surely it cannot be essential in the professing Christian!

Indeed it is! For "except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," said the Lord (Matt. xviii. 3). It is an absolute necessity for all who enter that kingdom.

Reader, have you ever been converted? Rest not, I pray you, till you are.

Is it likely that a man would forget deliverance

from drowning, or from a burning house, or from a painful malady? Certainly not!

Is it likely that a debtor would forget the frank forgiveness of his creditor? No!

Or that one, taken from the place of enmity and distance, and brought near to the throne of the King, would forget the kindness shown to him? Impossible!

But all this, and far, far more is done in conversion to God.

To discover that, in some unexpected way, you have been delivered from the judgment you deserved—you escaped the flames and torments of hell, you are frankly and fully forgiven, you are cleared of every charge, and are reconciled to God as a child, pardoned and blessed, and that your home and destiny are in the realms of glory for ever, is such a discovery that the consciousness of it remains for ever too.

Clearly, then, the day of conversion is a day of days. The loss of that day is

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.

In my own case two experiences followed in sequence; first, the conscience was stricken by the question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" and thereafter the heart was won by the word, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." In the first I learned my personal guilt and ruin; in the second I apprehended the infinite grace of the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The first led my soul to repentance, the second led me to Christ. In the first I learned myself, in

the second I began to know God as the God of all grace.

What a lesson, and therefore what a day!

And this is the experience, in varied ways, of all who are truly converted. It is the beginning of life—eternal life.

There is nothing so surprising as grace, and nothing more precious to the guilty soul of man.

See how utterly taken by surprise was the prodigal of Luke xv., when, instead of being consigned to the workshop, where he would have been a hired servant, he was met by a kiss, a pardon, and a welcome to the joys of the father's house! How astounding but how true!

And this is the way of grace; again, small wonder that the convert sings of the "happy day"!

But

DO THE RESULTS OF CONVERSION LAST?

A good question indeed!

I am certain that if conversion were not the work of God, its effect could not survive the test of fifty years, nor fifty days, perhaps not fifty hours! Unless the seed falls on good ground, the sun will quickly wither the plant. Mere profession will never endure.

But we do not read of the prodigal relapsing, or backsliding, or yielding to his old besetments. Of these, and of their consequences, he had had enough in the "far country." He had felt keenly the bitterness of prodigality. Now, as showing all the fatness of the father's house, and all the love

of the father's heart, he lived in the enjoyment of the better, and therefore he eschewed the worse, the wretched, the discreditable, and the miserable! He was satisfied. And, in these conditions, what an object of envy he would be to the citizens of the far-off country!

They had their "pleasures of sin" and subsequent remorse, and foreboding, and death, and judgment, and hell. He had remission, reconciliation, satisfaction, and endless relationship with the father!

Oh! how it becomes every pardoned prodigal, in this day when vital Christianity is defamed, to live in the joy of reconciliation—for five years or for fifty. This is the truest way to glorify God, and to present a living, glowing testimony to the truth, and therefore against the growing apostasy of the mere profession of religion.

The grace that convicts and converts is well able to conserve and to consecrate through all the years of pilgrim life till the glad home is reached in heaven.

J. W. S.

FRAGMENT.

WHAT is confession of Christ? Light shining in and coming out. Saul was entirely dark, and Christ let all the glory in Himself shine into him. What was the effect? Was it merely like a sunbeam that swept across his path and vanished? No, it was the revelation that the Nazarene was the Son of God, and he immediately began to preach it.

G. V. W.

THE DAY WE LIVE IN.

A NEW Zealand writer describes the present-day condition of things in the following striking words:—

“We are living in a day of headlines, snapshots, taxicabs, and music halls, in a day when the scramble for the prizes of life has become a mad passion. It is a day of fever, fret, and fume, when competition for earthen toys is so keen, and the margin of profit in commerce has become so fine, that the one cry beating through the air is ‘Hurry up.’ No one seems to have time to pause till, worn out in the pursuit of gewgaws and vanities, a rest-cure becomes imperative, the clock is stopped, and all action, mental as well as physical, must be proscribed or prohibited for an eighth part of a year.

“We are living in a day when high ideals are fast yielding to the pressure of creature comforts; when principle is being exchanged for expediency; when self-sacrificing Christianity is being bartered for self-centred materialism; when the Christian sense of sin is being regarded as a bye-gone superstition; when it matters not what you believe, but only what you do, and when you may do what you like, provided you are not found out.”

It will not be denied that these words, serious as they are, are literally true. But if so, what becomes of the loud boastings, which we hear from day to

day, the constantly repeated assurances that the age we live in is one of great progress and general advancement? Man is hailed, by a popular scientific production appearing in monthly parts, as the conqueror of the earth, and the probable conqueror in the future of other worlds.

Which opinion is true? Is the day we live in one of advance or of retrogression?

He who looks at things from *God's* standpoint, and accepts His Word as a lamp unto his feet, will have no difficulty in answering this question. He will without hesitation declare that things are going from bad to worse, and that the human race is going with rapid strides *down the hill*, under the subtle leadership of "the god of this world," until the awful consummation foretold by the sure word of prophecy is reached.

The truth is, that man, far from being a conqueror, has been utterly conquered. Instead of proudly wearing the victor's laurels, he lies in the dust, the degraded dupe and victim of the designing enemy of truth—"the prince of this world."

The line of the hymn is assuredly true, that affirms:

"Man is a total wreck: can never reach the shore."

Deceived by Satan, ruined by sin, led captive by his lusts, guilty of the murder of God's Son, what an utter ruin is poor, blinded, depraved *man*!

Is there no hope, then, for humanity? Is there no outlook for the race, but one of darkness and gloom?

Thank God, there is a hope. But it is not such a

hope as men are often encouraged to cherish. It is a hope utterly different in its nature from the hope entertained by the typical man of the twentieth century. The Son of God—very God and very Man in His person—is risen from among the dead—a *Man of another order*, Head of a new race. Your only hope, reader, is to lay hold by the hand of faith upon the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus to be divorced in thought and in reality from the humanity, which is derived from fallen Adam, and to become associated *in risen life* with the glorious Head of the new race.

Only *man after Christ's order* is acceptable to God. Nothing but judgment and doom await the first order of man.

Do not imagine that I am using the language of metaphysics. I speak the words of sobriety and truth. The Holy Scriptures teach us thus.

Oh! the joy of knowing, not only that Christ died for my sins, but that *I have died with Him* (see Rom. vi. 8). In His death my links in the sight of God with Adam's ruined family were dissolved. Risen with Christ (see Col. iii. 1), I have new links, formed with that glorious Person, who is the glorious object of God's eternal delight.

This every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ can say. What about you, reader? To which race do you belong? To the race that is going down to doom and hopeless despair? Or to the race that has *Christ* for its head, and whose future is the glory of God? These are solemn questions.

A HUSBAND GAINED; ETERNITY LOST.

ON a wretched bed, a wasted figure was rocking herself backward and forward, moaning in the depths of despair, "I'm lost—I'm lost—I'm lost."

She was in great agony of soul, in the last stage of consumption, on the very brink of eternity, without one ray of hope. What an awful position to be in! A few hours more, and she would be in eternity. Alas! she was totally unprepared, and knew it.

But the worst has yet to be told. A Christian had been sent for with a message that the case was urgent. Though it was late at night, and the distance considerable, he had willingly responded, and on reaching the chamber of death he met the sad sight described above.

Immediately he presented the Lord Jesus as

THE SAVIOUR OF THE LOST,

but failed to secure her attention. Falling upon his knees, he prayed the Lord to calm her, so that she might pay attention to what should be said. Again he presented the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of the *lost*, quoting His own blessed words, "*For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST*" (Luke xix. 10).

With a look of despair, not to be forgotten by those, who saw it, she replied, "I know all that.

I was a servant with a Christian gentleman. He spoke to me about my soul. I was awakened then. I knew the Lord Jesus would save *me*, if I were willing to be saved. But my husband was seeking me then to be his wife. He was an ungodly man, and I knew that I could not take him and Jesus both. So I put my convictions from me, and took my own way. And now my hour of need has come. The door is shut against me, and I'm lost! I'm lost!"

And so she died! And so she died! Words utterly fail to describe the sadness of the scene.

Reader, how will you die? The poor woman moaned in her sorrow, "*And now my hour of need has come.*"

YOUR HOUR OF NEED WILL ASSUREDLY COME.

You will be saved, or lost for all eternity. You will spend your forever in heaven or hell. Earth's little day will soon close. Where will you spend eternity?

The Word of God asks the pertinent question, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37).

Some sell their souls for money, others for ambition, for fame, for pleasure. But, oh! how short-sighted! Life in this world is but for a moment; in the next existence is for eternity.

This poor woman gained a husband, but at what a cost! For what are you selling your precious soul? God give you to be concerned about these things, and give you no rest till you are saved. A. J. P.

FROM THE HILLSIDE TO HEAVEN.

W—**M**— pursued the calling of a shepherd amid the beautiful Cheviot Hills, with their knolls, and dells, and streams, and rills. His bright face, pleasant smile, kindly words, and consistent ways made him to be respected and loved by all, who knew him.

Some thirty-six years ago, when in bloom of opening manhood, through the warm-hearted earnest pleading of a dear young Christian shepherd, he was led (in the language of that day) to give his heart to Christ, to surrender himself to Him, who has all and the only claim, who in infinite love endured the sufferings of Calvary. Adored be His name!

Through the intervening years grace enabled **W**—**M**— to bear

A BRIGHT HAPPY TESTIMONY

to the blessedness of knowing Christ and His love; His words and His ways agreed, and told the blessed tale that—

“Jesus is indeed enough,
The mind and heart to fill.”

On 28th December 1911, along with many others he was at a meeting in the village of **G**— where he seemed to be so hearty and happy as a dear servant of Christ spoke freshly and sweetly of the Lord, and of the perfection of His work, whereby according to 2 Corinthians v. every believer

is entitled to have the most perfect confidence in view of whatever may come, trial, danger, dissolution, or even the judgment-seat. All is divinely settled for the believer, and every redeemed one can look on to a cloudless sky that shall never have a shade even throughout all eternity. What a future! Who would not belong to Christ?

On 30th December W—— M——, along with his wife, went before nightfall to spend two or three hours with a neighbouring Christian shepherd, and after having a pleasant happy time they set out again for their own home some two miles off, the neighbouring shepherd and his wife going with them a short distance. The two shepherds were walking and talking happily together, their wives following a few steps behind, when without any warning dear W—— M—— dropped on the grass. At once his companion bent down, tenderly raised his head, and asked, "Willie, what is the matter?" But ah! from

THE HEIGHTS OF HEAVENLY GLORY

he had heard another voice, more sweet, more tender than any other, saying, "Come home to be with Me," and to it he had responded. He had gone to be with Christ, to see the "King in His beauty," from the lone hillside to the fair heaven where Jesus is.

What an exchange!

No farewells said, gone in a few moments, to be with the Saviour, who had loved him, and whom he had loved in return.

Over the sorrow, the tears, the broken hearts of

his dear wife and family, I would wish to draw a veil. An affectionate husband, a kind father, gone without a parting look or word—what a sorrow! Who would not weep with them? As the news spread, there was sorrow on every hand. We, who had seen him three days before, could scarce believe he had gone, but so it was. We wept for him.

3rd January—the day of his funeral—was bright and beautiful, the sun shining out from a clear sky, as many of us wended our way, and came in sight of his lonely dwelling with the background of hills bathed in the sunshine. What memories thrilled us! There were the Cheviots in their wild beauty, but our loved brother was gone, and we would see him no more until

THE FAIR RESURRECTION MORN.

The hills in their beauty engaged us not. Many gathered from far and near to show their respect and love.

In the house, He who doeth all things well was thanked from feeling hearts for having saved, and kept, and then taken dear W—— M—— to be with Himself. His dear wife and family were tenderly committed to Him, who once “wept with the weeping,” and abides the same to-day.

Then the sorrowful procession wended its way in the beautiful sunlight up over the hill, where he oft had gone, and down to the old churchyard, where very many were waiting to show their last mark of respect. Those of us, who carried him to his grave counted it a great privilege, we loved him so. At the grave was sung the hymn beginning—

“Lord, e’en to death Thy love could go,
A death of shame and loss,
To vanquish for us every foe,
And break the strong man’s force.”

Then was read part of 2 Corinthians v., “We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Very concisely and simply was shown that “We know” is divine certainty, and that because “God hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.”

Once in the ages past, in infinite grace and love, He took the sinner’s place of abandonment, and amid the darkness of Calvary cried out in anguish beyond all knowing, “*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me.*” On that cross He was being “made sin for us.” Then again He cried, this time as the mighty Victor,

“IT IS FINISHED.”

All was done, every claim met, God glorified, and that very day in triumph, He took one of the earth’s worst — “the dying thief” — with Him into the paradise of God.

Myriads upon myriads have gone there since. Our loved brother, too, has joined the heavenly throng. His body we committed to the Lord’s keeping until the cloudless resurrection morn shall break, and then in fadeless beauty, along with all the redeemed, who have been laid to sleep, would our brother rise, and with the living saints, changed in a moment, all will be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air,

and be for ever with Him. We are exhorted, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

The bereaved were again committed to Him, the blessing of all sought, and we sang again:—

"O Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who us to save from loss,
Didst taste the bitter cup of death
Upon the cross."

Then we parted in the sense of quiet victory. The Lord Jesus had triumphed, and would triumph. All glory to His name.

Ended is life's chequered story,
He's gone from this vale of tears,
Gone to the home of glory,
The joys of eternal years,
Where in His unveiled splendour,
The Lamb is amidst His own,
His glory and love so tender
Filling all that glorious home.
Oh! for the sighed-for ending
Of Thy Church's long sojourn;
Answer the prayers ascending,
Oh Jesus! Lord, return.

Balaam of old cried, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" (Num. xxii. 10). Is this your desire? Then you must know W—— M——'s Saviour. He is able to save, and to keep.

The end must be reached, but what will it be for you—glory, or despair; heaven, or hell; singing, or wailing? It must be one or the other. God is willing to save you NOW. Will you let Him? Upon you depends the answer.

NINE RELIGIONS.

AT one of our meetings, a man said he had tried *nine religions*, but none of them was any good to him.

He had been baptized three times, first by the "Church of England," next by the "Baptists," and thirdly by the "Mormons," and now he was a "Materialist."

I took a box of safety matches out of my pocket, and, placing one of the matches in his hand, requested him to light it.

He said, "Lend me the box."

"Oh! no, do it without the box," I replied, "on a brick, or stone, or on the stove, or anywhere else you like."

He tried to light it but failed. I handed him, and the young men near by, several more to try and light them on anything but the *proper composition*, which was on the box.

I then said, "So like that match God has ordained and decided by a fixed and unalterable law that our precious souls shall never be converted by coming into contact merely with the forms of religion, whether there be *nine* or *ninety religions*."

"Nothing can set the soul all on fire of 'love,' and 'life,' and 'light,' but by coming into contact with the Lord Jesus. It is no good, and all in vain to get into touch with anybody else for 'conversion' and 'salvation' but 'Jesus only' (Matt. xvii. 8).

'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).

"And I do not wonder the least at your saying that those *nine religions* are no good to you. Will you now take the box and apply the match to it?" He did so, and it was all on a blaze in a moment. Just like that, as soon as ever your soul meets with the Lord Jesus, and touches Him, it is "made whole" (see John v. 6-15). It is not possible in the nature of things that any *priests* or *places* can be a substitute for Jesus. Not even the "Church of God which He has purchased with His own blood" (Acts xx. 28), or *Mary*, or the *Angels*, or *good works*, or *prayers*, or *tears*, or *charities*, or any other *good thing* or *creature*, but

THE SON OF GOD ALONE CAN QUICKEN
US INTO LIFE,

forgive us our sins, or cleanse us from our iniquities. Nothing and nobody but Jesus and His blood can do it, and God says, "My glory will I not give to another" (Isa. xlii. 8). God has once and for ever decided and settled it, that all men shall bow the knee to Jesus, and every tongue shall confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father (see Phil. ii. 10, 11), and "that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him" (John v. 23).

Without Christ you are on a low level with all other guilty sinners, neither above them nor below

them, neither before them nor behind them, neither blacker nor whiter, neither heavier nor lighter, but you have as good a chance now to believe on the Lord Jesus, and be saved by Him as any other sinner. And there is no difference; for "*all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,*" and "*there is none righteous [without Christ], no, not one*" (Rom. iii.). But now,

"WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM

shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43).

Some time afterwards this man turned up again, and said, "Sir, I have read that once upon a time a little country boy, the son of a tailor, found his way up to London, hungry, thirsty, and penniless. He stood looking at nine tailors at work through a shop window in Sackville Street. They spoke to him, found out his history and condition, and had pity upon him. They fed him and put him to sleep under the table, and these nine tailors subscribed their moneys, and one took him to Covent Garden Market and bought some fruit, put it into a basket, and sent him round to sell it. He did so, and returned to them with double the quantity of money. They repeated this daily, and the lad succeeded in the sale of it, and this went on until he had a donkey and cart, then a shop, and ultimately he had the chief shop in the principal avenue of Covent Garden Market, and became very rich and rode about in his carriage, and had the words written thereon, 'Nine tailors made me a man.'

“Well, sir, I was thinking that those nine tailors succeeded in making him a man, but my *nine religions* have utterly failed to make me a Christian. After your conversation with me I had no peace, and every time I saw a match-box I was irritable, and inclined to try and light the matches without the box, and when I failed to do it, it generally ended with my striking one on the box, and off it went in a fiery blaze in a moment, and I thought of your words, that I should never get right, and be all on a heavenly blaze of love until I came in contact with the Lord Jesus.

“So I began to read the Scriptures, and one day it happened that I was reading in Luke xvii. about ten lepers coming to Jesus, and He healed them all, but only one out of the lot returned to give Him thanks. And Jesus said, ‘*Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the NINE?*’ (verse 17). And I thought to myself, Well, if those nine lepers ain’t exactly like my *nine religions*. They are

A GUILTY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LOT,

and something said to me, ‘You be like the tenth man, and come to Jesus, and be the Lord’s ‘tithe,’ and give Him thanks.’

“Another day I was reading in John vi., and it said, ‘*This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world,*’ then in another verse, ‘*For Him hath God the Father sealed.*’ Then Jesus said, ‘*This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.*’ Then I found lower down,

'And him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' After that He said He was the '*Bread of Life*,' the which, if a man eat, '*he shall live for ever*,' and toward the end of it, Peter said to Him, '*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ the Son of the living God*,' and something in me said, '*Amen, Lord, I believe*.'

"I felt my heart was burning within me, and I fell down before Him, and began to give Him thanks. Now I want to see Him, be with Him, and be like Him. I have '*turned to God from idols [from my nine religions], to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come*' (1 Thess. i. 9-10)."

Reader, can you say as much? Can you sing,

"In the blood of yonder Lamb
Washed from every stain I am."

J. J.

FRAGMENT.

God has spread an expanse of glory—all wrapt up in Christ for us. God has described and told us of the golden city; Christ the light and the joy of all there. He would have us occupied with that which is the concern of His thoughts, and that is Christ. Is the future of your mind at all like His? A poor feeble reflection it may be, but it must be a hope having its spring from that which is the centre of God's thoughts, and that is Christ.

G. V. W.

A TEST.

THEORY is ever tested by practice. If it does not stand this test, however attractively it may be presented, it is bound to be rejected. How does it *work*? is the ultimate test.

So tested, higher criticism and new theology utterly fail. They stand discredited as miserable failures. When sitting in one's study, in comfortable health and pleasant surroundings, theories may attract and convince the unregenerate mind, or even allure and seduce the unestablished believer.

But what comfort do they give in trial, in poverty, in bereavement, in sorrow? What consolation do they give on a death-bed? These are the tests. Above all,

HOW DO THEY AFFECT ETERNAL ISSUES?

Higher criticism is the thin end of the wedge, of which the thick end is open rank infidelity. Many a nominal believer has begun with higher criticism, and ended in the refusal of even higher criticism, and pursued it to its ultimate goal—infidelity and socialism. Lawlessness and godlessness lend themselves to national suicide and individual disaster.

New Theology—old as the vagaries of man's mind—cannot be classed as Christian in the remotest sense of the word. It has a genius for pulling down,

but not for building up. It loosens every corner stone of morality and truth, and involves in a cataclysm of ruin those who seek shelter where there is none. Its title is dishonest, and it is neither *new* nor *theology*.

The following well illustrates my meaning. It is related by Dr J. H. Jowett of New York, formerly of Birmingham, as told him by his friend, the late Rev. Charles H. Berry, D.D., and is copied from the *Homiletic Review*.

Dr Berry was a modern theologian when the following incident took place. I believe he received at a very early age the highest honours that the denomination to which he belonged was able to confer. His fame as a preacher was as wide as the English-speaking world. He says:—

“One night there came to me a Lancashire girl, with her shawl over her head, and with clogs on her feet.

“‘Are you the minister?’ she said.

“‘Yes.’

“‘Then I want you to come, and get my mother in.’

“Thinking it was some drunken brawl, I said, ‘You must get a policeman.’

“‘Oh, no,’ said the girl, ‘my mother is dying, and I want you to get her into salvation.’

“‘Where do you live?’

“‘I live so and so, a mile and a half from here.’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘is there no minister nearer than I?’

“ ‘Oh, yes, but I want you, and you have got to come.’

“I was in my slippers, and I soliloquised and wondered what the people of the church would think if they saw their pastor walking late at night with a girl with a shawl over her head. I did all I could to get out of it, but it was no use. That girl was determined, and I had to dress and go.

“I found the house was a house of ill-fame. In the lower rooms they were drinking, and telling lewd stories, and upstairs I found the poor woman dying.

“I sat down, and talked about Jesus as the beautiful Example, and extolled Him as a Leader and Teacher, and she looked at me out of her eyes of death, and said: ‘Mister, that’s no good for the likes of me. I don’t want an example.

I’M A SINNER.’

“ ‘Jowett, there I was face to face with a poor soul dying, and had nothing to tell her. I had no gospel, and I thought of what my mother had taught me, and I told her the old story of God’s love in Christ’s dying for sinful men, whether I believed it or not.’

“ ‘Now you are getting at it,’ said the woman. ‘That’s what I want. That’s the story for me.’

“ ‘And so I got her in, and I got myself in. From that night,’ added Dr Berry, ‘I have always had a full gospel of salvation for lost sinners.’ ”

What a testimony to the old-fashioned gospel—the old, old story preached by the Apostle Paul, Wycliffe, Luther, Wesley, Whitfield, Spurgeon, and multitudes of sainted men of God,—the old, old story for which Huss, Jerome of Prague, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and thousands besides have died, rather than surrender its blessing.

Higher criticism and new theology are emphatically not for the slums, for the sick, for the poor, for the dying. The old, old story is for all—blessed be God's name—reaching the Sovereign on the throne, and carrying its glad message to the denizens of the slums and the solitary inmate of the condemned cell.

It is still doing its happy work, spite of the flood of evil cast out by the dragon's mouth—it is still winning its peaceful conquests—nothing can stop it.

How striking is Dr Berry's testimony! Not only was the poor dying Lancashire sinner saved, but finding the powerlessness of his message to others when *tested*, he wisely came to the conclusion to receive

GOD'S MESSAGE OF POWER

for himself. Preacher and listener saved by the same address! How delightful!

No wonder the Apostle Paul exclaimed in the beginning of his masterly analytical Epistle to the Romans: "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 had saved

him. It could save others. But mark it is to "every one that *believeth*." There must be personal faith.

For three short years Dr Berry preached, as he styled it himself, "a full gospel of salvation for lost sinners." God used His message mightily, and then he was called home. One Sunday night as he was about to begin his sermon he was called home—from the pulpit to the glory—from serving to resting. Happy transition! He was ready!

Reader, are you deceived by a beautiful theory with

NO MORE TRUE COMFORT IN IT

than prismatic colours lighting up an icicle are able to warm the starving traveller in Arctic regions, or have you proved and tested the power of the gospel of God? God grant you may apply the test. Remember, the test will come. Death is coming. Eternity is coming. Are you ready?

Why not put the gospel to the test? I remember hearing of a sceptical Russian nobleman who decided to put the gospel to the test. He prayed earnestly night after night, "O God, if there is a God, reveal Thyself." His prayer was answered. He was converted, and for many a long year he was an earnest and successful preacher of the gospel, whose power he had experienced.

Not one, who has believed, but has found the gospel "God's power unto salvation." This is the universal testimony of all believers. Why not put it to the test in *your* own case?

A. J. P.

“OH! GOD’S LOVE IS WONDERFUL!”

SOME time ago, when visiting in one of the infirmary wards of a workhouse, I recognised an occupant of one of the beds as a lady I had long known by sight.

I said a few words to her in passing, without expressing the surprise I felt at finding her in such unlooked-for circumstances. Her refined tones and educated speech seemed so out of keeping with her workhouse cap and general surroundings.

She had been the wife of a gentleman of good position, but his death had left her in straitened circumstances, and then, after struggling on for years, and with health broken down, she had been taken, like many another who had commenced life on a high rung of the social ladder, to end her days in that last sad refuge—the workhouse!

What a privilege it is to point such forlorn ones to the Saviour, who says: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. xi. 28), and to remind them that He “came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. i. 15), and that His blood “cleanseth from all sin” (1 John i. 7), that in virtue of His atoning death on Calvary’s cross, God offers forgiveness of sins to all who come to Him.

“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”—that full, free, and eternal salvation, which alone stands between us and a lost eternity, yet of

which, in its *vital, never-ending consequences to themselves*, the vast majority of men and women in this so-called Christian country are almost as ignorant as if they were living in a heathen land !

I found, however, that Mrs — was no stranger to these things. "I was converted," she said, "or rather I *thought* I was converted, when I was seventeen, and I used to teach in the Sunday school, and read to the sick, and go about speaking of Christ to people as you are doing.

"But *now*," she added, in a tone quiet in its hopelessness, "I am in a state of utter despair, a backslider beyond hope of restoration to God !"

I pointed out to her that as the sinner's salvation was the work of Christ alone, it was clearly impossible that a subject of it could ever be lost, for His work could never fail ! "He which hath *begun* a good work in you will *perform it* until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6), and then Christ's own assuring words : "I give unto them eternal life ; and *they shall never perish*, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28). But whenever I spoke of the eternal security of the weakest believer in Christ, she would listen as one to whom the words did not apply. Her settled conviction was, that she was now outside the pale of hope.

I had no clue to her reason for not believing the plain teaching of God's Word until one day, on reaching her bedside, she pulled me down to her, and said in a hurried whisper : "I want to tell you something. Once I was in great trouble, and *I knelt*

down and asked Satan to help me to take my life! I was kept from doing it, but I have been completely in his power ever since!"

It seemed a strangely wicked thing for a child of God to have done, but doubtless it had been at one of those times when her mind was almost unhinged by trouble.

I could only urge her to get low down before God about it, and confess her sin to Him, "for if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9), that as Christ by His death had already atoned for that very sin, it was *faithful* and *just* of God to forgive it, but there must be the full confession of it to Him before forgiveness could be enjoyed and communion restored. I also spoke to her of the intercession of Christ for the believer. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled we shall *be saved by HIS LIFE*" (Rom. v. 10), for "He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25).

"Oh! God's love is *wonderful!* it's *wonderful!*" were her first words the following week. I asked her how she had come to realise it again. She said, "It was seeing that Christ ever liveth to make intercession for us. Oh! God's love is *wonderful!*"

There must have been the full confession to God before her despair could have given place to such joy, but she could speak of nothing now but God's *wonderful* love! Have you ever realised it?

“HE HAS FORGOTTEN TO CALL ME.”

THE subject of my short narrative was a dear, aged Christian woman, who had reached the unusual age of one hundred years, full of brightness, keen of sight and hearing, and in full possession of all her mental powers.

A letter, describing her death, received by another aged believer, on her eighty-seventh birthday, from a grand-daughter of the centenarian says:—

“Her one and only strange idea was that the Lord had overlooked calling her home. All the friends of her middle age had long since passed away, and sometimes she was inclined to be impatient for heaven and say: ‘The Lord thinks He has called me long ago, and now I shall have to wait till the end of the world.’

“Just before she fell asleep she sprang up in bed, threw her arms out wide, and with a look of ineffable rapture cried, ‘Jesus, my Saviour!’ And then, with a murmur of delight, added, ‘Ah! You had not forgotten me after all!’ With a smile she took her flight into the glory land, without pain, and she was at home and rest.”

Reader, you may not live to this advanced age. Death may claim you while you are yet young, but are you waiting, like this aged saint, for the Saviour’s call? Are you longing, as she was, to be with Him? Are you ready? Time is short, eternity, ah, how long! Where will you spend it?

YOUR GOOD WORKS:

Where are they? Before or behind you?

I SHALL for argument's sake take for granted that you have some good works, aye, and as great a quantity as you like; but where have you them? In your arms, in *front* of you? or *behind* you, brought on after you by another?

Which?

Upon the answer you are obliged to give this plain question depends the state of your soul, and whether you are bound for heaven or hell. If your works are *before* you, it is all wrong, you are posting on to eternal damnation; but if they are *behind* you, it is all right, you are hastening on to eternal glory.

To be as plain as possible, and to help you all I can to settle this momentous matter, let us look at a passage or two of Scripture.

I. "*Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven*" (Matt. vii. 21).

Surely the will of the Father clearly is, to begin with, that a poor sinner should own himself undone, and so trust the blood of Jesus alone, and thus let Christ save him.

"*Many* [ah! mark the word 'Many,' not a few] *will say to Me in that day* [alas! too late], *Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in*

Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done

MANY WONDERFUL WORKS?"

(Matt. vii. 22.)

These have their works on the wrong side of them—in their arms—*before* them. And see what reception they meet with, poor deluded, ruined souls! Does the Lord welcome them, and cry out to make way for them, and to open heaven's gates wide to receive them? Ah! no. They expected that; but quite the reverse happened them.

"*And then will I profess unto them, I NEVER knew you.*" Not I *once* knew you, but you "fell away"; but I *never* knew you, notwithstanding all the profession you made, and name you got for religion among your fellow-men, your co-religionists in particular. We read, "He knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nahum i. 7). Such do the will of the Father, but *you* never did so. If you had but touched the hem of Christ's garment virtue would have gone out of Him, and He would have known it, and you should have been healed, but you never did. The Lord will say,

"I NEVER KNEW YOU,

depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." Such works are, you see,

"WORKS OF INIQUITY."

But, alas! it all goes for nothing, and at a *bad time*—at a time when it cannot be rectified. Now

is the time for *that*. Notice ; could they have sung sincerely such a hymn as this, they wouldn't have been kept long at heaven's gates, far less turned away—

*“ There is a Name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth,
It sounds like music in mine ear
The sweetest Name on earth.*

*It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's PERFECT PLEA.”*

Or this—

*“ Just as I am, WITHOUT ONE PLEA,
But that THY BLOOD WAS SHED FOR ME,
And that THOU BID'ST ME COME TO THEE,
O Lamb of God, I COME.”*

But as it is, the terms of acceptance for both person and works being so clearly laid down, but by these self-willed ones disregarded, what can even the loving Lord Jesus do but disown them, “ *I NEVER knew you ; depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity.*”

But on the other hand, fancy the Lord turning a poor sinner off, who makes the *blood alone* his plea, and that he is invited to come as he is, all as that verse of the hymn so correctly and concisely expresses it, NEVER ! NEVER !! NEVER !!!

II. Now turn to Revelation xiv. 13 : “ *And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth :*

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and

THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

The words "From henceforth," to be very strict, show that this refers to a certain class of saved ones at a particular time, but that is nothing, for the principle is the same in all dispensations. Those, who die in the Lord, die blessed, and their works are not lost sight of. The Lord looks after them, and they are all gathered up, and come on *after* them. They are on the right side of them, you see. Their eye is on Christ. They are absorbed in Him. When on earth they worked, to be sure, *because they were saved* (how could they help it!), but they never think of their works (not like the first class, who count so much on their works, and send them on *before* them, or take good care to bring them with them at least); but the Lord looks after them. Their little talks together even are set down in a book of remembrance (*see* Mal. iii. 16). Their tears are in a bottle (*see* Ps. lvi. 8). Every cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in nowise lose its reward (*see* Matt. x. 42).

The main thing *now* is to see to it that your works are on the right side of you, *i.e.*, *behind* you coming *after* you, looked after by the Lord, not by yourself.

Let me repeat my title:—

YOUR GOOD WORKS:

Where are they? Before or behind you?

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET, AND WHAT WAS FOUND IN IT.

SOME years back, when preaching at Cowdenbeath, a message came to me from a young woman staying at Lochgelly that she would be glad to see me. Accordingly I walked across to that town on the first convenient opportunity. Calling at the house indicated, I was welcomed by the young woman, who asked me to come into the parlour. I sat down, and at once she began to explain why she had sent for me, saying: "You will not know me, but I have often heard of you through your sister, Mrs P——, at Glasgow, with whom I was tablemaid for several years. Every now and then you sent gospel books through the post addressed to her and to her husband, the doctor. Those books were generally thrown into the waste-paper basket in the dining-room. Part of my duties each morning was to empty this basket of its contents, and those books which they cast away as worthless I valued, kept, and read, and ultimately, through God's mercy, they were the means of my conversion. Hearing that you had come into this district to preach the gospel, I sent for you, as I felt sure you would be pleased to hear of me. I am housekeeper to a doctor here, and cannot easily get out to attend any meetings, or you may be sure I would have come to hear you before now."

Hearing this testimony of God's grace from her

lips caused my heart to rejoice, and you may be sure I thanked God, and took fresh courage to go on with that service, which undoubtedly had His approval, although my relatives failed to appreciate or profit by my efforts.

God says, "My Word . . . shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. lv. 11).

How true it is that if some refuse God's invitation, He will call others, so that His house may be filled (*see* Luke xiv. 23). Every seat will be occupied, not one empty. Unsaved man or woman, the fact that God's servants are still on earth proclaiming the glad tidings, proves that there is at least one seat without an occupant. God offers it to you now. Will you accept it, freely, freely? Take His offer, take it now and happy be!

Another relative of mine, whom I called upon at his office in Glasgow, after some preliminary conversation, pointed to the waste-paper basket, saying: "Look here, Bob, there is where all your tracts go."

A good depôt, thought I, for all such precious literature, there to lie under the eye of God, for who knows but some poor office-cleaner, or scavenger, or rubbish-searcher may get light and salvation through reading them, whilst the wealthy merchant who despises God's Word seeks in vain for happiness in the things of this perishing world.

Let us, then, go on sowing the good seed with fresh courage. God must have His harvest. R. A. S.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

"And his sons did unto him according as he commanded them : For his sons carried him into the land of Canaan, and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought with the field for a possession of a burying-place of Ephron the Hittite, before Mamre. . . . And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him. And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command before he died, saying, So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin ; for they did unto thee evil : and now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father. And Joseph wept when they spake unto him. And his brethren also went and fell down before his face ; and they said, Behold, we be thy servants. And Joseph said unto them, Fear not ; for am I in the place of God ? But as for you, ye thought evil against me ; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. Now therefore fear ye not : I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them " (Gen. l. 12-21).

FREQUENTLY in Scripture we get illustrations of the word—"Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxxii. 23). That is the point of the passage above quoted. Reader, whoever you are, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The sin of Joseph's brethren found them out. And very remarkable is the way God took in finding them out.

You know there is one thing in this world you do not like. And what is that? You do not like the coffin and the funeral. The way the dead are rapidly put out of sight shows what people think of death. But God meant to raise convictions of sin in the

souls of Joseph's brethren, for indeed they were sinners, so he kept them dangling about that coffin forty days. That was a long time. Forty days is the number in Scripture of perfect testing. And God says, "I will rouse the consciences of those guilty, godless men, by keeping them in the presence of death." Jacob was their father. They doubtless loved him, but they had told lies to him. Perhaps you love your father, yet have told lies to him. Very likely. And these men had deceived, and lied to their father, and then thought it was all forgotten.

But they had also sinned against their brother Joseph, in a dreadful way. They hated him, disliked him, and were envious of him, so they plotted for his death, then sold him, and afterwards told lies to their father. They took Joseph's coat, dipped it in blood, and said to their father, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt, rent in pieces" (Gen. xxxvii. 32, 33). The evil beasts were a good bit nearer Jacob than he thought. The evil beasts were beneath the coats of his sons.

Years rolled by, and they thought they would never hear of Joseph again. But "be sure your sin will find you out" is bound to come true. Their sin finds them out. Through famine they are brought into the presence of Joseph. Read the story. When they try to get corn they are brought into his presence, and he says, "Come near to me, I pray you," though he knew who they were. It was all love on Joseph's

side. So also it has been all love on Jesus' side towards us. What answer has there been to Him?

Finally, Joseph brought them down to Egypt, looked after them, and took care of them, and for seventeen long years they lived on his bounty. What about their sin? All was covered up, not confessed. They hoped it was forgotten. Joseph had not said a word about it. But all these years they were restless. Perhaps as restless as you are, if you think of death. For seventeen long years they fed upon his bounty, while not happy in his presence. But they had a prop, their father. And one day down came the axe on the prop. The old man died. And what now? There was no prop left, and conscience spoke.

Mark the result. "And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure *hate us*, and will certainly *requite us* all the evil which we did unto him" (Gen. l. 15). Jacob had been a sort of prop to them. Then the prop goes. And now what is it? They are face to face with death, and the prop gone. They have to hang about that corpse for forty days, and conscience began to work regarding the past. There is nothing upsets people like being face to face with death. It is just then that conscience whispers, "Death is before you," and what then? "*God requireth that which is past.*"

Reader, it is very probable that the tree is cut down and sawn into boards, which will make your coffin. And you are unconverted? God save you now. You may think you have a long life before

you. So thought Belshazzar, and died that night. Listen to God's Word. Say not—"I have been such a sinner, I am really afraid." God knows the sins of your life better than you. He is love, so you need not be afraid of Him. His brethren really were afraid of Joseph, though they had taken his bounty all these years. You have been living on God's bounty, believe His love.

The man, the woman, who professes Christ, but does not really know Him, while living on the bounty of the Lord, is very like Joseph's brethren. You may know about Him, but if you do not know Him personally, all is unreality. And mark this, soon your prop will go, and the naked truth will come out. It is a grand thing when your sins find you out in time, and you come to the Lord for blessing. So was it with these ten men, when the Lord brought their sin on their conscience.

They bury the old man. And then we see what was in their hearts. They were backboneless hypocrites, the whole lot of them. All smooth and right outwardly, but they knew what they had done, and yet had not confessed. They had not made a clean breast of their sin the day when they first met Joseph. Now, this cloaking-up of sin is the secret of an immense amount of unrest in souls. There has not been a clean breast made with God as to the sin of past life. Hence there is no peace, nor the sense of forgiveness. But by the great mercy of God those forty days of facing death, then the journey, and then the burial, wrought in their souls. And they

began to reason about Joseph, just as a sinner begins to reason about the Lord when his sin is detected. They say, "Joseph will peradventure hate us." They did not know his heart. They say, It is now his turn, and he "will certainly *requite us* all the evil which we did unto him." That is the way every sinner reasons Godward. I treated Him badly. Now it is His turn. He will deal with me in retributive righteousness. So have we all thought of God, and all thought wrong.

Well, now they send a message. "Thy father did command before he died, saying, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren and their sin." I have a notion that was an untruth. It is a great thing to be straight and truthful. And you know we live in a lying world. We live in a scene of moral corruption. That is why you find so much pressure laid on "the truth" in the New Testament. Jacob thought all was right with his sons. He had forgiven them, and they looked all right. And you, too, may look all right. You go to church, and take the communion. Others think you are all right. But God knows you are an unconverted communicant. You have never been "born again." You have never been blessed and saved. You have never been washed from your sins. If so, go to the Lord at once and confess your sin. Do as Joseph's brethren did. It was a great point that at length they did say: "And now, we pray thee, *forgive the trespass* of the servants of the God of thy father." This is honest confession and petition. They

made a clean breast of things. As it were, they say: "Oh! Joseph, we must confess our sin. We have had enough misery and hypocrisy for seventeen years." Have you been seventeen years a professing Christian, and never been converted? They were never right till they said: "And now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father." It is pretty much like the prodigal son: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son" (Luke xv. 21).

And now mark the effect of their words. "And Joseph wept when they spake unto him." I do not read that they wept. Joseph wept. Why was that? His heart was touched. Let us not so treat Jesus—the true Joseph—the dead and risen Jesus at God's right hand. Make Him not to sorrow through your unbelief and your want of confidence. But more: "And his brethren also went and fell down before his face; and they said, Behold, we be thy servants" (ver. 18). That was a supreme moment.

Did you ever thus get down before the Lord? The point was this, their sin long since found out, was now openly confessed to the one they had sinned against. Well, Joseph weeps, and he speaks. And what does he say? "Fear not; for am I in the place of God? But as for you, *ye thought evil* against me; but God *meant it unto good*, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive" (vers. 19 and 20). That is, the sin of man became the opportunity for God to carry out His own counsel. So do we read of the Lord Jesus. "Him, being

delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain” (Acts ii. 23).

And as Joseph says, “Fear not,” so does Jesus speak now. He is the ‘One who is the Friend of sinners. “Well, then,” you say, “I need not be afraid of Him.” That is exactly what I want to get into your head and heart. Remember this—you can wound Him by want of confidence in Him, and you can delight Him by simple confidence, for He is the same in glory as He was once upon earth. Then trust Him now. He says, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.” Put Him to the test. Trust Him. You will never regret it.

W. T. P. W.

“BELIEVE AND LIVE.”

WHEN all around was *life*, God spoke of *death*. Now, when all around is *death*, God speaks of *life*. Then the Word was: “The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely *die*.” Now the Word is: “Believe and *live*.”

The enemy then sought to make void the Word of God. “*Thou shalt not die*,” was his language then. Now that same enemy seeks to make void the word of the gospel by persuading souls to believe that they have not everlasting life through faith, but must get it through doing, feeling, and I know not what else. How often does the hiss of the serpent prevail above the voice of the Lord!

J. G.

HEARKEN TO THE GOSPEL STORY !

HEARKEN to the gospel story,
 Oh, so sweet !
 Telling of a great salvation,
 Full, complete,
 Through the finished work of Jesus
 On the tree,
 Free forgiveness God now offers
 Unto thee.

Not for love that we had to Him,
 Has God thus
 Shown in sovereign grace and mercy,
 Love to us.
 Wondrous fact ! the only reason,
 God is love—
 Glorious tidings sent unto us
 From above.

We in darkest gloom were lying,
 God unknown,
 And the undeserved compassion
 He had shown
 We despised in blindest folly,
 Oh ! how mad,
 When a Saviour-God would make us
 Ever glad.

Why not now in true repentance,
 Sins confessed, ..
 Turn to God, believe on Jesus,
 And be blessed ?
 Then go forth and live unto Him
 Day by day,
 He Himself your Lord and Shepherd,
 Joy and Stay.

THE ACTOR'S CONVERSION.

SEVERAL years ago I saw a crowd of people entering a large music hall in one of our sea-port towns. I listened to the sound proceeding from within, and found that it was not the usual class of music sung in such places to entertain those who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," but bright, happy strains of Christian praise. I followed the crowd into the place, and found *boxes*, *galleries*, and *pit* filled with a motley audience, whose attention was concentrated upon an old man speaking from the stage.

In a moment one felt struck with the intense earnestness of his language and demeanour.

LIFE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT

appeared to him *terrible realities*. Yet he was no mere ranting enthusiast, possessing zeal without knowledge, or uttering words without power; but there was an unction in his speech, and richness in his language, that commanded the attention of his hearers, who could not fail to be struck also with those furrowed lines on the brow of the speaker, which told their tale of suffering, and a wandering, wayward life, in *the far-off country*, where prodigals spend their substance in riotous living, when they strike for independence of God.

Although this scene was witnessed many years ago, I shall never forget the impression received in the music hall that evening, although I have often

heard the old man since, telling out from his full heart, "*The old, old story of Jesus and His love.*"

A previous speaker having referred to God's wondrous providential dealings with him, to bring his stubborn will into subjection to the gospel, the old man followed him in language similar to this :—

"It is not often that I feel led by God's Spirit to speak of the follies of my past life, when I did what seemed right in my own eyes, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and mind, and rioting in sinful pleasure. But my soul is stirred up by what our brother has said to testify to 'the exceeding riches of His grace,' in having 'snatched me as

A BRAND FROM THE ETERNAL BURNING.'

"A person, walking through the streets of Liverpool many years ago, might have noticed a lad of only fourteen summers, whose careless defiant air told its own tale of self-will, and rebellion from his parents' authority; and would lead the observer to conclude that he had sunk deeper in the mire of sin than most boys of that age. That lad was the speaker you are listening to; and now I must tell my own story:

"It was not the result of parental neglect that caused me to forsake the paths of virtue and morality, and plunge into dissipation and vice. The watchful care of a pious mother had early taught me the things that belonged to my peace. At her feet I had learned to lisp the name of Jesus, and sing hymns of 'the better land.' She used to read to me out of her well-worn Bible about Samuel and David,

and the prophets of old ; and placing her hand upon my head, she would talk kindly to me about Him who, though born in a manger, was a Prince and a Saviour, and visited this sinful world to bring peace and glad tidings, and the offer for all men of the forgiveness of their sins. She sowed the *incorruptible seed of God's Word* in my youthful mind ; but the thorns of bad society choked it, so that for many years it bore no fruit.

“I broke away early from every restraint, and launched out into the stream of iniquity and sin. The current bore me rapidly on, and the fascinations of sinful pleasure blinded my eyes to all danger. I thought of no future, and thus,

‘Careless of my soul immortal,
Heeding not the call of God,’

I hastened on in

THE BROAD ROAD LEADING TO DESTRUCTION.

“My first awakening was at about the age of thirty, in rather a striking manner. At the time, I was manager of my own theatre in the town of Geelong, Australia. Among the actors was a young man, born in Sydney, whose father had been in America, and had imbibed the teachings of Tom Payne. This young man was one day mocking at the book called the Bible, and, quoting from the infidel text-book, was leading the minds of others to mock the Bible as an invention of crafty priests. All seemed to agree with the infidel.

“But this time I was moved by a higher power to

rebuke those men. I had always felt a reverence and awe for that sacred book, which my mother had taught me to read at her knee. With her it was no dead formality of a religious exercise; no mere theoretical knowledge of the *letter* of God's Word. Christianity with her was *vital godliness*, a living, practical reality of daily life, *manifesting the truth of God*, just as He meant it to be with all His children. She lived out

THE GRAND PRINCIPLES OF GOD'S WORD;

and when the sceptics' arguments were strong against the authenticity of the Scriptures, I could never refute that 'living epistle,' which had consistently appeared before me in the years of my childhood.

"It is true that the long course of sin I had pursued weakened its influence for good; but the early teaching of my mother was not quite obliterated, so that, when they abused *her Bible*, I turned fiercely upon them, and said—'The Bible, sirs, is a book wrapped in a mystery beyond our comprehension.'

"We separated, they to their beds, but myself to the silent bush; for home-thoughts of childhood had now filled my mind.

"I remember well that beautiful starlight night. Everything in nature around me possessed a charm peculiar to those tropical climes. Language fails to describe the beauty of such a landscape and sea-view as met my gaze that night, when God spoke to my hardened soul.

"As I lifted my eyes above, and saw the full moon

shedding upon me its soft mellow light; and the clustering stars in the firmament above, which seemed to fix their tiny eyes upon me—the weary prodigal, a voice within seemed to inquire, ‘Who made those planets you gaze upon?’ and what power organised and sustains all the sublime mechanism of the universe?’ The tiniest blade of grass at my feet seemed to speak of an infinite Creator, and to defy the greatest human philosopher to make such a thing. The trees and plants around me seemed silently to ask, ‘Who think you is it, which causes our branches to blossom and bear fruit in their season, and to supply the varied wants of mankind? Who sends the rain and sunshine in their season, to promote our growth, and maintain our life?’ A conviction entered my soul that God ruled supreme over all His creation. But this was not the knowledge of the only true God, revealed to poor sinners through Jesus Christ our Lord, and which brings eternal life to every weary and heavy-laden soul that looks to Him, and trusts in Him, by simple faith. But it was one of those marvellous links in

THE CHAIN OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE,

turning my feet from sin to Himself.

“At a late hour that night, I returned to the hotel, and retired to bed, longing for *rest* I could not find. Memories of home came thronging around me, as I turned from side to side on my restless pillow. Bitter recollections of all my misdoings in the past were rushing through my mind with intense and burning

imagery, and drove me almost to distraction. I thought of the kind mother and friends I had left far away on the shores of my native land: of the sinful pleasures I had indulged in, and for the gratification of which I had sacrificed all that was noble and good. At last I fell into a slumber: but 'God speaks once, yea twice; yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed. Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction; that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. Yea, He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword' (Job xxxiii. 14). Just at that time,

GOD VISITED ME WITH A DREAM.

"It was as follows:—

"I was seated upon a rostrum as an actor, in the kingly robes of Richard III. The scene, St James' Street, Liverpool. My brother Isaac, who was taken away by the cholera which raged in Liverpool during the year 1832, seemed to be again alive, and dressed as 'Pan,' in heathen mythology as the 'god of shepherds,' with a crook in his hand, and clothed in rags. He stood by St James' Churchyard, myself seated upon the opposite side. He was instructing me in the mysteries of nature, showing that every complete thing, whether animal or vegetable, was, in its own sphere, a world in itself, with other insect worlds feeding upon it; and that everything was feeding upon everything, and as everything came out from the

earth, so the earth itself was feeding upon all her offspring. I then asked him what was the soul of man. He showed me a man whose body fell and crumbled to dust, but the soul remained standing, an immortal thing, with all the parts possessing features as with the body, but nothing material could hurt or move it: like a pillar of smoke—you might pass a sword through the figure, but it could not touch it. Many other things were shown at an open grave, and intimations given of a life of faith, and a life of suffering for Christ and truth's sake. I then desired to see mother, and whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, we were caught up, and the happiness of heaven would be impossible to describe. My mother was in the glory: I wanted to stay with her, but another curtain was drawn, and blackness of darkness was there. Myriads of lost souls writhing in agony could see the joy of the saved, but had lost that life; indescribable torment was their portion;

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY HAD LOST,

and eternally struggling to get the life back was hopeless despair. One of these appeared to swim in liquid agony toward me, and with intensified horror depicted upon the countenance of that lost soul, fixing my terrified gaze, I awoke bathed in perspiration and affright.

“For some time this dream had a restraining influence upon me, and kept me from outward sin; but I found no rest or peace, because I sought it not at the cross of Christ; and my proud heart still

refused to yield the obedience of faith to the blessed overtures of the gospel of God's grace.

"Shortly after this, news arrived of the great discovery of gold-fields in California, and I joined that greedy crowd, who packed up their things and started for San Francisco. Joining an American company there, we stayed some months in the Pandemon Inn of that place, and went on to the gold-fields of Coloma.

"We left that settlement, and journeyed still further to discover, if possible, more productive gold-fields. Careless of fatigue, hunger, and disappointment, we pursued our way over wild and desolate tracts of country, where nothing met the eye but brushwood, trees, or prairie land. But we heeded not the discomforts of the way, for our object was GOLD, and for it we were willing to suffer want or peril.

"But my dissipated habits had been gradually undermining my health, so that

DISEASE BEGAN TO LAY HOLD OF MY LIMBS, and my strength to fail. One day, as we were travelling, I was so far exhausted that my companions halted, and helped me to the shelter of a tree, under which I was placed, and soon began to sink. For days they remained at my side, watching the sands ebb slowly out of the glass of my existence, and expecting each hour would be my last. So weak had I become that the weight of a grasshopper was a burden; and all desire seemed to fail. So weak that the pale horse, with DEATH for its rider, seemed to

stand near, ready to trample me into the bottomless pit, prepared for the wicked and those who, like me, had lived only for sinful pleasures, and had forgotten God. There I lay,

WITHOUT ONE RAY OF GOSPEL HOPE

to cheer my guilty soul; but only 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' There I lay, a wreck in the prime of life; and to all appearance drifting fast from the shores of *time* to that vast ocean for whose dark expanse I had no chart or pilot to guide me.

"My comrades waited at my side, and, fancying my hours, perhaps moments, were numbered, they had dug my grave under the shadow of that same tree, ready to place my poor emaciated body in it when the spark of life should have fled.

"As I lay there, *on the eve of death*, as I thought, my mind dwelt upon the value of my soul; and I began to think where would it go when my body was left in the cold tomb. All the sins of my past life rushed with fearful imagery through my mind. The home I had left, the mother's heart I had broken, the talents I had abused, the grace I had despised and rejected; and then I thought of the just retribution for the wicked; and in the bitterness of despair

I GAVE MYSELF UP FOR LOST;

and in agony I cried for help and mercy to that One who is 'mighty to save.' My proud heart was bowed in penitence before Him. Wondrous grace! He heard my cry, and spared the tree yet a little longer; so that I was not cut off in my sins, but

to the astonishment of my friends I began shortly to recover, and ere long was so far restored as to be enabled to pursue our journey, after they had filled up the *empty* grave.

“You would have thought such a *resurrection man* would have sought now to live as a Christian, and know the forgiveness of sins; but no, that deceitful and desperately wicked heart had not yet learnt its own helplessness and depravity, and that ‘*salvation is of the Lord.*’ Consequently, with restored health, I went back ‘like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.’ How this should teach us that God’s Holy Spirit alone must *regenerate* the soul; and that, apart from *the new creation in Christ Jesus,*

ALL ATTEMPTS TO REFORM UNCONVERTED
MEN ARE USELESS;

for until they are *born again* they possess no sufficient motive power to do good even if they would, and, therefore, they are led in captivity by the flesh lusting *within*, and by the devil tempting them from without. Therefore, notwithstanding all God’s goodness in restoring me, I continued to join my companions in all their sinful habits, and good thoughts soon departed from my mind.

“Being deeply injured by one, and deceived by another, Satan was tempting me to shoot the man. I went to my tent, and loaded my pistols. But as I thought of my errand, and that I might add *murder* to my other crimes, or, perhaps, be launched into eternity myself, with unforgiven sins,

The horror of my situation terrified my soul, so that I drew the trigger, and discharged the contents of the pistol into the earth. But there was a power stronger than Satan's now working within; and feeling I could not do the evil deed, or risk my life, in agony I flung myself upon my knees, and leant my head upon a chair. Lifting my eyes a song-book before me attracted my attention, and unconsciously I opened it. The first word that attracted my eye was 'FLY.' I fled from the place. That little book was the leading string in the order of God's providence in drawing me away from a place of certain death to the home of my childhood. When its work was done, it was taken out of the way, and

A BETTER BOOK SUBSTITUTED—THE WORD OF GOD.

"I took ship for England; but when I arrived in Liverpool, I found only my sister in the house, and learnt that my mother had gone home to be with the Lord several years before. Yes, gone to be with the Saviour whom, having not seen through the fifty-five years of her chequered life, she had *loved*. My sister told me that she had died happy, fully persuaded that her God would bring back her prodigal son, John, into the fold of Christ; and on her death-bed she said to my sister, 'Take a piece of paper, and write down this: I am fully persuaded that God's grace will reach my wilful son, and save his precious soul, and that in Liverpool he

will testify of the change;’ and so she died in peace.

“I was much impressed by this, and being sick of the world and its vain, empty pleasures, my heart was turned to *the Sinner’s Friend* as my only way of escape from the wrath to come. There was now a real spiritual awakening in my soul, for I earnestly sought God’s great salvation. I truly abhorred myself, and wondered only if Divine mercy could accept such a miserable sinner as I felt I was.

“For one month I passed through

A TERRIBLE CONFLICT OF SOUL,

listening to the follies of my deceitful heart, and then to the foul suggestions of the enemy of my soul; but not paying that attention I should have done to the words of love and mercy recorded in God’s gospel, for sinners who have got to the end of their good and bad selves. I had not then learnt that God is really seeking for sinners *bad enough* to be saved; that is, those who are conscious of no merit, and feel themselves cast entirely upon ‘God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were *dead in sins*.’

“I floundered about in the slough of despond, with the arrow of conviction in my soul, until at last I was led to the place called ‘Calvary,’ and there at the feet of that Saviour who died, ‘the just for the unjust,’ and ‘redeemed us from the curse of the law—being made a curse for us’—I saw the wondrous *substitutionary* work He accomplished; the *atonement*

He made, whereby God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.' I saw that 'God was no respecter of persons,' and could save the 'dying thief,' or Nicodemus the Pharisee, provided they both came to Him *as sinners*, and accepted salvation as a free gift. I truly felt my helplessness, my need of Him; and that my only hope was in His *mercy*; and then and there I realised 'the forgiveness of sins'; that I was 'justified from all things'; that I possessed eternal life; that God was my Father, Christ my Saviour, and heaven my home. For 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, had shone into my heart, giving me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.'

"Knowing that I was now a child of God, I turned to His Word for light and guidance, and sought to know His mind about my service for Him.

"Like Paul, I realised that I was His, and He was mine: therefore felt that truth, 'Whose I am, and whom I serve.' He soon gave me my commission, 'to go into all the world and *preach the gospel* to every creature,' and assured me from Jer. i. 5 'that before I was born He had sanctified me, and ordained me to be a prophet unto the nations.' And when I said, 'I cannot speak, for I am a child;' He answered, 'Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.' Therefore, I went into Liverpool streets thirty years ago, and 'preached through Jesus the forgiveness of sins; and

that by Him all who believe are justified from all things.' And to the poor, degraded sinners around, I declared

ON THE AUTHORITY OF GOD'S BLESSED WORD

that 'the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth from all sin'; and that 'He was able to save to the uttermost all who came unto God by Jesus.' Amidst much persecution from the flesh, I have sought to declare *God's glad tidings* through the cities, towns, and villages of the land; and learnt that 'my sufficiency is of God,' who has never failed to supply all my need. My hairs are now grey in His service, but whilst He spares me here, I am anxious only to testify for Him, and exalt Jesus only, as 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'"

"Depths of death my Saviour suffered,
Deepest deep soul agony,
God's own spotless Lamb was offered,
Willing sacrifice for me.
Precious Saviour,
Love has drawn my heart to Thee.

"When in helplessness I wandered,
Lost and dead in sin and shame;
Life and health, and substance squandered,
None to save till Jesus came.
Precious Saviour,
Oh! that all could learn Thy name."

JUST IN TIME.

THE damaged S.S. "Olympic," attended by a retinue of tugs, came painfully home to harbour in Southampton, and landed her passengers and luggage. Only the day before the mighty ocean leviathan had started on her voyage to New York, her powerful engines sending the vessel speeding on her way.

But the unexpected happened—H.M.S. "Hawke" collided with the "Olympic," tearing a gash in her side 15 feet across, 25 feet above, and a considerable distance below the water-line. The most of the passengers betrayed no alarm or anxiety, and took the matter quietly.

An American millionaire, however, a leading lawyer in the United States, with pressing and important business engagements in America, had his arrangements greatly upset by the accident. At the earliest possible moment he laid his plans. He found that by chartering a special train to Liverpool he might still catch the S.S. "Adriatic" sailing from that port. A guarantee was given him by the railway company that the journey would be done in six hours. That would bring him to Liverpool *three minutes* after the "Adriatic" was advertised to leave. He paid £78 plus first-class fare for a special train, consisting of engine, a first-class coach, and a guard's van.

He started. His special went whizzing past express trains, and all ordinary trains were side-tracked to let him pass. He reached Edgehill Station, Liverpool,

at 6.22 P.M. Two miles away at Riverside lay the "Adriatic" with steam up, ready to start for New York at 6.30, her scheduled time—eight minutes left in which to do the last two miles.

Then came the millionaire's ordeal, which left him a nervous wreck at the end of his journey; that wild rush through England at top-speed settled down to a slow snail-like agonising crawl. Rail traffic on this section must not go faster than four miles an hour, and must be preceded by a signalman walking ahead on the track carrying a red flag. The special took *seventeen* minutes to cover the last two miles. It was 6.39 when the millionaire's train steamed into the Quayside station, its solitary passenger standing at the window nervously clutching the handle of the door. "Am I in time?" he gasped. "You're all right," said the White Star official who was waiting. "Come right aboard. We'll see to the baggage."

The millionaire, quivering with excitement, stepped rapidly across to the landing stage, up the gangway, refusing to say a word to anybody. He was led to his state-room, which he promptly entered, and locked himself in. Two minutes later the gangway was drawn ashore, and the "Adriatic's" booming whistle of departure rang hoarsely over the river. The mighty engines throbbed, and soon the big liner was putting distance between herself and the shore.

What anxiety the millionaire showed! How earnestly he used every means to accomplish his

purpose. How each day as the steamer pursued her way across the rolling Atlantic must he have congratulated himself on the success of his effort.

But there stands in vivid contrast to the anxiety and effort of the American lawyer the deadly indifference of multitudes in a far more deeply important matter. I refer to the matter of the soul's salvation. His anxiety related only to reaching New York three or four days earlier than he would have done otherwise. But the matter we urge upon your attention relates to eternity. A few brief years at most, and life's little day will be over for you, and what then?

Listen to me for a moment. Either the Bible is true, or a more false and evil book cannot be found. It describes Satan as an "angel of light," but if the Book is false it out-Satan's Satan, for it parades itself as a book of light. And yet, mark its undoubted results. Are they beneficent? Do they bear witness in the beautiful lives of the best of men and women to the power of the Book? A nation destitute of the restraining influence of that book is a nation not to be trusted, a nation whose word is worthless, whose morals lead to national suicide. An individual destitute of this same restraining influence is shunned by all right-thinking people—his sins generally lead him headlong to physical and moral shipwreck even in this world. Certainly the truth of one of the sayings of the Bible is evident—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

But if the Bible is true, what then? It is true. The fulfilment of prophecy proves it. Its moral

results, magnificent beyond the power of word to describe, prove it. The conversion of tens of thousands prove it. The testimony from the throne, from the slums, from the dying, from the lips of the cultured and the wise, from the mouths of the coarse and illiterate, prove it; age, the lisplings of babes and sucklings prove the mighty power and reality of God's Word.

And if true, what is the testimony of the Bible? That the *only* Saviour from sin is the Son of God. That the *only* means by which the claims of God's throne could be met was by His wonderful sacrificial death on the cross. That the *only* way by which *you* can be saved from the consequences of your sins is by *personal* faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, "repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now if the Bible is true, it is high time you woke out of your deadly indifference. If the American millionaire was wise over the matter of a few hours, will you not be wise as to eternal things?

We read of those in Scripture who have "fled for refuge" (Heb. vi. 18). They evidently felt their need of a refuge. They did not crawl, or walk, but "fled." How intensely earnest they were, as the language indicates.

Will you be less earnest? I trust not. Remember the intensely solemn question of Scripture, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3). All those who live in a fool's paradise of indifference will assuredly find out their folly.

JOHN III. 16, ONCE MORE!

A FEW Sundays ago I ran over to Wellingborough from Northampton to preach the gospel in a little room situated in a blind alley off Polk Road, nicknamed by the inhabitants, "Golden Alley." I knew that I should have a very small congregation that evening, for several of those who usually attended were away for a short holiday, and it was quite likely that there might not be even one unconverted person present. But I knew that if there were no sinners to listen, the Lord's people would be glad to hear the gospel once more.

So it was a joy to my heart to hear the following remark from a Christian when I entered the room:—

"Well, you have got *one* sinner to hear the gospel to-night at any rate.

"You see that old lady sitting right at the back of the room?"

"Yes," was my reply.

"Well, she is unconverted."

One sinner, and a *few* Christians! What a congregation! This is indeed a "day of *small things*" (Zech. iv. 10), but we must not despise it. So I went on with my preaching, taking for my subject the passover scene in Egypt depicted for us in Exodus xii.

In Exodus xii., God's message was to *Israel* only; but in John iii. 16 we read, "*God so loved THE WORLD that He gave His only begotten Son, that*

WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

About a fortnight after, I was passing through Wellingborough, and called upon the Christian who made the remark to me when I entered the room the Sunday evening I had preached there. During our conversation his wife said to me :

"You remember that old lady that sat right at the back of the room the last time you preached here?"

"Yes," I replied, when it was made clear to me who was meant.

"Well, she is dead. Her body lies in a house just at the back of ours waiting to be buried; but her soul is with Christ."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "How did she get saved?"

"Well," said her husband, "the fact is she went out that Sunday evening intending to go to church, but she felt so ill that she could not get there, and dropped into the little room, and heard you preach. You remember you referred to John iii. 16?"

"I do not remember it exactly; but I daresay I did. It is a weak point of mine bringing in John iii. 16 every time I preach; I generally manage to get it in somehow."

"Well," continued our friend, "the old lady went home, and gradually got worse. But before she died she asked her husband to bring a Bible and read John iii. 16 to her. He did so. She made him read it over and over again.

“At last she said, ‘Yes, that is what the preacher said, *God so loved THE WORLD*—that means *everybody* in the world, so it means *me*. *That WHOSOEVER*—that means everybody too, so it means *me*. *Believeth in Him*—that is whosoever believes in Jesus; and I do believe in Jesus—*should not perish but have everlasting life*. So I shall not perish, but I *have everlasting life*.’ And so she passed away in perfect peace.”

Praise God! Another gone to join the countless number that will be able to point to that precious verse of the Word of God—John iii. 16, as the text that was used by the Spirit of God to their conversion.

May God add to their number by the publication of this simple incident!

“*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. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved*” (John iii. 16, 17).

“‘Not to condemn the world,
The ‘Man of Sorrows’ came,
But that the world might have
Salvation through His name;
For ‘Whosoever will believe
Shall everlasting life receive!’”

How simple! How blessed! All may be saved, Why are *you* not saved? Because you have not believed. Delay not, but here and now decide.

“WITH THE LORD.”

IT was with sad yet thankful hearts that about two hundred Christians and friends gathered recently around the grave of a beloved young Christian lady. Only twenty-five years of age, full of promise, the light of her home, an active Christian worker; she had, after a brief illness, been “put to sleep by Jesus.”

As we thought of the blank at home, the vacancy in the ranks of those who seek to serve the Lord, we could not but sorrow; yet when we thought of her as being “with the Lord” we rejoiced, and expressed our triumph even in the presence of death in the closing words of 1 Corinthians xv.—part of which was read at the funeral—“Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ” (ver. 57).

In that chapter we learn the grand secret of Christian victory. The gospel in all its majestic grandeur and divine simplicity is outlined, and presents three great facts—

JESUS DIED! JESUS ROSE! JESUS LIVES!

“*Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures*” (ver. 3). Here we are confronted at once with “our sins.” Reader, what about YOUR sins? You have committed sufficient to sink a multitude in perdition, and you cannot by your own effort blot out a single one; but, praise be to God, “Christ died for our sins.” Faith says, “Christ died for MY

sins." Will you put yourself in just there? Then you shall know that *your* sins have been atoned for in the death of the sinless Substitute—the Lord Jesus Christ.

Further, "*He was buried*" (ver. 4). So complete is the work of salvation, that, in the death of Christ, not only have our sins been dealt with, but God has once and for ever ended the history of man after the flesh, who could do nothing but sin, in order that, in the risen Christ, He might bring in a new creation: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" [or *there is a new creation*] (2 Cor v. 17).

This brings us to the next great fact—" *He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures*" (ver. 4). The resurrection is the glorious proof of God's satisfaction with, His acceptance of, and His delight in the mighty work of redemption. Seen on earth after His resurrection by an army of "witnesses chosen before of God," He was seen later in glory by Saul of Tarsus. The triumph of Christ is complete, and the tidings of salvation have been carried down by the Holy Spirit of God, and ring throughout the world to-day. There is, thank God, a living Saviour for dying sinners.

God's glory has been maintained, His righteousness has been established, His claims have been met, Satan has been defeated, death has been annulled, sin has been put away, and the way has been cleared, so that it can be said of every believer, as was said of the Corinthians, "*Ye ARE saved*" (ver. 2)—not hope to be saved, not may be saved, not trying to be

saved; but "*Ye ARE saved.*" Let us ask you just here, dear reader, Are YOU saved?

Nor does the gospel stop here. The inspired apostle in combating the error of that day—and of this day too—enlarges on this magnificent gospel, and shows that the triumph of Christ is the triumph of all who are His. He is coming back for those who belong to Him, and when He comes, the sleeping saints will be raised, and the living saints will be changed. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (ver. 52), all will be transformed into His own glorious likeness, and as they rise to meet Him, they will be able to challenge death, and say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" What a splendid gospel! Thrice happy indeed are those who have heard its joyful sound, and who have been brought under its saving power.

The subject of our paper lived in the joy of it, and died in the triumph of it. During her last illness, in her delirium, she was either presenting the gospel to someone, or praying God to save sinners, or expressing her joy in songs of praise. In view of all this, what could we do but rejoice? At the grave we sang:—

"The Lord Himself shall come,
And shout a quickening word;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb:
'For ever with the Lord!'

"Then, as we upward fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be our shout of victory:
'For ever with the Lord!'

“There with unwearied gaze
Our eyes on Him we'll rest,
And satisfy with endless praise
Our hearts supremely blest.

“‘Knowing as we are known!’
How shall we love that word,
How oft repeat before the throne:
‘For ever with the Lord!’

“That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory—
Once more:—‘For ever with the Lord!’
Amen! so let it be.”

We looked for an instant into the grave, and saw the coffin which contained the precious dust; then we looked up, and delighted to think that SHE was “with the Lord.” That is heaven. Some may speak of pearly gates and golden streets, others may tell us of happy angels and harps of minstrelsy, but our joy is that those who have died in Christ are “absent from the body—present with the Lord” (2 Cor. v. 8), and that soon the whole ransomed company will be—“For ever with the Lord.”

This very hour He may come, then the night of sorrow will end, and the resurrection morn will break, we shall see His face, we shall hear His voice, we shall walk with Him, together we shall talk of all His love, and for ever and ever we shall praise and extol His glorious name.

Sorrowing Christians, dry your tears; your loved ones, who trusted Him, have gone into His presence just a little time before, and are now where you soon will be—“with the Lord.” Hallelujah!

We turn again to you, dear unsaved reader. What a positive heart-break it would be to *your* Christian friends if *you* died as you are, what a dismal funeral *yours* would be, and what a black eternity!

“Without God”—“without Christ”—“without hope.” Then why not come to Christ **JUST NOW!** Wait not for a deathbed. The father of our departed friend said to the writer, “If she had not been saved, there would have been no opportunity during her illness, racked with pain, tossed about in delirium, she could not have thought of the need of her soul.”

Reader! Let us beseech you, be you young, middle-aged, or old, believe the gospel, accept the Saviour, rest your soul upon His finished work, then stake your eternity on the fact that He “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” (Rom. iv. 25-v. 1).

Then, while left here you will live *for* the Lord; as the ranks may be thinned by one and another being called home, you will be ready to step into the breach, and, as exhorted in the last verse of our chapter, “Be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord;” and whether called hence ere He come, or left here “till He come,” yours—in common with every sinner saved by grace—will be the glorious prospect of being “For ever with the Lord.” Can any prospect be more glorious?

HAVE YOU GOT IT?

IF Christ made peace, and preached it, the man that does not get it makes a huge mistake for time and eternity. That is certain. Christ has made it, as it is written, "HAVING MADE PEACE through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20).

The person that simply receives HIM has it. Do not forget that when He rose from the dead He preached it. The very first words He said among the company of His own when He rose from the dead were, "Peace unto you."

Now, what is peace? Well, it is profound calm. Profound calm exists between the soul of the believer and God. To my mind peace is this,—there is not one single disturbing element between my soul and God.

"But," you say, "what about my sins?" Well, thank God they are not between God and me. Do you know why? Because they were once between God and His Son. "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. ix. 28). It cost Christ His life, and He went down into death. With my sins on Him? Oh, no! He did not take my sins into His grave. If He had, He would be there yet. No, no, He put them away when He bore them on the tree.

And what is the result? They are all gone, and, believing, I have peace with God.

Have you not got this peace yet, dear friend?

A COMMON FALLACY.

RETURNING from business I fell into conversation with a fellow-passenger. Our conversation drifted to spiritual matters.

He talked of the different sects in Christendom, and finished up by declaring his belief that if we did our best we should be all right in the end.

“What do you mean by doing your best?” I inquired.

“Oh! keeping straight, and doing no harm to anybody,” he replied.

“Do you read your Bible much?” I asked.

“I am not so well up in it as I used to be,” was his answer.

Then I quoted to him, “*To him that worketh NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness*” (Rom. iv. 5). Also, “*By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God*” (Eph. ii. 8). I asked him if that looked as if doing one's best was the right way of obtaining the blessing.

His answer was sad in the extreme. “It does not appeal to my reason.” He refused to bow to God's Word.

Reader, are you making the fatal mistake of this man? Are you doing your best for salvation? Or are you prepared to accept salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus without deed or merit on your part?

THE "TITANIC" DISASTER.

SIMPLE sober language best befits the occasion. It were ill-taste to make capital out of this tremendous sea disaster, which has shocked unspeakably two hemispheres. Never has there been such a shipwreck in the history of the world.

Our deepest and most respectful sympathy is with the families who have been bereaved ; our chastened congratulations are with those who have been saved.

Two thousand three hundred and forty souls started on this fateful voyage. The biggest ship that had ever been built carried them. It was her first voyage, and her last. She was declared to be unsinkable. But she sank. Man has his limits. God has hedged him in, it humbles his pride. Well may we with chastened minds stand before our Creator with humility and awe.

Man said the "Titanic" could never perish. That could only be said of the believers in the Lord Jesus Christ on board. The writer was personally acquainted with one who was drowned in the wreck. He was a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *he* could not sink, *he* could not perish. His body might be drowned, and might sink two miles beneath the icy cold waters, but *he* could not sink, *he* could not perish. No, *he* went up, his soul passed into joy beyond any earthly delight.

Mr W. T. Stead, the celebrated journalist, is among the missing. It was said his death deprived

him of the greatest opportunity of his life, viz., to describe with brilliant pen the dramatic end of the "Titanic." It was said, too, that he never insured his life on ocean travel, as spiritualism had told him he would die through being kicked to death on London streets. But spiritualism deceived him.

Colonel Gracie, of the United States Army, who had a most marvellous escape says: "We prayed through all the weary night. Men who seemed long ago to have forgotten how to address their Creator recalled the prayers of their childhood, and murmured them over and over again. Together we said the Lord's Prayer again and again."

We earnestly trust that many may have turned to the Lord in the hour of their supreme peril. But, reader, be warned by the sudden fate of these hundreds of precious souls, do not put off to a death-bed the greatest opportunity of *your* life, viz., turning to the Lord in repentance and faith. Let me beseech you not to delay another hour.

Two hemispheres were thrilled as they read with dimmed eye, and faltering voice, the account of the awful wreck. But consider! Not so dramatically, not so suddenly, but none the less surely, each hour as it ticks its silent flight into eternity witnesses more souls passing into eternity, than perished in the wreck of the "Titanic."

And just as millionaire and stoker, the journalist with brilliant pen, and the illiterate man, who had to put a cross against his name, old and young, rich and poor, strong and feeble, alike perished, so on

a wide scale with more infinite variety, souls are passing into eternity by the thousand each day. The Greenlander from his snow hut, the Indian from his lowly cabin, royalty from beds of down, with archbishops performing the last rites ritual can offer, the depraved from the unspeakable slums and festering sores of the overgrown cities, the Christian, the infidel, the heathen, the black, the white, the copper-coloured, all are liable to go by the same narrow gateway of death into eternity. And *you* will have to go! And *you* don't know when! Are you prepared? Oh! answer the question. Answer it manfully, earnestly, prayerfully.

Remember this! There was no salvation from a watery grave provided for *all* on board the "Titanic." But there is salvation from the penalty of sin and the pains of hell for all, who will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Christ Jesus . . . gave Himself a ransom for *all*" (1 Tim. ii. 6). "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).

When the women who had husbands on board the ill-fated steamer scanned the lists of those who were saved and those who were missing, pathetic scenes were witnessed. One woman would be hysterical with joy when she found her husband's name inscribed on the list of the saved, and would rush off to spread the good news. Another woman would be struck dumb with grief, grief too poignant for tears or word, grief too terrible for relief, and linger

about hour after hour, again and again and again reading the fatal news which declared her a widow, as if by some spell, her despair might be after all a dream, only little by little to wake up to the dull pain of its dread reality.

Alas! alas! what will be the grief of those who have frittered away the greatest opportunity of their lives, and have failed to avail themselves of God's so great salvation? What will be their despair, their grief, when they find they have perished, that theirs is "the second death" that never dies, eternal punishment that knows no end? No words can describe it. It will be too terrible to be described. God save you from such a fate! I say, God save you from such a doom!

Pathetic beyond words was the sight of the heroic young wireless telegraphist sending, sending, sending message after message across the dreary ocean, calling for help, that either came too late, or was inadequate, sending, sending, sending till the icy waters crept into his cabin, and he was driven from his post only to die of starvation and cold.

Sinner, listen to the matchless words, "WHOSOEVER shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 13). Call upon Him, unconverted reader, call upon Him from the depths of your soul, call upon Him now, and you shall be saved, yes, even where and when you call, only call upon Him. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). God has spoken, loudly, warningly. Will you heed? God grant you may.

CONVERSION OF A LONDON OMNIBUS DRIVER.

(TOLD BY HIMSELF.)

I MAY well thank God for a dear blind daughter. She was converted to God at the age of twelve, and prayed for me another twelve long years before her earnest pleadings for my conversion were answered.

My first deep conviction of sin was caused by my wife being ordered by the doctor to undergo a serious operation in the hospital. I wondered what would happen to my poor blind child and myself under such circumstances.

One Sunday morning I asked my daughter to sing me a hymn. She sang, "*Behold Me standing at the door.*" It so impressed me that I asked her to sing it a second time, which she did. The thought, occasioned by the singing of the hymn,

GOD IS SEEKING AN ENTRANCE INTO
YOUR HEART,

caused me to think very seriously.

On the following Monday morning two of my companions and regular riders on the 'bus met me with the words, "*Bob, I'm going to give up swearing, and join the Church.*"

"*Right,*" I said, "*we will.*"

This I said soon after I left Rye Lane, Peckham, for Oxford Circus. On my return from Oxford Circus,

when I reached Camberwell Green by the fountain, at twenty minutes past nine, I seemed to see before me two roads—one for God and one for Satan.

I said, "Satan, I've served you long enough, I will serve you no longer. I will serve God."

At once I found my burden was gone, and I immediately burst into a song of praise to God for His mighty deliverance.

My conversion was so real to me that, having to drive an omnibus on Sundays, I went to my employer and told him I was converted, and asked him if I could cease Sunday driving. He very readily granted my request, and was most pleased to hear of the change in me.

However, after having four Sundays off, my fellow-servants were so jealous of it that I had to resume it again, so that now I only have one Sunday in eight to meet with the Lord's people.

The persecutions of my fellow-servants were many. They put Bibles^e in my omnibus and Prayer-books, and called me "Holy Joe," "religious Bob," and many other names, but they soon tired. All the notice I took was just to lift my heart in prayer to God,

"LORD, SAVE THESE MEN."

I may say my conductor went home many times and told his brothers, "*I have been trying to upset old Bob to-day, but I can't.*"

Four years after my conversion I was at home seven months with a growth in the throat, for which I had to undergo an operation. I prayed God to

guide the surgeon's hand that I might be restored ; I had not been able to speak for eleven months. God answered my prayer, and I have been able to speak of His saving, keeping, sanctifying power since, and as long as He spares me I will by His help continue to do.

Before my conversion I could not read. I prayed God to teach me to read His Word, which He did, and has fed my soul with His precious truths ever since.

In respect of my two companions who were with me I said to them many times, "*You did not do as you said, give up serving Satan.*" They replied, "*No, Bob, but you did.*"

I continued to pray for them, and

GOD ANSWERED MY PRAYERS.

Both of them were converted. One of them has now gone to be with the Lord.

My omnibus is called, by not a few, a travelling pulpit. I have often said I would like to purchase No. 171 omnibus, which was the number of the one on which I was converted.

In conclusion, I thank God for having by His grace made me what I am. May He so possess me by His Spirit, fill my mouth with suitable words, that I may be an instrument in His hands of leading many a 'bus driver and passenger to possess the knowledge of sins forgiven, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God's word to all is, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31).

J. W. P.

THE HALF-CROWN BARGAIN.

THERE is a story told of a most eccentric preacher, who, walking out one morning saw a man going to work, and said to him, "What a lovely morning! How grateful we ought to be to God for all His mercies!"

The man replied, "I don't know much about it."

"Why," said the preacher, "I suppose you always pray to God for your wife and family—for your children—don't you?"

"No," said he, "I do not know that I do."

"What, do you never pray?"

"No."

"Then I will give you a half-crown if you will promise me you never will as long as you live."

"Oh!" replied he, "I shall be very glad of half-a-crown to get me a drop of beer."

He took the half-crown, and promised never to pray as long as he lived. He went to his work, and when he had been digging for a little while he thought to himself, "That's a queer thing—I've taken money, and promised never to pray as long as I live." He thought it over, and it made him feel wretched. He went home to his wife, and told her of it.

"Well, John," said she, "you may depend upon it, it was the devil: you've sold yourself to the devil for half-a-crown!"

This so bowed the poor wretch that he did not know what to do with himself. This was all his

thought—that he had sold himself to the devil for money, and would soon be carried off to hell.

He commenced attending places of public worship, though feeling that it was of no use, believing he had sold himself to the devil; but he was really ill, bodily ill, through the fear and trembling which had come upon him.

One night he recognised in the preacher the very man who had given him the half-crown, and probably the preacher recognised him, for the text was “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” In the course of his remarks the preacher remarked that he knew a man who had sold his soul for half-a-crown.

The poor man rushed forward, produced the piece of money, and said, “Take it back! take it back!”

“You said you would never pray,” said the preacher, “if I gave you a half-crown; do you want to pray?”

“Oh! yes, I would give the world to be allowed to pray.”

That man was a great fool to sell his soul for half-a-crown. Be warned! Some of you are a great deal bigger fools, for *you never had the half-crown*, and yet you do not pray, and I daresay never will; but will go down to hell, never having known God.

But, mark you, praying will not save you. “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31), is *God’s* answer to the earnest question, “What must I do to be saved?” Christ, and Christ alone, can save. Will you not trust Him?

A CONTRAST.

IT was through an accident in the days of the horse cars in R—— that a young lady came to know her Saviour. Two cars going in different directions collided where the double lines merge into the single, causing the pole to be driven through the side of the car into the lady's side. A Christian doctor had her removed and examined. From the nature of the wound and her groans he knew she must be suffering intensely. He asked her how she felt. She replied in a low voice, "*My sins, it is my sins.*" The doctor, a Christian, was astonished, but delighted to meet an anxious soul, and as he spoke of the power and value of the precious blood of Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth from all sin, her anxiety gave way to peace. She believed God's testimony concerning the blood. She believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. Her sins were forgiven. She was saved. She made a quick and remarkable recovery, and the last time we heard of her she was bright in the service of the Lord, and a channel of blessing to others. But she had to be brought face to face with death before she would accept Christ as her Saviour.

It was rather different with a doctor known to us. As a student he had a brilliant career, and good prospects were his. But one day when riding his favourite horse, it shied and threw him heavily

to the ground. Thank God, he was a Christian. When he regained consciousness he learned from a friend that it was impossible for him to live long. As he thought of meeting his Saviour, and the bright scene he was about to enter, he exclaimed, "*It fills every crevice of my heart with joy!*" His time had come, and he entered into his rest.

In the light of these things, reader, let us be found truly "ready" should any accident befall us. If not "ready" God has given you another warning through reading these incidents. And if a Christian let us each be found ready to accept joyfully His will for us, be it life or death.

Then we can sing :

" On the Lamb our souls are resting,
 What His love no tongue can say ;
 All our sins, so great, so many,
 In His blood are washed away.

" Sweetest rest and peace have filled us,
 Sweeter praise than tongue can tell ;
 God is satisfied with Jesus,
 We are satisfied as well.

" Conscience now no more condemns us,
 For His own most precious blood
 Once for all has washed and cleansed us,
 Cleansed us in the eyes of God.

" Filled with this sweet peace for ever,
 On we go, through strife and care,
 Till we find that peace around us
 In the Lamb's bright glory there."

"WE MUST DO OUR PART."

AN old woman on her way fròm market was toiling wearily along, laden with a basket filled with her purchases.

I asked her if she was resting on the finished work of Christ.

"Yes," she said, "I am, but *we must do our part.*"

I answered:

"THE BIBLE SAYS WE ARE WITHOUT
STRENGTH,"

what then can *we* do? Besides, Christ has by Himself finished the work, so that He has left nothing for us to do."

"I only know we must do our part," she replied.

"Will you allow me to carry your basket?" I asked.

"Thank you," she said, and gladly parted with her load.

"Now, you see, I am carrying your load, I do not ask, or desire your help, I am glad to relieve you of its weight, and I am doing it *by myself*. This is a little illustration of what the Lord Jesus has done for the one who believes in Him. He has taken the whole load, borne the judgment of God against sin: and as the Apostle Peter says, 'His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' He has left the believer nothing to do but to rest in confidence and joy in what *He has done.*"

"Well, sir, I believe we must *do our part.*"

Just at this moment her little grandchild came toddling up the hill, and when she caught sight of the basket, she took hold of the handle to help me carry it.

"Look at the child," I said, "*she is doing her part.* Suppose for a moment that I let go my hold of the basket, could she carry it a single step?"

"Of course not; how could a weak little child like that carry such a load?"

"We are also 'without strength,' and can do nothing to add to the work of Christ, and nothing more is needed, for Jesus did it all, long, long ago."

We had by this time reached her cottage; and we parted, leaving her

CLINGING TO THE MISTAKEN THOUGHT,

"We must do our part."

Our old friend is by no means a solitary instance of this mistaken notion about doing "our part." It all results from not clearly understanding the difference between our responsibility as believers and the sovereign grace of God that saves—and saves eternally. If a believer does not walk in obedience, he will not be happy, for a believer's true happiness is found only in obedience (*see* John xv. 9, 10).

It is of the utmost importance to distinguish between the varied ways in which the Word of God speaks of salvation. It is spoken of in a threefold way:—

1. *As a past and finished work.*
2. *A present and continuous work.*
3. *A future and glorious work.*

Not seeing these three distinct aspects of salvation has often caused anxiety and distress to true believers.

1 Peter i. 9 reads, "Receiving the *end* of your faith, *even the salvation of your souls.*" There salvation is looked at as a finished work, and those who had believed in Christ were "saved souls." 2 Timothy i. 9 says: "Who *hath saved us*, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace." Here we again see the word "saved" used in connection with

A FINISHED WORK :

"*hath saved us.*"

This is the constant language of the apostles when it is a question of soul-salvation and meetness for heaven.

When the believer is viewed as a pilgrim, on a journey through a wilderness world, he is in constant need of the power and grace of Christ, so we read that the object of the present ministry of Christ in heaven is to "save them [believers] to the uttermost" —or to the very end—"that come unto God by Him" (Heb. vii. 25). He has charged Himself with the responsibility of our journey, and is saving us by "His life" (see Rom. v. 10); for we read in Romans viii. 34, that He is at the right hand of God, ever living to make intercession for us, and He will never give up this work until all His people are safely through every danger.

Salvation, however, will not be complete until every saved one is *with* Christ, and like Him in the glory of God ; so we read in Romans xiii. 11 : “ Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed ; ” and in Philippians iii. 20 : “ We look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.” This is the aspect in which salvation is looked at as yet future.

All three are

LINKS IN ONE UNBREAKABLE CHAIN,

and none can ever pluck from Christ’s hand the one, who has believed to the saving of the soul, for as an old woman triumphantly replied, when asked if she should get safely through to heaven : “ Yes, to be sure, ain’t Christ a-sitting up there on purpose ! ”

Even those whose spirits are in heaven have not yet “ salvation ” in its full sense, for they wait for the moment of the final act of salvation, when their bodies will be fashioned like unto His glorious body at the first resurrection.

Until that wonderful moment when the Lord shall come, and give every true believer a body of glory like His own, there will be sorrows and difficulties and trials ; but that does not for one moment alter the truth of these blessed words in John x. :—

“ *My sheep hear My voice.* ”

“ *I know them.* ”

“ *They follow Me.* ”

“ *I give unto them eternal life.* ”

"They shall never perish."

"Neither shall any pluck them out of My hand."

"My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all."

"No man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand."

Notice the marks of those who are

SHEEP IN CHRIST'S FLOCK;

they "hear His voice." He *knows* them, knows all about them, and what they have been, yet they are attracted to His person. They receive His gift of *eternal life*. He assures them "they shall never perish," for they are safely and securely kept by His own and His Father's hand. Could words be more simple and emphatic, assuring the poor sheep of His faithful, unending care.

You ask, Do you leave out responsibility altogether? Not at all. If the believer does not walk in the company of the One who has saved him, he will meet with many sorrows. But the moment we speak of doing "our part," it implies *we can do something* toward our salvation. We have to rest simply in the fact that Christ has *done everything* needed for our eternal salvation; and has done it *by Himself*. He, who saved us from judgment by bearing our judgment on the cross, ever lives to save us by His priestly work in glory, and will complete the work He has begun by raising the dead and changing the living.

“ A SAVIOUR, JESUS.”

(Read Acts xiii. 13-44 ; Psalm ii. 7, 12.)

ACTS xiii. shows us the wonderful effect of a simple, plain statement regarding Christ, and what He has done. Paul's address one Sabbath at Antioch brought almost the whole city together to hear him the next. How his heart must have been gladdened ! He brought them news of the Saviour, and of salvation, never before heard by them. Many received Him and believed the gospel that first Saturday.

“ Now when the congregation was broken up, many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas : who, speaking to them, persuaded them to continue in the grace of God ” (ver. 43).

This is

THE FIRST GOSPEL. “ AFTER-MEETING ”

that we have in Scripture. Some people do not believe in after-meetings. Paul did. His hearers were so reached, moved, turned upside down, and inside out, that it was not the preacher going after them, but many of them followed Paul and Barnabas. Wonderful preaching was that !

See how he addresses them. Knowing that his audience was composed of many Jews, and some Gentiles, he goes over some of Israel's history. Thus he catches their attention. But God knows what they are, and He reaches them where they are. He

knows what they need—salvation—and He provides it. Who was the Saviour? Of the seed of Abraham according to the flesh, yet “God over all, blessed for ever.” A Jew, although, of course, the Son of God. Paul went over the history of the nation, and led them on till they came to the times of David, whom they all loved and respected, and then he said:—

“*Of this man's seed hath God according to His promise raised unto Israel a SAVIOUR, Jesus*” (ver. 23).

Now mark—God had promised. Some people say, I like to rest on the promises. There is an immense difference between the promises and the fulfilment of the promises, between the hope of expectation and what is now proclaimed in the gospel. God, who promised He would bring in a Deliverer, a Messiah, *has brought Him in.*

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

Jesus! They probably had not heard of Jesus. *You* have heard of Jesus—do you know Him? Have you believed in Him? Have you trusted Him?

You say, I have often heard of Jesus. Yes, but that does not mean salvation. You may hear of Him, and go away, like many at Paul's meeting, quibbling at the very grace of God, putting themselves in the company of those whom God calls despisers. His Spirit says, “Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little” (Ps. ii. 12). You say, Judas kissed Him, but he was not a real man. Then be

you true: be you real. He betrayed the Son of man with a kiss, but that does not affect the solemn injunction, "Kiss the Son." There is something very blessed in a true kiss. It betokens affection, trust, confidence. The woman in Luke vii. kissed His feet, and went to her home pardoned, saved, happy, at peace, the result of personal faith in God's blessed Son.

God has fulfilled His word, and brought in Jesus; He has raised up a Saviour, because men need salvation, and the name of the Saviour is Jesus. Observe the character—it is that of a Saviour. What do blind men need? Sight. Hungry men need bread; thirsty men need water.

WHAT IS SUITED TO A LOST SINNER?

A Saviour. You may say, I do not think that I am lost. The devil, if he get his way, will not let you learn you are lost, till it be too late to find a Saviour.

You say, Are all men lost? All, without exception, unless they get to know the Saviour. You have only to read the New Testament to see how again, and again, that word "*lost*" comes in. Read Luke xv. The sheep, the silver, the son, were lost. Paul writing to the Corinthians says, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are *lost*" (2 Cor. iv. 3), not *going* to be lost. Many think that if they were to die in their sins they would be lost then. They are lost long before that. God has brought in a Saviour that you might never know the meaning of that terrible word perish.

Remarkable tidings Paul was telling here, and what was the end of it? Some of them rejected them—do not you. I appeal to you. Listen, “a Saviour, Jesus.” Sweet name! It is music to the heart of a Christian. He is worth knowing. We can recommend Him—Jesus, a living Saviour, the sinner’s Friend, the Son of God and Friend of man, the One who has defeated the devil, annulled death, broken the power of the tomb, and brought life and incorruptibility to light. Will you not have Him?

John the Baptist could call upon men to repent, but when he spoke of Jesus he said, “The latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose” (Luke iii. 16). He is worthy of everything; and if so,

HE IS WORTHY OF YOUR HEART

and mine. Is He not worthy of all that you are? Surely.

Hear Paul’s fervent words:—

“Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent” (ver. 26).

What has God sent? Salvation—salvation in connection with the Person of Christ, but presented in language that men can understand. There is nothing mystical about salvation. There is a man asleep in bed, and his house is on fire. You see the flame, you are conscious that the house is doomed, you get a ladder, spring up, smash the window. He is stupefied by smoke: you risk your life, and bring him out. You are his saviour.

What do all men need? Salvation, and "to you is the word of this salvation sent." Happy the man that brings it to you. The gospel brings you tidings that will justify you in every respect.

Let us read on:—

"For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew Him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning Him."

"They knew Him not"—what a testimony! When you pass into eternity the question will be raised, Did you know Him or did you not? How do people act when they do not know Him? Make light of Him. He had been in their midst, He had raised the dead, healed the sick, gladdened hundreds, yea, thousands of hearts, and yet

"THEY KNEW HIM NOT."

"He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not" (John i. 10). Could anything more terrible be laid to the charge of anyone than this—you have had an opportunity of knowing Jesus, but you do not know Him. Let me urge you to face this now. They were heedless of Scripture. We live in a day in which the Scriptures and the atonement are set aside. Why? "They knew Him not." Men little know what they are doing. They think they can tear Scripture to pieces—they are doing what they did that day. Paul describes it here—they have not understood the voice of God in His own blessed Word: they have not recognised the

Person of His Son when He was incarnate in this world, and they have fulfilled the Scriptures in the condemnation of the Son of God.

“And though they found no cause of death in Him, yet desired they Pilate that He should be slain” (ver. 28). What deep-seated hatred is in man’s heart to God’s Son.

“And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him, they took Him down from the tree, and laid Him in a sepulchre” (ver. 29).

The apostle does not say who the “they” were. God tells us elsewhere. (See Acts iv. 26, 27.)

“But God raised Him from the dead” (ver. 30).

Do not forget that. There is no dead Jesus now. You may be dead—dead in sins—*He* is not dead.

“GOD RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD.”

Hatred slew Him. Love buried Him. Those who were attracted by His grace buried Him. When man had put Him in the grave a stone was put against the mouth of the cave. They put a seal on it, and men with drawn swords guarded it. Look what the world did. Fear put that seal. Fear of what? That He should come out. Do you not want to meet Christ? You have got to meet Him; be sure of that. The one that loves Him delights in the idea of it. If you do not know Him it is a serious thing. Listen:—

“God raised Him from the dead.”

Fear might seal that stone, hoping He might never come out, but He *has* come out, and although the

devil paid large “hush-money,” that the keepers should say His disciples came by night and stole His body, he was but deceiving men. Christ is risen. Man put Him to death; God raised Him. We are confronted with this glorious fact, that the Man the world would not have, and sealed in a tomb, is alive—God has raised Him from the dead.

“And He was seen many days of them which came up with Him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are His witnesses unto the people” (ver. 31).

These things are not fables. Have you been listening to the nonsense talked nowadays? Have you been listening to men saying He was not raised. Why, the great glorious facts of the gospel are first, the incarnation, then the death and resurrection of Christ. Paul can tell of hundreds, who have seen Him. (1 Cor. xv. 6.) And

IF HE IS RISEN, WHERE IS HE?

He is not in this world; He has gone out of it. He is at God's right hand—the same Jesus still, the Saviour.

“And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that He hath raised up Jesus; as it is also written in the second Psalm, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee” (vers. 32, 33).

This is incarnation. The fulfilment of the promise was in the Person of Jesus. All Scripture is fulfilled in Him. He is the Yea and Amen of all the purposes

and promises of God, and now He is in resurrection. These two verses tell us of Christ's incarnation, not His resurrection. God has brought into this world a Man whom He owns as His Son. It is not a question of the eternal Sonship, but the fact that as coming into this world He assumed manhood. God not only said He should come, but, when He was come, He acknowledged Him as His Son.

If He were not God He could not reveal God to man; if He were not man He could not bring man to God. He has gone back to God, as man, and has brought manhood, in His own Person, into glory, in God's presence.

The point here, then, is the incarnation, which is the revelation to us of what God is. He is made known in the life of a man, and that man's life has been so absolutely pleasing to God, that when man put Him out of the world, because

THE LIGHT WAS TOO BRIGHT,

and His holiness was too much for them to stand, God took Him out of the grave and put Him into glory. He exalts Him, and anew gives Him the name of Jesus—Jehovah the Saviour.

“And as concerning that He raised Him up from the dead, now no more to return to corruption, He said on this wise, I will give you the sure mercies of David” (ver. 34).

Here you have resurrection. Do you want life, light, refreshment? Then says God, “Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live;

and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David” (Isa. lv. 3). What is that? A risen, triumphant Christ, calling to needy, hungry sinners. If you want peace, pardon, eternal life, food, come to Him, “buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

“Wherefore, He saith also in another Psalm, Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption” (ver. 35).

“The sure mercies of David” is everything established in resurrection. Psalm xvi. says, “For Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell [hades]; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption” (ver. 10). If He go into the grave He will come out of it. There was no seed of death in Him, and death had no claim on Him. In voluntary grace He went into death, because

DEATH LAY UPON MAN,

and He has borne “the sins of many,” and for them tasted death, and annulled it. He has come up out of death.

Christ has fulfilled the prophecy—“O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction” (Hos. xiii. 14). He is a risen, triumphant Christ, He has broken the power of death, and robbed the grave of its victory; He has absolutely glorified God and defeated Satan. He has gone into death that He might bear those sins which we had committed, and now He is out of death, and God says everything is in Him.

“Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.”

Christianity begins with a risen Christ. That means victory—the defeat of Satan, the annulling of death, the removal of sin, from before God's eye, for everyone that trusts that risen Man.

You say, That is good news. If you have the burden of sin on you, an aching heart, a guilty conscience, listen :—

“He whom God raised again, saw no corruption” (ver. 37).

There has been a victory, a triumph on the part of this Man, but you are welcome to share the triumph and participate in the victory.

“Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins” (ver. 38).

They had never heard this before. Now forgiveness is “preached,” not promised.

GOD SENDS YOU A MESSAGE

on the ground of the death and resurrection of His blessed Son. Listen, unpardoned one, you are either going to have your sins blotted out by faith in Christ, or die and be damned for eternity in your unbelief.

Be it *known*—not hoped, nor prayed for, nor sought after—“be it *known*.” Some say, I will do my best to get it. No, that will not do. It is something you are to take just now.

“And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses” (ver. 39).

The law could never clear you, but the gospel clears all your sins away, and justifies you before God. Christ shed His precious blood to blot them out from before the eye of God, and now the one that believes in Him is associated with Him. The claims of death have been met, and what do you get now? Justification. Good news is this for "all that believe," not for all that pray or work.

Now mark Paul's warning word in closing.

"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" (vers. 40, 41).

Perhaps Paul saw that some, instead of their hearts being touched and softened by this wonderful message, were beginning to criticise. You who have heard the gospel again and again, beware lest that come upon you which God predicted to those who make light of the gospel. You are either

A BELIEVER OR A DESPISER

—you do not care to take what God sends you. You say you will think about it. You are dangerously near being a despiser. You say, I will turn it over in my mind; you are a despiser. No middle ground does Scripture give you.

If you put it off you are ranked by God among those who have made light of His gospel, and are thus despisers. You say it is very wonderful. Stop; wonderful though it be, you may spend eternity

with the lost, because you do not believe what God says. Be warned. "Kiss the Son" now, lest ye perish.

God would have you blessed and saved, and I urge you to turn and trust that Saviour now. Believe in Him now, and you will taste the joy of being forgiven and justified.

Now what are you going to do—go on with the world, or identify yourself with the Lord's people? If the latter I will imitate Paul and Barnabas, who "persuaded them to continue in the grace of God." Similarly I urge you. The Lord has triumphed gloriously, and He is worthy of every heart. Acknowledge His greatness, and delight to spread the glory of His name.

"Many are choosing Christ to-day,
Turning from all their sins away ;
Heaven shall their blessed portion be—
Where will you spend Eternity ?
Eternity, Eternity,
Where will you spend Eternity ?

"Turn and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's love and power ;
Then shall your joyous answer be—
Saved through a long Eternity !
Eternity, Eternity,
Saved through a long Eternity."

"THIS WONDERFUL LOVE."

CONVERSING with a fellow-traveller, I asked, "Do you know what it is to be born again?"

"Yes, indeed, I do, and I will tell you how I found it out.

"About two years ago we heard in our village that an evangelist was to preach in Brighton. Certain reports had spread about him that made me anxious to go and listen to what he had to say. I thought I could pick up a few things to amuse my friends at our evening's entertainment at the public-house.

"Ah, sir, those public-houses were my master for twenty years. The landlords all the country round were glad to see me. Every minute I could get, and every penny I could scrape together went for drink. Wife starving, children ragged, home miserable, but I had no feeling or compassion for either wife or children. Drink and my boon companions seemed to possess me, and hold me with the grasp of a giant.

"Well, sir, as I was telling you, I went to hear this evangelist, and he told us what sounded most wonderful to me, a thing I never dreamt of in my life before. His theme was the love of God. He told us of God's love to drunkards, swearers, and abominable people of all sorts.

"I listened amazed. I could understand God hating sinners, and judging them, and sending them to hell. I always imagined that was what God

would do for a worthless wretch like myself; but to hear that '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), and then to hear that 'God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved' (John iii. 17), was indeed wonderful. It was just wonderful to listen to it.

"I needed no one to tell me I was a sinner, *I knew that*, but, oh! God's love to sinners, such wonderful love. What my feelings were as I listened I cannot describe, I felt if I only could possess that love, I would give up whatever I valued most in this world.

"After the preaching I lingered until some one came and spoke to me about my soul. I then began to cavil, and brought up all the arguments I could about the sovereignty of God. It was just as though I must oppose everything, though, deep down in my heart, there was such a longing desire to know the love of God for myself.

"After I left the meeting, whilst travelling home, my whole thoughts were occupied with what I had heard. I turned in all my wretchedness to God. His love, like a mighty flood, filled my soul, and in three-quarters of an hour after leaving that meeting *I was born again*—a new man altogether. All new, for I have found that reformation will not do, it must be all new.

"I was so full of joy that, strong man as I was, I

wept like a child. My wife thought I was mad, and would not come near me. Ah! poor thing, before I was born again, I thought she was a pretty good woman, but I found she did not know the love of God for herself, and so she could not understand how it was that, for nine days and nights, I could do nothing but shed tears of joy over God's love to me.

“Ever since then, now two years ago, it has been my whole delight to proclaim this wonderful love to ‘Whosoever will,’ and I have had the joy of seeing many souls brought to God, and among them my wife and two eldest boys. My third boy *says* he is saved, but I want to see the evidence of it in his ways. To *say* you believe in Jesus is not enough. If you really do, it will soon show itself. Oh! this wonderful love! I can scarcely rest night or day, I so want to speak of it. I am now going to call upon a friend to tell him the glorious news.

“In our village we have a room where we get the people in, and tell them they must be ‘born again,’ and tell them of *this great love*.

“Many a one who, like myself, was an enemy of God, has been brought to rejoice in Him. When I was first converted, I was in debt everywhere. Now my debts are paid, and my home is comfortable and happy.”

Such is a brief account, as it fell from his own lips, of the conversion of a man of debased and reckless habits. Do you think it is too sudden to be true? What do you say of the three thousand converted under Peter's preaching in Acts ii. 41? What

of the persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, in Acts ix.? What of the cruel jailor of Acts xvi.? Indeed, all the conversions we read of in the Bible are sudden.

A man cannot be in death and in life at the same moment, cannot be lost and saved at the same time. The people, who want to bring *their love*, and good works, and *do* something to get salvation, find it a long and tedious process; not so those who rest *only* on the finished work of Christ.

The Word of God says, "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6). Our friend knew he was that. He was just the one for whom Christ died. He found out that he was one of the "Whosoever" of John iii. 16. It was God's love to such as he that so greatly amazed him.

Have you, my reader, seen yourself a sinner, ungodly, and undone? That love is as free to you as the air you breathe. Do not attempt to reform or improve. Come to Christ at once for salvation. Salvation first, feelings and works will follow. "We love *Him*, because He first loved us." Our friend found out the truth of those words—"The grace of God bringeth salvation" (Titus ii. 11).

Yes, salvation to a guilty sinner. He then found that God having saved him, the next step was to place him as a learner in His school, and that same grace taught him to deny "ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Such is God's way.

Reader, have *you* believed the love that God hath to you?

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

“At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art Thou, Lord? And He said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee. To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.”—ACTS xxvi. 13-20.

IN these words the prisoner at the bar told the remarkable tale of his conversion. Perhaps you say, “The most remarkable conversion that ever took place.” Well, I will not deny that; but depend upon this, every conversion is remarkable, for do you not see that to get out of the grip of the devil, be brought to God, to come out of darkness into light, and be turned from the broad road, that ends in the lake of fire, to the narrow path that leads into the everlasting glory of Christ—that is remarkable enough, and that is what conversion really is.

God has His own way of dealing with souls, and

if you have never been converted yet I would like to know why. Have you not heard the gospel? Have you never heard about Jesus, His death and resurrection? I would say to you, like Paul to his hearers, "This thing was not done in a corner." You have heard about it; what you have made of it is another matter altogether.

Paul says in this chapter that he was on his way to Damascus, to do the devil's work, but was arrested by a light from the glory, was smitten to the ground, and then heard a voice saying unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." That is to say, he had been touched before, and I should not like to say that *you* have never been touched before; if not, may God touch you now. You may never get another opportunity. If you have never had a twinge of conscience it must surely be seared with a hot iron from the devil's furnace. If you have never been in anxiety about your soul, deeply dyed must be the sin in which your soul is steeped.

Saul had been pricked when he saw Stephen die. Read the tale in Acts vii. You did not see Stephen die, no—but you have seen some Christians live, you cannot deny that. You too have kicked against the pricks—your own conscience would accuse you, and when you are brought before the great white throne, to be an eternally condemned sinner, you will not be able to stand and say to the Lord Jesus, "Thou never gavest me a chance, a warning; Thou never prickedst my conscience." You may tell lies

in a preaching-room, but you will not tell lies at the great white throne.

Saul lets Agrippa know what had taken place—he had been kicking against the pricks, and the Lord said, “It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.” The idea is this. In the East they wrought in their fields with oxen at the plough, and in order to make the oxen go, the driver used a long pole, with a sharp goad at the end. The oxen did not like it, and kicked out, but that only drove the goad deeper in. *You* have not become happier, but more miserable, by kicking against the pricks. When the Lord met Saul he was in a great state of ferment in his mind. It is just before the morning that the night is darkest; and it is just before the moment of blessing that a man is worst, and most deeply steeped in sin—that is the moment that the Lord puts His hand upon him. Saul had the sense, I shall have to give in; and *you* will have to give in. You will have to call Jesus “Lord” sooner or later; better do it now in a day of grace, than in a day of judgment.

Fallen to the ground, Saul said, “Who art Thou, Lord?” And He said, “I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.” Blessed word. It was not, I am the Almighty, I am the Creator. No, “I am Jesus.” Saul knew something about Jesus, he had heard plenty about Jesus—so have you. You say, How was he persecuting Him? He could not reach Christ in glory. No, but he could reach His people on earth, and he learned that day the wonderful

truth of the unity of the Church, and of the sacredness of the Body of Christ. In touching Christians he touched Christ.

A Christian is part of Christ. Saul learned, in the moment of his conversion, about the Church, of which Christ was the Head. Then, broken down and utterly humbled, he says, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" His will is broken, there is a complete surrender. Have you never made a downright surrender to the blessed Lord? You had better do it now—do not put it off; do not miss the present moment. Accept Christ, bow down to Him. Saul gave in. Wise man! What a blessed thing it is to give in.

Then we are told what he was to do. "But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee" (ver. 16). The Lord says, I am going to put you into My service. It is a fine thing to change your master, if you have a bad one. But, you say, People will call me a turncoat. Never mind. I have never repented the day when I turned my coat; Paul never repented, and you will not. We were serving a bad master, till Christ met us, and, when we were turned to the Lord, we got a good one. I can give my Master a good character, and I can say to any man, young or old, Come to my Master; get to know, and then serve Him.

Paul says, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly

vision" (ver. 19). What was to be his mission to the Gentiles? "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me" (ver. 18). What an embassy, to be the messenger between God and man. I would rather tell you about Christ, than be the ambassador of the British throne to the greatest court on earth. All that must pass away, but the Lord's servants will meet and praise Him in glory, when every earthly ambassador and every earthly court has passed away to let our Master in, when He comes to reign. Daniel tells us that the stone that fell upon the feet of the great image crushed all to powder, the wind blew it away, and then was set up the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Get into it to-day, my reader. You get to know the One who will be the King, as your Lord and Saviour now, and there is plenty of work for you to do, at His bidding.

What do men get when they turn to the Lord? "Forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified." They leave the devil's ranks, the black flag of damnation, and come into the ranks of the saved. They have left the hosts of the doomed, soon to be the hosts of the damned, and have come under the authority of the Captain of salvation. Get, my friend, among the Lord's hosts. I want your heart for Christ, I want you for the Lord. Tell me, will you decide for Him now? Listen to Saul, as

he unfolds his commission. The way you get all the blessing is by believing in Jesus—"by faith that is in Me."

We are not told here what is recorded in Acts ix., that Saul went to Damascus, and passed through three days and nights of deep agony. Then Ananias was sent to him. The Lord knows how to meet an anxious soul in the most wonderful way. If you are really anxious you will soon get some word that will give you the sense that you belong to Christ. Ananias said, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized" (vers. 17, 18). He owned the Lord publicly. You do the same. Believe in Him simply and then confess Him boldly, for "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9).

I hope you will get waked up, if you never have been yet. Hollow profession of Christ will not do. You may have been a nominal Christian for many years, it is all of no use if you have not been brought to know the Lord—all that you have got will only drag you down. Paul could say, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Can you say that? Has the Lord spoken to you? Happy are you if you can say, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

W. T. P. W.

A FATAL DELAY.

IN the city of Minneapolis, in America, stood a large six-storied building, occupied by the *Minneapolis Tribune*, the leading newspaper of the place.

There was a serious defect in its construction. The stairway ran round the lift or elevator, so that if a fire occurred in the elevator shaft it would cut off escape by both elevator and staircase.

That very thing happened. But the elevator boy was a brave young fellow, and he rescued a number out of the burning building, running his elevator through fire and smoke.

In the sixth story was the reporter of the Associated Press, the great news-gathering agency of America. When told of the fire, instead of seeking to escape, with characteristic newspaper sensationalism, he said, "No, I am not going out. I am going to stay here, and telegraph all over the country how near the fire has got."

It was just after the Johnstown flood, when a lady operator had sat in her telegraph office under the dam, saw it give way, yet stayed on, telegraphing down the valley that the dam had broken. By her brave, self-sacrificing efforts she was the means of saving thousands of lives, but perished herself as the price of her heroism.

No such desire as the salvation of others filled the breast of the newspaper reporter. He was actuated

by foolish vainglory—his object being to produce a sensation, and gain notoriety.

In one of his despatches he telegraphed, "The *Tribune* buildings are on fire. The fire is in the third story, I am on the sixth." Then after an interval came the message, "The fire has reached the fifth story. I am on the sixth."

He thought it was time to clear out. Now there was an *outside* fire escape that went down from the sixth story. He had reckoned on escape by this means. Some had promptly availed themselves of this, and had made good their escape.

But when he opened the office door he found the fire had reached the sixth floor. He was met by smoke and flame. He shut the door, and was penned in. He could hear the fire crackling outside. The smoke was coming in through the cracks of the door.

He hurried to the window, threw it up, and stepped on to the window-sill.

Below was a vast crowd, who saw his danger. No ladder could reach him. No net could be spread beneath him. He was so situated that no help could reach him from the crowd. There he stood, the fire getting nearer and nearer.

The man, though foolhardy, was brave. He looked up. Across his head was a wire guy rope stretched across a wide chasm six stories deep to another building.

He lifted up his hands, and the crowd gazed, speechless and horror-stricken. He commenced to go hand over hand. After a little bit he stopped.

The crowd was aghast. It held its breath. "Is he tired out? Is the wire cutting his hands? Will he let go?" were the questions passing through every mind.

At last, he let go with one hand, and there he hung, six stories high, by one hand. He can hold on no longer. He relinquished his hold. He fell. There he lay on the ground, a crushed and helpless mass—dead! dead!! dead!!!

The whole scene lives before your mind, reader. You blame the man. You pity him. You can see the terrible mistake he made, and how he paid for it with the penalty of his life.

How this illustrates folly of a far worse kind, with far more terrible consequences attending it, if persisted in. I allude to the widespread neglect of God's warnings.

God tells you, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." He warns you, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this* THE JUDGMENT." He bids you, "Flee from the wrath to come." He tells you, "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation."

Just as surely as the fire ascended story by story till it cut off the retreat of the foolish journalist, so surely are death and judgment drawing nearer and nearer to you, my unsaved friend, till they reach and engulf you in destruction.

Suppose you live to old age. Your house may be seven, eight, or even nine stories high—you may live to be seventy, eighty, or even ninety years old. The chances are you will not, but suppose you do.

Imagine your life to be like a building seven stories high. At ten years old the fire lit by the torch of time has reached the second story; at twenty it has reached the third; at thirty it has reached the fourth. It is only a question of time, and all escape will be cut off.

And yet, up to now you have sat unconcerned, with the knowledge that the fire of time is consuming the building of your life. Is it not time to take action? Procrastination is like a creeping palsy. It is a habit that grows to be a master—a tyrant.

Wake up! Wake up! Take action! Else the folly of the *Tribune* reporter will be wisdom compared to the folly that will be yours. His folly destroyed his body a few years before death would otherwise have claimed him.

But your folly! It affects your soul, it decides eternity, it will mean not only death, but JUDGMENT; and that means everlasting punishment in the lake of fire.

Be warned by this printed page. Oh! the folly of procrastination. Persisted in, it will become in the words of our title,

A FATAL DELAY.

Delay not a single moment. The matter is urgent. Death is busy. The present moment alone you can call your own. Here and now we call for decision. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

TO WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG? NATURAL, CARNAL, OR SPIRITUAL?

WE take these three classes as representing three different states of soul before God.

THE NATURAL MAN

is one who remains in the same condition in which he was born. Being born in sin, he is estranged from God.

"Enemies in your mind by wicked works," is the state in which the gospel found the Colossian believers when it reached and saved them.

"Hateful, and hating one another," is how Paul describes to Titus our general condition before God.

"Dead in trespasses and sins," is the state he found the Ephesians in, when the gospel came to them.

And we

ARE BY NATURE NO BETTER

than those who lived in Colosse and Ephesus centuries ago.

Galvanize a corpse as you will, you cannot make it speak. You cannot give it life, nor the beautiful appearance of health. The galvanized corpse could never fulfil its former responsibilities, nor love the former objects of its affection.

Just in the same way you may educate, make moral, or even religious, man in his natural state,

yet you cannot by this process make him fulfil his responsibilities either to God or his neighbour. His *outward* character may be much improved by education and reformation, but if not renewed he still possesses his natural enmity to God.

The present tendency is to ignore man's state *Godward*. Man has not only got to do with his neighbour, but with God. God claims man's love. But instead of man loving God, he ignores Him. God is not the dominating factor of his life. He says to God, "*Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways*" (Job xxi. 14).

Terrible though this condition is,

IT CANNOT BE IGNORED

—it must be faced. However distasteful the words of our Lord to Nicodemus are to the natural mind, they cannot be brushed aside—"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN" (John iii. 7).

This one statement uttered in the ears of one of Israel's most religious and cultured sons was naturally unpalatable, and hard to be understood. How can a man be born twice? "*Of water* (figure of the Word of God) *and of the Spirit*," our Lord tells us. A *spiritual* birth there must be, if any would see or enter into the kingdom of God. The Word of God alone is the mighty instrument in the Spirit's hand to effect this great change.

Such an inward revolution changes the current of a natural man's life. He turns from what he formerly revelled in—from all that was formerly

a source of sinful delight, to find his pleasure in God Himself, as God is revealed in Christ. He then loves what God loves and hates what God hates.

The Word of God comes first as light into a man's conscience and heart. Conscience takes notice of the past. It brings back the past into the light of the future, when all that is hidden and forgotten must come out. The Spirit presses this home, so that repentance may be wrought Godward, and that the individual may say, like David of old, "*Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight*" (Ps. li. 4).

Reader, have you passed through this

WHOLESOME AND NEEDFUL EXPERIENCE?

Have you been born ANEW? Have you repented of your sins? It has been well said, "You must be born twice, or die twice." If you die without the second birth, you will die the second death, which will be banishment from all that is good and holy for ever. If unsaved, may God awake you up to the great reality of those things.

Just as the night preceded the day in the old creation, so it is in the new. The soul that has never passed through exercise in reference to its past history and present state before God knows nothing of the cloudless day of peace and joy, which is ours through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to put away our sins, and make our peace with God.

It is not difficult to define your position if you will

honestly confront yourself with Scripture. "*He that believeth on Him [the Son of God] IS NOT CONDEMNED; but he that believeth not IS CONDEMNED ALREADY*" (John iii. 18). Which half of this verse are you in? If in the former, God assures you that you are not under condemnation; if in the latter, you are condemned already.

* * * * * *

THE CARNAL MAN.

The simple meaning of the word "carnal" is *fleshly* in contrast to spiritual. In this sense the Apostle Paul uses it when he said so plainly to the saints at Corinth, "*Ye are yet carnal . . . and walk as men*" (1 Cor. iii. 3).

We are not to suppose that because the apostle addresses these saints thus, they were therefore not born again of the Spirit, and truly converted to God. They had received the glad tidings of the gospel through his own lips, of which he says, "*By which also YE ARE SAVED.*" They had also received the Holy Spirit, for he says, "*Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is IN YOU*" (1 Cor. vi. 19). This is clear enough.

Why then did the apostle address them as carnal? Simply because

THEY WERE LIVING TO THEMSELVES,

and thus in the indulgence of the flesh. The Holy Spirit did not control them. Hence they were making much of men.

All carnality amongst believers springs from the

allowance of the flesh. Though the flesh is still in us, we are not in the flesh before God. "When ye were in the flesh" refers to a *past* state. It is our highest privilege as well as our responsibility to walk habitually in the Spirit, in the power of which the flesh will be disallowed.

Granted that it involves continual exercise of heart in God's presence. This is very wholesome, and promotes the growth of our souls in the divine nature and in the character of Christ. The nearer we get to God the more power we shall have over every form of evil in which the flesh would seek to indulge to its own gratification, and to our spiritual loss. The right way to make no provision for the flesh is to feed much on Christ. If we feed on Him in secret we shall be strong to refuse all its temptations. *That is the best way to starve and to mortify it.*

* * * * *

THE SPIRITUAL MAN.

A spiritual man is formed by and under the control of the Spirit. This does not mean that such an one is without faults and weaknesses, or that he is perfect and may not fail. It is rather what is *characteristic* of him. There is a spiritual influence about him, because his life is dominated by the Spirit. Christ is formed in his mind and affections. In walking in the Spirit he realises deliverance from the *power* (not the presence) of the flesh.

There are four marks of a spiritual man.

First, the power of the flesh is displaced in him.

Second, the influence of the world is broken for him.

Third, he is under the influence of Christ.

Fourth, the interests of Christ absorb him.

Only as Christ fills the mind and heart can all these be realised in a practical way in our everyday life. The realisation of all these is not inconsistent with working with our own hands at tent-making, or any other lawful occupation that may engage us.

Knowledge is good. But it all counts for nothing where the beautiful graces of the Spirit are lacking.

Gift is good also, and very needful in its place. But the life that is adorned with spiritual virtues is better. The sweet graces of the Spirit are the savour of Christ. They are the reproduction of the Spirit of Christ in us, than which nothing is more beautiful in the eye of God. Nothing testifies so loudly, even if they testify silently—for Christ. Nothing rebukes infidelity and unreality like the Spirit of Christ coming out in us under all circumstances.

The person thus kept walking in the power of the Spirit may open his mouth widely and boldly, and speak of Him to others. His words will have power, and will in the end be listened to. God will honour such a life by making it a witness for His Son even in the consciences of men. Oh! that the prayer of our hearts to the Lord Jesus may be:—

“We wonder at Thy lowly mind,
 And fain would like Thee be ;
 And all our rest and pleasure find
 In learning, Lord, of ‘Thee.’”

"I AM WHITER THAN SNOW."

IN a large public hospital in Australia lay a young man named W——. He had lately arrived from England, from whence he had been sent for the benefit of his health, his friends thinking that a trip to Australia might ward off the fell disease of consumption.

A glance at the sufferer sufficed to tell what ravages had already been wrought. His beautiful colour, and finely-chiselled features showed but too plainly the state of his health. To a casual observer it would seem as if peace reigned in that clear countenance, but he was not at rest.

A young Christian nurse, who attended to his needs, felt a great longing for his soul, and frequently spoke to him gently of the Saviour's love to perishing sinners. While attending to another patient she softly and clearly sang a sweet hymn, thinking that the words might affect him. He turned and looked with interest, but made no further sign.

For a time it seemed as if "the sweet story of old" had no charm for him. Restless and unhappy he made no response, but his nurse felt that God was working. The secret was this, that he had a praying mother, and although thousands of miles separated her from her boy, God was answering her faith, as well as that of the young Christian nurse who desired to be used of God in that sad abode of sickness and death, and W—— began to think about his soul.

One night in his delirium he was heard to say, "*The blood of the Lamb, the blood of the Lamb, I am whiter than snow,*" and a light not of earth, lit up that poor wan face.

The change in his life, as the peace of God came into his heart, was noted by others. The once fretful invalid became patient and restful.

How true are the lines:—

*"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers 'Peace' within."*

His great anxiety was now for others, and specially for a brother. "Oh! my brother," he exclaimed, "I want him to know it too." Truly one of the first signs of a new-born soul is concern for the welfare of others (see John i. 40-42). A patient was brought into the ward in a very low state. W—— expressed a desire to speak to him. "Oh! tell him too," he said. "If I could only walk I would go to him." Such was his earnest desire that others should taste the blessedness of the joy he had found.

A friend of the nurse had been to visit him on several occasions without much encouragement, but now noted, with delight, the confidence with which he said, "It is well with my soul." He could indeed say, "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. v. 17).

Reader, can you say, like W——, "*It is well with my soul*"? Life is uncertain. Death is a stern reality. Sooner or later you too will be called on to meet that One, whom now you may be despising

or neglecting, both alike grievous sins in the sight of a holy God, who said, "*Turn you at My reproof . . . Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh*" (Prov. i. 23-26).

"*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*" (Heb. ii. 3).

Dear reader, how do you stand before God? Trust not your own self-righteousness, which, in the sight of God, is as filthy rags. "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). Like W——, rest your precious, never-dying soul on what Christ has done.

Do not wait, I beseech you, till your health and strength are gone, and you have nothing but a few short hours left, but now, it may be in the flush of youth, give to God the best hours of your life. Then peace will be yours, peace that the world, from its brightest and best stores, can never supply. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John xiv. 27).

To Christian nurses I would affectionately say, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall be alike good" (Eccles. xi. 1, 6).

“I ABHOR MYSELF.”

MANY of us imagine that we have reached the end of self when we have given a nominal assent to the doctrine of human depravity, or judged some of those sprouts which have appeared above the surface of our practical life. But, alas, it is to be feared that very few of us indeed really know the full truth about ourselves. It is one thing to say “we are all vile,” and quite another to feel, deep down in the heart, that “I am vile.” This latter can only be known and habitually realised in the immediate presence of God. The two things must ever go together, “Mine eye seeth Thee” . . . “wherefore I abhor myself.” It is as the light of what God is, shines in upon what I am, that I abhor myself. And then my self-aborrence is a real thing. It is not in the word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It will be seen in a life of self-abnegation, a humble spirit, a lowly mind, a gracious carriage, in the midst of the scene through which I am called to pass. It is of little use to profess very low thoughts of self, while, at the same time, we are quick to resent any injury done to us, any fancied insult, slight, or disparagement. The true secret of a broken and contrite heart is to abide ever in the Divine presence, and then we are able to carry ourselves right toward those with whom we have to do.

A POLICEMAN'S DISCOVERY.

IT was Sunday morning, just as the people were entering the various places of worship, that Constable X—— was on point duty in the south-west of London.

Suddenly his vigilant eye caught sight of a man staggering along the footway. Very strange, thought the constable, a man drunk at this hour on a Sunday morning, the public-houses not open yet. Then the constable noticed the man give a lurch, and sink to the ground.

Constable X—— walked up to the man, and shaking him by the shoulder, said, "Come along, my man, get up, pull yourself together, and get along home, if you don't wish to be locked up."

The man, however, made no attempt to rise, and a few moments later, a doctor passing by said to the constable, "Is there anything the matter?"

"Only a drunk man, doctor," said the constable; but the doctor evidently noticing the man's appearance, felt his pulse, and after a further examination said, "The man is dead."

Constable X—— procured the ambulance, and conveyed the body to the mortuary.

On searching, a leaflet entitled "*General Gordon's Confession ; or, I am always ready to die,*" was found in the dead man's pocket.

The story on the leaflet narrates that when General Gordon was sent on a mission of peace to King John

of Abyssinia, the king received him with suspicion and distrust, saying to him in a fit of ill-temper—
“Gordon Pasha, do you know I could kill you on the spot, if I liked?”

General Gordon calmly replied—“I am perfectly well aware of it, your majesty. Do so at once, if it be your royal pleasure ; I am always ready to die.”

Why could General Gordon answer so calmly? The answer is he knew the salvation of God—he was a true Christian—always ready to die.

The policeman in our narrative is a saved man. As to the other we can make no further inquiries. But can *you*, reader, say that *you* are saved? Let me ask you, “Are you, like General Gordon, ‘always ready to die’?”

The sudden death of this unknown man is a voice to you. How suddenly he died? Was he a Christian? We know not. But we know God had warned him. The tract in his pocket proved this.

Both General Gordon, who was ready to die, and the man of our narrative, are both gone.

But *you*, are *you* ready to die? Do not shirk the question. Do not delay. You may never have a dying bed. General Gordon had not. The man in our narrative had not. You may never have one. Are you ready? To-morrow may be too late. Accept the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour now.

Let me quote in conclusion two or three texts of Scripture, and I pray God that you may pay heed to them.

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

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). H. E.

"THEY DESPISED THE PLEASANT LAND."

IN the children of Israel unbelief took many forms; one character of it was that "they despised the pleasant land" (Num. xiv. 31; Ps. cvi. 24).

Now very often there is in our hearts practically, though not wilfully, the despising of the pleasant land. I am not speaking of any doubtfulness as to the land being ours. If there were something that a friend had given me as a great treasure, and I was sure of its being mine, and yet I looked at it but seldom and cared to think of it but seldom, this would be a proof (not of certainty respecting its being mine, but) that I despised the thing, that I had no real value for it. This is very often the way we treat the heavenly glory that belongs to us.

We do not question the truth of the promises; but, when our souls are not dwelling upon and delighting in the glory that is set before us, there is a "despising of the pleasant land." It is too much the case with

the saints; and no occupation with present things—with present duties even—can make up for the loss of peace and comfort there is to the soul, from not dwelling on the things which God has laid up in store for them that love Him (1 Cor. ii. 9), as its own things. What I desire for you and for myself is that we may avoid “despising the pleasant land.” And do not let us say that we are not despising it if we are not thinking often about it. If we are not thinking about Jesus where He is, and of being with Him there, we are “despising the pleasant land.” May we “hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.”

J. N. D.

FRAGMENT.

It is very profitable, yea, all important, to begin one's day with the Lord. The manna could not be gathered when the sun waxed hot. The great thing is to get so near God that you are divested of all connected with yourself, your own feelings, and impressions, and interests; and you find then that they are not indispensable, that you are quite happy outside and apart from them. Such a season as this has the greatest and most blessed effect on one—to have the sense that I am perfectly happy *apart* from all the prepossessions here—however great and good they may be in a human sense. When the Queen of Sheba was in the presence of Solomon she had for the moment nothing to regret nor to choose.

J. B. S.

“OUT OF DARKNESS INTO HIS
MARVELLOUS LIGHT.”

A BRIGHT, cheerful girl was Jennie, with the flush of health upon her cheek, and a merry twinkle in her eye. She always had a pleasant welcome for us when we called to visit her mother, a sincere Christian.

But one day the bright smile was changed to an angry frown. We ventured to speak to her of the great happiness that might be hers of trusting in the Saviour in her early days, and devoting her youthful years to His service. Conversation of this kind was not at all to her liking, and from that moment she avoided us, sometimes even running down the back stairs, when she heard us ascending the front.

How much happier would young people be, and how much sorrow would they escape if they would heed the earnest appeal of God's Word—

“Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”

Alas, the morning sunshine of Jennie's young life was quickly darkened by a heavy cloud. She fell seriously ill, and after many months of constant suffering, the doctors decided that the only hope of saving her life was by performing a surgical operation.

In order that this might be done, under the most favourable circumstances, she was removed to the hospital, where she lay for some days awaiting the dreaded event. Now, indeed, the seriousness of

eternity and the consciousness of her need of a Saviour laid hold of her, and what had been so irksome to her in the full vigour of life now became the one desire of her heart. "Oh!" cried she, "I wish that Christian man, who spoke to me about my soul would come now and tell me about Jesus. How gladly would I listen to him." But no heaven-sent messenger came to proclaim the gospel of peace to this troubled one.

How often those, who refuse God's salvation, when it is offered to them, seem to find Him far away in their hour of need.

After days of anxious suspense it was found that her vitality was so exhausted that she would be unable to survive an operation, and she was once more removed to her own home with no hope of her recovery. She knew that she was being carried home to die.

Now her heart was sad indeed; longing and praying for the light, yet groping hopelessly in the darkness. One day, three weeks after her return, her sister came into the room, and found her in tears. "Why are you crying, Jennie?" she asked.

"Oh, Emily!" was the reply, "I want to be saved."

"Can you not believe?" replied her sister. "It is so simple, you have only to look to Jesus, and trust Him."

"I do believe, but still I am not sure that I am saved. If only some one would tell me how I might know that I am saved."

“There is a verse in the Bible which says: ‘These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may KNOW that ye *have* eternal life” (1 John v. 13).

For a few minutes she pondered over this wonderful verse—a special message from God to those that *believe and yet are not sure*, that they might KNOW that they have eternal life. Then the beautiful simplicity of it broke in upon her soul. With a smile of heavenly joy upon her face, she exclaimed, “Oh! mother, I am saved.”

Mother and sister shared in that first outburst of joy over one more wandering sheep being gathered safe in the Shepherd's loving arms, but the joy that filled that little home was but a faint echo of the glorious heavenly joy that filled the heart of our Father-God.

“The delight is Thine, O God ;
 For in Thee we find the source
 Of that stream of love so deep and broad :
 'Tis a stream that none can fathom or ford,
 It has flowed by Calvary's cross.”

Thank God, the burden was gone, the darkness fled before the marvellous light of God's forgiving love, which shone into that wearied heart, and all who approached that sick-bed heard the joyful news of sins forgiven, and a soul saved, and made abundantly happy.

“Gladly she told to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour she had found.”

Yes, dear reader, this is the character of God's salvation. Through the value of the precious atoning blood of His dear Son, God will joyfully receive and fully forgive all who simply trust Him, and He proclaims this salvation world-wide. "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

The remainder of Jennie's life was short, but oh! so bright. "I lie by mother's side at night," said she, "and we have such grand talks about the Lord Jesus." What a change the grace of God had made in the heart of one who a few months before ran down the back stairs to avoid hearing one word about the Saviour.

Whenever we visited her we always heard the same bright testimony of her joy and peace in the Lord. To all who approached her bedside she "spake of Him." We called one evening just before going forth to preach the gospel, and she told us to tell the people how happy Jesus could make a dying bed. This was her last testimony. Early the next morning she had passed away. Her spirit had taken its flight to Him whom she loved, to bask in the sunshine of His Presence, where there is no more sorrow, no more weeping, no more pain, no more death.

A few days later we stood around the open grave, and as we committed her body to the ground in the *sure and certain hope* of a glorious resurrection, we sang her favourite hymn at her own request—

“I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
 Thy beauty to see, Lord,
 I'm waiting for Thee, for Thy coming again.
 Thou'rt gone over there, Lord,
 A place to prepare, Lord,
 Thy home I shall share at Thy coming again.”

Reader, we ask you in all affection, Is this Saviour anything to you? Have you tasted this joy and peace through believing Him? If not, we plead with you to come to Him now. Before you lay this little paper down, lift up your heart in silent prayer to Him, and give Him what He earnestly desires, the faith and love of your heart. Then go forth to spend your life in His happy service, thus making the only fitting return for His great love—

“Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.”

S. H. P.

MOTHERS, PRAY ON.

WITH the earnest prayer that the following lines may encourage praying mothers to continue in prayer, is this tale written.

In the city of M—— lived a happy family of nine children. Prayer had followed them from their earliest infancy, and many tears had been shed on their behalf by their affectionate parents.

The chilly hand of death had been laid upon two

of their number, one in early childhood, after a brief attack of illness, and another in womanhood, the latter leaving a bright testimony for Christ.

Many years passed, and the loving mother still prayed for her children, some of whom were far from the Lord. Still her faith believed that prayer would be answered, when suddenly her heart was riven by the sad news of a dear son's illness, who, as far as she knew, was not saved. With a mother's eagerness she started to go to him, travelling several hours' distance by train, reaching him just in time to hear the blessed news from his own lips, that he had found the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and that his mother's prayers were answered.

Imagine the balm to that mother's heart to hear such news. Only a mother's heart could realise the blessedness of it. With tears of thankfulness she embraced her son, and knelt by his bedside to thank the Lord for His mercy in thus answering the prayer of thirty-one years.

Consciousness shortly after left him, and delirium continued to the end; but the bitter pang was softened in knowing that he had sought and found the Lord.

Mothers, pray on. It may be for many years, but the Lord encourages importunity (see Luke xi. 5-10), and will answer the prayer of faith. Think not that the Lord is not answering your prayers. He will in His own way and in His own time, thus answer faith. Trust Him still.

"THEY WATCHED HIM THERE."

'And sitting down, they watched Him there' (Matt. xxvii. 36).

BUT there were three to watch on the occasion to which this refers; and yet it says not that they watched them, but that they watched Him, and that they sat down to do it.

He was the central figure and suffered unjustly. Two malefactors were crucified, "on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." He was given the place of greatest shame, and on Him they looked and stared.

The others, though confessedly guilty, were their fellows—their kith and kin. Their guilt was great, and was known in the courts of justice. They deserved their doom.

And yet they were not the objects of special regard. Their agonies were terrible. They were sent out of time slowly, cruelly, but justly.

He suffered equal physical agony with them, besides anguish of soul, to which they were strangers. One of them had the fear of God ere he died; he repented of his crimes, and was taken that day to Paradise, according to the grace and power of Him whom he rightly owned as Lord.

He, the Lord, was crimeless, faultless, sinless, and yet He died!

Why was this? A good question indeed. That men should die for sins committed is the invariable teaching of the Word of God from cover to cover.

“Death passed upon all men for that all have sinned” (Rom. v. 12).

Had there been no sin there would have been no death, no graves, no grim cemeteries.

The only cause of death is sin; and yet, strange to say, here was One of whom His judges had to admit that they “found no fault in Him”; yet He died.

How was that?

Because He died for others; for you, dear reader, amongst them.

Did you ever really sit down and watch the substitutionary death of the blessed Saviour, not, as these heartless watchers, to gloat over His sufferings, but to realise that He had, in tenderest pity, taken your place on the tree?

“I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His tender eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

“Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death
Though not a word He spoke.”

Quite true in every word, but hearken still—

“A second look He gave, which said,
‘I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.’”

This was the effect produced by the Spirit of God in the soul of John Newton, formerly the slave-

trader and notorious sinner! He placed his guilty feet on Calvary and was attracted, convicted, converted, forgiven, and saved by that vision of visions. Hence it makes all the difference for eternity whether we merely sit down, like the murderous crew in Matthew xxvii. 35, to watch and exult in the sufferings of Christ, or whether, in distress of heart and conscience, on account of personal guilt, we see in that Holy Sufferer just the One we need, the Saviour, the Ransom, the Wrath-bearer, the Friend of publicans and sinners, who could, and did say to the poor penitent malefactor: “Verily I say unto thee, This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

Yes, all the difference!

To watch Him as these people did was the climax of inhumanity, the highest point that depravity could reach. Such is man!

On the other hand, He whom they thus watched was there and then giving expression to the height of divine love. His cross is the meeting-place of these extremes—human nature in its most absolute godlessness, and divine nature in its perfection.

Oh! the moral depths and heights of Calvary!

Now, it is quite true that He who suffered there is not there to-day. He is risen and glorified on high; but the story of His atoning sufferings will last for ever. “He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.” He shall be owned, by hosts unnumbered, in the glad courts of glory as the only Saviour.

Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Calvary shall thrill the memories and tune the harps of ransomed myriads.

To God and the Lamb shall they ascribe their salvation from lowest depths to heavenly bliss.

“How sweet our portion is,
Let us our anthems raise
To Him who died and rose for us,
And well deserves the praise.”

Hallelujah! We have now been brought to God!

J. W. S.

REPENTANCE, WHAT IS IT?

“Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coast of Judea and *then* to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance” (Acts xxvi. 19, 20).

WHAT a heart for Christ and for souls Paul had! He began at Damascus, the spot of his conversion, and reached out at length to the Gentiles. You must bear in mind that he was a Jew. All his proclivities and affinities were Jewish, and it was hard for him to go out to the Gentiles. What a mercy that God sent us Gentiles the gospel! Paul preached “that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.” He puts his gospel to Agrippa, when before him, in a very solemn and concise way. The first thing pressed was repentance, and that is what I press on you, my reader.

You say, There is no gospel in that. There is no salvation without it. What is repentance? It is a man taking God's side against himself. It is a man bowing beneath the truth of God, owning the testimony of God, being convicted by the truth of God. Look at the Ninevites—Jonah went to their city and proclaimed, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." The effect was that the people believed God—it does not say they believed Jonah. They proclaimed a fast, put on sackcloth, and turned to God, and the Lord Jesus Christ says about them that you are going to get a look at them one of these days. Unbeliever, you are going to be brought face to face with the Ninevites in a day to come. "The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here" (Matt. xii. 41).

I ask you, Have you repented yet? It is a serious thing, and I do not want to minimise it. I want you to see, however, that repentance is not a stepping-stone to salvation. "Repent and turn to God," was Paul's testimony. When does a man turn to God? When he hears from God. When did the Ninevites believe? When they heard. When did the men of Judea believe, in John's day? When they heard him; his testimony was, God is going to lay the axe at the root of the tree. And our Lord comes out presently, when John is in prison, and His first preaching is, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel" (Mark i. 15).

Again, when the twelve disciples were called, they "went out and preached that men should repent" (Mark vi. 12). Peter, speaking to the many thousands, in Acts ii. pressed repentance, and not only Peter, but all along the line in Scripture you get it urgently proclaimed. Do you know the most profound believer in the necessity of repentance? A man in hell. Look at that poor rich man, who was *never* "persuaded," in Luke xvi. He does not want company in hell. Dear unsaved reader, you have companions in your sins, your laughter, your merriment on earth, but you are in danger of spending an eternity alone in deep, dark solitude. You will not have companions, and you will not want them.

The rich man said, "I have five brethren . . . if one went unto them from the dead, they will *repent*. And Abraham said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead" (vers. 30, 31). A man in hell is convinced that repentance is an absolute necessity. That is Luke xvi., but in Luke xv. you get the lovely parable that describes the grace of God that comes out and yearns after us. What is the keynote of Luke xv.? Repentance, and the joy of God in man's repentance. Are you surprised that Paul pressed that men should "repent, and turn to God"?

What happens when a man repents, *i.e.*, condemns himself? God does not condemn him. When I take self-judgment into my hand, I take it out of God's hand. Listen to the thief on the cross—"Dost not

thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds" (Luke xxiii. 40, 41). That is repentance. He says, "We are getting what we deserve"; he judges himself. But what leads a man to repentance? "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance" (Rom. ii. 4). It is not your repentance leads to God's goodness. It is the goodness of God that leads us to see where we are, and, when we have seen where we are, we wake up and judge ourselves, and that is repentance. Repentance is not salvation. What saves you? "Faith that is in me." In Acts xx. 21, Paul speaks of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." The two things always go together. A man condemns and judges himself, and then he looks round, finding his case hopeless—his prayers, his life, his good deeds, everything connected with himself, utterly and absolutely of no use whatever—he turns to Jesus, and finds a Saviour.

Reader, if still unsaved, turn to God where you are. You say, "I should be afraid to." The way to escape God is to cast yourself into His arms. The way to escape His righteous judgment is to fling yourself on His bosom, and get the clasp the prodigal got. It was the prodigal who did the repenting—the father did the running. As he came along the road he was planning what he would say—"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee"—that was confession. "And am no more worthy to be called thy son"—that was repentance, he was judging himself.

He was going to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," but he never said it. He saw someone coming to him, running, and the next thing was he found himself in the embrace of the father's arms, and receiving the kiss of forgiveness, and then he said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." He stopped there.

Repentance could not be deeper; he judged himself, and owned his ways, and then he could not go on—his father's arms were round him. He got the sense of what the love of the father's heart was. If only you got in your soul the sense of how God loves you, you would be a new man on the spot. You need not be afraid of Him—if you are it is because you do not know Him. Repent, and turn to God, and you will get forgiveness. You say, I have been such a sinner. Yes, but God knew that, and sent His Son to die for those very sins, and all you have to do is to turn to Him. There will of necessity come a change in the life. You have been afraid of God, you feel you are not fit for Him; but when you learn He is on your side, that, in blessed grace, He has done everything He could for you, that He put His Son on the cross to bear your sins, and to blot them out, then you say, God is for me, and your life will be changed.

Have you never read this, "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). Also, "In this

was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 9, 10). The apostle also says, "Hereby perceive we love, because He laid down His life for us" (1 John iii. 16). Be afraid of yourself, of the world, of the devil, of your worldly friends; do not be afraid of the Lord. Turn to Him. Paul says to the Thessalonians, "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven" (ch. i. 9, 10). They heard of a God of love, of grace, of righteousness, who had given an only Son—the very best thing in heaven—for sinners—the very worst things on earth. I do not ask you to give up the world, for you would not do it. You are not bidden to give anything up, but simply to receive Christ. Let Him in: give Him a place in your heart from this moment.

"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," says Paul. What do you say? Surely, "Lord, I believe." Will there not be a change? Clearly. There is bound to be a change in the life because you have got a new motive, what Dr Chalmers called "the expulsive power of a new affection." What is that? Your will is broken, you seek to please the Lord, and "do works meet for repentance."

"THE GREAT AWAKENING."

THREE three words in huge letters stared me in the face, and aroused my curiosity. They were on an advertising boarding which I passed on my way home.

What could they refer to? Another look, and curiosity was satisfied. They announced a *farcical comedy* to be played at a theatre in the town of M—.

My thoughts carried me on to a *Great Awakening*, which will take place very shortly, and which will be, not a farcical comedy, but

A STERN REALITY.

What an awakening. "*Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt*" (Dan. xii. 2). Mark! *some to everlasting life, some to everlasting contempt*. Which will be your portion, reader? The future must be faced.

Yes! I thought, all that ever lived and died will be in one of those two "Great Awakenings," and I pondered the awfulness of the doom of the Christ-rejecters, when they awake to the fact that their life's dream is ended, their gains vanished beyond their grasp, and their whirl of pleasure turned into endless woe. May God grant that such an awakening may not be yours, my reader. You don't intend to spend an eternity amid the horrors of hell, but make sure of your ground, I beseech you. Many

who fully intended to reach heaven's shores at the end have found out their mistake. Such heeded not the many warnings they received, slighted the many pleadings they heard, but, blinded by the god of this world, they passed on to the great awakening.

Maybe you rest your eternal welfare on what you are able to do, and, as you boast that you have not done anybody any harm, you think all will be well. What

AN AWFUL AWAKENING

awaits you! Oh! that your eyes could be opened now before it be too late. For Scripture plainly declares, "*There is none that doeth good, no, not one*" (Rom. iii. 12).

Would that you were awakened now to realise your lost, ruined, guilty condition, and feel your need of a Saviour. It is a *Saviour* you need. Your best endeavours cannot save you. "*When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly*"; and again, "*while we were yet sinners Christ died for us*" (Rom. v. 6, 8). Take the place of being a strengthless sinner, and you will be on the highroad to eternal blessing. You need not be what men call a great sinner to be lost. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Suppose a friend invited me to inspect his orchard. After showing me various kinds of trees, he looks across the orchard, and, pointing to a tree on the far side, asks if I can tell him what kind of tree it is. Its appearance wins my admiration. It displays

abundance of foliage. The season for fruit-bearing has arrived, but I look in vain for evidence of its nature. Just as I am turning away I discover *one* crab apple. I am now satisfied as to the kind of tree it is.

I return to my friend and tell him it is a crab apple-tree. How do you know? he inquires, and I point out to him the crab apple. He then asks me as to the kind of tree we are near, and, as I look up, I notice the branches are heavily laden with crab apples. I am at no loss to decide that it is the same kind of tree as the one on the far side of the orchard.

They are both crab trees by nature; the number of crab apples produced did not make them crab trees. One was just as much a crab tree as the other. In the same way, all of fallen Adam's race are sinners by nature, and as such are alienated from God by wicked works. They need a new nature from God before they can produce anything for God. "*That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.*"

Thus your lost condition is evident, but the God of all grace looked down with compassion, and sent His Son to seek and to save that which was lost. But unless you take your place as lost, the atoning work of Christ avails you nothing. Remember that!

Thirteen years ago I was on my way to the pit of woe, when the voice of love arrested me, and drew me to the Saviour. I had tried this world's fountains, but its waters were impure, and its wells ran dry. I tried teetotalism, reformation, and even went to the penitent form, but found

NO SATISFYING PORTION

there. It is possible to go to the penitent form, and still step short of the Saviour. I believe that many, who in their lifetime went to the *penitent form*, will be in that great awakening to judgment; but not one will be there who came to the *Saviour* in time, for it is written, "*I give unto them eternal life, and they shall NEVER PERISH*" (John x. 28). And again: "*These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God that ye may KNOW that ye have eternal life*" (1 John v. 13). Solid ground for the feet to rest on is this, and how that word "KNOW" rings out with divine certainty.

People are dying in this world at the rate of 90,000 every twenty-four hours. How many die *in Christ*? Would you? "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord*" (Rev. xiv. 13). Solemn words, "*He that hath not the Son hath not life.*" Glorious words, "*He that hath the Son of God hath life,*" not is going to have it, not shall have it, not is promised to have it, but hath life, hath it now, hath it for ever; hath it on the authority of God Himself.

May the Lord arouse you, dear, unsaved reader, to a deep sense of your lost condition, and bring you to accept His offers of mercy.

Will yours be an awakening to life, or an awakening to "shame and everlasting contempt"? Remember

THE GREAT AWAKENING

will come. Make sure of your ground.

LOST, FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

SUCH is the truth concerning *one who might have been saved, but was lost*. A terrible collision had occurred at sea, which resulted in the loss of several lives, although not quite a mile from port.

Scebarras was a fine swimmer, and was one of the first to leave the doomed ship. Plunging into the sea he reached the shore in safety, and was greeted by several of his mates. "Come along to hospital, and get a change of clothes," said they, but Scebarras hesitated.

"Alas!" he cried, "I have left my gold on board."

"Swim back for it," suggested one of the sailors, more in mockery than anything else.

"I will," said Scebarras, although his teeth chattered with the cold. "I will be back directly," he cried, as he jumped into the water again, and struck out boldly for the wreck.

He climbed on board, and those on shore saw him disappear below. Before leaving the wreck again he was seen to hold up something in his hand triumphantly. They watched him nearing the shore, but he never reached it. Suddenly he went down, and later, the same afternoon, his body was washed up on the beach. Thirty pounds in gold was found upon him, and some other treasures he had risked his life to fetch.

The reader may well exclaim, "What a fool!" but

let me ask you, Are you risking the loss of your immortal soul for that which is still more trifling? Perhaps ten minutes' reflection alone would convince you that if death were to cross your path *you are not prepared* for such a change, or, if the Lord were to come to call "His own" away to be for ever with Him, you would not be found amongst those "ready" to meet Him. Just consider these solemn realities. Think of the never-ending ages of eternity which you *must* spend somewhere!

*"Where? Eternity, where?
With Christ in glory,
Or the lost in despair?"*

Scebarras had his opportunity. *He might have been saved, but was lost.*

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY!!

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Will you avail yourself of this priceless opportunity? Don't risk the loss of your precious soul.

*"When the day of salvation is drawing to a close,
When thy guilt shall weigh thee to the ground;
When thy heart throbs in terror before eternal woes,
Oh! then no Saviour can be found.*

*Now there's One—resource for the guilty—
Jesus! Jesus saith, 'Come unto Me';
Still mercy's bloodstained lintel thy door of hope
may be!
Oh, sinner! Jesus died for thee."*

GOD'S GRACE AND MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

IN Motley's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" (page 426), is found the following touching anecdote:—

"An affecting case occurred in the north of Holland early in the year 1569, which for its peculiarity deserves brief mention. A poor Anabaptist, guilty of no crime but his fellowship with a persecuted sect, had been condemned to death. He had made his escape closely pursued by an officer of justice across a frozen lake. It was late in the winter, and the ice had become unsound. It trembled and cracked beneath his footsteps, but he reached the shore in safety.

The officer was not so fortunate. The ice gave way beneath him, and he sank into the lake, uttering a cry for succour. There was none to hear him except the fugitive, whom he had been hunting.

Dick Willemzoon, for so was the Anabaptist called, instinctively obeying the dictates of a generous nature, returned, crossed the quaking and dangerous ice at the peril of his life, extended his hand to his enemy, and saved him from certain death. Unfortunately for human nature, it cannot be added "that the generosity of the action was met by a corresponding heroism." The historian goes on to say that the officer had so little gratitude to the saviour of his life, that he arrested his benefactor, "who was shortly afterwards burned to death under the most lingering tortures."

We all feel horror-stricken at the recital of the sad ingratitude of this hard-hearted officer of justice. What if it should appear that *you* are acting with still baser ingratitude towards your best Friend—One who is not only man, but also the only begotten and well-beloved Son of God.

“No,” you reply, “I am not so bad as that officer—I am not capable of such conduct as his. I could not take the life of one who had risked his own in order to save mine.”

And yet, my reader, if a Christ-rejecter, your attitude is practically the same as that of those who, when Pilate was most unwilling to crucify our blessed Lord, joined in the loud and universal shout, “Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” and who, when once more, the Governor sought to release Him, cried out—“Not this man, but Barabbas.”

Now, every one to whom Christ has been offered as a Saviour, either practically takes His side, or that of His enemies. Those who take the place of “repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ” do the former. On the other hand, you, who reject Him, really take the part of those who, by their importunity and violence, were the murderers of the Lord Jesus. Thus the unbelief which ruins your own soul is the greatest ingratitude you can show towards Him who has died to save you.

There is no middle ground. The Word of God is plain. “*He that is not with Me is against Me.*” (Matt. xii. 30). Are you *with* or *against*?

HOPE, OR ARE; WHICH IS IT WITH YOU?

A FEW weeks since the writer and a friend went to visit one whom they believed to be anxious about her soul. Some general remarks having passed the conversation turned to the all-important subject of present salvation.

“Well, Mrs F——, you’ve been coming pretty regularly to the gospel meetings of late. We hope you have received help from them.”

“Indeed, I have much enjoyed them, and have felt the power of them more than I can tell.”

“We are very glad to hear that, but have you got the great question settled yet between your soul and God? There is nothing in this poor world like knowing one’s sins forgiven.”

“I wish I could say so.”

“Then you’ve found out that you are a sinner?”

“Yes, and a great one, too.”

“Well, did not Jesus die for all such?”

“Yes.”

“And on the cross He ‘once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust,’ and finished the work that was needed to satisfy God’s claims, and to free a poor guilty sinner like you from all the terrible consequences of those sins. God has raised Him up from the dead and seated Him in glory, and now is proclaiming the most glorious news that could ever fall

on mortal ears. You may find it in your own Bible in Acts xiii. 38, 39.

‘BE IT KNOWN

unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. You see, the very thing the sinner needs God makes known He has to give. It is a royal proclamation of a full, free pardon.”

“I understand all that.”

“But then for this wondrous blessing to be yours you must accept it in simple faith. Else how will it profit you? *‘By Him ALL THAT BELIEVE are justified from all things.’*”

“I do believe in Jesus.”

“Are you not justified, then?”

“I hope I shall be.”

“But does it say *‘hope’* and *‘shall be’*? Where did you read that? Look again—*‘all that believe.’* Are you amongst the all?”

“Well, I do believe.”

“Then if you are really trusting in Jesus, why say hope, when God says *‘all that believe A-R-E justified from all things’*? What could be plainer than that? If *He* says it, it must be true.”

“I wish I had that comfortable assurance you seem to have.”

“That will follow as the simple result of believing God’s Word and resting on it, and not turning in upon self, and giving ear to Satan’s suggestions. Joy and peace flow from *believing*, not from feeling.”

A few more moments’ talk followed, during which

that little word "ARE" was pressed home upon her again and again, and her visitors rose to go. One of them, taking hold of her hand to bid her good-bye, said, "Well now, Mrs F——, which is it to be; ARE or HOPE?"

A short pause, and then slowly came the doubtful reply—"I hope 'ARE.'"

Only think, dear reader, of anyone with the open Word of God before them remaining in uncertainty on a matter so all-important. Most momentous are the issues at stake. Either on the road to everlasting glory, or swiftly speeding on to the awful doom of hell. What if death should suddenly overtake such? Ah! then either sudden glory or sudden damnation would be their portion. Which would it be for *you*? Little wonder was it that the face of this poor doubting one bespoke a still sadder heart within. Little wonder, indeed, with nothing brighter than an uncertain hope! We felt as we parted from her that if God's Word were not sufficient for her soul to repose on, of what use could *our* feeble words be?

Alas! as it was with her, so it is with many thousands more; so perhaps with you too. And often has one's heart been moved to its deepest depths at seeing precious souls passing weeks, months, and even years in doubt and uncertainty concerning that which, once laid hold of by faith, would send a flood of light and a flow of heavenly peace into their hearts, dispelling the dreary gloom and dark mists of sinful unbelief.

Now, it is for such we write these lines, in the

earnest desire that the Lord may use them in blessing for His name's sake. Let us turn again to those verses already quoted in Acts xiii. 38, 39.

Ye troubled ones! ye doubting ones! and ye of little faith! hearken to the gladsome message.

“BE IT KNOWN

unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.” Yes! there it stands in the sure pages of the Word of God. As true to-day as when first placed on sacred record. As real now as then. All the power of Satan cannot overthrow it, and unbelief cannot change it. A complete pardon is offered to the lost, the guilty, the undone, yea, e'en the vilest. Instead of your being eternally punished for your sins, Jesus has been down into this dark, sinful world, and suffered in your stead. There on the cross He bore the penalty of sin, paid sin's debt, met the righteous claims of God, who is for ever satisfied with that finished work, and well pleased with Him who did it. Do you want proof of it? Think where He now is. Jesus is in glory. Once He hung between two thieves; now He sits in heaven. *He “was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification”* (Rom. iv. 25). Blessed fact! Only trust Him.

“AND BY HIM”—not by you, or your works.

“ALL THAT BELIEVE”—not those who feel or hope.

“ARE JUSTIFIED”—that is completely cleared.

“FROM ALL THINGS”—from everything that you have ever done. The past blotted out in His

precious blood. All forgiven and for ever forgotten by God. Oh, what grace is this! No works of yours could ever purchase such a pardon. "*Not of works, lest any man should boast*" (Eph. ii. 9).

Dear, anxious soul, let not Satan rob you, by his wiles, from enjoying the blessing that is yours, if you are trusting on the Lord Jesus. He would fain have you think that it is a question of your feelings, or of some inward experience that you are longing to get. Thus he keeps you looking within, and occupied with self, to your bitter cost. Whereas it is of all moment to see what God has said in His Word, and there to rest in simple childlike faith. Your changing feelings are like the weather-glass. They rise and fall, affected by every little circumstance of daily life—sometimes bright, sometimes gloomy; now high, now low. What security or comfort can they give? But "*the Word of the Lord is right.*" It can never change. "*The Word of God shall stand for ever*" (Isa. xl. 8). And that Word most plainly declares that "*all that believe ARE justified from all things.*"

Remember, then, to doubt God's word is to cast dishonour upon that blessed Saviour and His finished work. The Lord give you to exchange the devil's "hope" for God's "ARE." Cling fast to His Word, and with it "*resist the devil, and he will flee from you*" (Jas. iv. 7).

"Clean every whit"; Thou saidst it, Lord;
 Shall one suspicion lurk?
 Thine, surely, is a faithful word,
 And Thine a finished work."

THE TWO PUZZLED DOCTORS.

ABOUT thirty-seven years ago a doctor and his assistant were in attendance on an old retired tradesman. It was a case that sorely puzzled them both. They had had, for young men, a fair amount of experience, but neither of them had seen, either in hospital or private practice, a case similar to this—not that the diagnosis was particularly difficult, or, in point of fact, the prognosis either, for it was quite plain to them he could not live very long.

It was not, however, the disease, but the man himself who puzzled them so very much.

He seemed to be past their comprehension, yet there was no question about his intellect being weak. On the contrary, he appeared to be a man of some intelligence.

Again, there was nothing to complain of in the way their daily visits were received, for their patient uniformly met them with a gentle, benignant smile; yet they could not feel at home with him, for they could not make him out.

As we have said, his case was a very serious one, and as the doctor always thought it right to tell his patients, when they were in real danger, the truth as to their state, but in as guarded a manner as possible, the time had now come when he felt he must break the "sad" news of the approaching end to this patient. So, to avoid a shock, he commenced as

carefully as possible to bring the "painful" subject before him, and by degrees came to the usually distressing point, saying, as near as remembered, "My dear friend, I fear your time here will not be very long."

His countenance changed immediately. The doctor was, however, quite prepared for that, as he had seen it under similar circumstances many times before.

Was the poor old gentleman going to burst into a flood of tears? No.

Was he going to cry bitterly that he might be spared here a little longer? No.

Was he about to deplore having to leave his loved ones here? No.

Can it be possible? Yes, indeed; there can be no mistake about it; instead of anguish, a bright, radiant smile lights up his face as he calmly inquires, "And do you think, doctor, the event will take place to-day?"

It was now the poor doctor's turn for intense astonishment, and his professional decorum was tried to the utmost to enable him, without showing his great surprise, to reply, "Well, no; I trust not to-day, but I fear it will be very soon."

Again that bright, confident smile illuminated the face of this strange man as he said, "Ah, well, it is a good thing to be prepared!"

In the after part of that day and subsequently, the doctors, not being able to understand their strange patient, pronounced him to be a "regular caution," and made many jokes at his expense.

But queer as he appeared in their eyes, he was unquestionably in possession of some secret they were in entire ignorance of. Indeed, though not cowards, they would have been terribly distressed had *they* been in their patient's position. What, then, was the wonderful secret which could give this man such perfect calmness when face to face with death?

As the writer, by the grace of God, has himself been in the knowledge and enjoyment of this secret for many years, permit him to try to answer this all-important question, with the sincere hope and fervent prayer that the highly prized blessing may be yours, before you lay aside this little paper.

In the first place, our old friend had, by the Holy Spirit's teaching, become convinced that he was not right with God, and being honest enough to own his sinful and undone condition before Him, he soon became aware of the great fact that God was not against him, but for him.

Yes, "GOD IS LOVE. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 8-10).

He is a holy and a righteous God, He hates sin, but He loves the sinner. His righteousness forbids His overlooking one sin, yet, in love, He willeth not the death of a sinner.

So, in all simplicity, the dying man had accepted God's word about the precious Person and work of His beloved Son, and had "peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20). "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 1, 2).

Mark well, dear reader, that it was not "peace with *himself*," but "peace with *God*," which gave our old friend such joy at the prospect of death.

Death, did we say?

Nay, it was no "death" to him, but simply falling asleep in Jesus. He said, "It is a good thing to be prepared," and prepared he was, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ alone.

About two years after the above event "the king of terrors" came and suddenly snatched one of these very doctors from time into eternity. God has been pleased to drop the curtain, and close from our view what his real end was; and we desire, in all affection to his memory, to leave that curtain as it fell.

At the same time, what hallelujahs—what eternal songs of praise shall be His! for, as "a brand plucked out of the fire" (Zech. iii. 2), the "King of Peace" and Lord of Glory snatched the other doctor from the very brink of hell, using the sudden death of his cherished friend to thoroughly arouse him to a sense of his guilty, lost, hell-deserving condition, and eventually gave him, through that same precious blood, not only "*peace with God*," but to know the

“*peace of God, which passeth all understanding*” (Phil. iv. 7).

This plucked “brand” is the writer of this paper, who for over thirty years has himself been enjoying that wonderful secret, the effects of which so greatly astonished him and his friend in their old patient of thirty-seven years ago.

His most earnest desire and prayer now is that each unsaved reader may, without another moment’s delay, be honest with God and his own never-dying soul, and take his true place as a guilty, lost sinner before Him, and claim Jesus—the One who died for sinners—as his individual Saviour. Each will then, with an adoring heart, be able to say, “Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*” (Gal. ii. 20). He will thus be brought into the wonderful secret which gives calmness, comfort, and confidence when face to face with what is usually called death.

C. P. W. N.

“BEHOLD ME! BEHOLD ME!!”

TAKE a double look at the Saviour-God! Lay the stress on “Behold,” and then on “Me.”
And the result?

“They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed” (Ps. xxxiv. 5). What an effect! A look and the burden was gone. Shame fled away. Instead there was

liberty and there was confidence. But "they looked unto Him!"

It makes all the difference where and to whom we look.

"If I look within, I am miserable; if around, I am distracted; if to Christ in glory, I am at rest."

A true witness indeed.

Within there is sin in ten thousand horrid shapes and forms!

Around sorrow, pain, trial, perplexity, death!

Above, where Christ is, there is eternal and divine tranquillity, for He sits on the right hand of the Majesty on high, having accomplished redemption.

I have quoted from Isaiah lxxv. 1 where God, by that evangelistic prophet, calls on people to behold Him. He repeats that striking and all-important call. Its significance cannot be exaggerated. It is made to men, guilty, alienated, hopeless—sinners and Gentiles, like ourselves.

It seems to have no kind of application to such as say, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou," because, clearly they need no salvation. They are holy! They are morally superior to their fellows. They are like the elder brother of Luke xv. They have "never transgressed at any time." Such a call would fall meaningless on their self-satisfied ears. They find enough to behold in themselves; no need to look elsewhere. Why look to God for holiness, or anything else, when, absolutely blinded by Satan, they can claim it in themselves?

Mark, the publicans and harlots enter the kingdom

of God sooner than these! Hence we read, “These are as smoke in my nose”—a source of constant irritation, a continual annoyance! A little genuine repentance is better than a velvet cloak of self-righteousness. See to it, reader, that you belong not to that company. Better be a penitent prodigal than the fairest of Pharisees! God cannot away with them.

But the others—the poor, maimed, lame, blind; the sinful, undone, weary, heavy-laden; the hopeless, friendless, fallen—what is there for them?

“Behold Me! behold Me!” is the lovely, suitable call to such.

A young man entered a small chapel and heard a simple sermon. The text, however, was profound. It arrested his attention, and, by the power of God’s Spirit, it saved his soul. His young heart was thereby enlightened; his face was not ashamed. The text was from the same evangelical prophet, and said, “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth” (Is. xlv. 22). That young man was Spurgeon. Comment is needless.

“*Look*”—the easiest of actions.

“*Unto Me*”—the greatest of objects.

“*Be saved*”—the most wonderful result.

Thank God for such evangelism!

See that bitten Israelite; the glaze of death is over his eye; a moment more and he is dead; that fast-closing eye has just time to catch the sheen of the brazen serpent; he lives!

Wonderful result indeed to so easy an action!

How accomplished?

By the power and grace of God on His side, and by a "look" on the part of the sinner. "Behold Me! behold Me!" is His loud, loving, earnest, and repeated call.

Oh! it is so simple and means so much. It meant life for the bitten Israelite; it means salvation for the poor Gentile sinner.

No human device could have eradicated the poison from the Israelite; no good works can deliver the sinner to-day. It is all in a look, but remember that it is a look unto Him!

"There is life in a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee."

Take that look of faith, dear friend, at the Great Antitype of the brazen serpent. Be assured that "the Son of man has been lifted up that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 15).

J. W. S.

THE LOSS OF THE SS. "CAMBRIA."

A STRONG westerly wind had favoured the SS. "Cambria" with a swift and fair passage across the Atlantic. The monotonous voyage was nearly over, and the vessel, at full speed, was making for the first lighthouse off the extreme north-west of Ireland. The passengers

had turned in to their berths, and the curtains or their state-rooms were drawn. Happy dreams of quiet and home gladdened many breasts, whilst bright thoughts of the loved ones, who would so shortly be locked in their embrace, brought tears of joy to many eyes.

In two hours they would be standing off Moville. The fear of shipwreck, and visions of rocks, shall not again trouble the passengers. Dreams of the ship being on fire shall never again startle them in the silent night-watches. Three thousand miles and more of sea lay between them and America. Now, but a few hours lay between them and home. They slept calmly and peacefully, the last sound on their ears being the long-drawn cry of the solitary watchman, "All's well."

The "Cambria" was still making rapid headway, running before the wind under sail and steam. The captain was steering for Inistrahull, a lighthouse on a small rock off the iron-bound coast of Donegal, but unhappily he never sighted Inistrahull at all; the first he knew of it was when his pretty ship gave her last leap, and came crushing down, bow foremost, on some unknown rock. The whole fury of the Atlantic was upon him, tearing the ribs of his ship into splinters. Then there was the terror and confusion of a great shipwreck. Passengers and crew rushed on deck. The boats were launched in the dark, filled, capsized, and swamped.

Only one boat lived through the storm, carrying a terrified landsman to tell the sad, sad tale. Then, it

would seem, the lighthouse keeper opened his door, and heard all the horrors which were going on at his feet, screams and cries mingling wildly with the roar of the angry tempest.

But the "Cambria" went down, and her noble captain with her. So it was, she dashed herself in full speed against the very object which was designed to save her.

With a fair wind and cheery hopes, passengers sail across the ocean of life. Little do they think that, instead of a happy ending, breaking-up, destruction, and doom are waiting for them ahead. They blindly press on, and fail to see the beacon on the rocks, set there by God to warn poor sinners of their danger. They are blinded by Satan ; onward, onward he hurries his poor infatuated slaves. Pleasure, amusements, and sin, fashion, riches, or religion—by any means and through any device he drives on his deluded captives, he cares not how, if only he can keep them calm and quiet as to their eternal future.

Is it thus he has you, young man, spell-bound with the pleasing gratification of sin, hurrying you on to ruin? "*The end of these things is death.*" You grasp the fancied enjoyment, and revel in the momentary pleasure ; but just when you are thinking it is yours, it is gone—it has evaporated before your eyes. And, more than that, as one who had drunk deeply of this world's cup says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, . . . and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : *but know thou,*

that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. xi. 9). Heedless and careless, thoughtless and prayerless one, there are breakers ahead! Steer on in your present course, and the crash must come, that awful and sudden destruction from the presence of the Lord. Ah! what a wreck! Lost for ever!

Mark, too, the very thing designed to guide stray mariners in the darkness of the night was the very thing that caused the ruin of the S.S. "Cambria." The rock, whose warning light had before saved many a noble vessel, was now that on which this ship struck, and was destroyed.

Oh! that *the light of the gospel* of the glory of Christ might shine into your heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, as seen in the face of Jesus Christ.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins (1 John iv. 9, 10). "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). He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

HAVE YOU CONFESSED CHRIST?

IN a Continental hotel I got into conversation with the principal of a well-known London mercantile house, when he related the following:—

When I was quite a young man, in a situation in London, I was laid aside with a very painful illness. My employer strongly advised me to return to my father's house, and I found myself once more in Brighton under the paternal roof.

After being treated by our family doctor until my case seemed hopeless, another doctor was called in, and they both pronounced the disease beyond their skill.

My father was a very godly man, and upon hearing the doctor's decision, he asked—

“Do you finally give my boy up?”

“Yes, we can do no more.”

“Then I may take the case up myself, and apply any simple remedy I may think good?”

“Certainly.”

My father, after this conversation, got a few herbs, and, before applying them went to his room and pleaded with God for the recovery of his boy, if it were His will.

He had not been long on his knees before all concern for my body passed away, and an overwhelming sense of the danger and preciousness of my soul filled him with such desire, that he could do nothing but

cry to God for my salvation. After he ceased praying he came to my room, applied his simple remedy, and said to my mother, "We have not had any rest for many nights; we will now leave our boy in the Lord's hands, and try to get a little sleep ourselves."

My mother could not rest, however, and about midnight came to my room. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and called my father. He was soon there, and both were amazed at the gracious and speedy answer to his prayer. The disease had quite abated, I had fallen into a deep sleep, and, when I awoke, all symptoms of danger had disappeared. My father then told me about his prayer, and especially about the urgent way he had asked for my salvation.

This was the beginning of the work of God in my soul. I gathered strength, and was able to return to my duties. I now believed in the Lord Jesus Christ with my heart, but I had made no confession with my lips. Though I could not say, "I am saved," spiritual things had an attraction for my soul.

One day my employer said to me, "S——, here are two tickets for the opera, I am sure you will make good use of them. Select some steady young fellow as your companion, and I hope you will have an enjoyable evening."

I had not the courage to refuse, so I promised to do as he wished.

In the evening a friend accompanied me, and he intensely enjoyed the music. I was dull and miserable, nothing seemed to have an attraction for me.

My friend said, "You do not seem at ease?"

"I am not," I replied, "I am wretched. I ought not to be here. God has given me fresh tastes that altogether unfit me for a place like this. It is the most unhappy evening I have ever spent."

The secret was out now. "With my mouth I had made confession unto salvation," and I openly avowed myself on the side of Christ. From that day to this I have never entered a place of amusement, and it is a great many years ago, as my grey hairs will tell you.

Is my reader a secret believer? If so, may this narrative lead you to confess the Lord openly. True happiness is only found in being out-and-out for Christ. The world has no joy to equal that described, when the Father received the prodigal in Luke xv., and the one who has tasted the bliss of that reception, and the "music" that greeted him there, will never find an "opera" or any other amusement satisfy his soul, which has listened to the heavenly melody.

The Word of God has linked "confession" with salvation. If you have never yet confessed Christ do so now, at once, openly. It is the wisest, safest, happiest course.

Are you afraid of the sneers of your companions? So was the subject of this narrative, but the joy he found in Christ was worth all the bitterness of the cross. Let me urge those who have "believed with the heart unto righteousness" and made "confession

with the mouth unto salvation,” to devote themselves, soul and body, unto the Lord Jesus, confessing Him by their actions as well as by their words.

H. N.

“ONE THING I KNOW.”

(Read John ix.)

THE contrast between the beginning of this chapter and its close is very striking. We see this poor blind man, at the beginning of the chapter, in the solitude of darkness; at its close, in the solitude of light—cast out by everybody. Where was he happiest? There could be no doubt as to that. Everyone was against him—he was cast out for confessing Christ, but he was now in the company of Jesus. I can conceive nothing more blessed for you, or for me.

Now let us see if we have travelled the road this man travelled. The great point of this section of John’s gospel is light. The first seven chapters give the *life* section; chapters viii. and ix. the *light* section; and from chapter x. onwards, is the *love* section. In chapter viii. we get the Lord saying,

“I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD;

he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life” (ver. 12). You must not think that Christ is the light of the world to-day. Painters have depicted Him thus, and poets have

written of Him in that way—but that is a mistake. He is the light of those who have eyes to see Him—He is not the light of the world. Why? The world has cast Him out, the world has refused Him and His Word. Hence in chapter ix. He says “*As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.*”

The point is whether you have got “the light of life.” You have not got it unless you have come into contact with Christ, unless you know Him, and are following Him. It is only, “He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” If you are in the world’s darkness, listen to what God says, in this blessed scripture, and get into “the light of life.” We get the light in chapter viii., and in chapter ix. eyes to see it. Have you got seeing eyes yet? Are they opened? Here is a man that was born blind—he did not see Christ, nor know Him, and

IF YOU ARE STILL AN UNCONVERTED SINNER

you have no eyes to see Christ. In chapter ix. the Lord passes by, and sees this man, blind from his birth. It was his natural state. And what is your natural state? Blind—you have never seen the things of God, you have no interest in them.

In Psalm xlix. the natural man is said to be like “the beasts that perish.” You are smart enough for the world, you have plenty of eyes for the things of nature, but you are blind as to the things of God. Man, by nature, is blind. The Lord bade the Apostle

Paul go to the Gentiles, and “open their eyes” (Acts xxvi. 18). The first effect of the gospel is to open men’s eyes—that is what God sends preachers out for. How often have we sat beside souls in misery, and wretchedness, under the burden of their sins, and have heard them say, as the light of God has streamed into their souls, “I see.” May the Lord open your eyes, my reader, that you may see what you are, and what Christ is.

The disciples said, “Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?” They wanted to get at the reason of his infirmity. “Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.” You might say,

WHY DID GOD ALLOW US TO BECOME SINNERS?

That He might have an opportunity of showing His grace, and saving us. Are you not saved yet? No. Why is this? Why have you managed to escape God’s salvation? You are afraid of being converted? Why are you not afraid of being damned, and being cast into eternal darkness in your sins, which means eternal banishment from God?

Afraid of being converted? What a most extraordinary thing, that a man should be afraid of his best Friend, and the deep, rich blessing God proposes in the gospel. Why was this man born blind? To let us see what God could do. Man was allowed to become a sinner—that is only one side of the truth. You are a sinner, and a very serious thing that is.

You have got to face God about your sins. I am very thankful I am not an angel, but a sinner, born in sin. No angel in glory will ever say, "I am redeemed by Christ." I shall. You will either sing in glory on the ground of redemption, or sigh in the depths of an eternal hell because you have refused the gospel.

The Lord says, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." Do not let the present moment of grace pass, and leave you as it has found you. There is deeper responsibility on your soul, if you are still unconverted, than ever before, because you hear of Christ again, and yet have not received Him. Thank God, you have yet another opportunity—do not forget this, "the night comes." A night without a morning will be

AN AWFUL ETERNITY FOR A LOST MAN.

Fellow Christian, we are passing into a scene where there is morning without a night.

The Lord was about to give sight to this blind beggar. He was come for the blessing of man, and to unfold the heart of God. What had the blind man done up to now? He had not moved, he had not spoken, he had not prayed. His neighbours let out that he was a wretched, miserable, blind beggar, and what sight moves one to pity more than a blind beggar, helpless and dependent? In that blind beggar see your own case—a blind sinner, led by the devil. It is about time you began to pity yourself.

Now observe the action of the Lord—“He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.” If he were blind before, did not this action of the Lord make him more blind? Apparently it did. What is the meaning of this? I do not doubt you have here a very remarkable allusion to the incarnation of Christ. He has become man, but incarnation is not redemption, and there is no salvation in that. He must go down into death to redeem man.

As far as the man was concerned, the clay made him more blind than before; and the incarnation has often that effect. If I look at Christ in His beautiful ways as a man, all I learn is that, if my case were hopeless before, it is now more so still, because I see Christ was a man—though much more than a man—that suited God in every detail and respect, and I am not like Him. Here is One who is

EVERYTHING GOD LOOKS FOR IN MAN,

and I discover the awful reverse in my case.

Incarnation only convicts and condemns me, and makes me feel I am unfit for God. But Christ went into death, and His instruction to the man, “Go, wash in the pool of Siloam,” is an allusion to this, and to the effectual work of the Spirit. Blessing is always coupled with faith and obedience. The blind man may have said, “Bad as I was before, I am worse now—I am more blind than I was.” But he is called upon for faith and obedience—“Go, wash.” He is not told what will happen, but he obeys—this

is the obedience of faith. Now, have *you* obeyed the Lord? He has said, "Come unto Me." Have you come?

Has God seen that obedience in your heart yet? It is a crucial moment in the history of the soul when the word of the Lord comes before you, and He bids you take an action such as this—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What does your heart say? The word of the Lord bids you repent, be converted, receive the Lord Jesus, confess Him, and when God speaks you should obey. This man went, and washed, and came seeing. You say, That was very simple, I can understand that. What do you understand? The man hears the voice of the Lord, and he obeys. He washes, and as he washes away the clay, he finds his eyes are open, and he sees.

That is

EXACTLY THE WAY SOULS SEE TO-DAY.

You will find you will see if you bow to the Lord now. You say, But I do not see. Then you have not obeyed. Look at this man—he went, washed, and came seeing. A bright conversion that. The first thing is that he sees, he is a new man. When you get the blessing of the gospel, you will say "I see"—it is not only that he sees, but he *says* he sees, sees the light of God, the light of His love, His grace, the value of the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. His eyes are opened. Note the Lord's words to the Apostle Paul in Acts xxvi.: "The Gentiles, unto

whom now I send thee, *to open their eyes*, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may *receive forgiveness of sins.*” What did this man receive? Sight. What will you receive if you obey Christ? Forgiveness of sins.

There are to-day only two classes of people, those who are under the power of Satan, in their sins; and those who have been turned to God, and possess the knowledge of God. In which company are you? If you are still in the company led by Satan, escape at once. What will you receive if you obey the Lord? “Forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified”—you will pass straight into the company of the saints in light. If you receive the gospel you are

NO LONGER A SINNER IN YOUR SINS,

but you have a part among those, who are “sanctified by faith.”

This man had three difficulties to escape, first his neighbours, next, his religious associates, and then his parents. They all comment on him. The neighbours say, “Is not this he that sat and begged?” If you get converted your neighbours will know it, and, if they did not, I should very much doubt your conversion, because the people round about you are likely to know. The neighbours saw it—here was this man, blind to this hour, and now what a change. “Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, *I am he.*” He had not talked before,

but now his eyes are opened, and his tongue is loosed, he says, "I am he." "Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight." What a simple confession! "A man that is called Jesus," the blessed eternal Son of God, who had become a man. He gives all the credit to Jesus.

"Then said they unto him, Where is He?" You ask me, "Where is He?" There He is, set down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. I know where He is. "We see not yet all things put under Him. But we see Jesus." We have no doubt where He is, we see Him. Why? Our eyes are opened.

Now

THERE IS THE RELIGIOUS CIRCLE

to be met—the man comes into collision with the popular religion. The religious world to-day does not want Christ. It was the Sabbath day, and the Pharisees asked him how he had received his sight. He says, "*He* put clay upon my eyes, and I washed and do see." He gets a little further here. Who is *He*? There is only one "He" in the world for him. Phariseeism replies, "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day." They would stickle for form and ceremony, and keep this poor man in blindness. They were tremendous sticklers for outward forms, and all the way along they dogged the path

of the Lord Jesus, because people do not like to have their notions upset. But mark, “There was a division among them” (ver. 16). Wherever Christ comes in there is division, because the heart that is right will cleave to him. There is always a division in homes when Christ comes in. Is there a division in your house? Which side of the line are you, Christ’s or Satan’s?

Then they say, “What sayest thou of Him?” He answers, “He is a prophet” (ver. 17). He has brought me light from God, He has brought me into touch with God, He has come from God to me. He began to recognise the glory of Christ’s Person. He was not merely a man, but a man in relation to God. There is growth in this man’s soul; he is steady and consistent in his testimony, but the religious opposers do not believe he was blind. What

AN EFFORT TO DISCREDIT CHRIST.

At length they call the parents, and ask them, “Is this your son?” Many a parent has helped to damn a child, and if they had had their way that day, they would have hindered this man immensely. Many a one is afraid to confess Jesus, and hence they go on half-heartedly for a long time. What I admire about this man is that the moment he gets blessing he takes his stand simply and consistently to the close. The parents say, “We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but by what means he now seeth, we know not . . . he is of age; ask him.” Why were they to ask him? Because the parents feared

the Jews. Human fear is one of the most potent weapons the devil has got, in that day or this, to hinder souls from receiving God's message, and confessing Christ.

The parents were afraid; their son was not. How people are affected by fear. You are half inclined to be a Christian, but you are saying, "What will they say in the workroom? What will they say at home?" Let them say what they like. You believe the Lord, and confess Him boldly. You may say, "They will turn their guns on me." Yes, and then you turn the gospel guns on them. You take your stand for the Lord, and all those you are so afraid of now will soon be afraid of you.

You will observe that all the questioners here would not have Christ—they had cast Him out, and if anybody owned Him they were to be "put out of the synagogue" (ver. 22).

THEY WANTED A RELIGIOUS REPUTATION.

What is the good of a reputation without Christ? You have the reputation of being a Christian, unsaved friend, and God knows you are a hypocrite. How appalling! They say now, "Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner." The man replies, "Whether he be a sinner or not, I know not"—I will not speak where I have not knowledge, but I am competent to speak where I *have* got knowledge—"ONE THING I KNOW, that whereas I was blind, now I see." Can you say that? Oh, what a happy thing if you can say, I

was blind, in all the darkness of nature, but now I see and know the love of God, the grace of God, the purpose of God, that "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."

"Then said they to him again, What did He to thee? how opened He thine eyes? He answered them, I have told ye already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be His disciples?" Now he is getting on. In effect he says, I do not mind confessing *I* am one of them, *I* am on His side. That is the way to meet opposers—"Will ye also be His disciples?" "Then they reviled him"—a little persecution did not do him any harm, and it will not do *you* any harm, for you will get near the Lord and by Him be sustained.

They said, "Thou art His disciple." It was meant to be a great reproach—in reality it is

THE MOST SPLENDID TESTIMONY

anyone can give you. "We are Moses' disciples," said they. He knew Jesus, he desired to be taught of, and to follow Jesus—the Jesus who had saved him. They were content to follow Moses, who did not, and could not, save them. A great many people to-day would rather follow Moses, and never be saved, than come to Jesus and be saved—they are content with a recognised religion that suits the world, but they do not know Jesus. "As for this fellow, we know not from whence he is," say they. No, the natural man in religion does not know—

natural religion is of no value. This man knew—by grace *I* know. Do you?

He speaks now for the last time to them—"Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes." He argues most beautifully—God does not hear sinners. The Pharisees in their blindness said the Lord was a sinner. That will not do. "Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind"—there never was the like before, I am an unique case. With everyone that gets converted it is the same story—it is always an unique case. "If this man were not of God, He could do nothing." Here he has got a point further, he owns His heavenly origin. They could stand it no longer—"Dost thou teach us? And they cast him out." Do you pity him? I don't. Are you getting

CAST OUT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?

If you confess Christ simply and distinctly you will be. Are you prepared for that?

See what follows—Jesus found him. It was not that he found Christ, but Christ found him. He meets his Deliverer—the One who had opened his eyes. They are face to face. The Lord asks him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The man gets a step further—"Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" And Jesus said unto him, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee."

The Lord revealed Himself to this dear man. There are only two cases in the gospels where the Lord really stated who He was—to the outcast sinner in John iv., and to the outcast saint in John ix. To the woman He says, "I that speak unto thee am He"—He revealed Himself to her. Here there was a saint cast out for His sake, and to him He says, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." "And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him"—he became a worshipper.

He had been a long time connected with a religious system, but had never yet been a worshipper. We really never know what worship is till we have been cast out for Christ's sake. He had been in darkness at the beginning of the chapter, now he is in the light, cast into the very lap of Christ. The blessed Lord goes and meets him, talks to him, and reveals Himself to him, and the man worships Him.

Beloved friend, has your soul ever travelled this road yet? May the Lord give you to do so this very day, if never before. Then will you be able to sing:—

"Thou art my hope, Lord Jesus,—
 I am waiting here for Thee ;
 Thou art my gain, Lord Jesus,
 Thou art all in all to me.
 Thou my joy, my peace, my light,
 Thou my life, my hope, my might,—
 Thou art my praise.
 Thou art my Lord, mine adoration,
 Thou art the God of my salvation."

GOD'S THOUGHTS FOR US.

GOD'S thoughts are not as our thoughts; nor His ways as our ways; nor His love as our love. If we hear of a friend in distress or difficulty of any kind our first impulse is to fly to his help, and relieve him of his pressure, if possible.

But this might be a very great mistake. In place of rendering help, it might be doing serious mischief. We might actually be running athwart the purpose of God, and taking our friend out of a position in which Divine government had placed him for his ultimate and permanent profit. The love of God is a wise and faithful love; it abounds towards us in all wisdom and prudence. We, on the contrary, make the gravest mistakes, even when most sincerely desiring to do what is right and good.

Hence the urgent need of waiting much on God; and, above all things, of holding fast our confidence in His unchanging, unfailing, unerring love. He will make all plain. He will bring light out of darkness, life out of death, victory out of seeming defeat. He will cause the deepest and darkest distress to yield the very richest harvest of blessing. He will make all things work together for good, but He is never in a hurry. He has His own wise ends in view, and He will reach them in His own time and way; and, moreover, out of what may seem to us to be a dark, tangled, inexplicable maze of Providence, light will spring forth and fill our souls with praise and adoration.

THE DYING FARMER.

AMONG the Grampian Hills, on his dying bed, a farmer was asked by his daughter if she should read the Bible to him. He replied, "I thaket ma hoose in calm weather; the storm's up noo."

This meant that he was ready to go; if death, like a great storm in winter, stared him in the face he was prepared, and did not need any one to read and pray when he came to die, to make him fit to meet God. This was settled in health. Like the man who makes his house secure in calm, fine weather, before the winter comes on, so that the storm and the cold do not reach him.

Passing by a house near Linlithgow one day, when the snow was falling fast, I said to a man, who was covering the roof of a house with straw, "You are nearly too late." Many wait till the storm comes: till death stares them in the face. Then, often in great bodily pain, when the earthly house is breaking up, there is a great storm in the soul, and no place of refuge, no certainty for the future.

The words of 2 Corinthians v. 1, 2, have no meaning, no comfort for such souls: "*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.*" Mark the words of Job: "*I*

know that my Redeemer liveth" (Job xix. 25). Many souls come to face death unprepared, unsheltered.

The old farmer was not one of those who put the matter off till the last days of his life on earth. No, as he said, he had "thaket his hoose in calm weather." He did not want someone to read and pray in order that he might now be got ready. This was all settled with him before he came to his dying bed—settled in calm weather: that is, when he was in health.

Oh! what a fatal mistake to leave the matter of the soul's eternal welfare till the last moment. God's way is to save people to *live*, not to die. There is only one man we read of being saved in his dying hour, the thief on the cross. Many books are written about death-bed repentance and salvation at the last hour, but God has only told of one in the New Testament. The whole lifetime is given in order to be ready. No soul should rest until he can say, "*I know whom I have believed.*" And then, like Paul, one can say, "For me to live is Christ, and to *die* is *gain*"—"Having a desire to depart and be *with Christ*, which is *far better*"—"Earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house from heaven."

This is true Christian desire. It is better to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. But for the Lord Jesus Christ to come and change our body, and give us a body like His own body of glory, is what the instructed Christian *looks* for.

Reader, if you have nothing beyond time, be warned and get ready, for the storm of God's wrath—eternal

judgment—is near. Nothing but the blood of Christ, the Lamb without spot, can shelter you from the destroyer. “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. xv. 13).

R. K. W.

CHRIST'S THREE APPEARINGS.

WHAT HE HAS DONE, IS DOING, AND WILL DO.

(Notes of an Address on Hebrews ix. 24-28, given in the Concert Hall, Blackheath, on 31st January 1911).

WE have in the few verses I have read to you, Christ's three appearings. He *has* appeared; He *does* appear; He *will* appear. He has appeared to settle the great and serious question of sin, that lay between God and man. You and I could not settle it, for Scripture states very simply: “Without shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. ix. 22). If you die in your sins, you will get the consequences of those sins, and that is judgment. He *now* appears before God to represent His people. He *will* appear again and then His people will be with Him.

Now I would like you to understand, at the outset, the ground I take with regard to the Scriptures, and what the Scriptures say. I believe them to be the inspired Word of God from cover to cover. I know

the specious doctrines, subversive of Scripture, which to-day the devil is pouring out with a sort of Niagara flood, but I am not here to entertain you with some new-fangled theories, but to call your attention to the plain positive statements of God's immutable Word. I am sometimes told, "You are not up to date, Doctor. You have not gone on with the times." No, I have not, thank God, and I do not mean to follow the higher critics of the day. They tell us that the books of Moses are fallacious, the historical books a sort of a tangle, Isaiah a rhapsody, Daniel a forgery, and as for Paul, perhaps the less said about him the better. If you were to listen to these learned infidels—who ought to have been the conservators of the truth, but, on the contrary, have been so freely using the axe of scientific criticism on the Bible—they would not leave you more than the covers and a few pages, for faith to feed on, in this blessed book. I tell you what I mean to do. I mean to keep the book as it stands, and I will give the critics the covers. I will keep the book from Genesis to Revelation. It is a revelation from God. We must hold it tenaciously.

Let us now hear what it says regarding Christ.

1. HIS PAST APPEARING. WHAT HE HAS DONE.

The epistle I have read a verse or two from to-night begins magnificently. "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken to us by His Son" (Heb. i. 1). He has

spoken because He has something to convey to men. He has spoken because He has that which He desires to impart to man, which will be for his present and his eternal blessing. He has spoken, and all you and I have to do is to listen and believe His words.

“He has spoken,” says the apostle, “by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things.” How blessed, dear fellow-Christian, it is to think that the Lord Jesus Christ is heir of all things, but you must not forget that you are a joint-heir, an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ. There is a grand outlook, a grand future for a Christian, let me tell you. There is a grand future lying before the one who is a simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Then the writer goes on to say, “By whom also He made the worlds.” He is not only the heir of all things, but He is the maker of all things. Further, “He is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person.” The only One who could unfold the nature, the thoughts and the being of God is His Son, who Himself was God. But more, He upholds all things by the word of His power; and further, “When He had by Himself purged our sins, set Himself down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.” As I speak I have the sense of being under the eye of this exalted One, my most blessed and adorable Lord and Saviour. If you have never yet turned in simple faith to yon glory-crowned Man, at the right hand of God, I urge you to turn and look to Him now.

The Scripture unfolds here that He has done

something that none but He could do, and what is that? He made purgation for sin. You could not do it. Works, prayers, or penance, of a lifetime could never blot out sins, but here is One who did it. He was alone on Calvary's tree when He took up and settled the question of sin, once and for ever. Faith beholds that blessed Saviour, who was the lowliest and the humblest man that ever walked through this scene, exalted now to the very highest place at God's right hand, and the Spirit of God has come down here to bring Christ in His beauty, His glory, and His majesty before you. You will not only find in Him that which meets your need as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, but you will find in Jesus a faithful friend, a loving Saviour, a great high priest, who can maintain you in all the difficulties of the way, and One who loves you so much that He will not be content until He has you for ever with Himself.

You may say, "I would like to be quite sure that I will be there with Him." Well, if you look to Him, and regard Him as God regards Him, you will find that in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, you have the foundation laid of present and eternal peace with God. His precious blood gives a wonderful title. The Christian has a title to glory without a flaw, and a prospect without a cloud. Who would not be a Christian? I ask you straight, "Are you a Christian?" I do not ask you what denomination you belong to, or what name you bear. To know and possess Christ is everything. All such are the children of God.

If you have a sense, first of all, of the dignity of the Lord's person, I think you will be helped to understand what He has done. I want you to get your soul clear as to who He is. The Pharisees said Christ was Son of David. That is quite right; He is the Son of David, *i.e.*, He is a real man, but He is also the Son of God. I believe from the bottom of my soul in the eternal sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ. Far away in the bygone ages of eternity, He was in all the joy of the Father's love, but the time came when He made a visit to earth, to bring God, to man in His own person, and, through His sacrificial death, to bring man to God.

I know that man did not want Him, and turned Him out of His own world. That showed what man was, but He was God manifest in the flesh. He said to the once blind, but now seeing man, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John ix. 35). "Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on him?" was his reply, and Jesus' answer unspeakably blessed: "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." Little wonder that the man said, "Lord, I believe, and he worshipped Him."

Do you say, "Who is He?" If you do not know Christ personally, your faith is not worth a straw. Personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ is everything. It is vitally necessary.

Now it is very important to see that the first and second chapters of Hebrews bring before us the Lord Jesus Christ in two very different characters. In the first of Hebrews undoubtedly He comes out as

the Apostle, and in the second as the High Priest of our profession. As the Apostle He has come from God to man. That implies incarnation, and the life that He lived here, as incarnate. In the second chapter He is, as the High Priest, gone in to God. He has gone into death, and has risen up out of it. The end of the second chapter strikingly says: "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 14, 15). If He had not been a real, true, perfect man, how could He have met your case and mine? It was impossible.

Do you remember what Job said in the ninth chapter of his book? "How should man be just with God?" How could he stand before God? He could not answer his own question, and nobody answered it till the Apostle Paul wrote the Epistle to the Romans. Job also made this sorrowful complaint, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me" (Job ix. 30, 31). Any man that is wrought upon by the Spirit of God feels exactly the same. I am unfit for God. You will not do for God as you are, my hearer.

Job was quite right. If I wash myself with snow water, the cleanest and purest water—my sin remains.

I will not spend time telling you what snow water is, but I will tell you what it is not. It is *not* the blood of Christ, and that is the only thing that can fit you or me for the glory of God. But Job goes on and says, "God is not a man as I am, that I should answer Him, and we should come together in judgment." God reposes in His glory, and His greatness, and here am I in my sin and wickedness. "Neither is there any daysman betwixt us that might lay his hand upon us both." He says, There is nobody that can reach up to the lofty heights of God's throne, and come down to the deep necessity of my soul's sinful condition.

If I could now reach Job, I would whisper this in his ear, "My brother, I am better off than you. I have got a Daysman who can put His hand upon us both." He is now on the throne of God crowned with glory and honour, but where was He once? In the dust of death, that He might put His hand upon us both. He died. Why did He die? Was the seed of death in Him? God forbid. He was faultless. Had He not been searched? Yes, by God, by Satan, and by man. If you read the seventeenth Psalm you will find He says, "Thou hast tried me and shalt find nothing." God searched Him in His life here, and found nothing in Him but what was divinely suited to Himself. If He searched your heart and mine, it would be a very different tale. He would find sin, lust, pride, vanity, all the ten thousand evils that spring from the human heart. God found *nothing* in Him.

In the fourteenth of John we find the Lord saying, "The prince of this world cometh (that is, the devil), and hath *nothing* in Me" (ver. 30). The devil found nothing in Him, and on the cross the poor dying malefactor—I love him for the testimony he gave—says to his, until then, wicked accomplice in evil, "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds (*i.e.*, We are dying and we deserve to die), but *this man has done nothing amiss*" (Luke xxiii. 40, 41). Even Pilate had to say three times, "I find *no fault* in Him." Death had no claim upon Him, and yet He died. Why did He die? He died for sinners, and faith goes a little further, and says, "He died for me." What Job sighed for, the believer now has. Jesus can meet all the need of your heart and your conscience, for, if death were your portion, He died in the room and stead of the guilty, as Anne Steele beautifully puts it:—

"He took the guilty culprit's place;
He suffered in his stead.
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled."

I sometimes like to alter and sing the lines thus:—

"He took the guilty culprit's place;
He suffered in his stead;
For *me*, O miracle of grace!
For *me*, the Saviour bled."

That is what He did for me. What do you say about it? Do you believe it from the bottom of

your heart? Have you been brought by the Spirit of God to boldly confess that this is what He has done for you? He has glorified God about sin. Now get hold of this. He became a man that He might die. You and I die because we are men, sinful men. He had what marked man in every respect, sin alone excepted. He was absolutely sinless, untainted, unfallen. You and I are corrupt in the very springs of our being, and as a consequence, death comes upon us.

Now look at the way God is declared in the Person of His blessed Son. The first man, Adam, brought sin into this world, and death by sin. But another man, "The second man, the Lord from heaven" (1 Cor. xv. 47) has come into the world, and do you know what is the result? If the sin of the first man brought death into the world, the death of the second man will yet take sin out of the world. He was a real man, yet a divine person, who knew exactly what was in the heart of His Father, and could reveal Him. Another scripture says, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8).

What does that sentence mean? What were the works of the devil? The devil had sown lies about God in the heart of man. What came into the garden of Eden, as a result of Satan's subtlety, was that man was led to distrust God. Distrust of God is in your heart at this moment, if you are not converted. How does the Son of God destroy the

works of the devil? He introduces into my heart the great and wonderful truth that "God is love," and that by the death of His own Son redemption has been effected, and a basis laid upon the ground of which sin will yet be taken absolutely out of the world. It is not taken out yet, but it yet shall be, thank God! and in the meantime the believer in Jesus knows his sins are all forgiven and blotted out.

W. T. P. W.

(*To be continued.*)

A DEATH-BED TESTIMONY.

THE following letter, from a lady in New Zealand, is well worth reading.

Whether we think of the testimony of the dying Christian described therein, or that of his Christian widow, the writer of the letter, being so sustained that she could write of the death-bed of her husband—"None of us could shed a tear round that bed"—the tribute and the reality of God's sustaining grace is remarkable.

"It was my husband's heart's desire—I may say his dying wish—that his joy in going to be with the Lord should be a testimony to many of the reality of salvation. He was so low that I could only just catch what he said by

putting my ear close to his mouth. I heard him murmur, '*Not my will but Thine be done*'! He seemed to doze for a moment or so, and then with a shining face and rapturous tone, exclaimed, 'JESUS!' and then, 'I thought I was with Him'! No human words can convey the tone of rapture, or show out how that poor wasted face was lit up with heavenly joy. It was glorious; it seemed, as it were, a step beyond faith—a glimpse of the joys beyond. 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.' He must have seen JESUS, the Person of CHRIST entranced him.

"From then on, it was to say 'Good-bye,' and to impress on all the reality of the joy he was entering into.

"The little children, who were sleeping at a friend's house, were brought home in the middle of the night. They came in sobbing, but he hushed them. 'Don't cry, darlings; I'm so happy, I'm going to Jesus, and we'll soon meet again.'

"My old father came up—broken down. 'Good-bye, dear grandfather; take a long, deep draught; drink deep of the joy I am entering into.'

"It was *the love of Christ* and the *reality* of the joy he tried to impress

on all. He spoke to the doctor, the nurse, to all his own children, and sent messages to all his brothers and sisters.

“A friend made a remark as to having had love and fellowship together. His voice rang out, ‘Don’t speak of *our* love; what a miserable thing! It is His love to us!’

“None of us could shed a tear round that bed; it did not seem like death; it was entering into LIFE; it was wonderful! He seemed to feel no sorrow at leaving us; the joy eclipsed it all, and we could only listen in wonder and rejoice with him.

“After all ‘good-byes’ were sent, he said: ‘Now I want the dear grandfather to pray with just the family,’ and I feel he left us all in God’s hands; then he said, ‘Now, I am ready! Lord Jesus, come!’

“These were the last words we heard him utter again and again.”

Reader, what shall *your* end be like? It must come. You must enter eternity. But how?

Christianity is a reality. The catacombs of Rome—the fires of Smithfield—the records of the Spanish Inquisition prove it. The persistent attacks on Christianity prove it. There are ten thousand times

ten thousand proofs. Apologetics for Christianity are overwhelming and irrefutable.

May I beseech you, reader, to inquire earnestly and diligently into these matters? You cannot afford to postpone the inquiry. For soon your end will come, and then?

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

A. J. P.

PLEA FOR A NEW BIBLE.

"Sir A. W. . . ., speaking in London on the results of Bible criticisms, asked— 'Why could not the more capable men of to-day compile the religions of the world into a book which should replace the Bible, a book written to twentieth-century pitch, without curses or woes, but all pleasant reading?'"

WHY, certainly! A brilliant idea to be sure! Is it not extraordinary that no person has had the courage to propose it until now?

Of course, the old Bible does tell us that, in its production, "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21), but then they could not possibly be so capable as the men of to-day. It is true that men of no mean ability have lived and died for it, but that was not in "the twentieth century." We are aware that

our fathers and grandfathers—not to speak of our revered mothers—esteemed it their most precious treasure; we have heard too that the late Queen Victoria said that it was “the secret of Britain’s greatness,” and we respect their sentiments; still, times have changed, the world has moved on, education has wrought a mighty revolution, men claim the right to think for themselves, and having relegated to the past all that is ancient and antiquated, there seems to them no reason why we should cling to the old Bible.

It is not proposed to abolish religion, that has already been remodelled and brought up to “twentieth-century pitch,” and now it is merely suggested that, instead of men being tempted still to take their ideas of religion from the old Bible as heretofore, “the more capable men of to-day” should give us a new Bible, which should be a compendium of our various religious up-to-date ideas.

In the new book all that offends the cultured ear, such as “curses or woes” would be omitted, and only that which would form “pleasant reading” would be allowed.

That there are unpleasant statements in the old Bible cannot be denied; for example there is that ugly assertion that

“All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. iii. 23).

That must go: somehow the very reading of it makes us feel uncomfortable.

Then there is the dismal text that says:—

“It is appointed unto men once to die,
but after this the judgment” (Heb. ix. 27).

That is, to say the least, disconcerting; of course “the more capable men of to-day” do not accept it; still, curiously, when read there is a sort of strange foreboding that after all—well, it *might* be true; better eliminate it. Then there is that positively dreadful text:—

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

Now, frankly, very few people believe that to-day. Theological professors deny it, ministers and clergy unite in repudiating it, and even in places where such things used to be preached, it is seldom, if ever, heard now.

No! no!! no!!! Let us by all means have a new Bible with all these unpalatable “curses and woes” carefully eliminated.

Before, however, we finally cast the old Bible adrift, it might be well to stop and inquire, Are these unpleasant statements true? If they are, would our banishing the Book alter the facts? To return to our first text, as we look abroad upon the world, which in many respects is very beautiful, we have to acknowledge that there are some nasty blots. There are the prisons and penal settlements, which always appear to be fairly well filled. There are the poor-houses where many through their own folly, and

others as the result of being "knocked out" in the battle of life, find refuge. There are the hospitals, many of which are veritable colonies of suffering. There are the lunatic asylums where so many, alas, from divers causes pass a wretched existence. To come nearer home, we look at ourselves, at our own lives, in our own hearts there is a feeling that all is not well, and that in our relation to God we are not right. We inquire of "the more capable men of to-day" what is the reason of all this, but, like Brutus, we wait for the answer that never comes. We turn to the old Bible, and the cause is given in one word—"SIN." If then we abandon the Book will we abolish sin—from our own breast and from the world? If not, had we not better ascertain from the same Book if there be a remedy? We find that there is, for in John i. 29 we read:—

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh
away the sin of the world ;"

and in 1 John i. 7 :

"The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's)
Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Furthermore, there have been men, women, boys and girls, of every class and condition, of every clime and tongue, in the first century, in all the centuries, and even in the "twentieth century" who have owned their sin, trusted the Saviour, learned the cleansing efficacy of His precious blood, and have become the possessors of a peace and a joy which the old Bible said could be theirs, but of which they never dreamed.

To pursue our inquiry and come to text number two. If we dispense with the old Bible will death disappear? So far, our cemeteries and churchyards are being filled with terrific rapidity. We were appalled by the number who perished in the terrible "Titanic" disaster, but we suppose, throughout the world, a larger number has died since you, dear reader, commenced to read these lines. It seems therefore to be indisputable that "it is appointed unto men once to die." We again appeal to "the more capable men of to-day" and inquire, "What is the cause?" and the echo answers—"What?" We refer to the old Bible, and there we read:—

"Wherefore, as by one man SIN entered into the world, and DEATH by SIN ; and so DEATH passed upon ALL men, for that ALL have SINNED" (Rom. v. 12).

As to judgment, if we admit the existence of sin, we must also admit the necessity for judgment. If we had no law courts, no judges, no prisons, this world would, we opine, be an impossible place, and if our sense of right and wrong demands that wrong must be punished, we dare not degrade Almighty God to a level lower than ourselves. Here again the old Bible brings us good news, for it tells us that

"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. 27, 28).

So that the simple believer on the Lord Jesus Christ says: "I deserved to die, but the Lord Jesus Christ has died for me; I had earned eternal judgment, but He has endured and exhausted the judgment that was due to me, so that I am no longer under sentence of death but I have eternal life (see 1 John v. 13). I no longer look for judgment, but I await the second coming of my Lord and Saviour." Nor is there any presumption in this, for the old Bible tells us that the Lord Jesus Christ said:—

"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 (or
judgment); but is passed from death unto
life" (John v. 24).

Then with regard to the last text. It is indeed a serious one, but is it true? "No!" say "the more capable men of to-day," such a statement is positively revolting to our "twentieth-century pitch of culture." Let us suggest to our cultured friends, should any such honour us by reading these lines, that for the next three months they throw their houses open to thieves, drunkards, immoral persons, &c. &c. &c. "How awful!" we think we hear some exclaim. But then, will not you and they spend eternity together in heaven? "Oh, but do you not understand," say "the more capable men of to-day," "*they* will have been punished, purified, and made fit before *they* enter heaven?" Ah! now then we must modify our proposal. We suggest that our

friends should associate with discharged prisoners, recent inmates of inebriates' homes, and those who have just quitted "Borstal" institutions. "Impossible!" is the instant retort. So then you consider that God should be less careful as to who should dwell in His house, than you would be as to the kind of people that you would have dwell in your houses. Nay! The Word of God stands true;—"the wicked *shall* be turned into hell," and if, in that category, our readers include those we have specified we do not object, and we feel sure they would take no exception to the appellation. Read on, however,—“And all the nations that forget God.” The mere religionists of “the twentieth century” “the more capable men of to-day,” who by refusing the Bible refuse the God of the Bible, all who do not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for

“He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John iii. 36).

What utter folly to banish the Book because it contains unpleasant *facts*; and to spurn the remedy because we resent being reminded of the disease. Shall we, on the same ground, burn the “British Pharmacopœia”? Because we read therein of consumption, cancer, and other deadly maladies, or, shall we not rather be grateful to the men who have pointed out the symptoms, told us of the diseases, and who have, where possible, indicated the remedies?

Let us thank God for *the Bible*; let us read it as His living word, let us believe it with all our heart, and let us stake our soul's eternal welfare upon its unerring and unalterable teaching. Therein God is revealed, the Lord Jesus Christ is presented, the way of salvation is made plain, guidance for the Christian path is vouchsafed, heaven is disclosed, hell is unveiled, eternity is set before us, and, writ large, is the glad message—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

W. B. D.

ARE YOU FORGIVEN?

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. i. 15.

READER, are you a sinner? For Jesus, the Saviour, says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Pardon is for the guilty. Forgiveness is for sinners. Salvation is for the lost. Justification is for the ungodly.

There was many years ago a man over eighty years of age living in a country place in the north of England. Taken ill, he began to be anxious about his soul's salvation. His sins came up before him like a cloud, and he was unhappy. He became increasingly so, and his wife and friends thought his mind was affected. She advised him to put his head

out of the chamber window, and open his mouth wide, that he might get the air, for she said it was air he wanted. He did so, but was no better. Then she said she would take him round the garden to get the air, and this was tried without effect.

His misery increased. His soul was weighed down with the burden of his sins. He felt himself a sinner in the presence of God. But he remembered being told in his youth that it was written in the Bible that if we confessed our sins to God, we should be forgiven. In his distress, with honest simplicity, he knelt down in his room and said, "O God, I cannot read, and my wife cannot read, but I am a great sinner, and I have been told that it says in Thy Book, that if we confess our sins to Thee, we shall be forgiven. And so I have come to be forgiven."

And peace flowed into his soul. He was happy in the sense of the forgiveness of his sins. A few days afterwards he said to his wife, "Wife, God has forgiven me my sins, and I should like to forgive everybody, if thou dost not mind." She agreed. Now they kept a huckster's shop, and mantelpiece and doors were marked in chalk with crosses and strokes, indicating sums of money owing to them by customers. So the wife took a wet dishcloth, and wiped out all the marks. And the old man says, "I am so happy now, since God has forgiven me, and I have forgiven everybody."

Dear friend, allow me to ask you again in all affection: Are you forgiven? Are you happy? What about your sins? For God says, "There is

not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not." God cannot accept your thoughts about yourself. You must accept His. He is able. He is ready. He is willing to forgive you, if (needy, guilty, helpless, as you are), you trust His blessed Son, whose precious blood cleanses from all sin, the one who believes on Him. "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."

Jesus died.

What for?

Sins.

Where is He now?

At the right hand of God in heaven.

And where are the sins which He bare in His own body on the tree?

Gone for ever! So that God can say of those who believe on Him, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

After the Lord Jesus had risen from the dead, He said to His disciples, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations." And since He has ascended up into heaven, the Holy Ghost has come down and testified by His servant Paul, "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and, by Him, all that believe are justified from all things."

THE DIGNITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

A CHRISTIAN prisoner, tentmaker by trade, is arraigned before a Roman tribunal. He is accused of being "a pestilent fellow"; "a mover of sedition"; and "a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes."

Being allowed to answer for himself, the prisoner, in a few brief sentences, shows the hollowness of his countrymen's indictments, and afterwards proceeds to demonstrate the genuineness of his Christian commission, by rehearsing, in simple language, the story of his own conversion. In the presence of a Roman procurator, and a Judean king, he calmly unfolds and upholds the truth of Christ's death and resurrection, as the immutable basis of "the glorious gospel of the Blessed God," sent forth to the ends of the earth.

With quiet dignity he can look his accusers in the face, for he fears not the wrath of man: he knows whom he has believed.

No hard thoughts has he against those who are thirsting for his blood, for, if his limbs are fettered, his heart is free. In the bowels of Jesus Christ, the prisoner can embrace, in faith and Christian affection, every individual in Cæsar's judgment hall.

Having appealed to the hearing of Augustus Cæsar at Rome, he is entrusted, with other prisoners, to the care of a courteous Roman officer, whose commission it was to convey them to their destination.

The vessel sets sail and all goes well for a time. But presently adverse winds and currents arrest their progress and render sailing dangerous.

The Christian prisoner, alive to the peril, modestly calls attention to it, and suggests the advisability of putting into port at once, instead of pursuing their course, which he assures the authorities would result in disaster and loss.

His counsel, however, is disregarded, and preference being given to the captain's advice, they proceed on the voyage.

A soft southern breeze springing up seemingly favours this project, but not long after, a terrible hurricane sweeps down upon them, rendering the vessel unmanageable, and driving them hither and thither at the mercy of wind and wave. Amid darkness and blinding tempest, neither sun nor stars appearing in the heavens for many days, the quivering ship, with its living freight of human souls, is driven helplessly through the angry waters, until all hope of being saved is entirely abandoned.

The Christian prisoner once more comes quietly to the front, reminding those in charge of his timely, although unheeded, warning; but bids them be of good cheer, and seeks to encourage their hearts by testifying of God's grace, giving them all to know the happy relations that existed between himself and the One whose servant he was privileged to be.

On the fourteenth night, after soundings being taken, the sailors, afraid of the vessel stranding upon the rocks, attempt to lower the boat and escape.

Acting under the prisoner's advice, the officer in charge orders the boat to be cut off and all hands to remain on board.

No longer disregarded or ignored, God's servant is in full command of the ship. Master of the situation, and superior to the storm, in the power of a faith that could simply confide in the living God, he calmly oversees the feeding of his 275 fellow-passengers, gives thanks to God in the presence of them all, admonishes and comforts them, and assures them all of final safety.

The soldier's counsel to kill the prisoners lest any of them should escape is frustrated, and all hands escape safe to land.

The mighty tide of God's goodness, through "Cæsar's prisoner," rolls triumphantly on, as the father of Publius and many another disease-racked sufferer on that barbarous isle—Melita—could testify.

Let us commend to your careful and prayerful study the closing chapters of the book of Acts, from which a few brief thoughts have been drawn.

Paul, the Christian prisoner, was a man of like passions with ourselves, and the same power that enabled him to rise to the height of the Christian calling, and livingly represent a Saviour-God in the scene of Christ's rejection, is available for *you*.

Once he was a red-handed sinner and a bitter enemy of Christ; but the Son of God met him on his downward course, and captured the proud blasphemer for Himself.

And God is delighted when a poor, needy, Satan-

bound sinner is freed from his fetters by one upward look into the unveiled face of the risen Jesus; and finds that same Blessed Person henceforward absolutely indispensable to him.

Thus it was with Saul of Tarsus, and thus it will be with *you*, if, in the faith and simplicity of a little child, you appropriate the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour.

God has decreed that universal dominion shall be His (see Phil. ii. 10, 11). The death of Christ has settled every claim of God in regard to sin: and the highest place in heavenly glory has been accorded to the mighty Victor.

It has pleased God, in His infinite grace, to delineate for us, in the Scriptures of truth, His sovereign actings, by the Holy Spirit in an earthen vessel, a failing, sinful creature: who had proved the Lord Jesus to be his "life," his "pattern," his "object," and his "resource" (Phil. i. 21, ii. 5-11, iii. 7, 14, iv. 11, 13).

Dear reader, this portion may be yours: surrender *now* to the risen Saviour, and put yourself, henceforth, at His disposal. Then you will gladly say:—

"Take Thou my heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Thy willing servant, let me wear
The seal of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered by Thy watchful side;
Who life, and strength, from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live."

"TO THE PIT."

IT is remarkable that all the conversions of Scripture are described as *immediate* in their occurrence.

A lady who came to my meetings in Kingstown was converted in that way—suddenly. She was walking 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 leaped a hedge she was nearly thrown. It was a dangerous spot, and in a moment the thought struck her—"What if I had been thrown, and had been killed! How dreadful; for I am not saved."

Like an arrow, the thought pierced her very soul. It may surprise you 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 was 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. He was awakened—convicted—heard of Jesus—believed—was saved—all between the midnight hour and morning's light. It was the same with the eunuch; he read in the prophet; he was told of Messiah—Jesus; he believed and was baptized. The three thousand at Pentecost were all converted under one sermon. 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 believing on Him they were saved.

There was not only a great work wrought for them, but they owned 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.

Yes, 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.

“The door of mercy’s open still,
And Jesus cries, ‘Whoever will
By Me may enter in;
I am the Door, and I have died
Salvation’s door to open wide
For sinners dead in sin.’”

ANON.

GOD HAS SPOKEN.

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.”—HEB. i. 1.

“See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven.”—HEB. xii. 25.

THE Epistle to the Hebrews is God’s message to a people to whom He had often spoken. It was a closing appeal. They were warned of the solemn consequences of turning away from Him that spoke from heaven. In the opening verses they are reminded of the times and manners in which He had previously spoken.

Their history is probably very much like yours, my reader. The first time they heard His voice they begged that they might not hear it again. They tried to keep God at a distance. They feared and

trembled, but still did not want to hear His voice. Do you remember how you tried to get away from the sound of His voice when He spoke to you the first time ?

But if Israel did not want to hear the voice of God, God wanted to bless Israel, and so He sent His servants one after another.

Isaiah, like a faithful gospel preacher, told them that from the crown of their head to the sole of their foot they were a mass of moral corruption ; but added, " Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool " (Isa. i. 18).

Then further on, with trumpet voice, He announces, " Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price " (Isa. lv. 1). How tenderly He invites them to " Hear," in order that their souls might " live." Alas ! they turned away, their ears grew heavy, their heart waxed fat, they would *not* listen.

Jeremiah, too, mourns over them thus, " Let mine eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease " (Jer. xiv. 17). He weeps in secret over their hard and impenitent heart, and bemoans the sin of the daughter of his people.

Maybe, my reader, eyes are weeping, and hearts are breaking, in secret over you. It is hard to go down to perdition trampling under foot a mother's

tears and a sister's breaking heart. You have probably heard many a gospel appeal. Many a servant of the Lord, Isaiah-like, has told you of your condition, and proclaimed God's salvation; and whilst you have been hardening your heart, and steeling your conscience as you listened, someone has been pouring out tear-bedewed petitions from a sorrowing heart at the thought of your sinful life, and hard and impenitent heart.

"But," you say, "why think of me? I am quite as good as others. I mix and mingle with the people of God." Listen to Ezekiel, the next servant, as he comes forth, and announces the fact that God had lingered before withdrawing His glory from the people, who would not hear. God's glory was now standing on the threshold, ready to depart. "Slay utterly old and young, both maids, and little children, and women: . . . *and begin at MY SANCTUARY*" (Ezek. ix. 6). How solemn is Ezekiel's tale!

Of what does he speak? What is the burden of his message? Death! ah, death! A serious thing for you, my reader, if you have never been heart-broken and conscience-stricken about your sins, much less have sighed and cried for all the abominations done in the city. Death! "Fill the courts with the slain: go ye forth."

Suppose the messenger, Death, should visit you to-night, and you should die in your sins, what then? It will be in vain for an Ezekiel to plead for you with an "Ah! Lord God!" The reply may come, "Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity,

but I will recompense their way upon their head"; and the messenger may return to his Master, and report the matter, saying, "I have done as thou hast commanded me" (Ezek. ix. 11).

Would that be an end of your history? If that were all, you might carelessly say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." *But there is something after death!* Turn with me to the next book, Daniel. There we get that which awaits every unsaved, unrepentant soul,—JUDGMENT.

"The Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool: His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him: thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him: the judgment was set and the books were opened" (Dan. vii. 9, 10).

Yes, judgment—eternal judgment—awaits every rejector of the grace and love of God. You will notice two companies associated with the throne; one company is occupied with the most blessed service—ministering, serving, waiting upon the Ancient of days, whereas the other company is in the most awful position, standing before the JUDGE, whilst the books containing the record of their sins are opened.

I had a friend who accompanied a judge as he went on circuit. Was my friend afraid when he heard the Judge's voice? No. Why? Because he was ministering to him. It was otherwise with the

prisoners as they appeared in the dock. They were afraid as they listened to that voice on which their sentence depended.

If you should pass into eternity to-night would you be found, when the judgment is set, ministering TO THE JUDGE, or standing before Him?

Isaiah had spoken of grace, Jeremiah of compassion and long-suffering, Ezekiel announced the sentence of death, whilst Daniel described judgment with its terrors.

How did the people treat God's messengers? They took His servants, beat one, and killed another. But, oh! what infinite mercy, He sent other servants, more than the first. I do not go over the messages of these other servants. Time fails.

The centuries roll by, and last of all God sent His Son, saying, "They will reverence My Son."

"They will reverence My Son!!" What a word! All heaven revered *Him*, the seraphim veiled their faces as they cried, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts." All heaven was delighted to do His bidding, so God sent His only begotten, His well-beloved, saying, "*Maybe* they will reverence Him."

Thus, in the closing days of Israel's sad history, God visited His people in the person of His Son, spoke to them, not now in the thunders of His voice of majesty from the fire and smoke of Sinai, but in the tender, gracious tones of the Son of man who came into this world to seek, and to save the lost.

Listen to His gracious voice. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give

you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Surely now they will come. Surely they will hear His voice, the voice of that Man who spake as no other man ever spake.

Come with me to the Mount of Olives. Look at the Holy One who sits there, gazing with tenderest compassion upon the city spread beneath His eye. How He thinks of the many, many times He—Jehovah, Jesus, Emmanuel—had spoken to them; and as He recalls their indifference, those pathetic utterances of despised affection and unheeded love fell from His lips: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often *would I* have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and *ye would not!* Behold, your house is left unto you desolate" (Luke xiii. 34, 35). How desolate! No Saviour's voice, no pleadings or invitings any longer. The Father's last, best, and greatest Messenger rejected, the most glorious and gracious message unheeded.

In vain He had cried in that great day of the feast, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37). In vain He had proclaimed, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John v. 24). In vain He warned them, "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light" (John xii. 36).

Their eyes were blinded, their hearts were hardened, and "Jesus did hide Himself from them." Awful condition, the Saviour hidden, and the people

blinded, and their death-knell sounded, "*Ye shall die in your sins!*"

It matters little, my reader, as to your surroundings where you die. You may have a luxurious mansion, many sorrowing friends, and every comfort this world can give; or you may be a desolate being in an attic, without a friend. All this will be of very little moment to you the instant after your exit from this world; but to die in your sins will make a difference to you throughout eternity.

But where will the marvels of grace end? Instead of executing the judgment upon Israel at once, God still lingers in grace; and this Epistle to the Hebrews is a message from the earth-rejected, heaven-received Saviour.

He now speaks from heaven; speaks the closing word of grace, just as, in the Epistle of James, He speaks the word of judgment. James tells us the Judge is at the door. Hebrews tells us the Saviour is at the door.

How the Spirit of God delights to extol the Saviour, and to declare His excellences. Let us gaze for a moment at a few of the glories connected with this wonderful Saviour.

"Heir of all things." How often men forget that everything in this world belongs to Christ. He is the *Creator*, the *Heir*, and the *Upholder* of all things. Thus the world began through Christ, is sustained by Christ, and reserved for Christ. The air we breathe, the sun which shines upon us, the earth we tread, owe their existence and continuance to Him,

who in grace was called Jesus of Nazareth. The One who is the brightness of God's glory, and the exact expression of His substance, is the One who was nailed to Calvary's cross!

Why does the Spirit of God make so much of the glories of Christ? I will tell you. It is the glory of His person which gives lustre to His work. A short time since, I passed through a certain town. The bells were ringing, flags flying, bands playing, and people on horse and foot all moving in one direction. Why all this stir? we asked. "A stone was to be laid in a public building." But surely the laying of a stone is no great matter? No! The Prince of Wales was coming to lay it. I discovered that it was the person who made all the difference, for any bricklayer in the town could have laid the stone, and none would have thought it worth their while to turn out to watch him; but here all were on the tiptoe of expectation to see His Majesty's eldest son.

So, in a far higher way, He who is seated at the right hand of God is a most glorious, wonderful Person, and the Spirit of God delights to celebrate His glories, but there is one glory mentioned in this lovely catalogue in Hebrews i. that is of infinite importance. The glory of being the Purger of our sins belongs exclusively to Christ; it is His alone to-day, was His on the cross, and will be His throughout eternity. Listen then, my reader, to this wonderful fact: the WORD who created is the *Saviour who died*. The unique dignity of being Purger of sins is exclusively Christ's. Tell me, when Christ

was creating the world, did you help Him to give the stars their brilliancy, or to tint the lilies? No, you reply, I was not there to do it. Neither were you when, on the cross, He became the Purger of your sins. Look at these two words,

“BY HIMSELF.”

Precious words. Would that they were engraven on the heart and embedded in the conscience of every anxious soul. “BY HIMSELF!!” How that shuts all others out. How it secures the glory wholly for Christ. Listen! Hear! Believe! Receive the message of the One who speaks from heaven! *He purged our sins by Himself.*

Take care you do not turn away from Him. Take care that you do not beg not to hear His voice any more. Your prayer *may* be answered on earth; but remember if you turn away now, in eternity you *will hear that voice again*, saying, “Depart from Me, ye cursed” ! banishing you for ever from His presence.

“Until I saw the blood, ’twas hell my soul was fearing ;
And dark and dreary in my eyes the future was appearing,
While conscience told its tale of sin,
And caused a weight of woe within.

But when I saw the blood, and looked at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once, and I with transport
read it ;

I found myself to God brought nigh,
And ‘Victory’ became my cry.”

“WHICH IS THE GREATEST SIN
OF ALL?”

A PREACHER once asked his audience, “*Which is the greatest sin of all?*”

This set me thinking. Most people will give their verdict as sin affects themselves.

For instance, the wife whose husband is a drunkard, with all the awful misery and sorrow drink entails, will say that drunkenness is the greatest sin of all. But though we cannot exaggerate the evils of drunkenness in this life, and the Bible plainly declares that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven (see 1 Cor. vi. 10), yet drunkenness is not the greatest sin of all.

Another who is reaping the sad results in mind and body and circumstances of immorality, with sobs and tears is ready to exclaim that immorality is the greatest sin of all. But unspeakingly sad as it is, it is not the greatest sin of all.

Some who may have been brought down from wealth and affluence to poverty and shame through gambling may exclaim, in all the bitterness of their souls, that gambling is the veriest curse and craze of hell itself; more especially if the father has committed suicide, after losing his fortune at Monte Carlo, or some other of the numerous gambling hells. It is bad and fearfully bad. We have heard and read tales which make us shudder with horror, yet gambling is not the greatest sin of all.

Which then is the greatest sin? We hesitate not to say from *God's* standpoint,

UNBELIEF.

Scripture is plain. "*He that BELIEVETH NOT is condemned already*" (John iii. 18). "*He that believeth NOT the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth in Him*" (John iii. 36). How solemn! How eternal are the consequences!

Unbelief emptied Eden. It filled the earth with violence. It crucified the Son of God. It resisted the Holy Ghost. It will, alas! fill the lake of fire for ever. It is the fertile parent of all evils.

When Satan destroyed man's faith in God's goodness to him he accomplished man's utter and hopeless ruin on the human side. To doubt is torment and leads to despair. There is nothing between faith and doubt. When a man ceases to believe, he is an unbeliever. When he ceases to disbelieve, he is a believer. There is no middle path between infidelity and faith.

When Jesus appeared on earth, manifestly doing works which none other ever did before Him, and speaking such words as made even His enemies say, "*Never man spake like this Man,*" *He most emphatically made belief in Himself as the Sent One of God, the final test for all men.*

When asked by the zealous lawkeepers, "*What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?*" His answer was direct and clear, "*This is the work*

of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29).

Works are a perfect abomination to God where His Son is not believed in, and received. What does God want from a man's hand, when he refuses to give Him his heart?

In our Lord's discourse with Nicodemus in John iii. He makes all hang upon belief in Himself. Nicodemus might belong to the olive tree of Abraham, and be as religiously observant of all the ritual of Judaism as a man could be, but it mattered nothing. Jesus said,

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,"

and too plain are the words! There is no mistaking their meaning. "*He that believeth in the Son HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on Him*" (John iii. 36).

In one of His hardest contests with the Pharisees, whose unbelief was so trying to His spirit, Jesus said, "Ye are from beneath; I am from above." He also added,

**"IF YE BELIEVE NOT THAT I AM HE,
YE SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS"** (John viii. 24).

When He rose from the dead, He put the mighty trust of the gospel into the hands of His chosen apostles. His words are very distinct, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but*

HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED"
(Mark xvi. 15, 16).

No further witness is needed.

Where do you stand, reader, in all this? Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus or an unbeliever? Is the greatest sin of all yours? If unsaved, forgiveness, full, free, and eternal, is yours at this moment, if you receive God's Son in faith as your Saviour.

But if you refuse to believe, remember these solemn words, "*But the fearful and UNBELIEVING . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death*" (Rev. xxi. 8).
P. W.

CHRIST'S THREE APPEARINGS.

WHAT HE HAS DONE, IS DOING, AND WILL DO.

(Notes of an address on Hebrews ix. 24-28, given in the Concert Hall, Blackheath, on 31st January 1911.)

HIS PAST APPEARING. WHAT HE HAS DONE.

WHILE speaking on what the Lord *has done*, I want to point out that there are two sides of the Lord's work—God's side, and ours—which it is very important for the soul to get hold of, if there is to be solid rest and peace before God. God's side is this, that—"Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix

26). That was at the end of the ages, during which man had been on probation or trial.

What was the end of all that trial? It proved that man was hopelessly at a distance from God, sinful, and without strength, hence already lost. It is a great thing to see that the Lord Jesus Christ came to seek and save that which is lost. Man must be redeemed, and there comes in the necessity of the cross—the death of Jesus—when He presented to God the blood of atonement, in virtue of which sin is put away from before Him, and the believing sinner's sins are blotted out from the eye of God. John the Baptist proclaimed this when, on the banks of the Jordan he exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." There is coming a day when Christ will eradicate every bit of evil from this world.

In the meantime, what do those gain who come under the benefit and blessing of His work? You will see, all through Scripture, that it is Christ personally, who is the object of faith, but, whoever believes in Him personally, comes under the benefit of all the work that He accomplished, when He came "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." That is, His death, sufferings, and shed blood effected atonement, thus meeting all God's righteous claims, so that God is now able, in righteousness, to bless man. He does not come out and now forgive the sinner on the ground that He is merely gracious and tender-hearted, but on the ground that He is righteous. Christ was abandoned by God, in righteousness,

when, upon the cross, and there truly He was bearing the judgment due to man. What is the consequence? The man that clings to Christ escapes that judgment. If you turn to God, and believe in His blessed Son, what is the case with you? You stand before God in all the fragrance, the value, and abiding efficacy of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now mark this, every Christian should know that he is "accepted in the Beloved." Perhaps you do not. Then you do not know the gospel. The gospel brings you the glad tidings of what God is, as revealed in the Person of His blessed Son. The glad tidings is all about Christ, the glory of His Person, and the grandeur of His work. On the other hand, the law is all about us. People like the law because it talks about them, and they like to be talked about. They like to feel that they are appealed to and have to do something. There is not a word *about* me in the gospel: it is all about Christ. "Oh," you say, "has God nothing for me?" I did not say that. God has got everything *for* you if you will have it, but the gospel is not *about* you. It tells us that Christ has gone into death. What to do? "That He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." That is indeed good news. Why some of you here to-night have had nothing but fears, doubts, and uncertainty all the days of your life. You have been living in the cold, damp

cellar of uncertainty. I wish I could pull you right out into the sunshine of the love of God.

Jesus has gone into death to destroy the devil, your captor, and deliver you, the poor captive. I have known the blessedness of this glorious gospel over fifty long years now, and the fifty-first year is better than the first. It is a grand thing to be a Christian and to know the gospel. "Oh," but you say, "surely you have doubts and fears?" What about? Do I doubt who He is? No. Do I doubt what He has done? No. Everything is wrapped up in Christ. He is our life, and He is our peace. Doubters, I wish I could get you out of your doubts to-night. There are a terrible lot of doubters in Blackheath as elsewhere. I find them everywhere. For every Christian with a bright, beaming, happy face, rejoicing in Christ all the day long, I can find two that have doubts and fears. Sometimes they feel they are saved, and sometimes they are afraid they are not.

I would like to pull you out of "Doubting Castle," and plant you in a new situation to-night, in the company of those who *know* what the grace of Christ is. I know that the Son of God has taken my place on the cross, that He has met my captor, Satan, destroyed his power, and loosed my bonds. We have all been in the prison house, so to say, but the blessed Son of God has come into this prison house, He has burst open the door, broken the lock, and the devil is not able to repair that lock. The glory of the gospel is that it lets you out into the sunshine,

into the knowledge of the love of God, to live in the enjoyment of Him who is love.

Well now, beloved friends, you may say I am giving you more gospel than instruction for Christians. Be it so. Could you wish for anything better than the gospel, the revelation of what God is? You are going to enjoy him for ever, are you not? Do you know what the Shorter Catechism of Scotland says? It begins thus: "What is man's chief end?" The answer is very good, "To glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever." Do you agree with it? You say, "I do." Then when are you going to begin to enjoy Him? If your sins are not forgiven, how can you enjoy Him? You are keeping at a distance from Him. Christ is the victor over Satan, and He has gone on high, and there He sits in glory, a proof of the work that He has wrought, in virtue of which we get a place before God.

Then we read that "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." There you come to our side of the gospel. "As it is appointed unto men once to die (that is, the portion of man naturally), but after this the judgment (that means the great white throne. None but the lost are at that great white throne, hence that means being lost for eternity); so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." You say, "How many? Whose sins did He bear?" "Many" is God's answer. You go straight to Him to-night, and say, "Lord Jesus, am I among the many for whom Thou didst die?" If I had never known that I was among the "many,"

I would find out to-night. I would not be left out in the cold for eternity. It is far too important a matter to be left over unsettled.

He was "once offered to bear the sins of many." If He bore those sins, He must bear the consequences. What were they? Death and judgment. He took the cup of judgment, the forsaking of God, and He drained that cup on the cross. Christ received the stroke, and the sword of divine judgment that ought to have been sheathed in my bosom was sheathed in His. As the apostle says, "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me," glorious words. Do they not move you? Perhaps someone says, "I do not feel quite sure whether He died for me." How could you be sure of it? Suppose you saw your name in the Bible, and that Jesus died for you, would that do? If you think so, you are like a young woman in Burntisland, where I was preaching some forty years ago. She was very unhappy and anxious to be saved. I said to her, "Tell me your name." "Janet Brown," she replied. "If you saw in the Bible that 'Jesus died for Janet Brown,' would that satisfy you?" "Oh yes," she said. "Stop a bit," I replied, "I know half a dozen lassies called Janet Brown, which of the seven did He die for?" "I see that will not do," she replied. "Well," I asked, "are you a sinner?" "I am an awful sinner," she said, weeping bitterly. "Then you have just to believe what the Bible says, He died for sinners. You have just to take, believe, and receive the sinner's Saviour, and you will find peace and pardon."

Thank God! she found Jesus that night, and has rejoiced in Him ever since.

Now if you have any doubts, I hope by the grace of God, you will have them no more. If He has not put away those sins of yours, they never can be put away. The reason is very simple. You never can put them away, and He won't. You say, Why? He is not coming to die again. If the work that He did when on the cross, has not been sufficient, and efficient to blot out your sins from the sight of God, they can never be blotted out. What you have to learn to-night is that the finished work of Christ has settled that question once and for ever.

Then you will be able to understand how it is that "unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin unto salvation." He will not then touch the sin question. When He came the first time He took our sins away; when He comes the next time He will take us away. Do you love Him? Is He the object of the faith and affection of your soul. I want to know whether your heart has been reached. There must be affection for Christ, and how could there be anything else but affection when you learn His love? As the Apostle John says: "Herein is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear. . . . We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 17-19).

W. T. P. W.

(To be continued.)

A SOLEMN WARNING.

GARDENER was one of six convicts under sentence of death, with whom Mr Reed when in Tasmania spent the last terrible night before their execution. Condemned for murder, he had long denied the charges brought against him, but finally, through his own confession, the truth was brought to light. It then appeared that shortly before the crime was committed he had been conscious, as never before, of the pleading of the Holy Spirit, and of the nearness of God.

Walking up Cataract Hill, a beautiful spot near Launceston in Tasmania, he had even been startled by a voice behind him earnestly saying, "Gardener, give Me thy heart." He turned to face the speaker but no one was in sight. He was alone under the open sky, alone with an awakened conscience and an all-seeing God. "My son, give Me thy heart." His Maker must have spoken. No other voice could stir the soul like that. What should he do? Yes, that was the question. Long and troubled were his ponderings, for the call was unwelcome.

He did not want just then to be a Christian. It would upset his plans, interfere with his prospects of success. No, he must make money first, come what might. Later on, at another time, "a more convenient season," he would reconsider the matter. God was merciful. There would be another chance. And so deliberately resisting the Holy Spirit, he went up the

hill—went on to meet the tempter in his own strength.

That night alone in their shack he saw his partner begin to count a little store of savings as he sat by the fire. Seven one pound notes lay in his hand. Gardener became interested. Then all at once an overwhelming desire to obtain that money took possession of him. Never before had he felt such a passion for gold. All restraints of conscience were swept away. His one, his only thought became, "I must, and will have it. But how?" Then followed the awful suggestion, "Dead men tell no tales."

Though it meant murder this aroused neither fear nor compunction. A few hours before he had been powerfully drawn toward God and happiness and heaven. Now he seemed given up to evil. Three days and nights went by while he waited his opportunity. It came at last, and Gardener's hands were stained with the blood of one who had trusted him as a friend.

H. T.

LIFEBELTS WITHOUT IRON.

(Written by a dying young man three weeks before his death.)

"I'LL tell you exactly how it appears to me. It's similar to being on a ship sinking at some distance from the shore. The captain offers me a lifebelt, in which I have to trust to keep me floating until my feet touch the ground,

and I know that I'm safe. But how do I know the lifebelt is all right? I haven't had the opportunity of ripping it up to examine and see there's no *iron* in it; and yet to that I've got to trust my life. People ought to examine their supports, in the light of eternity, when in good health."

So spake a dying young man (the writer) in regard to faith in the finished work of Christ. But there was no question as to his being a child of God, even in face of the above remarkable expression as to the possibility of the insufficiency of Christ's work. The utterance simply indicated a subtle suggestion of that one who deceived our first parents by the query, "Hath God said?" How often, alas! when the body is worn out by sickness, and the mind has correspondingly lost its power of resistance to what it knows to be false, do we find Satan busy raising doubts and fears; but, thanks be to God, it can ever be noticed that the exercise, through which one passes at such periods, only serves to strengthen the faith the devil seeks to weaken; and the present instance was no exception.

The father of the dying man, to whom these remarks had been addressed, inquired with some surprise: "You surely do not allow such infidel thoughts in regard to God's acceptance of Christ's sacrifice of Himself; and if *God* is satisfied, why should not *you* be? 'The good Shepherd gave His life for the sheep.'"

"How may I know that I'm one of the sheep?" queried the doubter.

“Well, there can be no doubt that you have *come* to Christ, and Scripture says, ‘*All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me,*’ and ‘*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,*’ and ‘*This is the Father’s will . . . that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing*’” (John vi. 37-39).

It was quite enough. The statement was as logical as it was true. The young man knew he had “come,” therefore had been “given” of the Father (John x. 29), therefore was one of the “sheep”; and as Christ neither “casts out” nor “loses,” he could, accepting God’s offer of pardon, as a lifebelt without iron, rest in faith on God’s estimate as to the sufficiency of Christ’s sacrifice of Himself to meet all His claims in respect of sin; and, in addition to this, he could take his place amongst those in regard to whom the Lord Jesus said, “*Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed*” (John xx. 29).

And now, reader, in whatever state of health you may be now, I ask you solemnly, Have you examined your supports? Can you obtain confirmation from the Word of God, for the ground on which you are resting, as to your soul’s salvation? Or are you trusting to anything else than the gospel, “. . . *how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day*” (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4)? If so, you will find out too late that “after death” you’ll have nothing before you but the Great White Throne, and the realised fact that “*whosoever was not found*

written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15).

Some time ago the writer stopped a man in the street in order to ask the way to a certain place. He was directed to it, and accompanied part of the way by the man, whose road lay in the same direction. Conversation turned on scriptural subjects, but to the writer's astonishment, in answer to the question, "On what grounds are you resting for forgiveness of sins?" the man replied, "I've been baptized, and I take the sacrament."

A little later, when visiting a hospital, the writer put the same question to a professing Christian about to undergo a serious operation, and received the reply, "Oh, I've led a very decent life, and I've done nobody any harm."

There was but one answer to both men, who erred "not knowing the Scriptures," and that is found in Ephesians ii. 8, 9: "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." And again in Romans iv. 5: "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

"Feelings," too, are often taken advantage of by the devil to prevent a soul acknowledging the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. While speaking to a young man on an Atlantic liner, who, stricken down with consumption, was coming home to die, as to whether he had received Christ as his Saviour, he answered: "I know all about the plan of salvation, and I

believe it, but I couldn't say I'm saved, because I don't feel like it; besides, when I have felt like it, those feelings have worn off."

Alas! how sad that one's *feelings* should influence in a matter of such vast importance as the soul's salvation. Where, in Scripture, can a passage be found authorising us to judge as to whether we are fit to stand before a holy and just God on the ground of feelings? On the contrary, we read, "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?" (Heb. ix, 14).

There is nothing about *feelings* here; but I will tell you where *feelings* will come in. When you have once recognised Christ as your Saviour, and as the One who has borne on Calvary's cross the judgment due to you for your sins, and have believed that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," then you will feel that "ye cannot do the things that you would" (Gal. v. 17), for you will have "put on Christ" (Gal. iii. 27).

To illustrate what I mean, let me refer to a little incident written me from Greece some time ago by a missionary. He had a young brother, fifteen years of age, who was very tall. Possessing, naturally, a boyish heart, he presented a ludicrous appearance when playing marbles and other childish games with lads of his own age, but who were of the normal height. To cure him, his brother (the missionary) bought him a man's attire and a top hat. This at

once appealed to the lad, for, arrayed in such a style, he felt he could no longer join his former playmates in their games, no matter how strong his desires to do so might be. And so you'll find it, dear friend, when you have "put on Christ" that your "feelings" will fall into their right place.

And now, in closing, remember that, according to God's Word, "He that believeth not is *condemned already*" (John iii. 18). Therefore, "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job xxxvi. 18); and, for aught you know, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee" (Luke xii. 20). What then?

O. G. H. N.

FRAGMENT.—It is the work of Christ *without* you, and not the work of the Spirit *within* you, that must form the sole ground of your peace with God. You must beware of resting your peace on your feelings, convictions, tears, repentance, prayers, duties, or resolutions. You must *begin* with receiving Christ, and not make that the *termination* of a course of *fancied* preparation. Christ must be the Alpha and Omega. He must be EVERYTHING in our salvation, or He will be nothing. Beware, lest you fall into the common mistake of supposing that you will be more welcome to accept of Christ if you are brought through a terrible process of "law-work." You are as welcome to Christ now as you ever will be.

W. R.

“THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS.”

I WAS reading the other day in a book which described the travels of missionaries and others in Uganda, Africa, that a certain party was in desperate straits for water.

A chief of one of the local tribes undertook to conduct them to a place where he assured them that they would find plenty, where, in fact, there was a lake of good and refreshing water.

Led by this guide some of the party followed to the greatly hoped-for supply; but, alas, after walking many miles beneath a tropical sun, they came to the place where the waters should have been, only to find skeletons of wild animals, which had preceded them in the same quest, but which had perished of thirst, because the waters had been dried up.

There was no water there for man or beast,

What awful disappointment!

The travellers, however, fared better than the poor wild beasts, for they turned elsewhere and found that which slaked their thirst.

Such an incident may not happen very frequently. We do not all live in lands where water is scarce; but, much water or little, we all know what thirst—physical thirst is. It cannot last long, it must be met and slaked, or we must die.

Let us turn, however, from mere natural thirst to that of the soul—the deep, burning, intolerable

craving of the poor needy heart of fallen man in its divinely-given quest for God—a craving which He creates, and which He alone can satisfy, which, though it have recourse to any human spring or fountain whatever, can only be set at rest in God Himself.

How could it be otherwise?

An infinite craving can only be met by an infinite supply, and clearly that is outside of humanity.

I was greatly struck by a very lovely expression which occurs, I think, only twice in Scripture. It is "*The Fountain of living waters*" (see Jer. ii. 13, and xvii. 13). This is applied by God to Himself. He is that. There are other expressions somewhat similar, but none, I think, exactly the same.

It is beautiful! Analyse the words.

1. "*Waters*"—more than one water—an abundance of water.

2. "*Living waters*"—perennial, life-giving and life-sustaining, unaffected by anything under the sun, for God is God and not man.

3. "*The Fountain of living waters*"—no lake, however large, which might suffer from drought or drain, but the source and spring of an unfailing supply, flowing ever for "him that is athirst," as the veritable and all-satisfying "water of life."

"With Thee," said the Psalmist, "is the fountain of life" (Ps. xxxvi. 9), but here He is Himself the fountain of living waters.

How richly significant!

Now, let me quote my two passages: "O Lord,

the Hope of Israel, all that forsake Thee shall be ashamed, and they that depart from Me shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters" (Jer. xvii. 13). Thus the prophet lamented. Israel's Hope was also its Fountain. To abandon such a Hope and to refuse such a Fountain was certainly to incur shame, and a writing in the earth instead of in heaven. It spelt judgment and shame and sorrow for all such.

What a surrender of privilege, what inevitable woe! and how common in Christendom to-day!

Again: "For My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me, the Fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 13).

Here the Lord Himself laments. He tenderly mourns the double folly of His people. They had forsaken the Fountain whose supply was constant, and had gone to the trouble of hewing out cisterns for themselves which, after all their labour, were only broken cisterns (how graphic!), and let the water out of them.

What a contrast! A broken, leaky cistern to a gushing, ever-flowing fountain!

How deplorable the mistake these people made, but how common to-day! And so, you may remember the words of our Lord in John iv., "Who-soever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

Assuming "this water" to mean any conceivable pursuit under the sun, in any department of life, or pleasure, or interest, tell me, honestly, does not the

heart still thirst, crave, feel its dissatisfaction, so that it must drink again, and again, and yet again ?

A thousand voices cry :—“ Ignis fatuus ”—a “ will-o'-the-wisp ”—a shadow—a mirage—a huge disappointment ! Yes, constantly recurring thirst is the bane and blight of the heart that has no other fountain than “ this water ” ; but notice, I beg of you, what the gracious Lord added : “ But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life ” (John iv. 13, 14).

“ Never thirst.” Ye who have received this gift of living water, what say ye ?

We can say that the awful blank is gone ; we are satisfied :—

“ *We thirst, but not as once we did,
The vain delights of earth to share
Thy wounds, Lord Jesus, all forbid
That we should seek our pleasure there.*”

And, so satisfied that even from out of us flow rivers of living water (John vii. 37) for the refreshment of the dank and arid waste through which we are passing.

They make a fatal mistake who forsake the fountain of living waters, God, who has revealed Himself as the blessed God, the Saviour God, the true and living God, He who loved the world and gave His only Son to the death of the cross, in order that poor fallen, guilty men should turn to Him and live ! Fatal, yes, awfully so, when eternity is at

stake, and when the only alternative to the fountain of living waters is the lake of fire and brimstone! Believe me, they who give up God are, in like manner, given up by God, as the sacred history in Romans i. 28 instructs us only too plainly. See to it, reader, that personally you are "right with God."

J. W. S.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed" (Mark viii. 38).

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12).

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain *the whole world*, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36).

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

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

5. Is it because I fear that I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all sin*" (1 John i. 7).

6. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not "hold out" ?

"He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it *until* the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6).

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that ?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, *he is guilty of all*" (Jas. ii. 10).

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason ?

"Boast not thyself of *to-morrow*, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1).

9. Is it because I am trying to save myself by morality, or in some other way of my own ?

"There is *none other name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

10. Is it because I do not clearly see the way to be saved ?

"Repent ye, and believe *the gospel*" (Mark i. 15).

"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).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be *saved*" (Acts xvi. 31).

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 9, 10).

REPENTANCE AND FORGIVENESS.

“**A** MAN who never changes his opinion, never alters a mistake.” A Latin proverb says, “It is common for men to err, but it is only a fool that perseveres in his errors; a wise man alters his opinion—a fool never.”

“*Behold, he prayeth,*” was the sign that Paul was henceforth to be reckoned amongst the wise. A most marvellous change had taken place, the effect of which was seen when, as a penitent, he knelt at the feet of Him whom he had so hated, and whose followers he had so heartlessly persecuted.

Nowhere in Scripture does God command a sinner to pray for the forgiveness of his sins, though He commands all men everywhere to repent.

True prayer is the real evidence of repentance. If a man is truly repentant of necessity he will pray. Repentance is a change of mind with regard to God, and yourself, and your sinful ways. Change your mind about anything, and your course in that particular will soon change.

Let the captain of a vessel find out that all unconsciously to himself his vessel is sailing near a dangerous coast, where lies a hidden rock that may wreck his vessel, and, if he be a wise man, he will soon change the course of his vessel.

Or, if at that moment the vessel were surrounded by a thick fog, so that the men helping to navigate the vessel could not be seen, it is not likely he would

move far until the fog had lifted. Were he a God-fearing man, who truly felt the terrible danger of his position, he would pray.

In a far deeper sense this seems to have been the case with Saul of Tarsus. He was repentant. He found out that he was near to danger point. He got a tremendous shock, a moral convulsion. His mind was changed. He judged his past course, and yet he had not got the knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins, nor of God's eternal favour towards the one who puts his faith in Christ. At that critical moment prayer was his resource.

Sorrow must always accompany such a tremendous change as that of a perverse sinner, hitherto going wickedly and blindly against the Lord of Glory, waking up to discover the terrible sin he is pursuing, in so doing.

While God commands all men everywhere to repent, and never commands men to pray for the forgiveness of sins, yet I make bold to say that the man who has never prayed for the forgiveness of his sins, has never repented toward God.

The reason that God does not command men to pray for the forgiveness of sins, is that He now preaches or proclaims forgiveness as an offer of mercy to them. Repentance is not exactly good news, but the offer of forgiveness is. No news is more welcome to a truly repentant man. Repentance is the preparation for the reception of forgiveness. Repentance brings bitterness. Forgiveness, relief. Repentance brings sorrow. Forgiveness, peace and joy.

While forgiveness is offered to all, yet all do not receive it. It is only repentant, needy souls that will receive it, as God's offer of mercy to them. While the lifeboats and lifebuoys in the vessel are for all, yet it is only when danger is pressing that people avail themselves of them.

"Grace that hath conditions and grace that is fettered with precautions is no grace," was the answer of one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, when the queen, on certain conditions, was extending the mercy of forgiveness to her, for an attempt on her life.

Grace meets the sinner's deepest need, without making conditions or demands. Forgiveness is what all men need. In their sinful, helpless, and needy condition, it is offered without fee or favour, without demanding tears or prayers, reformation or penance.

It is the good news of the gospel that our risen Lord said was to be proclaimed to every creature. It was Paul's commission to the Gentiles, *"to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, THAT THEY MAY RECEIVE FORGIVENESS OF SINS, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me"* (Acts xxvi. 18).

There lies beyond forgiveness a rich inheritance of eternal blessing. But forgiveness must be received first. *"Through this MAN is preached [proclaimed or offered] THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS,"* was the burden of Paul's preaching on his first missionary tour. (Acts xiii. 38).

If twenty murderers were told that their lives

would be spared on condition that, for the remainder of their days, they wore iron jackets, and worked sixteen hours a day inside the prison walls, that would not be good news. But if the king upon his coronation day liberated them without conditions, that would be good news indeed.

We repeat for the sake of plainness, that any demand of condition, or of fitness in us as sinners, is not the good news of the gospel. The good news of the gospel is that God freely and fully offers forgiveness to all, without condition or demand. Demand is law; the law, then, is not gospel or good news.

"Hear and your soul shall live." *"Faith cometh by hearing,"* not by working or praying, though as we have before shown, the man who is repentant will pray. He will pray in deep earnest, too.

WHAT GOOD NEWS SHALL WE HEAR?

Listen to what the God-fearing Gentile heard from the great Apostle Peter, who told Cornelius words whereby he and all his were to be saved. *"To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins"* (Acts x. 43).

This full, free, and eternal forgiveness is offered in the holy name of Him who stooped from off the throne eternal to the cross of suffering to procure it. By His agony, and blood, He justly obtained it. All who believe in Him may now enjoy it.

Having ascended the throne of glory, in virtue of His finished work, He has sent the good news to us.

In His Name let me call the attention of my earnest reader to it. Let me put all the emphasis I can upon it. From the throne of the heavens there comes down to men of all classes and conditions, this wonderful message, invested with all the authority of the One who sits upon that throne: "*Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this MAN is preached [OFFERED] unto you the forgiveness of sins*" (Acts xiii. 38).

Will you accept the offer? Will you take it right home to yourself now, where you are, and whoever you are, as good news to you? Will you not henceforth live and walk in the blessed liberty of it? I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine Own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Isa. xliii. 25). "*And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more*" (Heb. x. 17).

Reader, look up into the face of Him who freely offers forgiveness to you, and with gratitude say, "Lord, I accept Thy offer, and I accept it now." "GO IN PEACE," He will say to you. Why? "*Thy sins are forgiven thee, thy faith hath saved thee.*"

"Blessed are the tidings through the Lord who died,
Everyone believing, now is justified ;

God delights to bless us, preach o'er land and sea,
'Whosoever,' rings the Gospel—that means me.

Tell the joyful story, sound it far and wide,
God has found the ransom, His own Son has died ;

Sweet the gospel message, faithful 'tis and true,
'Whosoever' may believe it—that means you."

THE CLAIMS OF GOD.

LET me demand of you, dear friend, that you give to God your whole mind and soul. To attempt a middle position is mean and dishonourable. Who claims to be indifferent to the claims of virtue? Who dares to be neutral in the battle between truth and a lie? Brand him as a coward! To refuse to take our place upon great questions is disgraceful, and when the issue is one which divides the universe—a question between holiness and sin, between God and the devil—why, it is a mean thing for a man to insinuate that he really is not called upon to decide, and that he may take up a position midway between the two.

God save you from such dishonour. If, after all, the world and the things thereof be best, say so and take your side, and this morning, if not another person should do it, say in your heart, "As for me and my house, we will serve ourselves and the world." If you mean it, say it out straight and do not cloak it. But for a man to say, "I cannot really determine whom I shall serve, but I rather think I shall serve myself till I get pretty well worn out, and then I shall turn about and try what is to be done with Christ," is detestable. Such beings are hardly as respectable as oxen and asses, which at least know their owners.

Not to decide for the Lord is dangerous in the last degree. There is Lot in Sodom; 'perilous is his posi-

tion, but the angels come to him and they say, "This city is to be burned with fire, you must escape." Lot is on the road at once, and ere long he reaches the mountain and is safe. His wife is willing to go too, and yet unwilling, she wavers and delays. She has not quite made up her mind; she does not like leaving that house full of new furniture and that wardrobe of fine linen; moreover, her neighbours, though they cared little for God and were rather loose in their morals, were very cheerful, chatty people, and she did not quite like leaving them. See, she looks back! She may look back for ever, for there she stands, transformed into a pillar of salt.

Oh, you, who think the world has many attractions; you, who would like to be right towards God but who still feel there is a great deal to be said on the other side of the question, come and taste this salt; its acrid flavour may be healthful to you if it makes you henceforth dread dallying and hesitating. Not to admit that you have sinned against Him is to do deep dishonour to His righteousness and supreme majesty, while to set aside the Christ He has sent to be your sin-bearer is an act of rebellion whose issues are eternal.

Decision is demanded of us because the Lord deserves to have it. He who made us ought not to be served hesitatingly. He who gave His Son to die for us ought not to be trifled with. By the splendour of Deity and the glory of the cross, I claim your whole hearts for my Lord. If the Christian faith be a lie, it is a most detestable one, and ought to be abhorred

heartily; but if the service of God be indeed right and a duty, it demands our whole heart and soul and strength—nor should it have less. It is not a matter to be loosely touched with the tips of the fingers, but should excite all the powers and passions of our entire nature to obedient action.

My dear friend, look at yourself for a moment. Is there much in you, taking the largest estimate of yourself? Compare yourself with the thrice-holy God. Those high archangels who bow before Him are as nothing in His sight—what must you be? And if you as a whole are so little, do you dream of dividing yourself and giving God a part? The heaven, even the heaven of heavens, cannot contain Him, and all things that He hath made are as but a drop in a bucket compared with His infinite majesty: as for this little dominion of your body and soul, will you carve it out among rival monarchs and insult the Lord by offering him a corner while you save spaces for the world, the flesh, and the devil? Mock not the majesty of heaven so. If a gnat that dances in the summer sunbeam above the Rhine should talk of dividing its allegiance between the German Emperor and the French marshal, you would smile. Shall you then, who are so small, talk of dividing yourself between God and Mammon?

Remember there are no curses in the Bible more terrible than those which are directed against those who stand halting between two opinions. Listen to this Old Testament curse, you who make no profession, you who contradict your profession by ill

lives: "Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Did they fight against the Lord? Not they. Why are they accursed? Because they did not fight *for Him*. What if this curse is hovering over you now, to fall upon your head if you go not forth to help the Lord!

Now listen to this New Testament word which comes from those lips which never spake roughly, lips like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth." Who is this offensive one? Did he burn the Saviour's lips by hot persecutions? No. Did he freeze them with utter coldness of heart. No; he was a harmless, good sort of person, moderate, sober, easy-going—in fact, a lukewarm man. He was a little warm, only a little more and he would have been hot: he was a little cool, only a little cooler and he would have been as refreshing as the snows of Lebanon. He was neither cold nor hot. Yes, and Christ said He loathed him. I do not read of His spuing anything out of His mouth except this, and this He cannot bear. Some of you, if you judged yourselves, would say you were not good enough for heaven, but rather too good for hell; alas, hell is your portion, and an inner dungeon therein. Repent of your double-mindedness and turn to the Lord with purpose of heart.

I can see where you are, you betweenites. There

is the army of God, a vast and mighty host on yonder hill; I see the glittering warriors ready for the fray. Yonder encamps the host of Satan on the opposite hill; black and grim is the prince, and fierce are they that follow him. Where are we this morning? Some of us can say we are with the Prince Emmanuel; though we are poor warriors, yet we serve under His standard. Possibly there are some here who are on the wrong side, and yet who are so honest that they will not deny that they are enlisted on the opposite side: but, my friends, *where are you?* Where are you? "We are thinking about it." But *where are you* while you are thinking? "We are considering and judging." But *where are you now?* Mark this! When the fight comes on and our Lord's artillery shall come into play, and when the adversaries on the other hand reply to us, you will receive the shot from both sides, and when the armies come to deadly hand-to-hand fighting, you will be trampled down by both. Do we not read of some who will wake up "to shame and everlasting contempt"? The saints will be ashamed of you because you did not join with Christ in the day of battle, and the adversary himself will despise you because you shrink away even from him. Be one thing or the other.

Remember, however, that to be between the two is, after all, utterly impossible. Though I have thus pictured some as hovering between the two armies, it is not actually the case, for every man is on one side or the other. You are either dead or alive, either condemned or forgiven, either in the gall of

bitterness or enjoying the sweets of liberty. No man can serve two masters, and no man can be without a master. God will not have half the soul, and the world will not have half the soul: both God and sin are imperious, monopolising the whole or none.

“But how is it to be done?” says one. The plan is very simple. Jesus Christ took upon Himself the sins of all who ever will trust Him. Give yourself over to Him wholly and unreservedly, and He will save you; take Him to be your Saviour by the simple act of faith. The pith of the matter is that I, being lost, give myself over to Christ to save me; I cease to trust in myself, and trust in His atoning death and substitutionary sufferings. He died in the room, place, and stead of all who will believe in Him; I believe in Him, therefore I am saved. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.”

Take Christ into your heart and God will be able to justly forgive you your sins and give you a nature that hates sin; or keep Christ out, and sin will be your eternal ruin. When you get home write this down if you can, “*As for me, I will serve the Lord,*” and put your name to it in earnest. Or, if this is not to your mind, write, “*As for me, I will serve myself and the world,*” and sign your name to it. I long to drive you to decision. If God be God, serve Him: if Baal be god, serve him. Oh, may the Spirit of God lead you to decide for God and His Christ this very moment, and He shall have the praise for ever.

CHRIST'S THREE APPEARINGS.

WHAT HE HAS DONE, IS DOING, AND WILL DO.

(Notes of an address on Hebrews ix. 24-28, given in the Concert Hall, Blackheath, on 31st January 1911.)

(Continued.)

HIS PRESENT APPEARING. WHAT HE IS DOING.

THE present place of Christ is the witness of the completion of the work of redemption that He accomplished for His people, and that is the ground on which He can take up His priestly office as He does now. Christ is now the great high priest at God's right hand. You remember how the high priest went in before God in Israel's days. All the types and shadows of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers are now fulfilled in that blessed Man. Judaism was a religion that suited man in the flesh, but to return now to the types and shadows, and occupy men with vestments and clouds of incense, &c., is purely retrograde, and leads me to say to my fellow-Christians, "You are two thousand years behind. You are altogether out of date."

The day of type and shadow has gone by. The Old Testament is full of the most beautiful figures of Christ, but everything is taken out of type now. All is wrapped up in the person of a living man. He is now living in the glory and representing His people before God, as the High Priest. You know

the high priest had a breastplate of twelve stones, and six stones in ouches on each shoulder. On these stones were graven the names of the twelve tribes. When the high priest went in to God he bore the people on his breast, and on his shoulders. That is the place of affection and the place of strength.

Fellow-Christian, you are represented before God, in the presence of God, by that blessed One who once died for your sins. "Christ has not entered into holy places, made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, there to *appear* in the presence of God for us." He represented us on the cross in shame and distance from God. He represents us now in life and acceptance before God. I am on His heart, that tender heart of love. I am on His shoulders, those most powerful shoulders. "Ah," you say, "I am sometimes afraid that I may slip off." When the shepherd found the sheep in the fifteenth of Luke, do you know what He did? He put it upon His shoulders. You might carry a dead sheep on one shoulder, but there is no man in this town who could long carry a living sheep on one shoulder—it would wriggle off. It is on the shoulders, not the shoulder. Well, supposing it fall off? I ask you this—Is it the sheep that holds on to the shepherd, or the shepherd to the sheep? Of course, it is the shepherd that holds on to the sheep. Hallelujah! He will never let me go. He will hold me fast.

He has the believer on His heart, and He has him on His shoulders. He is there as the High Priest

before God, and also as our Advocate. As a priest He bears us up before God. There is the tenderness of His love. "In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make atonement for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. ii. 17, 18). "We often need His help," you say. Well now, He is just the One that is able to succour. He has passed through every temptation. Then again, we read that "We have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are, sin apart" (Heb. iv. 15). Jesus is able to sympathise with us in our infirmities and temptations. He is *able to succour* (chap. ii.), and *able to sympathise* (chap. iv). How blessed to think that there is One in heaven who feels for us, even He who shed tears by the side of weeping sisters, when He was here, as we read in John xi. How blessed to know the sympathy of this great High Priest, "able to succour," able to sympathise, and "able to save!"

Then, in Hebrews vii. 25, we read that "He is able to save them *to the uttermost* that come unto God by Him." What is that? Right through to the end. That is the idea, and just because "He ever liveth to make intercession for them." How blessed to know this. He died to make us clean. He lives to keep us clean. He lives to make us happy, and useful as His people. Oh what a priest He is!

Then He is an Advocate likewise. If we should sin, then it is we find that "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." If you have got a little bit away from God through sin, you will have to come back to Him, not as a lost sinner, but as a naughty child, for, if a believer, you are always a child. He maintains us as a Priest in all the integrity of the wonderful work He has accomplished for us, and as an Advocate, should we slip away and fall into sin, He restores us in His own beautiful way. Dear fellow-Christian, if you are a backslider you are not happy. You get back to the Lord, and He will make you happy. He will restore to you the joy of His salvation. He loves to fill you with peace, joy, and gladness.

HIS FUTURE APPEARING. WHAT HE WILL DO.

Then, "To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation." He settled the question of sin when He came the first time. When He comes the second time, it is without sin unto salvation. He is coming for His Church. He is coming as the Bridegroom for His bride on the one hand, and on the other hand He is coming back as King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. First of all He will come into the air. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first" (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). The Lord says of these in Luke xx., "They are the children of God, being the children of the resurrec-

tion." Such cannot die any more. To die once is quite enough, but, fellow-Christian, you need not die at all.

Would you not like to see the Lord to-night? You belong to a new company, a new family; you belong to heaven, and you are going soon to be like the heavenly One.

When the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, "the dead in Christ shall rise first," If there is to be any precedence, they that have gone into the grave have it. They will get a sort of hair's-breadth advance upon those that are on the earth, but we shall catch them up on the road, dear brethren. Could you have anything brighter or more blessed? Death and judgment are behind you; Christ is before you and His glory, and you will soon be with Him, and like Him, and enjoy Him for ever. What a prospect!

Now what have you and I to do in the meantime? Live for Him who died for us. I would say to you, dear young men and women, here to-night, "You have only got one life to live. Live it for Jesus." You will never have another chance here upon earth. Do not waste your time. If tears could wet the cheeks of some of us older ones now, it would be because we have been so little devoted to the blessed Lord. I would like you to enjoy His love, to have the sunshine of His presence on you all the way long. The next thing that He will do for us is to lift us from His footstool, and set us on His throne.

Who would not be a Christian? Are you a

Christian? If not, turn to the Lord this very moment, where you sit. If you came up those stairs unconverted, God send you down a converted man, or a converted woman, a devoted Christian. May His grace bring this out as the fruit of this meeting.

Further, when He takes His crown by and by, when He takes His kingdom, we shall be with Him. He was alone once. He is not going to be alone again. He will take the family into the Father's house one of these days, and a little later He will bring them back with Him when He comes to get His kingdom. When Christ reigns, we shall reign with Him.

These are the simple truths of Scripture. God bless His holy Word to every one of our souls to-night, and lead us, if we have been the Lord's hitherto, to be more devoted, more earnest, and do not forget to tell your neighbours that He is coming. Pray over them; weep over them.

Tell me not the day of the gospel is over. It is over for some people, for they are not walking with God. The day of the gospel is not gone by, the day we live in is the one in which the revelation of God is to go out to man. While there is a Christian upon earth, God expects that Christian to repeat the character of Christ, and that is really what Christianity is. While waiting our privilege and responsibility is to bring Christ to the world, and to bring the world to Christ in our little measure. The Lord help us each to be true, real Christians waiting for His coming!

"YOU ONLY CAN GET IT FROM JESUS."

If pardon you're needing, just bear this in mind,
 You only can get it from Jesus.
 In no other way this great blessing you'll find,
 You only can get it from Jesus.
 His own precious blood, which He shed on the tree,
 To purchase a pardon for you and for me,
 Can cleanse from all sin, that great blessing is free
 To all who can trust the Lord Jesus.

If peace you're needing, just bear this in mind,
 You only can get it from Jesus.
 In no other way this great blessing you'll find,
 You only can get it from Jesus.
 Peace He has made, by the blood of His cross,
 Peace He did preach, when from death He arose,
 Peace, precious peace, that great blessing now flows
 To all who can trust the Lord Jesus.

If life you're needing, just bear this in mind,
 You only can get it from Jesus.
 In no other way this great blessing you'll find,
 You only can get it from Jesus.
 In Him was this life, but to share it, I see,
 He laid down that life when He died on the tree,
 He is risen, and now that great blessing is free
 To all who can trust the Lord Jesus.

If glory you'd go to, just bear this in mind,
 The way to the glory is Jesus.
 No other way to that blest land you'll find,
 The way to the glory is Jesus.
 He's coming again, and soon to the air
 He'll summon His own His glory to share,
 He's gone up on high that home to prepare
 For all who can trust the Lord Jesus.