

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER:

A Monthly Magazine.

EDITED BY

W. T. P. WOLSTON.

---

VOL. XXIX.

---

1914.

EDINBURGH:

"GOSPEL MESSENGER" OFFICE, 2 BRISTOL PLACE.

LONDON:

THE CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT,  
12 PATERNOSTER ROW,



# INDEX.

	PAGE
A Blue-Jacket's Tale . . . . .	B. G. D. 1
A Lady's Dream . . . . .	W. B—t. 266
A Last Appeal. Poetry . . . . .	W. B. W. 280
A Letter from a Dying Friend . . . . .	C. G. H. N. 333
A Lovely Sunset . . . . .	R. W. 167
A Monk's Conversion . . . . .	J. A. I. E. 140
A Remarkable Dream . . . . .	Anon. 160
A Sailor's Conversion . . . . .	J. G. 61
An Experience and its Lesson . . . . .	H. L. S. 124
"Are You a Christian?" . . . . .	F. A. 96
"But I Can't Hold Out" . . . . .	W. B—t. 291
"But I Don't Feel Saved!" . . . . .	A. J. P. 17
"But what Up There?" . . . . .	H. W. T. 85
Cain's World . . . . .	W. T. P. W. 152
Cathie's Last Words . . . . .	R. K. W. 146
"Come Now!" . . . . .	P. W. 35
Convicted, Cleansed, and Consecrated . . . . .	W. T. P. W. 103, 129
Do You Believe God? . . . . .	L. A. A. 91
"Do You Know It?" or, "Peace" . . . . .	K. 281
Doves' Eyes . . . . .	M. M. 137
"Dying Alone"; or, "Christ with Me" . . . . .	K. 177
"Father, I Have Sinned" . . . . .	B. H. J. 29
Four Questions . . . . .	R. W. 324
Fragment . . . . .	J. N. D. 196
Do. . . . .	G. V. W. 307
Glory or Judgment. Poetry . . . . .	R. 224
God Speaketh, God Commandeth . . . . .	B. G. D. 120
God's Eye is Upon You . . . . .	J. T. M. 102
Gone! But Where? . . . . .	F. A. 183
Grace, Godliness, and Glory . . . . .	W. T. P. W. 212
Have You Counted the Cost? . . . . .	A. J. P. 317
"He Knows Now" . . . . .	W. T. P. W. 169
Homeward Bound; or, The Heart Won . . . . .	K. 113
"Hopes of Heaven"; or, "Their Own Way" . . . . .	K. 309
"I Can Sleep in Peace Now" . . . . .	C. J. B. 112
"I Shall Do as I Please" . . . . .	Anon. 184
"I'll Just Hold Up Christ to Him" . . . . .	P. W. 287
In a Crowd Alone with God . . . . .	H. N. 258

	PAGE
In a Prison Cell - - - - -	J. T. M. 263
Is It True? - - - - -	W. B. W. 274
Is Punishment Eternal? - - - - -	J. N. D. 122
Is There a Second Chance? - - - - -	A. J. P. 40
"It's All a Mystery" - - - - -	J. W. S. 209
Judgment and Punishment in Relation to the Unbeliever - - - - -	G. W. N. 164
Lessons at Sychar's Well - - - - -	W. T. P. W. 22, 47
"Living Alone"; or, "Without Christ" - - - - -	K. 141
Now - - - - -	A. J. P. 221
"On the Rocks!" - - - - -	A. E. C. 89
Our Coming Lord. Poetry - - - - -	E. H. P. 308
Righteousness and Salvation - - - - -	J. C. T. 234
Safe! - - - - -	H. P. B. 11
"Sailor Jim"; or, "My First Soul" - - - - -	K. 225
Saved on the Street - - - - -	J. T. M. 15
Solemn Warnings - - - - -	F. T. 262
"Take It Up and Read It" - - - - -	W. B. 57
"The Blood of Christ Alone" - - - - -	J. W. S. 99
The Captain and the Cabin Boy - - - - -	Anon. 72
The Dying Volunteer - - - - -	W. B. W. 240
The Ideal and the Real - - - - -	S. S. 243
"The Last Ball"; or, "Only One More" - - - - -	K. 253
The Maoris' Convert - - - - -	F. W. B. 127
The Monk's Picture - - - - -	W. H. 69
The Object of Christ's Death - - - - -	P. W. 327
The Old Anvil. Poetry - - - - -	Anon. 220
"The Place Called Calvary" - - - - -	J. W. S. 6
"The Plot that Failed" - - - - -	W. B. W. 173
"The Poacher's Wife"; or, "Christ Accepted" - - - - -	K. 197
The Precious Name of Jesus - - - - -	B. 279
The Sheet Almanac - - - - -	F. A. 45
The Ship and the Light - - - - -	W. R. 135
The Signs of the Times - - - - -	H. L. S. 307
The Student's Dream - - - - -	W. B. 206
The Turning-Point - - - - -	C. H. S. 78
Theism - - - - -	J. W. S. 75
"There is a River" - - - - -	J. W. S. 149
"There's Summat in It" - - - - -	A. W. E. 67
Things Cannot go on as They Are - - - - -	H. L. S. 278
Three Reasons against Infidelity - - - - -	A. J. P. 159
Two Death-Beds - - - - -	A. T. 157
"We Believe and are Sure" - - - - -	W. T. P. W. 247
What God Can Do! - - - - -	F. A. 271
"What Shall it Profit a Man?" - - - - -	C. J. B. 192
Wiser than the Wisdom of Men - - - - -	P. V. W. 294



# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

---

## A BLUE-JACKET'S TALE.

---

**T**HE only son of Christian parents, both deaf and dumb, I was taught to fear God from my earliest days. When I was ten years old my mother died.

I well remember the day my dear mother said, "Good-bye." Mark this, she never said "Good-bye" to my father, for she knew she would meet him again.

With no mother, and a father afflicted, I took to the street, and went like the prodigal from bad to worse. Many a shilling I stole from my father. Many a night I wandered in Hyde Park and on the Victoria Embankment, or slept in a common lodging-house. Many a day I feasted on the proceeds of what I had stolen. It is not that I glory in these things now. They are my shame and sorrow. But I want to show what a wretched sinner the Lord saved. It may encourage some despairing one to seek Him. The Lord grant it.

At this juncture the Lord raised up a friend, who persuaded a few of her Christian friends to pay my subscription at St Olave's Grammar School. Shortly after the forgery of a medical certificate, excusing

me from some school duties, again placed me on a downward path. This led to a birching and expulsion from the school.

My next shameful act was to rob a Chelsea pensioner of his Crimean and Mutiny medals, selling them in Leicester Square, London, for two shillings.

Again God raised up a friend in one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, who persuaded me to sit in the Probationers' Examination for pupil teachers for South London. I secured second place, and was appointed teacher in B—— School. Three months later I was discharged for using bad language to the headmaster.

Then a doctor engaged me. The second day in his employment I stole five shillings, an account which was paid me in my master's absence. This led to my first police conviction, but a kind-hearted inspector of police got me off.

Next I ran away from home, and joined the Navy at Devonport. For the next seven years I went in for drinking, gambling, card-playing, swearing, horse-racing, and theatre-going, with their attendant evils. I was a ringleader in every mischief on board ship.

Again God spoke to me in tender mercy. My father was stricken down with serious illness, and I was obliged to contribute to his support. He lost his reason and sight, and finally lost all recognition of me, his only child. His death drove me worse than ever to the drink.

The fleet lying at Cowes, assembled to meet the Emperor of Russia, had been ordered to Campbel-

town, when I heard of my father's death. We never miss the water till the well runs dry, and I never missed my father's prayers till he had passed away. I attended his funeral in London, and was soon as bad as ever.

At Gibraltar I received a letter from some deaf and dumb friends of my father, offering me a home if I needed one. This unexpected kindness, for they were strangers to me, led to a correspondence. In every letter they preached the gospel to me.

The fleet returning to Campbeltown I got leave of absence, and visited these friends in Edinburgh. The train was due to leave Campbeltown at a certain hour, but the Argyleshire Cattle Show, held in the town, delayed it by two hours. Alas! I started drunk. I arrived in Edinburgh after midnight in a sorry condition. I was shocked when I found the two daughters of my friends waiting for me on the platform, as I realised my condition.

Next day being Sunday I strolled up to the Castle to see the R.S.F. canteen, and to get some drink, but was unsuccessful. That evening I was taken to a gospel service held in the Oddfellows' Hall. An aged servant of Christ was preaching. I took no account of what he said until I was thoroughly aroused by the question, "Is there someone here, the subject of his mother's prayer? Is there someone here whose father is in heaven?" I looked, and the preacher was pointing straight at me. I came home much impressed, shut myself up in the sitting-room, and paced the floor for hours.

Next day I rejoined my ship—H.M.S. "Berwick"—a first-class cruiser. It is usual in the Navy to serve out rum in the dinner-hour. For the first time I can remember I gave it away. God was working. I shall never forget that memorable 6th June 1910, when I decided to trust the Saviour. He heard me, saved me, and helped me, and that day I had the assurance of being a new man in Christ.

Alas! old habits were strong, and through unwatchfulness I slipped back into evil ways. It began by secret smoking and card-playing. Two months after my conversion I was in Chatham Barracks prison for creating a scene in Victoria Station. I began to realise where I had got to.

Coming out of prison I went to the Sandown Park race-course. My pockets were picked. I was thrown into a terrible predicament. God was speaking to me. I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. Alas! for some time I led a double life.

I had by this time developed heavy smoking habits. I was now on H.M.S. "Cyclops," at Portland. Coming home on leave I forgot to take my pipe and tobacco with me. In the train I wanted a smoke, but found I had no wherewithal to carry out my desires, so determined to buy pipe and tobacco in London, but my train was delayed, owing to heavy Christmas traffic, and my purpose was frustrated.

In Edinburgh, with my Christian friends, I knew that I dare not openly smoke. They got me to go to some New Year's meetings in Glasgow, and in

the railway compartment, returning home, an aged Christian from Australia was asked if it was right for a Christian to smoke, and the argument went against me.

Then and there God delivered me from smoking and from the double life I was leading, and I could truly sing—

“From sinking sand He lifted me.”

Convicted of forgery at fourteen, a drunkard at seventeen, saved at twenty-three, the perpetrator of every crime and vice except murder, I can claim, indeed, to be a trophy of grace from the slums of London. I was a brand fit for the burning, but now a brand plucked from the burning.

May this narrative, to which much might have been added, be for the glory of God. It may meet the eye of some sinner as bad as myself, or some backslider as wicked as I was, and give them hope.

The Lord Jesus died to save sinners—the strengthless, the ungodly, enemies. He saved the chief of sinners, why not you?

A bad enough sinner—the hard-hearted jailor of Philippi—asked the question, “What must I do to be saved?” The answer came sharp, clear, definite, “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31). He believed and was saved that night. So Scripture tells us.

Reader, let me urge you to believe on the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved to-day. B. G. D.

## "THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY."

---

**M**AY I beg your riveted attention, dear reader, to a theme of the most profound interest, and one that affects your own personal weal as no other can. I want to press upon your notice the meaning of the Cross of Christ.

He was the Son of Man, born of the Virgin, laid in a manger, despised and rejected of men, sinless, holy, perfect in all His words and ways, kind, faithful to God and man, meek and lowly in heart, full of wisdom, for "never man spake like this man," tempted in vain by Satan, served by angels, acknowledged by God the Father as His Beloved Son, and yet crucified by the wicked hands of men! Oh! lend me your kind, earnest, closest attention, while I endeavour to paint before you the moral glory of His cross—that cross which lies at the foundation of the purpose of God in grace, and the blessing of redeemed man for ever.

He—the Christ of God—had appeared before Pilate the Roman judge, who pronounced His innocence, saying: "I find no fault in this man."

Further, he had been sent to Herod the king, who had corroborated the acquitting verdict of the judge. Both of these highly responsible dignitaries had pronounced absolutely in His favour.

But without avail! The will of the people must

overrule the verdict of the judge. The godless crowd clamoured for His death.

"Why," said the judge, "what evil hath He done?"

There was, there could be, no reply.

Not a man could prefer a charge of evil against Him—not one!

"Let Him be crucified," was nevertheless their instant demand. Why? Yes, why?

A faultless man to be crucified—the only faultless man that ever lived!

If He were right, as He was, then they were wrong!

Again, if He had done no evil, if no one could accuse Him of a single sin, was there none to vouch for His good?

"Were there not ten cleansed? where are the nine?" was once His query; but now, "Where are the ten?" This question might have been asked as well.

Shame on these silent tongues!

Come, ye lepers, cleansed from your leprosy!

Come, ye stricken by fever and plague, healed by His touch!

Come, ye broken-hearted and weary!

Come, ye once hungered multitudes!

Come, ye once possessed of demons!

Come, ye who have been raised from the dead!

Come, ye who have heard the charming story of the gospel of God—ye who, on believing, have become His sons, have passed from death to life,

have been pardoned, and given title to glory, ye Marys of Magdala, ye publicans and sinners, ye hopeless and undone, ye prodigals, outcasts, all who have found a Friend in the greatest of Earth's Benefactors, and a Saviour in the Nazarene, come all, come any, come one, and tell your tale of gratitude to this Physician and Friend !

There was silence, criminal silence on every hand. There were none to condemn, but alas, there were none to acquit ! not one to espouse His cause when the popular tide rolled the other way.

Would *you* have done better ? Are you doing better now ? Is the rejected Lord your daily confession ?

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father, with the holy angels" (Mark viii. 38). Love for Him, then, was overpowered by shame, and courage by the fear of man. And yet Christ is the test of all time, for He is the truth, and we are siding, every one of us, with or against the truth.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him" (Luke xxiii. 33).

Yes, they had got their will. Justice was overborne. Sin, such sin, prevailed on that day.

All true ; the counsel of God had predetermined it, but the hands that performed the awful act were none the less "wicked."



True, He was a willing martyr, and sealed by death the testimony of His life ; but there was more in His death than martyrdom. Many, of whom the world was not worthy, have died as martyrs—noble witnesses to Christ—but He died as the Bearer of the sins of others, the Substitute, "made a curse for us," "made sin for us," and this is infinitely more, and other, than what is called martyrdom. On Him "the Lord's lot" fell. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He is "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"; and, by the blood of His cross, reconciles all that is to be reconciled of things in heaven and things on earth.

The cross has been called "the centre of two eternities," an expression which, if poetical, presents Calvary as the meeting-place of good and evil, God in grace, and man in foulest wickedness.

There goodness prevailed over evil, and love over rebellion by the voluntary death of the Redeemer, and the exhaustion thereby of the fearful judgment that should have fallen on the race, but from which all who believe in Him are fully and for ever exempt (see Rom. viii. 1).

But woe to the despisers !

Reader, gaze on the Crucified ! See Him the object of human hatred and Satan's malice. Forsaken, too, of God while making atonement in darkness and solitude, but qualified to do so by virtue of the divine glory of His person. By Himself, we read, "He made expiation for sin." By one offering He perfects for ever the sanctified. The value of the blood of the

Son of God is infinite. It "cleanseth from all sin." The worst and vilest, and the chief of sinners need not despair.

For proof see the so-called "dying thief" rescued from the hand of the enemy, and taken righteously to paradise on the day of his crucifixion, but of his repentance and faith as well.

One solitary voice broke the criminal silence of the crowd—that of this poor penitent malefactor declaring Him to be innocent! "This Man," said he, "hath done nothing amiss!"

How true, then, thought he, but if so, He might do, even to me, a little of the good He did to others; and, putting his thought into words, he said: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom." He owned the Crucified as Lord and King!

Bold and true confession indeed!

The answer was as exceeding abundant as it was immediate: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise" were the astonishing words that fell on his ear.

What a trophy! What triumph! How fruitful was that "green sward" outside the city walls!

But this victory was but the pledge and earnest of infinitely more.

At Calvary was laid not only the foundation for the blessing and salvation of man, but that of the new creation itself, wherein "righteousness shall dwell," to be disturbed, degraded, corrupted no more for ever, by the devil, or by sin. Now the Crucified

is the Glorified, for "God hath highly exalted Him," and that because He humbled Himself to the death of the cross.

Reader, richer thoughts can nowhere be found, in poetry or prose, in the highest flights of human imagination, or the most profound conceptions of the intellect than those great facts which circle around the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. These facts are unrivalled and matchless. They are divine.

No wonder that His blood-bought people can truly say: "We love Him because He first loved us." Or again, "the love of Christ constraineth us"; or again, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

J. W. S.

---

## SAFE!

---

*(Brief outline of an Address given to a Young Women's Class.)*

---

**I**T is strange that, in considering what message I should bring to the young women of this Bible Class, the only texts that have been urging themselves upon my mind are two concerning young men. The first is, "*Is the young man Absalom safe?*" (2 Sam. xviii. 29).

This is the kind of question that your *best* friends ask about you. Some may ask, Is that young woman handsome? or, Is she popular? or, Is she amiable?

But your best and truest friends, those who have your welfare most at heart, ask, Is she *safe*?

Let me explain exactly what we mean by such a question when asked of any of you. There are thousands of people in this city who are in terrible danger. The peril that threatens them is not the loss of health, wealth, or friends. It is not that they are exposed to the danger of catching some fatal disease, or of losing their means of livelihood. Such things as these are small in comparison. The fearful peril that lies ahead of so many is the peril of eternal judgment on account of their sins.

The means of safety is at hand. Those who "flee for refuge" to the Saviour are as safe as His grace and power can make them; safe through His precious blood. So we ask of you to-night, Is this young woman *safe*? Is she one of those who are "Safe in the arms of Jesus"?

This young man Absalom was King David's favourite son. He was handsome. "There was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty." He was clever. He was amiable, so much so that he "stole the hearts of the men of Israel." He was popular. He was successful in his plans and ambitions. But the uppermost question in the mind of the father, who loved him so dearly, was none of these things, but "Is he *safe*?"

. . . . .

Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that there is a false kind of safety, an imaginary safety, which in itself is an additional source of danger.

We read of this in the book of Job. "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? . . . Their houses are *safe* from fear" (Job xxi. 7-10).

There are people so hardened in their wickedness that they are never troubled with the shadow of a fear as to God and Eternity. Their indifference and self-satisfaction are so complete that they serve as a kind of lightning-rod, so that no warning, no entreaty, no message of mercy can affect them. To their own undoing they have made themselves "*safe* from fear." I earnestly trust that none of you are bent upon doing this! Just think how dreadful it would be if any of you were able to attend the Bible Class here every Sunday, and come to a meeting of this sort, and yet remain unmoved by all the prayer and preaching, the sweet gospel hymns, and the Bible lessons! If this has become possible for you, I would not stand in your shoes for all the world.

The second text that was in my mind concerns the young man of the parable in Luke xv., who ran away from his father, but at last returned—repentant. We read that the father rejoiced because he "received him *safe* and sound."

The years of wandering and sin were ended. The foolish young man had turned from the way of transgressors, which he had proved to be so hard, and was safe at last, safe with his father, safe in the protection of his father's love.

Now this is what we desire for each of you. We have all been prodigals. But let me speak in a more

personal way. *You* have wandered in the paths of sinful indifference to the Saviour. *You* have, I doubt not, tasted something of the hollowness of the world's smiles. We should like to be able to say of you, "She has turned to God, she has trusted the Saviour, she has been received, and is now *safe* for ever, safe and sound under the protecting care of the Father's love."

Those who put their soul's confidence in Christ are safe indeed. Safe from all their enemies (1 Sam. xii. 11); safe from the fear of man (Prov. xxix. 25). But there are still a thousand snares and temptations from which we need to be made safe, day by day.

Christ is the One to do this for us. Look up to Him with the eye of faith, and say with assurance, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be *safe*" (Ps. cxix. 117). Safe indeed are those who are held in the grip of His mighty hand. Safe from the power of Satan, safe from the snares of the world, safe from the slippery paths of sin, safe for time and for eternity.

God grant that among all the adjectives that you may be able to use as descriptive of yourself, *this* adjective may find a place, and that you may write it with large letters against your name—SAFE!

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded  
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

H. P. B.

## SAVED ON THE STREET.

---

**I** HAD noticed a man of middle age listening very earnestly to the gospel one Sunday night in our tent, and felt sure that he was in for blessing.

He was there again on Tuesday and Wednesday, and seemed to hear the Word as though it was entirely new to him. On Thursday afternoon I met him on the street, and said to him, "I cannot tell you how glad I have been to see you at the preachings, but tell me, have you accepted Christ as your Saviour yet?"

"No," he replied, "I have not, but I am determined to." I said, "I am very pleased to hear you talk like that, for it is evident that you mean it. But you have no need to wait until the meeting to-night. Neither consecrated building nor penitent form are necessary. Here on the street of your native town you may be saved. You may yield to the Lord, and accept His salvation, and thank Him for it now."

He thought for a moment, and then took my hand and said, "I accept Christ as my Saviour." And then he turned his eyes to heaven and said, "Lord Jesus, I accept Thee as my Saviour." It was good to hear him talk like that, and to feel that he meant what he said.

On the Saturday of that week I called at his home to see him, and got a most hearty welcome. There was no doubt about the matter; he told me that he could say, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." And his wife, who was a Christian, said to me, "It

was a happy day on Thursday; he came into the house saying, 'Christ must be the Head of this house.' "

The blessing which that man got on the street that day you may have to-day. Yes, you may have it without works and without price. Indeed if you bring your works, and expect to purchase it you will be refused. God is too rich to sell His great blessing, and you are too poor to buy it; moreover it is priceless, yet God gives it freely to whosoever will take it.

There are people who are somewhat sceptical about these things. They do not see how a man can be saved, and, if any do profess, they look upon it as a passing emotion, caused by the excitement of a gospel service, and expect it soon to pass away. We acknowledge that this is often the case, too often, alas! for these are shallow days, and there is much shallow evangelism abroad amongst other shallow things. But this of which I write is not such a case, as the following letter, received from him a few days ago, three months after that, to him, memorable Thursday afternoon, shows. He writes:—

"I truly thank God that you came with the tent to —, for it was by your preaching that I decided to accept Christ as my personal Saviour. Tell everybody that Christ can be accepted in the street—same as I found Him. Thank God, I have the blessed assurance that Christ is mine and I am His. Praise God! I am always telling my work-mates what the Lord has done for me. It was



indeed a happy day when Jesus washed my sins away."

Read again this extract from a letter written by this honest working man, and learn from it that "whosoever will" may have the Saviour, just now, where, and as they are, and that the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, is well worth having.

J. T. M.

---

## "BUT I DON'T FEEL SAVED!"

---

**H**OW often does this sentence fall from the lips of the anxious sinner or trembling believer.

It is used wrongly in *two* ways.

First, many want to *feel* saved before they *are* saved. They want to *feel* saved before they have received the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

A lady, who was making this mistake, invited a well-known preacher to tea. When she handed him a cup of tea he observed, making no attempt to take it, "But I don't *feel* as if I had had a cup of tea!"

She thought his conduct very strange, but good breeding prevented her expressing her surprise. She again said, "Here is a cup of tea for you, Mr H——."

He replied again, "But I don't *feel* it."

The lady began to be alarmed at his strange conduct, and said to him, "But, Mr H——, you cannot *feel* that you have had a cup of tea until you have

*received* it. Take it, drink it down, and then you will feel you have had a cup of tea."

He then explained his conduct. He replied, "And how can you *feel* saved until you have *received* salvation? Receive Christ, and then you may *know* that you are saved."

The lady saw her mistake. In homely language, she had been putting the cart before the horse, she had been confounding cause and effect. In divine things she had been acting in such a way that, when the preacher acted thus in human things, she thought him, till he explained himself, to be going out of his mind. The preacher's remarkable way of showing up her folly led her to abandon it. She trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, and then *knew* she was saved.

Reader, is this lady's case like your own? Behold your folly. The way of blessing is not *FEEL saved and believe*, but *BELIEVE and be saved*.

Then again, many who have believed on the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, are not sure of their salvation, because, as they say, "I don't *feel* saved."

Such make the mistake of not seeing that the believing sinner is saved by *faith*.

Feelings are *internal*, changing oftentimes with the weather, the state of one's health, the circumstances of the hour, affected by the teaching we receive, and a thousand and one things.

*Faith* is like an anchor; laying hold upon an object *outside* of itself altogether, even the Lord Jesus as Saviour.

Feelings are unreliable.

*Faith is reliable.*

Feelings are variable.

*Faith is stable.*

Who would think of dropping an anchor *inside* the hold of a vessel? What folly such a proceeding would be! No, an anchor is always cast *outside* the vessel.

We have something far, far better than our changing feelings as the assurance of salvation when we believe, and that is the imperishable, unchanging Word of God.

I remember an evangelist in a gospel tent at Malvern, over twenty years ago, quoting John v. 24:—

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

He pointed out how "*Verily, verily*" means "*Truly, truly*," "*Surely, surely*," and explained that this double assurance came from the Lord's own lips.

He then testified that He had heard Christ's words, and believed on Him that sent Him, and that as a consequence he had everlasting life, would not come into judgment, and was passed from death unto life.

He pointed out it was the assurance of *faith*, and that God never puts before the believing sinner the assurance of *feeling*. He then declared that if he

never *felt* saved, He would cling to God's Word and the assurance it gave; that if he never *felt* saved from that hour till he got to glory, when he could not help feeling, he would never doubt his soul's salvation; for it was a matter of *faith*, not feeling.

What a happy trust! What a God-honouring use he made of God's Word! Was he right or wrong? Assuredly he was right. Can you not say the same, doubting believer? Take the Lord's own "*Verily, verily,*" and act on it.

I remember once quoting 1 John v. 13 in a gospel meeting in Sunderland:—

- "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."

A tall merchant—nicknamed "Long John"—and his handsome wife were at the gospel service that night.

I illustrated the text thus. Suppose when you come down to breakfast to-morrow you find the post-man has left a letter. You take it up to see if it is yours, and you are arrested by the strange wording on the envelope:—

"To those who believe on the name of the Son of God."

I asked, if that happened, could my hearers honestly open the letter as addressed to them?

The merchant's wife responded in her own mind, "Yes, I could."

I then went on, "Now if you can open the envelope, will you believe the letter inside? Remember

it is from God. It admits of no mistake. It is making God a liar to doubt it. Just previous to the verse we read it says 'He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar,' (1 John v. 10). How serious! How solemn!"

The merchant's wife again responded in her own mind, "Yes, I will believe the letter. It comes from God. It must be true."

We opened the letter, and read it—

"That ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life."

There and then the lady entered into the assurance that eternal life was hers. But notice it did not say,

"That ye may FEEL that ye HAVE eternal life."

That is the devil's gospel, calculated to keep you in doubt and distress. Take God's Word as it stands. There is no presumption in that. The presumption lies the other way, that is, in doubting it. "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (Rom. iii. 4).

Thus, and thus only, will you get assurance. God will not let you make a saviour of your *feelings*.

Remember you will never enjoy assurance and peace so long as you look to your feelings as the ground of peace.

"If Jesus bids the weary 'Come,  
And I will give you rest,'  
I, a poor weary one, will go,  
And in His love be blest,  
I know that what He says is true,  
He never can deceive;  
He says, 'Believing, life is thine,'  
And I His word believe."

## LESSONS AT SYCHAR'S WELL

"Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."—JOHN iv. 13.

**I**N the early part of John's Gospel the Lord uses water as a figure of the possession and enjoyment of eternal life. You will find this notably so in chapters iii., iv., and vii. It is a wonderful thing in a world of death to have eternal life. That is what the soul gets, who comes into contact with Christ.

This gospel is divided into three sections. I might call them the Life section (chapters i. to vii.); the Light section (chapters viii. and ix.); and the Love section (chapter x. and onwards).

The Light section is in chapters viii. and ix. In chapter viii. the Lord says, "*I am the light of the world,*" and in chapter ix. He says in effect, "*I will give you eyes to see.*" Then when you come to chapter x. you begin a very wondrous tale, which is all about love. That is the Love section. I say this in passing, because it will help you in reading the gospel, but I am chiefly concerned with the portion which is before us.

Now the woman mentioned in chapter iv. came into contact with the Lord in a very remarkable way. She was not brought to the Lord through the exercises of a guilty conscience to begin with. In chapter iii., in sharp contrast with this, you have got the exercises of a very religious, but, mark well,

*unconverted* man. My friend, you may be as religious as possible. There are plenty of varieties and styles turned out nowadays, and all the while unconverted. Here is a man, Nicodemus, who got to the very top of the theological tree. I have no doubt that if he had lived in our days he would have been a D.D. Yes, but with all his religion, what Christ had to tell him was that he was not a B.A. Not a B.A., what is that? you ask. "Born Again," I reply. Have *you* been born again? If you have not been born again you have not got life, except your natural life, and that you have forfeited through sin.

Scripture lets you know plainly what will happen to a man who passes out of this scene not born again. If a man be not born twice he will die twice, but the man who is born twice, most certainly will not die twice, and thank God! he need not even die once, because if the Lord were to come, He would be taken up from the earth with His beloved people. The apostle Paul says, "We shall not all sleep," and by *sleep* he does not mean unconscious existence. The body is in the grave. It goes to dust, but where is the spirit of the believer? With the Lord. That is the result of having been born a second time.

Now the conscience of the man in the third chapter was not easy, and if you have not been born of God, I can well believe that there are moments in your history when you are uneasy as to the real state of your soul. You would not go and tell anybody about it, because you have got a reputation, and you want to live up to it. What is the reputa-

tion? You have got the reputation of being a Christian, and the whole thing is a falsehood, because you have never been born again.

Nicodemus with all his religion was uneasy. The Lord put an arrow into his conscience. He unfolded to him the glorious thought of God in the gospel, the communication of eternal life in the Son of God, and the imparting of that life by faith in the Person of the Son of God. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (vers. 14, 15). Christ lifted up on the cross is the source of life to men, long dead in sins as far as God is concerned, and alive in sins as far as their life is concerned. Then He adds that wonderful verse, the 16th, "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."

There God is seen loving and giving, and man believing and having. That is the way eternal life is had. You cannot earn it. We do not deserve it. We may have it, as a gift, as the Lord says in chapter iv., "If thou knewest the gift of God." Do you know that God is a Giver? Most people have an idea that God is demanding. No, He is not. He is a Giver.

In the third chapter we get the figure of water and the Spirit. You will find that the three chapters, iii., iv., and vii., where the figure of water is introduced, present the truth in different ways. In chapter iii. the water comes *down* from God; in chapter iv. it



goes *up* to God in worship ; in chapter vii. it goes *out* in testimony. The water comes down from God to us, and we receive it. In chapter iv: we find the next thing, that the living water rises upward in praise and worship and blessing to God. Then it travels out in testimony in chapter vii., as we read, "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (vers. 37, 38). It will flow out in service and refreshing testimony.

Well now, let us look at chapter iv. The Lord must needs go through Samaria. Why? He was taking a long journey into Galilee, and He might have gone a different way. But the real truth is that He must needs go through Samaria, because He knew there was a poor wretched sinner in that city, with a very needy heart. He wanted to meet her, and I think I shall not go beyond the truth if I say He wants to meet you, if that be your condition. "He must needs go through Samaria." That was the necessity of love. It was just the necessity of love that brought Him down, as we sing sometimes—

"My Saviour came down from His glory and throne,  
What wonderful love! What wonderful love!"

Do you know it? Does your soul repose in the sunshine of that love? If not, your life is a huge mistake.

Let us follow the narrative a little further. The

Lord comes to a city of Samaria, called Sychar. We read, "Now, Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour" (ver. 6).

Although Jesus was God, yet He never allowed that which was divine in His being to preserve Him from the vicissitudes connected with human life down here. Here was this blessed One, the God-man, "the Word made flesh." That wearied Man was the One who made the well, and the water that was in the well, too. Oh! the blessedness of perceiving the reality of the humanity, as well as the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the sixth hour a woman of Samaria comes to draw water. I take it that it was noon, not the time when women usually went to draw water, which was in the cool of the early morning or late evening, but in the burning glare of the midday sun. I know very well what that is like. It recalls to my mind when I passed through the Red Sea, and our steamer took us along the coast of the desert.

Why does this poor woman come out then? I think the reason is not very far to seek. She wanted to get her waterpot filled at a time when nobody would see her. I am pretty certain that by the grace of God you have not sunk to the same depths of moral degradation to which this woman had sunk. She did not want to face other women. She felt her sin. Forget not this. Sin is a bad master. Sin is a very defiling thing.

True, but blessed be God, the Saviour who met

her, is anxious to meet *you*. She came, and what did she find? She met God, "manifest in the flesh."

What she saw first of all was a weary man. She could understand that. The blessed Lord had had a long walk, and was weary, as He sat on the well. He says to her, "Give me to drink."

Now make no mistake. I have heard preachers say He asked her for water. No, He did not. It was the command of the Sovereign. She might not know it. So He said, "Give me to drink." What is her answer? An immediate offering of the cup of water? We are not told so.

She says, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." The Samaritans were a mongrel race. They had some of the Jews' religion, but it was mixed up with idolatry.

Naturally, man has got no dealings with God. If God draw near to you and me, and speak to us, the first thing we will do is to say, "No, no," sad testimony as to where man is in the moral springs of his being.

She says, in effect, I never thought a Jew would so lower himself as to ask drink of a woman of Samaria. Mark the Lord's answer. "If thou knewest the *gift* of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water" (ver. 10).

Beloved friend, do *you* know Him? Eternal life

consists in the knowledge of God thus revealed, and if you do not know Him, what have you got? Nothing! Listen to this, "Thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have *given* thee living water" (ver. 10). That is God's way. Take your place as a needy sinner at the Saviour's feet, and what will you find? He will meet your soul's deep need. He will fill your heart to the very brim with His love, with His grace, and with the living water, which will overflow and rise up in worship.

Now what the Lord said evidently touched this woman. I have no doubt that, first of all, He spoke to her in this way to gain her confidence, because the effect of the temptation of the devil with Eve in the first instance, and ever since, is that in the heart of man there is distrust Godward. Now the Lord Jesus came to restore her confidence, and while, so to speak, she said I am surprised, and I do not mean to give you a drink, He said, as it were, If you only knew who I was, you would have asked something from Me, and you would have got it without question or delay. That is the way of God when He deals with sinners.

Observe that when the Lord spoke of the living water the woman does not rise in thought above the mouth of the well. "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with." There is water, but you cannot touch it, "and the well is deep." I think there is deep meaning in those four words, "the well is deep."

W. T. P. W.

(To be continued.)

## "FATHER, I HAVE SINNED."

---

**I**T was a wild Saturday night, with boisterous wind and driving rain, as the little band set out to tramp the three miles over the sodden country roads to the village on the hillside.

It was the sort of night to depress the most cheerful spirits, to make open-air preaching almost an impossibility ; but, notwithstanding the weather, the four trudged through rain and wind and mud to the spot where they had planned to preach the Gospel of the Grace of God.

They cheered one another on the way, sang hymns in the darkness, and at length they stood on the village green.

Darkness lay everywhere, save that here and there a lamp shed its dim glow on drawn blinds. The village roads were unlighted ; the village folk were indoors.

For a moment they stood wondering what they should do ; and, as they stood, the rain beat down upon them.

To come so far on such a night as that, and to return without making at least one effort, seemed out of the question ; for they felt somehow that God had led them there. So they sang a hymn together. It was a difficult task, for they were cold and wet, and the dampness of the night seemed to have got into their spirits, and at the third verse they stopped.

Then one of them, gifted with a powerful voice,

declared in a few words the love of God to His children, the saving grace of Jesus Christ toward the wandering and the lost ; and again and again he used the words, " He hears, He knows, He loves."

Then he stopped, and the only sound was that of the moaning wind and beating rain. They looked round, but could see nothing save the dim light on the drawn blinds in the little cottage windows and the reflection in the watery roads.

They went home again over the three miles of mud and flooded country, through the wind and the cold and the rain, to pray ; and, turning into the warmth and light of their room, they thought of the darkness of the world, its coldness and hopeless misery, and of the great love of the heavenly Father, and His glad welcome to the wandering and the lost.

There is another side to this picture, without which it would lose its meaning and its beauty.

Day after day in a cottage in the village street a mother had nursed her little child—who lay at the point of death—the one who was the light of that home and the joy of the widowed mother's heart.

She was an honest woman, but religion, she would say, had never been in her line. She had always maintained that she could get on very well without God.

But now a burden lay upon her which seemed more than she could bear—the long sickness and the threatened death of a loved child ; and, amid it all, there came to her a sense of loneliness and hope-

lessness and misery. Something, too, like a sense of guilt troubled her on that cheerless night.

The loneliness was intense. The little child lay still as death, her pale face telling that life was hanging by a thread.

Tears gathered in the woman's eyes and trickled down her cheek. She had expected the doctor all day, but he had not come. Now she had given up hope, for it meant a long drive in the rain and the darkness of the country roads.

As she waited, she was conscious of a feeling of rebellion against the God of whom she thought so little. She murmured reproachfully; bitter feelings were in her heart; bitter words half-audibly escaped her lips.

A blast against the window startled her, then died away into silence; and as it faded she heard a voice *somewhere crying slowly and distinctly*, "He hears, He knows, He loves."

Then the wind roared around the cottage, rattling the windows, dying away once more to silence, and again the words: "He hears, He knows, He loves."

Who was it? What was it? She rose to make sure that no one was in the house. She went across to the window and peered out into the night; but there was only the darkness, and the raindrops pattering on the glass.

She turned back to the fire, but it seemed as if those words were sounding again and again in her ears: "He hears, He knows, He loves."

Then she did what she never had done for many a

long year, and to this day she cannot say what made her do it. She was alone, and no one could hear or see, and without thinking what it meant, she fell upon her knees in the middle of the room and cried, "God in heaven, have mercy upon me and save my child, and forgive me, forgive me!"

The night wore on and the child slept; while the woman, worn out with the long watching and waiting, slept too, and in her dreams seemed to hear the voice still saying: "He hears, He knows, He loves."

The sunlight of the next morning, stealing into the room, awakened her. The little child was resting peacefully, with more even breathing and just a touch of colour on her pallid cheek.

As the hours wore on the doctor came and gave new hope. The worst was passed, health and strength would come with care.

As he drove away from the door the church bells began to peal over the fields and quiet village streets, and all the world looked bright and hopeful after the long day and night of rain. She saw the villagers passing to the church; and, led by an impulse she had not felt before, she took the old family Bible down from the shelf.

She turned the pages, and dead ferns and flowers fell from them—ferns and flowers that had been there for many years. Here and there a verse was underlined, and her eye fell upon the much-marked story of the Prodigal Son.

A feeling of gratitude for the new hope that had come with her child's returning health was leading her



to the Father. She was coming to herself in the far land and saying, "I will arise and go to my Father and will say unto Him, 'Father, I have sinned.'" Her thoughts were wandering back to her own childhood, to the church where she went in the olden days, to the joy of those peaceful times, and to the one who had marked that story in the Book upon her knee.

The bells had ceased to peal, and she knew the people were at prayer, and once more bowing her head, she cried, "Father, I come back to Thee. Oh, forgive, forgive me, for I have sinned."

Even as she prayed she felt sure that God had heard, for the voice was still sounding in her ears: "He hears, He knows, He loves."

It was not long before she sought for help and counsel, and learned in all its simple beauty the story of the Saviour's love and the meaning of the Cross; and then she knew that she was pardoned and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin.

That Saturday night had been the darkest in her life; it was the last night of darkness, for the dawn of that sunny Lord's Day ushered in the long day of peace and light and loving trust in her Father in heaven.

She is never tired of telling others that it was the voice in the darkness of that stormy night that led her to look from her own darkness to the One who can turn our darkness into light, and take away the burden of our sin.

After some weeks news reached the little band of four that this woman had been led to Jesus Christ by that service, without a visible audience, in the cold and the rain and the wind ; and they knew now why God led them to the lonely village green.

And so may all of us, who obey the promptings of the Holy Spirit, be sure that our "labour is not in vain in the Lord." We may not see the results of our work at the time—it may be even that in this life we shall never know them—but results there are which eternity shall show ; for God has said, My word "shall not return unto me void."

But if you, who read this paper, are not a Christian there is a lesson for you—a word of hope and cheer.

When the burden of life, its disappointment and sin, are heavy upon you, even though you be in the far land, remember there is a God who hears and knows and loves. It is because of this that He sent His Son to seek and save that which was lost, and it may be that even while this little paper is in your hand you will come to see your need of a Saviour, and, looking up, will pray, "Father, forgive me, for I have sinned !"

And the answer will come in a consciousness of peace and pardon through the unfailing grace of the Lord Jesus, and you will know in the joyous experience of your own heart that "He hears, He knows, He loves."

B. H. J.

"COME NOW!"

---

**G**EORGE GILFILLAN of Dundee was one of the most graphic, strong, and classical writers of the nineteenth century. He might be styled a critic of classics.

When he was once passing through a place of notoriety, he was asked to inscribe, in a book, the greatest words he knew, in writing. He dipped his pen in ink, and wrote down the following from Isaiah i. 18:—

*"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."*

When he had penned them, he wrote beneath them, "THESE ARE THE GREATEST WORDS I KNOW."

A friend, when passing through the same place, was asked to write something in the same book. Observing what Gilfillan had written, he wrote beneath it:—

*"Gilfillan! noble soul, thou did'st not deem it right  
To pen some words from thine own pen of might;  
Thou would'st rather borrow from the prophet old,  
And pen God's words, more precious far than gold."*

We might divide the text into two sections:—

*A present invitation, and*

*The object of the invitation.*

## 1. A PRESENT INVITATION.

"Come now" does not mean to-morrow. It does not mean any time but the present. The present only is ours. To-morrow is with God, who holds our breath in His hands. He might withdraw it to-day.

"To-day thou livest yet,  
To-day turn thee to God ;  
For ere to-morrow comes  
Thou may'st be with the dead."

A gentleman from Dundee took a voyage to Odessa on a trading vessel, through the Mediterranean, for the recovery of his health. When the vessel was about to leave Odessa he wrote to his wife to expect him home at a certain date, saying how much his health was improved. In the Mediterranean the vessel encountered a fearful storm, which shifted the grain cargo, with the result that she capsized and was lost. In his endeavour to get into the lifeboat in the boiling sea he was drowned.

Another gentleman wired to his wife, "Home to-morrow." He stepped into the train with a gay heart and found his thoughts all centred in home, sweet home, and all that it suggests to our human hearts. The train collided with another, and he was killed, and suddenly dashed into eternity.

A young man, who was full of life, said once to a godly clergyman, "How long should a man be prepared for death before he meets it?"

"Five minutes," was the reply.

"That will suit me exactly," said the fast young man.

**"Hold,"** said the clergyman, **"what if you should die now?"** Those words went like a spiritual arrow to his heart, and were used to his conversion. Five minutes too late would mean to be lost for ever, beyond the reach of hope.

Many regrets there are in this world because of missed opportunities, but sometimes these may be recovered. But, in eternity, there is no hope. All is fixed and final there. Regret and remorse will fill up the cup of the pleasure-lover and Christ-rejector for ever and for ever.

While mercy's door is wide open we urge and entreat you to come now. Yes. **"COME NOW."**

## **2. THE OBJECT OF THE INVITATION.**

Think of God, who is infinite in wisdom and almighty in power, offering to reason with miserable outlaws! In the height of His power and with the thunderbolts of His wrath He might easily have hurled us rebel men into everlasting chains of darkness, as He once did the rebel angels.

Man is as much entitled to be thus dealt with as the angels that sinned. Rebellion is rebellion, and it is the overthrow of God's authority and governmental throne. No government could possibly stand in the face of continual rebellion. If not put down with a strong hand it must work ruin.

Why did God put it down in everlasting chains of darkness in the one case and not in the other? That we are not told, and that is not our business. That God has been long-suffering to us we know. That

mercy rejoices against (or glories over) judgment we know. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice" is His sure and certain word. Also "He delighteth in mercy." That is, He finds His good pleasure in dispensing mercy to meet our misery—the misery sin has brought man into. Sin and rebellion have brought misery, and misery has given Him the occasion to display in the fullest way His heart of boundless love, which He has shown in bowels of compassion and mercy.

England's greatest poet has said, "Mercy is twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

We learn the loving, compassionate heart of God in thus inviting rebels, whom He could easily crush with the breath of His power, to reason with Him. Come now, then, and do it. Do not let the past hinder you. Your sins of disregard of His righteous claims may rise up before you, like mountains, to terrify you, but heed them not. Why not heed them? Listen! "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Such is God's way of entreaty.

No earthly king dare do thus to rebels. The rebellions in Russia, Mexico, and in France meant seas of trouble and rivers of blood to have them put down. If the British Government proclaimed such terms to all inside our prisons, who are suffering for their breach of the laws of the kingdom, the whole country would be turned into the vilest hell upon earth. Such a thing is unthinkable to the human mind, and it

would be utterly impracticable and unworkable. Yet this is how God can and does act to subdue rebels. “There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared.”

“Law and terror do but harden  
If allowed to work alone ;  
But the sense of blood-bought pardon  
Can dissolve a heart of stone.”

When a common soldier had been convicted of his forty-third offence the colonel said to the sergeant, “What shall we do with him?” “Forgive him,” said the sergeant. The colonel forgave him. “You will never see me here again,” said the culprit. The grace of complete forgiveness cured him. He never offended again. “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

Some time ago when a woman was in great distress about her soul, she dreamt she saw all her sins on a white sheet of paper. Then she thought she saw a person come and sprinkle blood all over the paper. Then she thought she saw the person wipe all out, and her sins were all gone from the paper. When she woke out of her dream she saw for the first time that “the precious blood of Christ” had cleansed her and that she was white as snow.

The song of the redeemed for ever will be, “Thou art worthy.” Why worthy? Hear the answer that shall make heaven’s courts vibrate with praise and glad hallelujahs for ever, “Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation” (Rev. v. 9).

The ground of God's universal invitation to all men is the blood, or death, of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. The sprinkled blood of the slain lamb, put on the door-posts of the houses of the Israelites in Egypt, when death marched throughout the whole land doing its terrible work on the first-born son of the Egyptian, gave a righteous God a title, or reason, to pass over them. So Christ, our passover, has been slain for us.

What could be grander than to hear John Wesley, that old indefatigable evangelist, great soul-winner, saintly poet and scholar of the highest order, with his dying breath say:—

“I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.”

P. W.

## IS THERE A SECOND CHANCE?

**B**Y our title we mean, Is there a second chance for salvation, *after death*?

There are many who state that there is. Professed ministers of the gospel, and professors of the theological colleges tell us that there is.

Not only so, but the propagators of crank religions, manufactured in Western lands, such as *Millennial Dawnism* and *Seventh Day Adventism*, and heathen religions, emanating from Eastern lands, such as *Theosophy*, tell us the same thing.



Now, why do people want a second chance? Is not the first chance good enough? The poorest may accept it, for it is "without money, without price." The weakest may receive it; for it is "not of works, lest any man should boast." The vilest can be saved, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from ALL sin." The most illiterate can understand it, for "faith cometh by *hearing*."

It is exactly suited to every class and condition of man.

It meets the sinner's need, and is admirably suited, in every particular, to his state.

Is the offer of salvation, therefore, in this life, not tempting enough? Why do men, then, want a second chance?

A homely illustration may help.

A man is trudging along a heavy road. Long continued rains have turned the turnpike road into a veritable morass. Moreover, he carries a heavy load, under which he staggers at every step. A carriage drives along. The owner of it kindly and warmly offers the weary man a free seat. He will carry him and his load to his destination.

What would you think of the man who said, "Give me a *second* chance"?

You reply, There must be some *strange* reason why he should refuse such a good offer.

And what reason have sinners in their sins, on their road to everlasting ruin, for refusing God's glorious offer of salvation? Think of its cost. The Son of God must die. Righteousness must be

satisfied. Holiness must be vindicated. The work of redemption must be accomplished on Calvary's cross. There "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Ps. lxxxv. 10).

Why, then, should this glorious offer be refused, and a second chance waited for? Insensate folly!

The answer may be unpalatable, but it is true. The following case is typical of multitudes, who flatter themselves that they need not be saved at present, that a second chance awaits them on the other side of the bourne, from whence no traveller returns.

A man lately heard that pseudo-religious speaker, the self-named "Pastor" Russell of *Millennial Dawnism* notoriety. To a large crowd he expatiated on the *second* chance, which he assured his hearers would be theirs after death.

A rich, worldly man in the audience said to a boon companion, "I guess I'll subscribe liberally to that religion. I'm not a good-living man, and those doctrines make me feel comfortable."

It is not every one who would be so honest. We are persuaded multitudes, who have no desire for God or the Lord Jesus or His salvation, will flock to hear such palatable statements that there is no eternal hell, and that a second chance will be afforded them after death.

*Such falsehoods make the sinner feel comfortable.* He loves the world, his sins, his lusts.

So he will go on, believing that he can sow without

reaping; believing any and every crank, who seeks to make money out of his sin and wickedness.

A great London daily newspaper wrote some time ago of "Pastor" Russell, "There are still to be found multitudes of fools who are ready to pay a man liberally for telling them there is no hell." That witness is true.

Are those who refuse a *first* chance in this life likely to accept a *second* in the next? Their nature will be unchanged, and they will no more care for God and His company in the next world than they do now. Do the solemn verses (Rev. xvi. 10, 11) look like it? "They gnawed their tongues with pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven . . . and repented not of their deeds." Awful warning!

But let us come to the question. *Is there a second chance after death?* We answer solemnly and emphatically in the negative. Scripture knows and says nothing of a *second* chance. It is an invention of the devil to deceive multitudes into neglecting a *first* chance. God's word is, "*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation*" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

The most solemn declarations as to hell and eternal punishment come, almost exclusively, from the lips of the Son of God Himself, as if to give all the weight possible to these stern truths. And He—the One who fully proved His love on the cross—hints at no second chance.

On the contrary, He places the matter in the clearest possible light again and again. Let one

verse suffice. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life [*this disposes of the false doctrine of Universalism by one stroke of the pen*]; but the wrath of God abideth on him [*this disposes of the false doctrine of Annihilationism*]" (John iii. 36).

Let us warn you most solemnly, beloved reader, not to listen to the devil's lies. They suit the carnal mind. They attract men of impure life.

And let me entreat you most earnestly to accept here and now the *first* AND ONLY chance of salvation. "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31).

*"There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day."*

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

Now! Now! Now! NOW!

A. J. P.

"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,  
O! *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!  
O sinner! Jesus died for thee."

## THE SHEET ALMANAC.

**I**N passing a cottage on the outskirts of a town in Surrey I was struck with the conspicuous position of a large sheet almanac. The cottage door was partly open, giving a full view of the almanac, which was placed close to the door post. Two verses of Scripture on it, in clear, bold type, could easily be read from the road. They seemed like messages from God to anyone passing the door, telling 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 the other, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

I often passed by the cottage, for it was near where I was staying for a short time. The door always seemed to be left open wide enough for the almanac to be fully seen. The first opportunity I had I visited the cottage.

"Will you tell me who gave you this almanac?" I said to a very old woman who came to the door.

"A lady always leaves me one every Christmas," she replied, and then invited me in.

As I entered I pointed to the words and read them. "He that *heareth* My Word, and *believeth* on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into condemnation, but is passed from death

unto life." "Have you heard and believed?" I asked her.

"I hope so!" was her answer.

"But don't you *know*? Are you not *sure*?"

"I *know* that I have Christ," she replied with deep feeling.

"How was it? Will you tell me about it?"

"Well, it was that almanac two years ago. That verse you have just read was on it then, and it was always catching my eye. One night I could not sleep for studying it over, and then at last it all came quite clear to me."

"You mean you *heard* and *believed* God's Word when He said He had sent His Son to die for you as a sinner?"

"Yes, that was just it!"

"And have you ever had any doubts about it since?"

"Well, I have often been a good bit troubled, but I can't say I have ever doubted that I am saved. I *know* I am saved."

How simply she had taken God at His word, and rested her soul upon it. Before I left I asked her how old she was.

"Ninety-four," she answered. "Ah! if I had not read those words *then*, I could not read them now, for my sight has got too bad. I can't go about to tell folks, but I always put the almanac there close to the door, so that they can read the words for themselves, and you would be surprised to see how many come on to that step, and seem to study over those words."

Fellow-Christian, does not this old woman put many of us to shame? Are *we* doing all we can to enable our friends and neighbours "to read the words for themselves."

There may be those around whom the question, "Are *you* saved?" would rouse to a sense of their awful danger in neglecting eternal things. Perhaps some whose hearts are aching to know *how* they can get peace with God, for few in these darkening days ever hear of the atoning death and bloodshedding of Christ on their behalf, that God, in virtue of that great redemption price—paid on Calvary's cross for sinners, freely forgives every one who turns to Him.

Are we guiltless if we keep the knowledge of these precious, life-finding truths to ourselves? The Lord gave to His disciples, *and the disciples to the multitude* (Matt. xiv. 19). F. A.

---

## LESSONS AT SYCHAR'S WELL.

---

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him SHALL NEVER THIRST FOR EVER; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life."—JOHN iv. 14.

**H**AVE you found, my dear unsaved friend, that the world has not satisfied you? You started out in life expecting to be wonderfully happy and bright. You, like the woman at Sychar's well, have found that the well is deep. There is an

inward craving in your heart and conscience. The pleasures of the world pall on your taste. They do not satisfy you. She had proved the same.

Hearing of living water she says to the Lord, "From whence then hast Thou that living water?" Are you, my friend, a stranger to the living water? Do you understand its meaning? If you have never drunk of this living water, I pity you. Then she goes on to say, "Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?"

Now mark the Lord's answer. He does not answer all these questions. He wanted to get at her heart, and so He says, "Whosoever drinks of this water SHALL THIRST AGAIN; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him SHALL NEVER THIRST." What does that mean? Soul satisfaction. The knowledge of God brings deep, divine satisfaction into the heart of the one who gets this living water. "Whosoever drinketh," that is free enough. The water that the Lord shall give him shall be in him a fountain, rather than a well. It is a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. Everlasting life is what God proposes for you. Not only is the believer born of water and of the Spirit, but he gets the Holy Ghost to dwell in him, shedding the love of God abroad in his heart. Then this living water springs up. It is worship, and joy, and gladness.

He that drinks of "this water"—the joys of this fleeting world—shall thirst again. Your soul is not saved, and your heart is not happy, and as you enter



your concert or place of amusement, I will tell you what I would like to write over it: "He that drinketh of this water shall *thirst* AGAIN."

"Yes," you say, "I enjoy it, but I want more." You are not satisfied. I know what the polished floor of the ballroom is. When I was an unconverted young man, I was always the first upon it in the evening, and the last to leave it in the morning. Was I satisfied? No. There was something I wanted. I wanted Christ, and He wanted me. Look at what the Lord says—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall *never* thirst." Note that, my dear worldling. Go you to any place of amusement that you like, and I will write over every door, "*Shall thirst again.*" Is it to be for ever? Answer that query.

Dear reader, I beseech you to come to Christ and find in Him abiding satisfaction. It is to be found nowhere else.

I met a man in a train once, who told me he was going to Paris.

"What for?" said I.

"A fortnight's enjoyment," he answered.

"A fortnight would not do for me, my friend," I replied. "You are travelling a long way to get it. I do not have to go so far to get my enjoyment."

"Don't you?" he rejoined. "How do you manage it?"

"I carry it with me," said I.

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"I carry Christ with me. I have Christ in my

heart, and He has said, 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.'

"How did I get it? He gave it to me, and I simply took it." There is much to learn from John iv. 14.

Now in John v. 24 we read: "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." You say, It is enough to make a man long for it, who has not got it. I admit that, but it is a great deal sweeter when you taste it. It will turn the unsatisfied face of the worldling into a radiant countenance, like that of Stephen, which shone like the face of an angel. He knew Christ, and he enjoyed Christ.

Now God holds out this living water for you to-day. Hear what it says in one of the very last verses of the Bible: "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). And again, "I will *give* to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxi. 6). This takes you up to the very source of all blessing. What is the source of it? The heart of God. What has been the channel of that love? The cross of Christ. And what has come down? Living water. Who for? Sinners who have served the devil, lust, and sin all the days of their life until grace has met them. What does this grace want to do? Transform that weary, empty heart of yours—that is always wanting something—into a fountain

of living water, that has always something to give to God, in the way of worship and thanksgiving, and to men in the way of loving, living testimony.

Now the woman, in the narrative of John iv., was evidently very much impressed by the Lord's words. She was thirsty and said, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not. Neither come hither to draw." Then the Lord said to her, "Go, call thy husband, *and come hither.*" What a change in the conversation! He had attracted her, and cast out all fear of Himself from her heart. She felt that He spoke like no one that she had ever met before. Then all of a sudden, He says, "Go, call thy husband." She began to wince. She had a conscience. So have you, and your conscience tells you when you are not right. Her conscience was touched, and therefore in a moment she says, "I have no husband." Very well, what was that? It was only half the truth, uttered to conceal the other half, that she did not want to be known. She knew the life she was living, and, dear unsaved reader, you know the life you are living. The Lord knows your private life, and you cannot conceal it from Him. You do not want your neighbour to know it.

Mark what the Lord says now to her: "Thou hast well said, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly." He knew how she was living, and, beloved friend, God knows how you are living. I do not care to know, but God knows your life.

Now her conscience is reached. It is a wonderful moment. There was Jesus and that poor sinner. For the first time in her life she was alone with Jesus. Have you ever been alone with Jesus? Have you been shut out from every mortal eye, conscious only that the eye of God is upon you? Now, mark, it is not a moment to be dreaded. That is the moment above all to be desired, to be alone with God, learning yourself on the one hand, and learning God on the other, God revealed, in perfect grace, in the person of the Son.

Jesus does not frighten this woman. He says, as it were, What you have said is the truth, but it is not all the truth, and I know the whole truth. She says, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." She stood a convicted sinner.

You will find four things in this chapter, a convicted sinner, a revealed Saviour, a consecrated witness, and a converted company, as the result of her witness.

"Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet," she said. Now, a prophet in Scripture is not merely one who foretells things to come. A prophet in Scripture brings the conscience into God's presence. I will ask you, Have you ever had a moment like this in your soul's history? I press that point. It is of vital importance to be alone with God. You will learn there your sin, guilt, and defilement, but you will likewise learn the grace of God, as you have never tasted it before.

Well, then, she turns aside, and begins to talk

about worship, and the manner of it, and where, but the Lord then makes a wonderful assertion to her, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him" (ver. 23). How beautifully the Lord unfolds to her the character of the present moment. Who are the true worshippers? Poor sinners, saved by grace. Look at the three seekers "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may *devour*" (1 Peter v. 8). On the other hand, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to *save* that which is lost" (Luke xix. 10). Satan seeks your destruction; Jesus seeks your salvation.

But there is a third seeker. The Father seeketh *worshippers* to worship Him. Beloved friend, the gospel of God's grace, which brings pardon through the blood of Christ, peace through your soul's resting on the work of Christ, and eternal life as the gift of God in Christ, transforms the worldling into a worshipper. God is now ransacking the world to find worshippers. Who are they? Nominal Christians? No. Real ones. Are you one? We will begin with you. Have you got eternal life? Have you got that living water? The Father seeks worshippers. Are you one in reality?

Mark next what the woman says. "I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when He is come, He will tell us all things." She takes refuge in the thought of a new revelation from God being made to her in the coming Christ. Jesus said to her

"I that speak to thee am He." She was looking for some One to come? "I am He," says the Lord. There you have a revealed Saviour. 'This is a lovely scene, a convicted sinner face to face with a revealed Saviour. The sinner needs the Saviour, and the Saviour is on the look out for the sinner. Has Christ ever revealed Himself to you in that way? Has the Son of God, has the Lord Jesus so dealt with you that you have had a sense, not only that He is a prophet, and knows all about you, but that He is a *Saviour*? Yea, your Saviour.

Now when the Lord Jesus says to this woman, "I . . . am He," what does she do? Flee from Him? No. When He revealed her guilt to her she still stayed on. She was not afraid of Him. No, there is grace about Christ that draws the heart to Him.

Then she becomes a consecrated witness. The woman left her waterpot, the symbol of her earthly toil. Back she goes into the city, quite waterless, as far as the earthly water was concerned, but with her heart full to the brim and overflowing with the living water He had given her. She was no trained preacher, but she could not keep it in.

I have heard some people say, "I never say anything about this." Yes, you button your coat up, and keep it all quiet. Why, if the living water were really there it would surely burst forth, and out it would come.

This poor defiled creature goes back a changed woman. She is no sooner inside the city than her voice is lifted up, "Come, see a man which told me

all things that ever I did." That was a magnificent testimony.

Now the disciples come, and they are surprised that the Lord is talking with her and also with the Samaritans who came out to Him. He tells His disciples to lift up their eyes. My brethren, lift up *your* eyes to-day. The fields are white to the harvest. What is wanted to-day are men and women of this stamp, who can quietly, but sweetly and powerfully, testify of Christ.

Look at the final result of this woman's testimony. Many of the Samaritans believed on Him. She got a fine lot of converts. There was such an effective testimony of Christ about her.

Truth reveals our guilt. Grace removes it. The cross of Christ is the witness of the love of God. The truth that reveals my guilt tells me also of Christ, Who died on the cross to bear that guilt, and the Holy Ghost is here to tell us that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

I trust your heart will be reached for Christ, if never before. I will not ask you to give it to Him, but I want it captivated by Him. This woman had met someone who knew all about her, and instead of being afraid of Him she delighted in Him. He had filled her heart with peace and joy, so that in the scene of her degradation she becomes a lovely witness for Him, and of the way He can relieve the burdened conscience and fill the empty heart. She had got something that quite satisfied her heart, and she wanted to share it with others.

Then, when the Samaritans heard it, they were so impressed with the simple words, "Told me all things that ever I did," that they began to troop out of the city and come to Him. When they were come to Him, what then? They believed in Him, and they besought Him to abide with them. They wanted to retain His company, and He abode there two days. Many believed because of her word, and many more believed because of His word.

That is the kind of testimony that I like to see. Dear friend, have you been an unbeliever up to this hour? What are you going to do now? Will you say, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard Him ourselves." That is it.

She said, "I know that when Messiah cometh, He will tell us all things." But when she had learned it was He, she spread the tidings, and others say, "*Now we know.*" "Now we know." What? "That this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Do you know Him as your Saviour?

If your heart is stolen like that, dear reader, you will go on your way, and tell others about Him. The living waters will flow out, as you say, "Christ is the Saviour of sinners." Others will then be led to sing, "Christ is the Saviour for me." May it indeed be so.

"Saviour of sinners,  
Saviour of sinners like me,  
Shedding His blood for my ransom,  
THIS IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME."



## "TAKE IT UP AND READ IT."

---

**T**HESE were the words which awoke the soul-sleep of the youthful Augustine, who became such a wonderful servant of God.

He was sitting under a plane tree in his garden in Milan, the epistle to the Romans before him, when a voice seemed to say in commanding tones, "Take it up and read it."

He obeyed, unrolled the sacred volume, and his eyes lit upon the words—

"Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof" (Rom. xiii. 13, 14).

Augustine's life had been one of gross sin and evil. These words struck home. Thenceforth he studied the Holy Scriptures. The light of saving truth reached his soul. He was guided by the Spirit of truth to the knowledge of Him who said, "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*" In short, Augustine was converted, and his life testified to the change.

## "TAKE IT UP AND READ IT"

is still the Divine prescription for every earnest seeker after truth, especially in these days when the study of God's Word is so neglected.

This is indeed a reading age. The wisest of men, Solomon, said over three thousand years ago, "*Of making of books there is no end.*" Could he visit the British Museum, with its stores of literature of every kind, would he not have seen the danger, as well as the advantage, in the abundance of really good and even so-called religious books, as likely to divert men's minds from the reverent, prayerful, persevering examination of the Book of books?

If the thoughts of men are allowed to supersede the great truths, revealed by God in His Word, the thinkers are drawn into serious error. The Bible is the fountain head of wisdom. Let God's Word be its own interpreter.

So it proved to be with a Roman Catholic family in a remote district of Ireland. The Bible, in English, was introduced for the first time. Parents and children began to read it together. After a while the husband said to his wife, "Well, my dear, if this book be right we must be wrong."

Later on, as they continued their study, one day he exclaimed, "If this book speaks true, we are lost." Then after a longer period, as the light of God's Word shone into his soul, he said, "If all this be true, we may be saved."

In the end both husband and wife were found by the Scripture-reader rejoicing in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus and of God's salvation through faith in Him.

Different in character, and yet effected by the Holy Spirit through the same means, was the spiritual

experience of the late Earl Cairns, an eminent statesman and Lord Chancellor in the last century, who became a bright, consistent Christian. He attributed his firm hold of gospel truth to his habit of daily study of the Bible and earnest prayer for the Holy Ghost's guidance.

Very striking was the Scotsman's remark, "It is no small mercy to have our Father's will recorded in our mother tongue."

"It is more than probable," wrote the late learned Bishop Ellicott, "that the simplest reader, who takes his Bible on his knees and reads, with prayer that he may understand it, will attain a truer and more inward knowledge of the Scriptures than will ever be vouchsafed to him who, with all the appliances of philology and criticism, reads the original, but forgets to mark its holy character, and to pray that he may not only read, but also learn and understand."

Adolphe Monod, a gifted preacher in the French Reformed Church, proved this truth in a remarkable way. At first he had to struggle with many doubts and difficulties in his study of the Scriptures. He was always an earnest and most intelligent student. He has described the way in which he at last discovered the truth.

He wrote, "I called to mind the promise of the Holy Spirit, and, learning at last that of which the positive declaration of the gospel had hitherto failed to convince me, I believed God's promise for the first time in my life. Renouncing all merit, all strength, all resources of my own, and confessing that I had

no claim to His mercy, but that of my own misery, I asked of Him His Spirit to change my spirit."

This heartfelt cry for light was wonderfully answered. He who of old touched the blind man's eyes so that he saw clearly, opened his mind and heart to the simple truths of the gospel.

Blessed as all this is, it has its intensely solemn side. Be warned, my friend. This is no light matter. The Lord says, "*He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words hath one that judgeth him: THE WORD that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day*" (John xii. 48). The good news of reconciliation, which might have sealed your acceptance in the crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour, will prove, if rejected, a swift witness to the justice of the final sentence of the Judge at the great white throne. You will have no excuse to offer then.

Still the voice from above sounds urgent and importunate—

**"TAKE IT UP AND READ IT."**

It says plainly—

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

"To-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iii. 7-8).

"I will GIVE unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life FREELY" (Rev. xxi. 6).

"Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him TAKE the water of life FREELY" (Rev. xxii. 17).

## A SAILOR'S CONVERSION.

WE were homeward bound from a port in India towards London when I became anxious about my soul. It so happened that there was a Christian young man on board, on his first voyage as an apprentice, and much younger than myself who was before the mast as able seaman. In filling our various duties it very often came about that we were sent to work together, and being in the same watch (starboard), on and off duty, we were thrown a good deal into each other's company. While pacing the decks in the night-watches, we would often speak of home, the place so dear to a seaman's heart. I learned that my companion's father and mother were Christians, living in Glasgow, and that it was not their wish that he should go to sea ; but since he so earnestly desired it, they did not restrain him from his purpose. They did not know then, in their anxiety and fear for their son, that he was to be used by God in pointing a vile sinner to Christ.

Well, I felt drawn towards him by a power I could not account for. He being in possession of some excellent books, which were given him by some Christian friend on our departure from Port Chalmers for India, we used to spend many hours reading in our watch below, generally finishing with a chapter from God's Word. This went on for some

time. I could plainly see that he possessed an inward peace and happiness such as I never knew, and I yearned to obtain it. I knew a good deal of the Bible, and in the sight of my fellow-shipmates might have passed for a good, moral, and upright man, but I knew I was not saved. I soon learnt that my supposed morality was black and loathsome in the sight of God, and did not give peace to my mind. I was beginning to realise that I was on the way to destruction, which desperately troubled my mind.

One night as we were reading about the Philippian jailor crying out at midnight, "What must I do to be saved?" who was told to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and "thou shalt be saved," I said to Edwin (my shipmate) that "*I* believed in Christ right enough." He said, "If you do, you are saved." "No," I said, "I know I am not saved." I had known the story of Christ dying on the cross since I was a little boy at school; but up to then I knew I was not saved. The Philippian jailor had peace in believing; and Edwin had the same peace, but I had not.

My heart was now awakened to seek this peace, and all other pleasures, vain talking, and spending the time as seamen are wont to do when off duty, became distasteful to me. I began now to *search* and read my Bible very diligently. This, of course, directed the attention of my shipmates to me, and they began to pass remarks about my becoming religious; but what did I care for that. I saw that I was eternally lost, unless I got salvation. I knew if

I were to die in that lost state I would be cast into hell.

One afternoon I was turning over the leaves of an old torn hymn book, in which were a number of large texts of Scripture; looking over these, my eye lighted on one, "*Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass*" (Ps. xxxvii. 5). It just seemed to send a gleam of light into my soul. I brought the book to Edwin, and asked him to find the text that he thought suited me the best, and strange to say, he pointed out this very one. It was always in my mind after that, telling me to commit my way unto the Lord, and He would bring it to pass—about the finding of peace by believing.

One night, during the first watch (it was my "look-out" from ten to twelve), Edwin came on to the fore-castle-head to accompany me for a short time, and talk about what was dear to his heart. We were running under topgallant sails; the night was dark, and it was blowing hard. The watch began to take in sail, so Edwin had to leave. I just said I would give myself up to God; I thought if I put my case in His hands, and left it with Him, He would bring it to pass, and give me this "peace in believing." I knelt down on the fore-castle, by the rail, and cried to the Lord Jesus to save me. I just said, "Lord Jesus, I give myself up to Thee, just as I am, my soul, my body, sins and all, and bring Thou it to pass that I may believe." That was the first real prayer I uttered during all my life; and it went above the roar of the wind and tempest, right to the

throne of God. Such a happy hour that was ! Such a glorious light shone into my soul which I cannot describe. I saw it all in a moment ; I had not to wait, as I had thought, until some future time, but, as soon as I cast myself upon Christ, laden with sins as I was, I was enabled to believe on Him for salvation ; for He says, him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.

Being relieved at eight bells (midnight), I went down from off the look-out, a saved man. I went straight and told Edwin. His joy was great. What a happy time we had afterwards ! One day while showing me some letters he had received from home, one from his mother struck me very much, in which, writing to her son, she said, "Many times a day do I lift up my heart to the Lord to take care of you, and that He might make you the means of bringing one to Christ to be with you." I did not know then the mighty power of prayer, but many times since then have I thought it was an answer to this Christian mother's prayers for her son, far away at sea, that brought about my conversion.

I now began to yearn for home ; how I wished we would put into some port that I might write to my father and mother and tell them that I was saved. My wish was very near being realised, for in a gale near the Cape of Good Hope our ship began to leak very badly. After pumping all night, our soundings showed  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water in the hold. The captain thought of running for a port, but as the gale abated we gained on the water, and so kept our



way. I shall not forget that dreary night and morning, but I knew if we foundered in that gale *I was saved*; this hope cheered me through it all, and amid the cursing and oaths of my shipmates I could lift up my heart to Christ who gave me a quiet peace.

We eventually arrived in London, and after a short delay I reached my home in the North of Scotland. It was winter time. After supper we were all seated round the fire, and I told them then of this the most eventful voyage I ever made, and how I had found Christ, and of the joy and peace I now possessed through believing. I also read to them a tract, and, when done, I turned to my father and said, "Father, will you believe that" (meaning the story I read out of the tract)?

With a quivering voice he said, "Yes, my boy, I will."

I then turned to my mother and said, "Mother, will you believe it?" She could not speak much, but said through her tears, "Yes." They were not tears of sorrow, but I believe tears of repentance.

I did not speak to my brother just then, but when we went to rest I spoke to him about his soul, and how Christ was waiting for him, and of the joy in heaven over even one sinner coming to Jesus. Although he was older than I, and had a family of his own, I urged him to come to Christ at once, and told of the joy it would bring to his wife and peace to himself. He could not speak, but he just put his arm round my neck and cried. I believe Christ was

with us that night, and that salvation came to all in the house, as it did to the Philippian jailor in days of old.

I never knew what real joy was until I came to Christ. The people of the world think that the religion of Christ is a dull thing. That is just what my shipmates said, and they laughed at me because I did not join them in their amusements; but I had something better. Christians cannot join in with the world in its ways and be true to Christ. If the world only knew of the real lasting joy a Christian has, they would just come to Christ at once. Well, I knew for myself, for I had tried both sides; I served the devil faithfully, and the greatest enjoyment I ever got in the world left a gnawing at my heart. I'll praise God for all eternity that I did not receive the devil's wages, for "the wages of sin is death, but the *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And what can I say more? If anyone who has not this peace in believing reads this—perhaps a seaman, troubled and tempest-tossed and steeped in sin as I was—I would say to him, just cast yourself upon Christ's grace. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass."

"Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now."

"THERE'S SUMMAT IN IT."

---

**A**N old gentleman sat in his study one winter's afternoon with his well-worn Bible before him, but as the light failed he closed the book and, leaning back in his chair, indulged in a reverie that brought a gleam of reverent gladness over his face. He thought of the time when he had vainly sought satisfaction in a life "without God"; of the remarkable chain of circumstances that had taught him his mistake, and of the peace that came to him when the Saviour whom he sought had said unto his soul, "I am thy salvation."

The old man was enjoying, as we have said, a quiet meditation, from which he was disturbed by the entrance of his servant "Jones" bringing in a light.

"Well, Jones, is all ready for the meeting to-night?"

"No, sir. There's no oil for the lamps. What you ordered from town has never come."

"Then drive down to the village, and get what you want at Smith's."

Jones stood irresolute.

"What is it, Jones?"

"Sir, you remember what the old man said last time we went to his shop for oil?"

The old gentleman smiled. "Did not approve of these meetings—rather denounced them—was not that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jones; "he flew in a rage and

said he would refuse to send oil to help such doings ; he said he did not believe in either God or devil."

"Poor fellow ! He will learn better by and by ; we must pray for him. However, Jones, we must have some oil or candles. You just drive over and give my compliments to the old man, and say I particularly want a supply of oil for the meeting to-night, if he will kindly let me have it."

George Smith's store was in the middle of the village, and being the only shop in the place the old man did a thriving business, but he made no secret of his contempt and hatred for everything "religious."

By the time Jones arrived at the door the upper half was swung back on its hinges, and over the lower half the old man was to be seen peering out into the gloom.

He came forward as Jones drove up, and listened to the message, which Jones delivered with a quaking heart.

Smith paused a moment in his reply, and then spoke with great deliberation : "Ye mind t' answer I gied ye when ye cam' on that bisnuss afore, and I wonder that ye'd come agin, but yer psalm singers don't give in for a trifle I reckon. Anyhow, I hain't agoin' to give t' same answer this toime, and I'll tell yer why. I knows all the folks about here, most of them were born in t' village, and some of them's honest and some isn't. It's only a sprinklin' here, and there that manages to keep out of debt, and there are dozens in t' village that got into my books, and never cared about getting out again, until a

few weeks ago, first one came and cleared a few shillings off, and then another, and now they've squared it all off, and it's them as has been keenest about going to your master's meetings that have changed their manners so much, and I can put two and two together as well as most folks. And now let me know how much oil you want, your master shall have it, and at half price too, for if his religion teaches folks to be honest and pay their debts, there must be summat in it, and I means to attend t' meetin' to-night if I lives."

George Smith did live to attend the meeting, and from that night became an earnest follower of Him who says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

A. W. E.

---

## THE MONK'S PICTURE.

---

I WAS sitting by the fire when my eye fell on a little coloured picture on the mantel-shelf which had been the companion of my wanderings for twenty years. It was a quaint mediæval illustration of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness, copied from a valuable manuscript (Book of Prayers) in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

As I looked at the engraving before me, I began to suspect, for the first time, that there was a design in the arrangement of the figures, and that it was intended to convey some particular teaching. I took

it in my hand and studied it, when I observed that the cross or pole on which the serpent was elevated stood in the centre, dividing two sets of characters, and that there were serpents on one side and none on the other.

Behind the figure of Moses is a man standing with his arms crossed on his breast, looking at the brazen serpent. He had evidently obtained life and healing by a look. On the other side I saw that there were four kinds of persons represented who were *not* doing what this healed one did to obtain deliverance.

First, there is one who is kneeling in front of the cross, but he is looking towards *Moses*, and not at the serpent, and apparently confessing to him as if he were a priest.

Next, behind him is one lying on his back, as if he was perfectly safe, though he is evidently in the midst of danger, for a serpent may be seen at his ear, possibly whispering, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Still further back from the cross there is a man with a sad face doing a work of mercy, binding up the wounds of a fellow-sufferer, and little suspecting that he himself is involved in the same danger.

Behind them all, in the background, is a valiant man who is doing battle with the serpent, which may be seen rising against him in unabating persistency.

I observed that none of these men were looking at the serpent of brass, as they were commanded to do.

I cannot describe how excited and interested I

became, for I saw in this illustration a picture of my own life. Here was the way of salvation clearly set forth, and of our ways which are *not* the way of salvation, all of which I had tried, and found unavailing.

This was the silent but speaking testimony of some unknown denizen of a cloister who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the days of ignorance and superstition. But notwithstanding this darkness he was brought out into the marvellous light of the gospel, and has left this interesting record of his experience.

Like him, I also had fought with serpents, for I began in my own strength to combat with sin, and strove by my own resolutions to overcome. From this I went on to do good works, and works of mercy, in the vain hope of thus obtaining the same for myself.

Then I relied on the Church for salvation, as God's appointed ark of safety ; but not feeling secure, I took another step beyond, and sought forgiveness through the power of the priest. This I found was as ineffectual as all my previous efforts.

At last I was brought (by the Spirit of God), as a wounded and dying sinner, to look at the Crucified One. Then I found pardon and peace. Ever since it has been my joy and privilege (like Moses pointing to the serpent) to cry, " Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world " (John i. 29).

## THE CAPTAIN AND THE CABIN BOY.

**A**N ungodly sea captain lay dying in his cabin in mid-ocean. He shrank back in the presence of "the king of terrors," and the dread of eternity took fast hold upon him.

Captain Coutts sent for his first mate, and said, "Williams, get down on your knees and pray for a fellow. I have been very wicked, as you know, and I expect I shall go this time."

"I am not a praying man, you know, captain, and so I can't pray. I would if I could."

"Well, then, bring a Bible and read me a bit, for my rope is about run out."

"I have no Bible, captain. You know I am not a religious man."

"Then send Thomas, the second mate, perhaps he can pray a bit."

The second mate was soon in the presence of his dying captain, who said to him, "Thomas, I am afraid I am bound for eternity this trip; get down and pray for me. Ask God to have mercy on my poor soul."

"I'd gladly do it to oblige you, captain, if I could, but I have not prayed since I was a lad."

"Have you a Bible, then, to read to me?"

"No, captain, I have no Bible."

Alas for the dying sinner! How awful his condition. On the brink of eternity and without Christ.

They searched the ship over for a man who could



pray, but they searched in vain ; and for a Bible, but one could not be found until one of the sailors told the captain he had seen a book that looked like a Bible, in the hands of the cook's boy, a little fellow named Willie Platt.

"Send at once," said the captain, "and see if the boy has a Bible."

The sailor hurried off to the boy, and said to him, "Sonny, have you a Bible?"

"Yes, sir, but I only read it in my own time."

"Oh, that's all right, my lad, take the Bible and go to the captain's cabin. He is very sick, and thinks he is going to die."

Away went Willie Platt with his Bible to the captain's cabin.

"Have you a Bible, my boy?"

"Yes, captain."

"Then sit down and find something in it that will help me, for I am afraid I am going to die. Find something about God having mercy on a sinner like me, and read it."

Dear boy! There was one portion he and his mother dearly loved—the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and often had they read it together. Yes, he would read that one.

Willie turned to that blessed chapter which so fully sets forth the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in dying for poor sinners, such as John Coutts, and commenced to read. When he got to the fifth verse, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was

upon Him ; and by His stripes we are healed"—the captain, who was listening for his very life, realising that he was surely having his last chance, said, "Stop, my boy ! that sounds like it : read it again."

Once more the boy read over the blessed words : "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and by His stripes we are healed."

"Aye, my lad, that's good—that's sure."

These words from the captain encouraged the boy, and he said, "Captain, when reading that verse at home mother made me put my name in it. May I put it in now ?"

"Certainly, sonny, put your name in just where your mother told you, and read it again."

Reverently and slowly the boy read, "He—Jesus—was wounded for Willie Platt's transgressions, He was bruised for Willie Platt's iniquities : the chastisement of Willie Platt's peace was upon Him ; and by His stripes Willie Platt is healed."

When he had finished the captain was half way over the side of the bed, reaching toward the lad, and said, "My boy, put your captain's name in the verse, and read it again—John Coutts, John Coutts."

Then the lad slowly read the verse again : "He was wounded for John 'Coutts' transgressions, He was bruised for John Coutts' iniquities : the chastisement of John Coutts' peace was upon Him ; and by His stripes John Coutts is healed."

When the boy had finished the captain said, "That

will do, my lad, you can go now." Then the captain lay back on his pillow, and repeated over and over again those precious words of Isaiah liii. 5, putting in his own name each time, and as he did so the joy of heaven filled his soul. He was saved! Yes, praise the Lord, another poor sinner saved for whom Christ died.

The soul of Captain Coutts soon passed away. His body was rolled in canvas, placed upon a plank, and allowed to glide overboard into the water, to be seen no more until the sea gives up its dead.

Before John Coutts fell asleep in Jesus he had witnessed to every one on his vessel that the Christ of God—the man of Calvary—was wounded for HIS transgressions, bruised for HIS iniquities, and the chastisement that rightly HE deserved had fallen on his blessed Substitute, and by His stripes—the stripes that fell on the Lord Jesus—HE had been healed!

ANON.

## THEISM.

**O**NE of the greatest statesmen of the day, and a man as highly distinguished as he is truly honourable, is delivering, while I write this paper, a series of lectures on theism.

His object is doubtless the best.

What is theism? It is "a belief in God, with or without a revelation; as opposed to atheism."

Atheism is a system of philosophy which teaches

that there is no God, but which has comparatively few adherents. For to admit a God puts an end to all speculation on that subject, and deprives the clever mind of man from exercising itself on a field of immense interest.

Hence the other system—that which believes in the existence of God—is preferred. But the question arises: Can God be known apart from a revelation? It may safely be said that He cannot. Then, has He deigned to supply it?

He has, and that in two ways—first in creation, and secondly by His Word.

The former bears witness to His power and Godhead; for who can rightly view the testimony rendered by the deeply complex worlds around us, with their unerring motions through space, or their minute details of microscopic perfection, without, so far, owning a Creator's skill, design, and power? To do so is proof of true wisdom. If the vast sweep of the telescope fail to convince, surely the marvels of the microscope, as it dissects before the eye the beauties of the blade of grass, or of the butterfly's wing, should suffice.

Think of the exquisite machinery of the human frame. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are Thy works," said the Psalmist, as he considered that frame in its ten thousand adaptabilities and powers of mind and muscle, of temper, passion, love, hatred, joy, sorrow, and, last and greatest, the unspeakable privilege of being able to communicate with God Himself.

This highest dignity of all is conferred on no creature on earth but man! And yet we read that "the world by wisdom knew not God."

How is that? How comes it that God is hidden from human philosophy, and that He should place Himself out of its range?

Was it thus always? Did not God hold converse with man in his earliest moments, ere sin had entered? He did.

The estrangement and moral distance have therefore been caused by sin, so that now for sinful man to know God another revelation is necessary.

That revelation is the gospel, whereby "it pleased God by the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe."

This revelation may, alas, be rejected with the other. Creation and the Scriptures may both be disregarded and set at naught as witnesses, but each bears its own rich testimony, one to the power and the other to the love of God, and the latter in a way so marvellous that the believer not only admits the existence of God, as theism may justly claim, but he realises the love of God; and, wonderful fact, he loves Him in response. How absolutely, therefore, is the knowledge of God necessitated ere He can be loved.

"We love Him because He first loved us." And so the apostle could say, "I know whom I have believed."

Ponder these words—a man—a sinner—the chief of them, had received in the gospel such a revelation

of God, and that God a Saviour, that he could calmly and reverently say, "I know Him."

No stretch of theistic philosophy could do that for such a one !

The highest philosophy lies in the acceptance, by simple faith, of that precious gospel which tells not only of the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ, but which also enables the believer in Him to cry "Abba, Father," to that God who has been pleased to reveal all His heart in the gospel of His grace.

J. W. S.

---

## THE TURNING-POINT.

---

"And he arose and came to his father."—LUKE xv. 20.

**I**N this act there was *a measure of faith in his father*—a measure, I say, meaning thereby not much faith, but some. A little faith saves the soul. There was faith in *his father's power*. He said, "In my father's house there is bread enough and to spare." Dost thou not believe that God is able to save thee ; that through Jesus Christ He is able to supply thy soul's needs ? Canst thou not get as far as this : "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean" ?

The prodigal had also some faith in *his father's readiness to pardon* ; for if he had not so hoped, he would never have returned to his father at all ; if he had been sure that his father would never smile upon

him, he would never have returned to him. Do believe that God is merciful, for so He is.

Believe, through Jesus Christ, that He willeth not the death of the sinner, but the rather that he should turn to Him and live; for as surely as God liveth this is truth, and do not thou believe a lie concerning God. The Lord is not hard or harsh, but He rejoices to pardon great transgressions. Ah, dost thou not believe that God will have mercy on thee if He can do so consistently with His justice? If thou believest that, I have good news to tell thee.

Jesus Christ, His Son, has offered such an atonement that God can be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth (Rom. iii. 26). He has mercy upon the vilest, and justifieth the ungodly, and accepteth the very chief of sinners through His dear Son (1 Tim. i. 15). Oh, have faith in the atonement! The atonement made by the personal sacrifice of the Son of God must be infinitely precious. Believe thou that there is efficacy enough in it for thee? It is the only way in which thou canst honour Him. Thou canst honour Him by believing that He can save thee, even thee. The truest faith is that which believes in the mercy of God, in the teeth of conscious unworthiness. The penitent in the parable went to his father, too unworthy to be called his son, and yet he said, "My father." Faith has a way of seeing the blackness of sin and yet believing that God can make the soul as white as snow. It is not faith that says, "I am a little sinner, and therefore God can forgive me"; but that is faith which cries, "I am a great

sinner, an accursed and condemned sinner, and yet, for all that, God's infinite mercy can forgive me, and the blood of Christ can make me clean" (1 John i. 7).

Believe in the teeth of thy feelings and in spite of thy conscience. Believe in God, though everything within thee seems to say, "He cannot save thee; He will not save thee." Believe in God over the tops of mountain sins. Do as John Bunyan says he did. He was so afraid of his sins and of the punishment thereof, that he could not but run into God's arms, and he said, "Though He had held a drawn sword in His hands, I would have run on the very point of it rather than have kept away from Him." So do thou.

It is wonderful the power of faith over God. It binds His justice and constrains His grace. I do not know how to illustrate it better than by a little story. When I walked down my garden some time ago I found a dog amusing himself among the flowers. I knew that he was not a good gardener, and no dog of mine, so I threw a stick at him and bade him begone. After I had done so, he conquered me, and made me ashamed of having spoken roughly to him, for he picked up my stick, and, wagging his tail right pleasantly, he brought the stick to me and dropped it at my feet. Do you think I could strike him or drive him away after that? No, I patted him and called him good names. The dog had conquered the man. And if you, poor sinner, dog as you are, can have confidence enough in God to come to Him just as you are, it is not



in His heart to spurn you. There is an omnipotence in simple faith which will conquer even the divine Being Himself. Only trust Him, as He reveals Himself in Jesus, and you shall find salvation.

In the next place, *this act of coming into contact with God is performed by the sinner just as he is.* I do not know how wretched the prodigal's appearance may have been, but I will be bound to say he had grown none the sweeter by having fed swine, nor do I suppose his garments had been very sumptuously embroidered by gathering husks for them from the trees. Yet, just as he was, he came. Surely he might have spent an hour profitably in cleansing his flesh and his clothes. But no, he said, "I will arise," and no sooner said than done! he did arise, and he came to his father. Every moment that a sinner stops away from God, in order to get better, he is but adding to his sin, for the radical sin of all is his being away from God, and the longer he stays in it the more he sins. The attempt to perform good works apart from God is like the effort of a thief to set his stolen goods in order. His sole duty is to return them at once. A sinner is never so well arrayed for pleading as when he comes in rags. At his worst the sinner, for making an appeal to mercy, is at his best. And so there is no need for you to linger; come just as you are.

The last point of all is this: *That act wrought the greatest conceivable change in the man.* He was a new man after that. Harlots, winebibbers, you have lost your old companion now! He has gone to his

father, and his father's company and yours will never agree. A man's return to his God means his leaving the chambers of vice and the tables of riot. You may depend upon it, whenever you hear of a professing Christian living in uncleanness, he has not been living anywhere near his God. He may have talked a great deal about it, but God and unchastity never agree.

Now, too, the penitent has done with all degrading works to support himself. You will not find him feeding swine any more. He has got away from that bondage. No more pig-feeding for him: there is a change in him in all ways. Now he has come to his father, his pride is broken down. He no longer glories in that which he calls his own; all his glory is in his father's free pardoning love. He never boasts of what he has, for he owns that he has nothing but what his father gives him; and though he is far better off than ever he was in his spendthrift days, yet he is as unassuming as a little child.

He is a gentleman-commoner upon the bounty of his God, and lives from day to day by a royal grant from the table of the King of kings. Pride is gone, but content fills its room. He would have been contented to be one of the servants of the house, much more satisfied is he to be a child. He loves his father with a new love; he cannot even mention his name without saying: "And he forgave me, he forgave me freely, he forgave me all, and he said, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet.'"

Perhaps you are saying, "May I now go to God just as I am, and through Jesus Christ yield myself up; and will He forgive me?" Wherever you may be, *try it*. That is the best thing to do: *try it*; and if the angels do not set the bells in heaven ringing, God has altered from what He has been, for I know He received poor sinners in the past, and He will receive them now. *The worst thing I dread about you* is, lest you should say, "I will think of it." *Don't think of it. Do it.* Concerning this no more *thinking* is needed; but to *do it*. Get away to God.

Is it not according to nature that the creature should be at peace with its Creator? Is it not according to your conscience? Is there not something within you which cries, "Go to God in Christ Jesus"?

In the case of that poor prodigal, the famine said to him, "*Go home!*" Bread was dear, meat was scarce, he was hungry, and every pang of want said, "*Go home! Go home!*" When he went to his old master, the citizen, and he asked him for help, his scowling looks said, "Why don't you *go home?*" There is a time with sinners when even their old companions seem to say, "We do not want you. You are too miserable and melancholy. Why don't you *go home?*"

They sent him to feed swine, and the very hogs grunted, "*Go home!*" When he picked up those carob husks and tried to eat them, they crackled, "*Go home!*" He looked upon his rags, and they

gaped at him, "*Go home!*" His hungry belly and his faintness cried, "*Go home!*"

Then he thought of his father's face, and how kindly it had looked at him, and it seemed to say, "*Come home!*" He remembered the bread enough and to spare, and every morsel seemed to say, "*Come home!*" He pictured the servants sitting down to dinner and feasting to the full, and every one of them seemed to look right away over the wilderness to him and to say, "*Come home! Thy father feeds us well. Come home!*" Everything said, "*Come home!*"

Only the devil whispered, "Never go back! Fight it out! Better starve than yield! Die game!" But then he had got away from the devil this once, for he had come to himself, and he said: "No; I will arise and go to my father." Oh, that you would be equally wise! What is the use of being damned for the sake of a little pride? Yield, man! Down with your pride! You will not find it so hard to submit if you remember that mighty God who so loved us and gave for us His own dear Son. You will find it sweet to yield to such a Friend.

And when you get your head on His bosom, and feel His warm kisses on your cheek, you will soon feel that it is sweet to weep for sin—sweet to confess your wrong-doing, and sweeter still to hear Him say: "I have blotted out thy sins like a cloud, and like a thick cloud thy transgressions" (Isa. xlv. 22).

"BUT WHAT UP THERE?"

---

**A** FRIEND of mine in America was once staying with one of those rich western farmers who own immense tracts of country. He had started life as a poor boy, but by sheer hard toil and saving propensities he had fought his way through the world until now, advanced in years, he had built a large house on one of the finest sites on his estates, intending in quietness to enjoy the remainder of his days.

My friend was travelling through the State, and though a stranger, was kindly received and entertained by this rich man, who at once was eager to show him all the objects that were of the most interest to himself. He took him to the neighbouring city, and there pointed out the principal stores and warehouses. The largest places of business were his, indeed rows of houses and whole streets had been built by him.

On returning, they drove through miles of country, all the property of the same man, who was proud to tell him that he was the possessor of fifty thousand acres, upon which fed thousands of sheep and large herds of cattle.

On arriving at the house, they ascended the tower built for the purpose of surveying the surrounding country. On the top of this tower the farmer kept a telescope, by which means he could see what operations were going on at his various farms. He

bade my friend look through the telescope, telling him that, as far as his eye could reach, all was his.

"Well," said my friend, after speaking in admiration of all he had seen, "but what up there?"—pointing with his finger, as he spoke, to heaven.

"Why? How? What do you mean?" said the farmer. "I don't quite understand."

"You have been showing me what you possess down here, and certainly you have more of this world than most men. What have you in the world to come? You have been for years amassing all this wealth; which has cost you toil and time, and yet you know that you cannot take your houses, or your farms, or your flocks, or herds with you beyond the grave; and the day is fast drawing near when you will, whether you like it or not, be obliged to leave all this to others. Have you no inheritance in the great hereafter?"

My friend paused, and a long and uneasy silence ensued, which was at length broken by the farmer replying, with a grave shake of his head, "Well, I don't know; I can't say, for I never think much about that."

My friend then poured into his ear the blessed truths of redeeming love, looking to the Lord to rivet home the word in the power of the Holy Ghost.

This farmer, who was esteemed so rich in this world by all who were acquainted with him, was yet terribly *poor* as regards the next, for he knew nothing of that inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

How true it is that the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not! They are so attracted by the fancied value of the present, that they perceive not the eternal glory which is in Christ Jesus.

When Haman had gathered of this world all that the world could give him, so that he was second to none but the great king, he told his wife and neighbours of the glory of his riches, the multitude of his children, and the high honours and distinctions to which Ahasuerus had promoted him. The queen, too, had singled him out for favour above all the princes of Babylon.

"Yet," said this man of the world, "*all* this availeth me nothing." For at the palace gate sat a certain Jew, who, at the word of the Lord, refused to salute this enemy of God's people.

Such is a fair picture of the unsatisfying portion the world has to give its worshippers. But how different was the case of those two men, with their feet fast in the stocks, in the damp, dark dungeon at Philippi. Though their backs were still bleeding from the cruel lash that had mercilessly been laid upon them in the public market place, yet they sang songs of praise during the midnight hour.

But where was the secret of their joy? It certainly was not in the surrounding circumstances. No, but they had in *heaven* a Friend to cheer, who had promised them that which this world could not give, the earnest of which they had already received in their hearts.

So much as to the difference of the portion in this

life. Now, if you think of a deathbed scene, "What shall it profit a man," asks He who was greater than Solomon, "if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36). Solemn, solemn question! Reader, weigh it well. Are you going to *risk* your soul, and who but God knows if by thus risking it you should lose it? This is certain, if you lose it, you lose it *for ever*.

A betting man has staked his whole fortune on some "favourite," and in a few minutes the man of wealth is a bankrupt. However, through the kindness of friends, and what men call "good luck," he may perhaps in after years recover what he lost. But the man who risks his precious soul, and loses it, loses his all, and that without remedy.

If you will not have Christ now as your Saviour, but put Him from you, you may die without Christ. And as sure as you die without Christ you will stand in the judgment with no Christ as your friend, and then—then you will spend your eternity, for ever, for ever, and for ever without Christ. Oh! awful thought, but infinitely more awful reality.

I trust that the simple question, "What up there?" will ring in your conscience, until you can with joy answer in the words of one when dying, who, laying her hand on her Bible, said, "I have Christ *there*"; then, pointing up, "Christ *there*"; again laying her hand on her heart, with a sweet smile she passed away, saying, "and Christ *here*."

Reader, may God grant that *you* may know this treasure as the inheritance of your heart through time and in eternity!

H. W. T.



"ON THE ROCKS!"

---

"**A**S we passed Cape Verde," writes a friend, "we saw a big steamer on the rocks, close to the lighthouse, a warning to all who pass by!"

We know not the history of this disaster, whether she was there as the result of accident or neglect, but we venture to think such a sight thrilled the hearts of some of those who stood on board the s.s. "Armada" that day, and varied would be the thoughts that passed through the minds, as each beheld that derelict *on the rocks*, although *close to the lighthouse*.

Reader, has this story no voice for you? May be you have been warned many times as to the rocks that lie ahead, in the sinful course that multitudes are pursuing.

It may be you are one of these multitudes. The ocean of time is carrying your tiny barque swiftly onward, each moment bringing you nearer the rocks of *eternal destruction*.

May be you have often heard the Gospel story, and your soul is still unsaved. *You are yet in your sins*, and have *no hope* as to the great for ever, which you must soon enter.

The lighthouse of the Grace of God sheds its beams across your pathway once more, even as you read these lines—"for *God commendeth His love toward*

*us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).*

"God could not pass the sinner by,  
His sins demand that he must die,  
But in the Cross of Christ we see,  
How God can save, yet righteous be."

God purposed in His heart to bless man, before the world began, before ever sin had come in: "*Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world*" (Acts xv. 18). Then having pledged Himself to bless man, He laid help upon One that was mighty, His own blessed Son, and could say, "*Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom*" (Job xxxiii. 24).

Thus we see that He has not only *purposed* and *promised* the blessing, but He has *provided* the way by which it has been secured—"Christ Jesus who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 6).

Reader, have you bowed your knee in submission to that One? Has your soul felt its need? Has your tongue confessed His name?

If not, may God in His mercy, open your eyes, to see *the rocks of eternal ruin ahead* of you, and while it is *yet the day of God's grace*, may the language of your heart be—

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul.  
Guilty! lost! and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.  
There is none in heaven,  
Or on earth like Thee.  
Thou hast died for sinners,  
Therefore, Lord, for me."

A. E. C.

## DO YOU BELIEVE GOD?

**M**AY I be permitted to ask you a simple question, "Do *you* believe God?"

I do not ask 'if you believe in His existence, or if you believe about Him. Many believe these things with their head, but they go no further; there is no belief with the heart. They still prefer their own thoughts to God's thoughts, their own ways to God's ways. Are you one of such, dear reader?

When God's word declares that "There is none other name . . ." (referring to the Lord Jesus Christ) "whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12), would you rely on your own works and prayers as being good enough? Although God says "Not of works" (Eph. ii. 9), do you prefer to think that salvation is gained by works? In short, you do not believe God.

Oh! let me beseech of you, stop and *think* what you are doing. I would invite you to listen to the word of the living God, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar" (1 John v. 10). How solemn this is. You may be very upright, moral, kind, and so forth, but the consequences of believing or disbelieving God are momentous.

"*God . . . HATH spoken*" (Heb. i. 1, 2), but have you believed? Have I believed?

I will turn you to a few passages in order to draw your attention to what happened when people did believe God.

First of all, however, notice the awful consequences

of *not* believing God, as recorded in the early chapters of Genesis.

To Adam, in chapter ii. ver. 17, God said, "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof *thou shalt surely die.*" In chapter iii. ver. 4, the serpent said, "Thou shalt not surely die." Those to whom these words were spoken disbelieved God, believed the serpent, and brought sin into this world, with all the consequent sorrow and misery that we see around us to-day. Truly then, "The wages of sin is death." God spoke plainly, as, indeed, He ever does, yet to-day it is *still* true that *some* believe and *some* believe not. Which class are you in? In one or the other you must be.

I repeat, the consequences are tremendous. Your happiness, your health, your riches, your pleasures, do not *altogether* depend on the fact of your believing God or not, but your *eternal destiny* depends on it. I do not deny that there are the "pleasures of sin," *but* they are only "for a season" (Heb. xi. 25). I do not deny there are the riches of this world, *but* they are "uncertain" (1 Tim. vi. 17).

*Abraham believed God.* In the fifteenth chapter of Genesis you will see the wonderful promise God made to Abraham. Did he argue on the question? No; we are told that "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 3). How simple that was. Abraham may not have understood it, but he says, "Well, I will believe God," and God counted him righteous.

Look, dear reader, you who are weary and tired of all the theories of this world that are in vogue at the present day, turn away from them *and believe God*. Listen to the Holy Spirit's comment on this Old Testament incident. "Now it was not written for his sake alone that it (righteousness) was imputed to him; BUT FOR US ALSO, *to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead*. Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 23-25).

It surely needs no further comment. The inspired record stands out so clearly in all its sublime grandeur, that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Do you not see what that means? Although we have descended from fallen parents, and have nothing to lay claim to but our sin, God in His wonderful, matchless love offers to put away your sin and impute righteousness to you, because of the value of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. "*He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.*"

"Do you at heart believe it?  
Do you believe it's true,  
And meant for every SINNER,  
And therefore meant for YOU?"

*The people of Nineveh believed God.* Picture a whole city believing God! Would to God that men in this day would turn from their evil way and believe God. Alas! with all their privileges, the people of England are fast turning their backs on

God ; nevertheless, there are some who believe God, and it is in order that you may be among the number that I pen these lines.

When the Lord Jesus was on this earth He had to say, "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).

If you believe not God and His message you will have an army of more than 120,000 infants, who could not so much as discern between their right hand and their left, witnessing against you at one time (see Jonah iv. 11).

In your Sunday school days, when you used to read verses out of God's word with reverence and respect, did you not often read that wonderful verse, "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" ? Yes, "God hath in these last days spoken unto us *by His Son.*" He said, "He that believeth on Me, believeth not on Me, but on Him that sent Me" (John xii. 44).

Reader, I ask you, could God do more than He has done ? "Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God ?" Oh ! believe Him now. Not only shall you have righteousness put to your account, you shall be saved from the wrath to come. "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).

A few words for you, dear Christian reader, and I have done.

Paul could say, "*I believe God.*" I have often pictured to myself this veteran saint of God on his journey to Rome. Although he was a prisoner on shipboard, he was God's servant, and so warned the people against the results of pursuing the course they wished to take. The servant of God and his message are ignored, but when everyone seems to be at a loss to know what to do, see, after long abstinence, a man steps forth in the midst of them all, and after reproving them, he says, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; **FOR I BELIEVE GOD**" (Acts. xxvii. 25).

He stakes his all on that. The ship may roll, lurch, every man on board despair, but faith says **I BELIEVE GOD**. Whatever happens, still believe God, "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

When everything is against you can you still say "I believe God, *that it shall be even as it was told me*"? (Acts. xxvii. 25). Remember, "He is faithful that promised."

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned; *BUT he that believeth not is condemned already, BECAUSE he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God*" (John iii. 18).

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh" (Heb. ii. 25).

## "ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"

---

**T**WO ladies, who had met casually on the sands of a little seaside place, were sitting near each other one morning. The conversation had gradually turned to the all-important subject of their souls' salvation, and had led up to Mrs X—— saying to the other lady, "And are *you* a Christian?"

"Well, I HOPE I am," said Mrs Z—— doubtfully, "but I don't feel as I should like to feel."

"But we are *saved* or *unsaved*, either in Christ or not in Christ. There is no middle place."

"Well, I have always been fond of going to church from the time I was a child. I am never so happy as I am when I am there."

"But *have you ever come, as a lost sinner, to Christ?*"

Probably Mrs Z—— had never before been faced with this momentous question, and evidently she did not see the absolute necessity of it for herself.

She was religious, but religion, without the personal knowledge of Christ as Saviour, is Satan's most blinding, and alas! most successful, delusion!

Not knowing that the atoning death of Christ is the *only* ground of the sinner's acceptance before God, Mrs Z—— was vainly hoping to fit herself for heaven by her religious observances and good life. Her only anxious misgiving was, whether her goodness would come up to the standard of God's requirements.



She parried the question, "But have you ever come, as a lost sinner, to Christ?" by saying, as most other religious people would, "I do believe that Christ died for me, but still I should not like to say I am saved."

"I know I do not come behind in moral things," continued Mrs Z——, "but I think a person must be *very, VERY* good, before being able to say, I am *saved*!"

"But our *goodness* has nothing whatever to do with it. Christ died for us because we were so *bad*, not because we were so good," replied Mrs X——.

"But we *must* do *our* part by leading a good life," still persisted Mrs Z——.

"We must lead a good life because we *are* saved, but not to gain salvation. Fruit on a tree does not *make* the tree alive, but shows that it *is* alive."

"Where, then, does 'our part' come in?" someone may ask.

"Our part" is to take, to *appropriate for ourselves* the full, free forgiveness which God, *in virtue of Christ's atoning death and blood-shedding on the sinners' behalf*, offers to every one who in repentance turns to Him.

"We read in God's Word," said Mrs X——, "that 'by grace (the *free* favour of God) are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God—not of works, lest any man should boast.' (Eph. ii. 8-9). Now, if I could save myself by any goodness of mine, I should be able to boast, but God cuts that ground from under my feet, and my only claim, to,

what Christ has done is, that I am a *lost sinner* !”

“I am beginning to see it all in such a different light,” said Mrs Z—— thoughtfully.

“The entrance of Thy Word giveth light,” and this light was finding an entrance into Mrs Z——’s heart, showing her that her own efforts, prayers, and good works availed nothing, but that her soul’s salvation was the fruit of the work of Christ alone.

“He took the guilty culprit’s place,  
And suffered in his stead.”

The seaside holiday was nearly over, and there was only opportunity for one more short talk on the subject—that subject on which hung such tremendous issues for eternity.

“I have thought of nothing else,” were Mrs Z——’s last words. “My husband and I have been reading the tracts all the afternoon, and he seems to be stirred up about it himself. I have told him that I shall never rest till it is settled.”

A few weeks after, Mrs Z—— had a visit from her new friend, who rejoiced to find that both husband and wife were now trusting in Christ as their Saviour.

“I *know* I am saved,” said Mrs Z——, “but it is only by what Christ has done for me. I see it all in such a different light. Before I thought I had *my* part to do, and I was never able to come up to what I thought I had to do.”

My reader, do you see the vital difference between man’s religion and God’s salvation? One leading

down the "broad way" to endless sorrow, the other the entrance to the "narrow way," which leads to endless happiness.

If by God's grace we are on this "narrow way," may we seek to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work" (Col. i. 10).

**F. A.**

---

**"THE BLOOD OF CHRIST ALONE."**

---

**I**T was close on midnight, and eight long miles across country lay before him ere he could reach his home.

He had just been converted to God, and was in the joy and power of "first love"—a love he longed to make known to others. He had gone, at the end of a day's work on the farm, to tell his aged father and mother of that which filled his own heart with gratitude and gladness. He rightly felt that, of all his friends, he should communicate to them the good news of his salvation.

They listened to his story with varied feelings. It seemed to them incredible that anyone, even a son of their own, could quietly and thankfully speak of a peace with God and an assurance of an eternity in glory, to which they were themselves strangers.

Religious they had been; they had attended their place of worship; had lived a life outwardly respectable, and had nightly read their Bible ere retiring to rest. But that was all; nor had even this given

them the knowledge of the salvation which their son possessed.

The visit over, he said to them: "I must go to my home now, but, before I do so, I must say that neither of you is saved."

"But," replied his mother, "we have read the Bible every night of our lives, and you tell us we are not saved."

"No, mother," replied the son; "unless you trust the blood of Christ alone you are not on the road to heaven." These solemn words he uttered with all the emphasis they demand. They had the immediate effect of staggering both the father and mother. They came as a revelation to them; and, in a moment, shook the foundation on which they had been resting, with undisturbed complacency, all these years, and swept it, their only hope, away.

The midnight hour had come; their son had gone, but his words remained. Oh! it was a strange midnight to the old couple. Never had they had a similar experience. The first feeling was one of anger. To have their fondest hopes blighted at a blow, and to find that, just possibly, they were wrong, was, and always is, a most unsettling experience.

Still, how infinitely preferable to learn your mistake in time when it may be rectified, than in hell where it cannot. The wrong road may be abandoned to-day for the right one, and mere religion, with forms and nothing more, changed for Christ and salvation. Happy change! The feeling of anger gave place to conviction, and, that, to conversion.

"I'll not rest," said the mother, "till I find rest in Jesus." Nor had she long to wait. He who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), made her welcome, so that she found in Him that which her good, upright, religious life had not given her, and never could do.

Yes, the anger of opposition passed away under the power of saving grace, so that when, shortly after, her son traversed the eight miles again to visit his parents, he had the ineffable joy of finding not only his mother, but his father too, in the divinely given enjoyment of "peace with God," and the consequent assurance of eternal glory.

Long ere now they have reached their journey's end, to be "for ever with the Lord." "*The blood of Christ alone*," that was the plain, positive assertion of the young Christian. He was right. God placed His seal upon it in the salvation of each of the parents. All glory to Him! "*The blood of Christ alone*," apart from all personal merit whatever, is the only foundation on which the guilty soul can rest. All other is sand.

And this blessed truth pervades the Bible from cover to cover, even though the blinded eye fail to see it.

Hence the anthem of the redeemed: "Unto Him that loves us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

J. W. S.

## GOD'S EYE IS UPON YOU.

A CHRISTLESS minister of religion in America once wrote to a celebrated actor, saying he would like to see him perform in a certain play, if there was a side door in the theatre through which he could pass without being seen.

The actor's reply was a remarkable one. "Sir," he wrote, "there is no door into my theatre through which God cannot see."

*You cannot hide YOUR sins.* There is no sepulchre of oblivion in which YOU can hide them. You cannot bury them.

They are like the corpse in the weird story told us by the poet. The murderer cast it into a dark and flowing river, "but the faithless stream ran dry," and left the ghastly thing exposed to the light of day.

Again, in the shade of the forest, he sought to hide it beneath autumn leaves, but the earth refused to keep its secret, for one blast swept o'er the spot, and bared the corpse again.

So, sinner, you will find there is no place where your hand can hide your sins. In God's book they are recorded. His eye has been upon you throughout guilty years gone by. No secret has escaped His notice.

J. T. M.

## CONVICTED, CLEANSED, AND CONSECRATED.

*(An Address on Isaiah vi.)*

---

**I**N this chapter is described a very remarkable moment in the life of the prophet Isaiah. Three things come out—deep conviction of sin; cleansing from iniquity; and consecration consequent thereon.

CONVICTED, CLEANSED, AND CONSECRATED are the points of the chapter. Conviction must take place in the history of every human soul if there is to be blessing from God.

### I. Convicted.

Now Isaiah tells us the time when this remarkable experience took place. I do not say that it is necessary that everybody must be able to fix the date of their conversion. Isaiah could tell of the moment when he got blessing from God, when he got the sense of relief that the action of the seraphim brought him, and also when he made a downright surrender to God.

He tells us it was “in the year that King Uzziah died” (ver. 1). This Uzziah was a remarkable man. He was a king, but he wanted to be a priest. For his sacrilegious folly God smote him, and he became a leper to the day of his death.

Now what took place in Isaiah’s history is what takes place in the history of a soul that simply hears what God has to say, and believes His word. We

are, everyone of us, by nature, spiritual lepers ; but it is wonderful, if you are a believer, God makes you a priest, and you are going to be a king. We read, "*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and to His Father ; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen*" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

The believer ought to take up the priestly place now, bring worship to God, and act like a royal priest, that is, carry the love and grace of God to all around. Now the gospel brings you into the happy enjoyment of all that God is, and the heart is led out in worship and thanksgiving. That is Godward. Then, as Peter puts it, "Ye . . . are a royal priesthood . . . that ye should show forth the praises of Him who has called you out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Pet. ii. 9). That is the position of a Christian down here, and it is a total contrast to what took place with Uzziah. Instead of being outside, as Uzziah was, or continuing to own you are unclean, and undone, as Isaiah does here, the believer is brought inside, cleansed, and gets the place of a worshipper on the one hand, and a worker on the other. He is free to devote himself to the Lord and His interests.

It is more than fifty-three years since the light of the gospel shone into my poor, sinful heart, saved me, and made me a happy man. I may say that the devil gave me a big tossing for about a fortnight, but from that day to this I have never had a shadow of a doubt, because I learned that Christ had done it



all. Lots of people think that they have got a little to do, but the work that saves me is all *done*.

Let us see the way Isaiah got blessing. In the year that King Uzziah died, somehow or other he became suddenly conscious of God's presence. He said, "*I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple.*" He got into God's presence. Have you ever, in your soul's history, felt something like this? What did you find when you got there? That you were not fit for it. The nearer you got to the Lord, the more you felt you were unfit.

Isaiah was, I do not doubt, a religious man. There are tens of thousands of people as religious as you can make them, but they have never gone through this experience. They have never got before God with the real acknowledgment of what they are as sinners.

On this interesting occasion, the prophet finds himself in the light of God's presence, and he is broken down. We read, "Above the throne stood the seraphims; each one had six wings. With twain he covered his face." What did that mean? Those holy beings, who were the executors of God's judgment, unfold His nature and character, *i.e.*, that He is holy. He cannot gloss sin over.

Here these seraphs, these holy creatures, felt they even were not fit for God's presence.

If the Lord "charge His angels with folly" (Job. iv. 18), and "the heavens are not clean in His sight" (Job. xv. 15), how then can a poor defiled sinner like you or I stand before Him? That is a question

which none can answer, except they learn the truth that is brought out here in connection with the altar. There is a most striking contrast between the throne and the altar. The throne is expressive of the majesty of God, and that in the incorruptible nature of His being He cannot tolerate sin. If you have thought nothing about your sin, God has thought a great deal about it. Let me tell you this, sin gave Christ hours of agony upon the cross, and unless you learn the value of His atoning sacrifice it will mean for you a hopeless eternity in the depths of hell, where you will have plenty of time for remorse. The remembrance that then will torture you is that you might have been saved many a time, but missed the blessing through procrastination.

We read of a great white throne in Revelation xx., but there the throne and the lake of fire are seen in juxtaposition; here the throne and the altar are found together. The claims of the throne, which convicted Isaiah of his sin, have been met. The altar taught him a wonderful lesson, and what was it? That he could not only stand before the throne peacefully, but that he could even enter into the service of the One who sat upon that throne. An uncleansed sinner can do nothing but sin. A cleansed sinner becomes a saint and a servant.

We further read of the seraph that with two of his wings "he covered his feet." What does that action signify? If a sinless seraph covered his feet, do you think *your* walk will do for God, my unsaved reader? Dare *you* dream of heaven? You cannot

enter heaven as you are. Why? Because you are unwashed, uncleansed, unpardoned, unsaved.

Nevertheless, God wants your company in heaven for ever, and you may go there, in virtue of what His Blessed Son has done. But you will not care for the gospel until the holy light of the throne irradiates the dark recesses of your heart. If I could write just twenty lines of what has been in your heart and life, I know you would not stand the exposure.

Hear what one seraph cries to another, as he flew at the bidding of the throne, "*Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts.*" Holy! That is what you know you are not. It is the devil who says, "Well, you are not what you ought to be, but you can try to be better." I have actually heard people say, "I am doing my *best.*" What a lie! You tell me you are doing your *best*, when God says, "*There is none that doeth GOOD.*" It is time all your ideas regarding yourself were absolutely revolutionised. Then you will give up all hope of doing better, and you will say, "I am so bad I cannot be improved," and that is the moment when Christ will save you.

You know there are lots of people to-day struggling and striving to be a little bit better. Do you think you could be in heaven in your sins? Impossible! If God sent an angel to transport you into heavenly glory, what do you think you would say? "Thank God I am in heaven"? Certainly not. I am certain you would say, "How can I get out?" You would have such a sense of being unfit for the presence of the Lord.

The night I was converted I got such a sense of my own unfitness that if the Lord had taken me up and cast me headlong into hell, I should have said, "Lord, it is quite right. I deserve it." Blessed be His name, instead of dealing with me that night as I deserved, He dealt with me in the grace of His own heart, on the ground that Christ had endured what I deserved. On the ground of the work that He had accomplished for the glory of God, and for the blessing of everyone who believes in Him, He saved me.

Well, it was in the moment when Isaiah touched the bottom, in real repentance, that he got the blessing. These words, "*Holy, holy, holy,*" went through him. He was a convicted sinner. Holy you are not. Well, then, you say, "How can I get to heaven?" Not through your works, not through your reformation, not through turning over a new leaf. That much is certain. If you turn over a new leaf, from this moment, it is still the old book. What about the old blots?

We read here, "*The posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried.*" Alas! the gospel is oft-times preached, and people are *unmoved*. When the testimony as to the holy nature of God was proclaimed in Isaiah vi., the very posts of the door moved. What does that mean? Creation was affected. When Christ died on the cross creation was moved. The sun veiled its face, and when Jesus died the rocks were rent and the graves were opened, creation bearing testimony that something wonderful had taken place.

Alas! *you* have never been moved. *You* have never been brought to your knees before God as a ruined, undone sinner. Have you not heard the gospel a thousand times, and what effect has it had upon you? None whatever. May you be impressed as you read this.

Now, first of all, Isaiah was convicted. When the doorposts were moved, something else was moved. Here is a man moved. Here is a self-judged sinner moved intensely. When the Holy Ghost works sinners are always moved. Alas! you may go on unmoved till you pass off this earth, but by and by you will rise again, and you will stand before the throne of God, when there is no atoning sacrifice to meet your need. You will be mightily moved then. You cannot face the throne of God in all its holiness. Do not forget that the One who will fill the throne of God then is the blessed One who now fills the throne of God, and who was once nailed to Calvary's tree as the Saviour of sinners. He alone can save you. Oh! that you knew the love of Jesus. It would transform you entirely. When the love of Christ gets into a sinner's heart, and he has the deep sense, as the apostle says, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me," the good-for-nothing and sin-defiled man becomes absolutely changed. What a transformation takes place!

First of all, see how Isaiah is moved. He says, "*Woe is ME!*" To-day moralists can easily talk about other people's sins, and pronounce "woe" on them. But this is a very different matter. Did you ever

read Isaiah v. ? You will find that there the prophet says in effect, "Woe to the money-lover ; woe to the pleasure-lover ; woe to the sin-lover ; woe to the lie-lover ; woe to the drink-lover." He brings up six different classes of sinners, and pronounces woe upon each class, but in chapter vi. it is quite a different thing. There he says, "*Woe is ME.*" The light of God had pierced him through and through. He had got a revelation of the profundity of the moral evil that was in his own heart.

It is a wonderful moment when a sinner is brought to this, "*Woe is ME.*" This is self-judgment. You see what you are, and you condemn yourself.

"Woe is me!" said the prophet. Why? Because he has to add, "I am undone." What is that? "I am lost." Did you ever find out you were lost? May God teach you that you are "undone." You may even have been a preacher, but I ask you, my friend, have you ever gone through, in your soul's history, an experience like this, "*Woe is me, for I am undone*; because I am a man of unclean lips"? (ver. 5). Why was he a man of unclean lips? Because he was a man of an unclean heart. You can tell by the conversation of people where their hearts are. They may be hypocritical, but as a rule the truth always comes out. The lips as a rule tell the tale of where the heart is. Where is your heart? Is it Christ's yet? If it is, then go on confessing Christ. Isaiah said, "*I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips.*" What does that mean? We are all alike. Do you think God can have what is unclean in His

presence? No. Thank God for the Scripture, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL sin*" (1 John i. 7).

Next we learn that the prophet's eyes are opened. He says, "*Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.*" There is a certain character that befits the scene where God is. If He be holy, He must have those that are holy before Him. What a wonderful thing, dear fellow-Christian, to hear Scripture say, "*According as He has chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love*" (Eph. i. 4). Well now, that blessed Saviour, who sits on the throne of God to-day, crowned with glory and honour, once hung upon the tree for unholy sinners like you and me. God has chosen the believer in Christ. What is the holiness of a Christian? Christ. What is the title for glory of a Christian? Christ. What is the life of a Christian? Christ. And the righteousness of a Christian? Christ. Everything is in Christ.

The objective side of the truth is what I get in Christ. The subjective is what the Holy Ghost works into my heart. God has found all that He wants in Christ, and I have found all that I want in Christ—Hallelujah! I have found a Saviour. I have found One who has pardoned and blessed me; He has also kept and carried me, and He will not put me down until He has got me in glory in His own likeness. That is my Saviour. What a Saviour Jesus is! Is He your Saviour yet? W. T. P. W.

(To be continued.)

## "I CAN SLEEP IN PEACE NOW."

---

**M**ONTHS of misery had preceded his conversion. Nights of sleepless tossings to and fro on his bed. He realised that he was a sinner with no hope for eternity. To use his own words before conversion, "*I know* that if I die to-night, I shall get what I deserve—hell."

Ah! no wonder he couldn't sleep. Perhaps my unsaved reader will say,—“Oh, I sleep well enough.” Yes, reader, you do! You sleep soundly *day* and night. Take care, or it may prove a fatal sleep. Wake up! Wake up!! Every moment takes you nearer hell. Every moment is hastening the closing of mercy's door.

*“There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is Mercy's day.”*

This young man awoke in a Gospel meeting one evening. Sleep was banished until he reached what he felt was “the parting of the ways.” He had to decide for or against Christ.

All praise to the name of the Lord Jesus, his decision was for Christ. On his knees he told the Lord Jesus that though he didn't understand, he was going to trust Him. He can sleep in peace now.

Won't *you* trust the Lord Jesus, reader? He'll give you rest and peace, and you will give Him joy.



## HOMEWARD BOUND; OR, THE HEART WON.

---

**F**AR away on the trackless ocean, many, many miles from sight of land, a ship is on her homeward passage from Australia; she is the bearer of many a home-sick, weary one, but none so anxious for a sight of home as Jessie for the hills of Fife.

Years ago the iron hand of poverty had forced her family to sell their dearly loved little farm, and leave their native land in search of employment over the sea. With breaking hearts they bade adieu to all that was dear to them, and after many years of hard toil they are now homeward bound, having repurchased their little farm in Fife.

Far up in the bush they laid the body of the valued wife and mother of the family in the cold ground, and Jessie had early to take upon her the care and toil of her father's young family. She had left Scotland a blooming girl in her teens; now she is returning, worn from the roughing life in the bush; a fatal disease, too, having laid its relentless grasp upon her still youthful form.

But Jessie heeded little the racking cough that gave her weary days and sleepless nights, and often she would smile, and say, "I shall be well when I get hame, and see the hills o' Fife again." Her father's strong arms carried her daily on deck, where she lay watching the waves that bore her onward

towards the desired haven ; and when the roughness of the weather or her own weakness made it impossible for her to be on deck, she would watch with an intense yearning for the first sight of land, and at times she fancied she could see the outlines of the hills of Fife from her cabin window. As days passed on the sick one got more weary and faint, and her father saw with sorrow that she must be taken to a hospital as soon as they got to land. It was hard to convince Jessie that this was necessary ; the deceitful nature of her disease giving her fitful gleams of strength and a little relief from her cough, blinding her eyes to the fact that she was so very ill ; and when at length she did reach Edinburgh, she could scarcely be persuaded that, for a time at least, she was unfit to continue her journey.

In great grief her friends left her in a ward of the infirmary, while they pursued their journey without her.

I was in the habit of visiting the infirmary, and there I first saw Jessie, the very day she was left there by her friends. I had just entered the ward, and had been greeted by kindly smiles and welcome looks of recognition from some of the suffering ones, when my eye rested upon one who, though a stranger, at once awakened my deepest sympathy. She was sitting up in bed ; her face, which was intelligent and pretty, glowed with the excitement almost of despair, as she rocked herself to and fro, from time to time, and then threw herself, exhausted, on the pillow, in a paroxysm of weeping.

After a word or two with some of my old friends, I quickly crossed the ward to where she lay, and, after a little tender soothing, she told me, through her tears, the story just related, every now and then clasping my hand in almost childish weakness, and saying, "Oh! you'll get them to take me hame; I must see the hills o' Fife again." With a promise that I would speak to the nurse about her, and see what could be done, I left her a little comforted.

As I went out I called the nurse aside and asked her what the docters thought of Jessie's case. "Oh!" she said, "both lungs gone, and no hope of recovery; and my own thought is she will never be off that bed." A strong desire filled me to return to that sad, lone, sick one, and tell her of Christ. I had listened to her tale of sorrow, and seemed unable to do anything but sympathise, and I had failed to tell her of the only One who could satisfy her weary heart. I remembered I had some grapes with me which I had brought for another patient, so I went back to her, and put them on her pillow, saying as I did so, "Jessie, do you know that Jesus loves you?"

"No! for if He did, He would have taken me hame to Fife, and not left me among strangers."

"Did anyone ever speak to you about Christ in Fife?"

"No!"

"Did anyone in Australia ever speak to you about Christ?"

"No!"

"Well, Jessie, perhaps God sent you to this hospital to hear about His beloved Son, who loved you so much that He died for you, and He wishes you to be with Him for ever, in a land far more beautiful than the land of Fife."

She shook her head as if incredulous, and said, "You never saw my hame."

"No, Jessie, I have not, nor have I yet seen the home that God has prepared for those that love Him; but I have read about it, and I know it is more beautiful than any home on earth. Here you would, if spared a little, have many a weary, suffering day, Jessie, but there 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away'" (Rev. xxi. 4).

Visiting hours were over, and having told her of Him who could save her, and make her happy for ever, I left with her a little Testament, in which I had marked for her some passages, and came away.

It was several days till I could again visit the hospital. I went, in prayer that the Lord would give me the right word to meet Jessie's case. I found her in much the same state as before. Her father had been seeing her, and she had again passed through the disappointment of being left behind. I felt it was best to try and interest her with something outside her own sorrowful circum-

stances, so I spoke to her, as I would to a child, of Jesus, of whom she seemed quite ignorant.

Soon she was melted by the tale of what He had suffered for her, and through her tears said softly, "I never heard of such love. I thought there was no one could love me like Jamie," she added, pointing to a little ring on her finger. "He gave me that when I left Scotland, and he has waited for me all these years, and he came in to-day to see me; but I never heard of love like Christ's; it is more than any earthly love—far more."

I rested my head upon my hand, and let my tears have their own way, while I silently thanked God that the exceeding beauty of Christ had won this weary, sorrowful heart. I had felt powerless to help her, but God had given her soul to grasp at once the most blessed of all gospels, for it was the Person of the One who had died for her that had captivated her heart.

As I was leaving the ward she called me, and said, "Will you write home and tell them I've got One now who is more to me than the hills o' Fife—or Jamie," she whispered, as the colour mounted to her cheeks, "though he knows I love him well?" Then, after a moment's thought, she said, "No, the Lord will give me strength to write myself, for none of them know Christ."

It was a week till I saw Jessie again; a great change had passed over her face, it was calm and sweet, but the lines of death were on it, and her voice was feeble. She seemed not as usual to

notice me as I entered the ward, and I had to lean over her and whisper, "Jessie, dear, you're very weak to-day."

"Yes," she said, smiling, "I'll soon be home—not to Fife," she added quickly, as if fearing I might misunderstand her, "but to see His face. Oh, tell me more about Him!"

We had a blessed hour together. I shall never forget it; we feasted upon our meditation of Him who is "Altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand." I felt we should never meet again, for I was to leave Edinburgh for a time. I almost feared to tell her, for she seemed to cling to me, but she answered, "He is enough; He saved, and then He satisfied."

She seemed exhausted, so I left her for a few moments to speak to a suffering one at the other end of the ward. As I was going out at the door I turned round to take a last look at Jessie. I saw she was asleep, her sweet face like a piece of chiselled marble, a smile upon her parted lips—she was "Homeward Bound!" I involuntarily went to her bed, and gently pressed a last kiss upon her pale forehead.

A few days after I left home I got a message from a sister in the Lord to say, "Jessie has gone home full of joy!"

Reader, do you know anything of the Christ who first saved and then satisfied Jessie? Has He saved you? or is your heart bound up with some earthly love, or in some cherished home, to the exclusion of Christ? The earthly friend may dis-

appoint, and the earthly home pass away from your hands, and "What then?" You are left desolate, for you have no Christ. As one said, "Give me Christ and I have everything, but give me everything without Him, and I have nothing." There is nothing real, or lasting, or abiding but Christ. Oh! if you have Him not, come to Him as a lost sinner; come to Him now! But perhaps you may say, "Christ has saved me, but He has not satisfied me." Ah! I see you have not got Jessie's Christ, for He first saved and then He satisfied, and why is this?

Do you know anything of earthly love? A love that is satisfied with its object, and seeks nothing outside that object for its happiness. To be in the presence of the loved one, to hear the voice of the loved one, to watch for the smile of that loved one, to be silent in the overpowering joy of that love. Ah! what you want is to have your heart captivated by Christ, to be so overcome by His exceeding beauty, like the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon, "There was no more spirit in her" (1 Kings x. 5); like Jessie, to say, "I never heard of such love." Rest not, dear soul, in saying, "I am saved, and know it," for the Christ who saves can satisfy, and will satisfy if you give Him your undivided heart's affection. You cannot have Christ in the one hand and the world in the other. If you must have the world, you must have it without Christ. He can have no place in your ball-rooms, your operas, your concerts! You must go there without Him.

One said to me lately, "I know I am saved, but

I can enjoy these things too." "Can you?" I answered, "then Christ could not; and you must be very unlike Him. Nor are you satisfied with Him, for Christ does satisfy me without such things." Oh! if you knew for one hour what it was to have your heart filled and satisfied with Christ, you would not be seeking satisfaction from the amusements of a world that has crucified Him. "The end of these things is death" (Rom. vi. 21). "Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Matt. vi. 24). K.

---

## GOD SPEAKETH. GOD COMMANDETH.

"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not."—JOB xxxiii. 14.

"God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."—ACTS xvii. 30.

---

SOME time ago there were brought to men's minds thoughts which never would have arisen unless there had been something to create these thoughts. I refer to the chapter of accidents we heard of, and the number of souls hurled into eternity without a moment's warning and with no possible chance of escape.

"*Life at best is very brief.*" "Be in time." The first incident is the burning at sea of the emigrant ship "Vultarno"; then the colliery disaster at Senghenydd, Wales; the railway accident at Liverpool; and lastly, the airship catastrophe in Germany.

God has spoken once, yea twice—once on the sea,



once on the land, once beneath the land, and once above the land, proving that the "eyes of the Lord are in every place," and the voice of God is to all men and women everywhere.

Supposing you, my dear unconverted reader, had been in any of these accidents. How would it have fared with your soul? Would it have hurled you into the presence of God, into the company of the Lord Jesus, into one of the many mansions? or would it have hurled you into the "lake of fire"? into "hell fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched"? into "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord"?

In one or other of these two spheres your eternity **MUST** be spent. Where will you spend it? Oh! hasten, friend, the day of grace will soon be past. Decide now, for the cold clammy hand of Death may claim you as its next victim.

Remember, God has issued a commandment, and that to repent.

The blessed Lord Himself said, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." What is repentance? My dictionary says, "Deep sorrow for sin." The Scriptures teach me it is "taking sides with God against yourself." But what are God's terms of repentance?

When? "Now."

To whom? "All men."

Where? "Everywhere."

Why? "Because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness."

It is to be obtained through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

“What can wash away my stain?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”

Oh! dear friend, listen to the speaking and commanding voice of God. B. G. D.

## IS PUNISHMENT ETERNAL?

### A FEW WORDS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

**T**HE doctrine of Everlasting Punishment having been much called in question, and the minds of the simple shaken and the faith of some overthrown, I have thought a warning was needed for plain people. To such I would suggest to distrust those who talk much about Greek *to those who do not understand it*. It is easy thus to impose on people.

It is useful to know Greek, no doubt, in studying the New Testament, because it was written in Greek; and it is perfectly fair to refer to it with those who, knowing Greek, can judge of what is said; but it is very suspicious when much quoted to those who do not: for how can they judge about it? A man tells you “Eternal” does not mean “Eternal” in Greek. That sounds very conclusive; but how can you judge whether it does or not? Now in all those

who talk much about Greek to plain people I have generally found trickery, and that their Greek has not been worth much when put to the test by those who did understand it.

Without pretending to be very learned, I know Greek, and I have studied the Greek Testament, and I have not been led to place any confidence in their statements about the Greek, but the contrary. The Spirit of God will guide more surely a plain man, if he is humble, in fundamental truths, than a little Greek will those who trust in it.

Now, to a plain man, the statements of his English Bible leave not a doubt on the mind that the punishment of the wicked is eternal.

These statements, I feel assured, are substantially right. No doubt, being a human work, translations are imperfect, and the translators' views and feelings are apt to be transfused into them. But in the main, the doctrine presented by the English Bible, and the faith produced by it in a plain believer's mind, is sound doctrine and divinely taught faith, though it is possible some passages might be more exactly rendered. None, however, that I am aware of, affecting this truth, are misrepresented by the translation.

It is quite evident to me, and to any plain honest man, that God *meant to produce on the mind of the reader* the conviction that eternal misery is the portion of the wicked, and I do not believe that *He meant to produce the conviction of a lie*, nor frighten them with what is not true,

It is my unhesitating conviction that the attempts to undermine this doctrine of Scripture have entirely failed, and that the arguments used are either dishonest, some of them flagrantly so, or contradictory and fallacious, and that all of them subvert other fundamental truths. I declare also my conviction that a sound knowledge of Greek confirms the plain man's Scriptural faith. If God had meant to convey the idea of eternal punishment, He would not have used expressions stronger than He has used ; nor do any exist.

J. N. D.

---

## AN EXPERIENCE AND ITS LESSON.

---

**I**N my business days I was a surveyor in South Africa.

On one occasion I had to measure across a long narrow ravine from forty to fifty feet deep. I *ought* to have gone round the safe way, but unhappily decided to climb down, cross over, and climb up the opposite rocky wall.

It seemed easy. The steep descent was not too difficult, and both sides of the ravine seemed alike. I got down without mishap. A tree with dense foliage on the opposite side gave hopes of an easy lift of about ten feet or more. From it I stepped off to the projections on the face of the rock. I found footholds and projections in sufficient number

to reach a height about eight feet or so from the top.

But now, to my horror, I found I could not climb any higher, and worst, of all, it was impossible to retreat. Even the attempt to look at my feet threatened an over-balance, and a fatal fall on the rocks below.

My assistants, seeing my danger, ran to the other side to help me, but their utmost stretch of arm failed to reach me. Miles and miles away in wilderness country, and out of reach of available help, my position was one of great peril. One sole and only resource remained—it was to throw myself back, and fall flat upon the tree instead of the rocks.

This was just possible, and I did it. Torn, pierced, and bruised I felt. The springy dense foliage had saved me from serious, if not fatal, injuries. My hurts were insignificant compared with the danger I had escaped.

How I thanked God for that tree. He has made that escape an ever-present memory, because so full of warning and instruction for both the saved and unsaved.

Dear unsaved reader, bear with me if I give you some of the lessons this experience has taught me.

The gulf that separates the sinner from God cannot be crossed by any short-cut of man's device—be it baptisms, confirmations, sacraments, good works, or pious living, &c. These may *seem* to make a way to reach heaven, but they will only

land you in the ravine of self-righteousness, and make it more than difficult to recover a lost tenderness of conscience, once possessed.

The heavenly height can only be reached through the Lord Jesus, who is "*the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*" To climb up some other way is the unavailing act of the thief and robber. "*Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.*" Heeding, and obeying this word with the heart you will not fail to hear the Lord's Voice in the Scriptures saying to you, "*Come unto Me . . . I will give you rest.*" "*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

Just as I threw myself clear from my high but dangerous position, on to the tree below me, and thus escaped death, so, my dear unsaved reader, cast yourself clear from your self-righteous hopes of reaching heaven, otherwise than by the blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin. The Lord Jesus is the only Saviour, bestowed in grace, to be received, believed in, trusted, and clung to, till safe in the Father's house.

To fall from your high and dangerous position may be a very bitter and humbling experience—as was mine—and bring you spiritual wounds and bruises, but you will have cause to gratefully thank God throughout eternity, that He led you before it was too late to fall in helpless weakness into the strong and loving arms of the Lord Jesus, ever open to all.

“Weary, working, burdened one,  
 Wherefore toil you so?  
 Cease *your* doing, all was done  
 Long, long ago.  
 Till to JESUS' WORK you cling  
 By a simple faith,  
 Doing is a deadly thing,  
 Doing ends in death.”

May your experience be to—

“Cast your deadly doing down,  
 Down at Jesus' feet,  
 Stand IN HIM, in *Him* ALONE,  
 Gloriously COMPLETE.”

H. L. S.

## THE MAORIS' CONVERT.

(*Extract from a Letter from New Zealand.*)

“**I** PROMISED to let you have an account of my conversion to our Lord Jesus Christ. I have put it off from time to time on account of not being able to make up my mind to start. However, as it may be a help to some one, I will delay no longer, trusting that the LORD may bless it to some soul. I was brought up in New Zealand, at Wellington, my parents being amongst the first to settle there.

“My father and mother, some of my brothers and sisters, were Christians, so that my home training

and influence was most godly. When I was very young my parents used to tell me Bible stories. I was very interested and they left a big impression on my mind. I remember, too, how I used to talk to others about the things of God, and how earnestly I used to pray.

“For a long time my friends thought that I was saved, but, as I got older, my nature, which was only enmity to God, began to exert itself, and plainly proved that I was very different to what my friends thought me to be.

“At the age of about fourteen years I remember I had no time for any boys who I thought were religiously inclined. In fact, such boys used to get a rough time from my hands, and then I began to plunge into all sorts of sin, and finally, leaving my parents' home, I went and joined myself to a theatrical company. I knew then that I was not saved, and that to die in my sins meant, as the scripture saith, ‘the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God’ (Psa. x. 17).

“Not knowing hardly where I was going I one day turned into a Salvation Army Barracks, not very far distant. I had made up my mind to have some fun, by disturbing the meeting, but my attention was arrested by three Maoris (natives of New Zealand), who bore testimony to the saving grace and keeping power of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then the thought came to me, How shall I meet God?

“It was then I became deeply in earnest about my soul's salvation, and when on my knees, being com-



pletely broken down by the Spirit of God, I was led to cry out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The Lord Jesus proved His Word to be true, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37). I knew I was saved then, but I did not enjoy full deliverance until God showed me from His Word, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus' (Rom. viii. 1). As I read on, from verse thirty-two to the end of the chapter, I had 'joy and peace in believing,' and have never since doubted my being saved.

"These are the particulars as promised, and if you are still anxious to put this into your Gospel Magazine you are at liberty to do so." F. W. B.

## CONVICTED, CLEANSED, AND CONSECRATED.

*(An Address on Isaiah vi.)*

**C**ONVICTION of sin is often followed by a long course of repentance ere cleansing is known by the soul. The deeper the ploughshare of conviction goes the better will be the result. The seed has a better bed if the furrow be deep. Superficial conversions are the result of shallow convictions. Such is not the case in the instance before us here, and the way pardon and peace are obtained is deeply interesting, for we learn there from the deep

desire on God's part to meet the need of an anxious trembling soul.

### Cleansed !

Isaiah presents here the picture of a thoroughly awakened and aroused sinner. Note what follows :  
*"Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar : and he laid it on my mouth and said, 'Lo, this has touched thy lips, and thy iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.'"*

You may say, "What is the meaning of the altar?" It is a figure of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. That is why the apostle says, "*We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle*" (Heb. xiii. 10). Christ, who has died for sin, has presented Himself without spot to God, a holy sacrifice for an unholy sinner. Here, in figure, are the altar and the sacrifice.

Now see what the seraph does. He "flew," having in his hand a live coal. This live coal told a tale. It told of a sacrifice consumed. The claims of the throne had been met by the altar. In the same way the claims of God's throne have been met by the atoning sacrifice and death of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary. I do love to think that the Lord Jesus has met all those claims. I turn back to the time when He was the Sin-bearer, bearing the sins of many, and He has not only borne the sins, but He has borne the judgment due to those sins.

And now the seraph flew with the live coal. With it he touched Isaiah's lips. Do you think he did not feel it? My dear friend, he felt it, and when God brings the gospel home to your heart, you will feel it too. What does he then learn? "*Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged*" (ver. 7). Thank God, for that blessed result. You may know the same. How? By your prayers, or works, or reformation? No. You cannot give the toil of your life for the sin of your soul, but the Son of God has given Himself. "*He who knew no sin, was made sin.*" "*He bare our sins in His own body on the tree.*" "*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*" Here the seraph touches the lips of this thoroughly awakened man, and says, "*Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.*" Do you think Isaiah believed it? I am persuaded he did, and I like the word "*Then flew one of the seraphim.*" He hastened to relieve him. God loves to give peace to an anxious soul, now as then.

I remember a Christian, who used to be a terribly godless fellow, telling me the story of his conversion. He had gone to Australia, buried himself in the backwoods, and there was living the life of the prodigal son in distance and moral degradation. His parents and family betook themselves to prayer for his conversion. One day as he went on horseback many miles to post his usual monthly letter, he became in the most remarkable way suddenly conscious of his sins. They rose up before him like a fearful cloud. Memory called up the sins of his

life, and he became a deeply convicted sinner. Having posted his letter, he turned again to go back. Every mile he rode his misery deepened, and at length he reached his home in a kind of frenzy.

He went to his trunk, where he knew there was a Bible, which his dear old mother had put in, and which had not been opened for many a long year. He opened it, looking for comfort, but all he got was deeper conviction, for every page condemned him. Then in deep distress of soul he wrote to his mother a second letter, not in the usual style about the things of the world. He told her he was now an awakened anxious sinner, and asked her to write and tell him what to do to be saved. This second letter and the first arrived at the same time.

His mother saw two letters on the breakfast table, and happened to open the first letter first. It was the old story, the world and nothing more. The next moment she opened the second letter, and there was the tidings of an awakened sinner, a deeply convicted man. Leaving the table, with her breakfast untouched, she went straight to the village post office, and sent, not a letter but a cablegram.

This reached him when he was out on the ranch surrounded by the cattle. A boy had ridden twenty-four miles to deliver it. When he opened it, he read these words, "*And when they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both*" (Luke vii. 42).

He said, "*Thank God I see it. I could not put my sins away, but God forgives them.*" He found peace.

The light of God and the peace of God came into

his soul that day. It was indeed a divine telegram. God loves to relieve a burdened heart.

Again, a young man in a telegraph box had been anxious for weeks. He had been on Sunday to one church in the morning, to another in the afternoon, and to a third at night. He came home more wretched and miserable than he went out. Monday morning he went to the railway where his box was, and while there heard the tick, tick which told him that his office was being called. He took out his paper, and began to write the message. The message was from Captain H——, and the receiver was a servant girl in the town. Then came the message, "*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world*" (1 John i. 7). "*In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace*" (Eph. i. 7). He read the telegram, and then said, "*Thank God! I see it. I am saved.*" He got peace on the spot.

He thought he would like to go and see who was going to get this wonderful telegram, so he took it himself. A young woman opened the door, and took the wire, which was for her. She read it, and exclaimed, "*Thank God. I see it. I am saved.*"

She told him, "The sender of that telegram is my master's brother. He was here lately and preached the gospel to me. I became anxious. Yesterday afternoon (Sunday), I got so distressed that I made bold to sit down and write to the Captain, telling him what a poor wretched sinner I found myself to

be, and asking him if he would not write a letter to tell me how to get saved. Instead of sending me a letter, he sent me this telegram." It brought peace to two souls. Such is God's way of meeting anxious souls.

Yes, my reader, "then *flew* one of the seraphim." God loves to bring the distressed soul into peace. The coal touched the prophet's lips, and what does he learn? That his iniquity is taken away, and his sin purged. Do you seek salvation? You can only get it by coming to Jesus. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that He loved you, and died for your salvation. If you really believe in Him, you are entitled to know that you are forgiven and saved, and you may say—"I believe God, when He says, '*Thine iniquity is taken away!*'" Christ bore the judgment, and now blessing is yours. What more? Your sin is purged. That is what the believer knows. Hallelujah!

### Consecrated.

One thing more. Isaiah then heard the voice of the Lord saying, "*Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?*" God wanted a servant then, He wants a servant now. You have been the slave of sin, perhaps till this moment. The Lord offers you the opportunity of getting into His service from this moment. He now says, "*Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?*" What do you say? I know what Isaiah said. Listen—"Here am I; send me." He got in the Lord's service, sweet, happy, blessed

service. If you only knew the joy of being in the Lord's service, you would be in it straight off.

Inquire of some servant of the Lord, who has been in the service of the Lord for forty or fifty years, and he will tell you—"It is the sweetest service possible. Go in for it." Receive His blessing just now, as you read this, and when God says—"Who will go for us?" "*Here am I, send me,*" will be your response.

I admit that the message Isaiah had then to bear was a very poor message compared with the message I have for you, and you can carry to others. My message to you is this, God loves you. Christ has died for you. The work of redemption is accomplished. The Holy Ghost has come down to give you the knowledge that your sins are all forgiven, and to put you in the blessed place of serving Christ till you see Him face to face. Who would not be a Christian? If you never were one before, turn to the Lord just now.

W. T. P. W.

---

## THE SHIP \ AND THE LIGHT.

---

I HAVE read of a ship on her way across the Atlantic Ocean, in the winter season, having been enveloped in dense mist for many days; but all at once an aperture opened in the thick fog, down through which poured the rays of the noontide sun, when to their horror the passengers

and crew discovered that they were only a few lengths of the ship from a floating mountain of ice, upon which, in a few minutes, they must have struck and gone down, but for the timely providential intimation of the danger by the sudden downpouring of the solar light.

In a few seconds the mist again closed in upon them, and they were just as before. But what did they do *now*? Did they despise heaven's kind warning, and run on in the same track? Did they say, If we are to be saved, we will be saved, and so we need give ourselves no trouble about the matter? No! The wise captain put his helm hard down, and then ran for long in the opposite direction, that he might make sure of escaping the danger—and did so.

Oh, my unsaved friend! how I long, by God's grace, to bring the light of His Word to shine upon your present path, that you may see your fearful condition, and escape the destruction that is ahead of you!

As concerns your sin, guilt, and danger, you have, all your days, been sailing in the mist, across the sea of life. You are not a designing hypocrite; you are not wishing to perish; but as long as you sail in the mist you are in equal peril with the scoffer and the profane. It is very likely you have no conviction of your danger, for your life is such as to lull your soul to sleep, and prevent you from being alarmed. You attend church, and go to the communion; you pray, read your Bible, try to lead a respectable life, and expect to go to heaven when you die; but you have



not been so enlightened by the Son of Righteousness, that you have discovered your lost condition, and through faith in Jesus turned from sin to holiness. You are in the *mist* up to the present hour, for you are not sure whether you are on the "broad way that leadeth to destruction" or on "the narrow way that leadeth unto life"! Will you be in *heaven* or *hell* at the last? *You cannot tell!* Ah, how true it is that you are *sailing in the mist*; and if you turn not, *and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ*, everlasting destruction will be the end of your pleasant but bemisted course!

Will you not be persuaded, even now, "while it is called to-day," to act the reasonable part which these imperilled men acted, and turn the helm of your life round, and run in the opposite direction? "*Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out*" (Acts iv. 19).

*May God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness shine in your heart!*

W. R.

## DOVES' EYES.

"**I** HAD just arrived by rail at a little wayside station near my home, and had run quickly up the steps that led across the railway, to gaze once again on placid river and rippling stream, on wooded glen and furzy hill—scenes over

which childhood's memories cast a halo. At the sound of my father's voice the thoughts of the landscape vanished, and descending with the alacrity of youth, I added another to the group of persons on the platform.

"Read the directions again, Johnny," I heard the station-master say to the porter.

The object of attraction was a common round hamper, which had been sent by passenger train. It was addressed to the station-master. The label informed him that the basket contained doves, and requested him to undo the fastenings, and telegraph to the sender in Motherwell at what time the birds were let loose.

We eagerly watched as a dozen bluish-grey pigeons escaped from their wicker prison, rose into the air, and for a little remained poised on the wing.

"How far is it to Motherwell?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Twenty-six miles as the crow flies," said my father.

Round and round flew the pigeons. Now a little in one direction and again in another. Mount Tinto raised its cairn-crowned head between them and their view of home. Higher and higher they rose, and, after many varied gyrations, flew off straight toward the top of Tinto, thus taking the direct route to Motherwell.

"Thou hast doves' eyes," said my father, as we saw them set off in the right course. Why did they not linger where they were? Fair was the scene to

which they had been sent. Laurel bush and quivering aspen, and sycamore with pendant flowers wooed them to shelter in their bowers. They did not stay to discover any beauties around, but restlessly fluttered till their penetrating eyes caught sight of home, or at least, of the correct road to it. Towards it they hastened, even though that home lay in the coal country, where unsightly piles of refuse marked the entrance of each dark pit, and huge iron furnaces blackened the air with grimy smoke, and belched their lurid flames athwart the sky.

Ah! friend, have you felt the allurements of this world grow stale, the pleasures of sin pall, and, satiated with vapid enjoyments of earth, do you long for the wings of a dove, that you might fly away and be at rest.

To whom will you turn in your distress? Only one, the Lord Jesus, has the words of eternal life. If you are bowed down with the burden of sin, be assured you are the very one He wants, for it is the weary and heavy laden He invites to come to Him and get rest. All your life you may wander, like Noah's dove, seeking rest, but you will find none till, like that lonely bird which turned to the ark, you turn to the Lord Jesus.

When you do, you will discover a hand put forth to pull you in; a voice speaking peace, and the arm of the Lord stretched forth to save.

There is no salvation to be found anywhere else, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." M. M.

## A MONK'S CONVERSION.

**N**EARLY four centuries ago a poor German monk, bowed down with a sense of sin, might have been seen painfully climbing upon his knees the twenty-eight steps of the Santa Scala at Rome. Many a time the words "Absolve te" (*I forgive thee*) had been pronounced in his ears, but coming only from the lips of a fellow-sinner, they brought no ease to his conscience.

Suddenly a sentence from God's Word, "*The just shall live by faith*" (Rom. i. 17), flashed upon his mind, and Martin Luther rose from his knees a justified and forgiven man. Faith is the way of life.

Thus God honoured His own Word. The Scripture that brought peace and rest of soul to Luther became the battle-cry of the Reformation. Through Luther and his life's work tens of thousands to-day are affected.

Reader, have you thus proved the power of the Word of God?

One Priest alone can pardon me,  
Or bid me "Go in peace";  
Can breathe those words, "I pardon thee,"  
And make those heart-throbs cease.  
My soul hath heard His Priestly voice;  
He said, "I bore thy sins, rejoice!"

"LIVING ALONE"; OR, "WITHOUT  
CHRIST."

---

AT the top of a steep hill, where two roads met, and where the wild wintry blasts from the mountain beyond swept right round the corner upon it, stood the poor-house of the village of B——. Poor it certainly was—a wretched abode. The authorities whose business it was to care for the poor had chosen it as a suitable dwelling for those who could not afford to have a roof of their own, under which to find a shelter, while the remnant of their weary days was ebbing out.

Nothing but the utmost distress of circumstances, or the iron hand of starvation staring them in the face, would force any to seek a home in such a place; consequently, it at times stood quite empty; and when any had the misfortune to be sent there "to live rent free," as they were politely told, no provision was made for their daily need, save an occasional scanty supply of coals and a very small weekly allowance from the parish funds, by no means adequate to sustain life. I never liked to pass this melancholy abode. It was a two-storey house, with the roof in very bad repair, the chimneys broken, and the small windows patched with paper or stuffed with rags. It had two cheerless chambers below and two above, the access from the lower to the upper storey being by an almost perpendicular staircase.

One day, as I was passing this wretched abode, I observed a feeble curl of grey smoke coming from one of the broken chimney-cans. I stopped to wonder who could be living there. A woman stood a short way from the door, so I went up to her and said, "Can you tell me who is in the poor-house just now?"

"Auld Peggie," she answered. "She's been sold out 'o house an' hame, and she's there noo livin' her lane."

"Old Peggie?" I said. "Is that the old woman who for years has gone about in rags, with a basket on her arm and a clay pipe in her mouth?"

"The same," said the woman laughing; "onybody kens her, I'll warrant."

Peggie was an old village celebrity, the terror of my childish dreams, and for years past I had wondered where she lived. "Poor Peggie!" I said; "and is she living all alone there?"

"Yes," said the woman, "it's a puir place, and she has nane to care for either her soul or body."

I would fain have passed the door of that dreary, dirty house, but I could not: there was a soul there "living alone," and "without Christ." I knocked, and was answered by a hoarse "Come in." The crazy door creaked upon its hinges as I passed into one of the lower apartments; its mud floor was wet and dirty; its furniture consisted of a closed-in wall bed (admirably constructed to exclude all light and air), a small wooden table, a chair, a low stool, and a wooden plate; a rack on the wall, in which stood

two or three plates, a basin, a mug, and a broken teapot; on the fire was a small iron pot on three legs. The inmate of this room sat on the low stool by the fire, smoking a much-blackened short clay pipe. Her cotton gown and cap were dirty and ragged, and her boots almost worn out. Her face was sallow, wrinkled, and ill-tempered; and her wandering eye told its own tale—no rest, no peace within.

I sat down without invitation, and, while Peggie continued smoking, I looked to the Lord to show me in what manner I could best present Christ to a soul in such a state of moral degradation.

"Peggie," I said by way of introduction, "you don't know me?"

"Hoot," she growled, "I've kent ye from a bairn; you're one o' the leddies from the G——."

"You are right," I answered, "though I never spoke to you in my life, but I heard you were living alone here, and I came to speak to you about a Friend and Comforter for such lonely ones as you."

"Whar does He bide?"

"At the right hand of God now, Peggie, but once He was down here and suffered and died for you and me, that He might have us with Him for ever."

"Gae wa, gae wa," she said, waving her wrinkled hand and arm, "if it's Christ ye mean, I'd rather be without Him; I've lived without Him mair than seventy years, and I'll live on without Him."

"But you are very old, Peggie, and death must come in at your doer some day, and that before long; and how can you meet God as you are—

a sinner, laden with sins? You've served Satan long enough; won't you turn to Christ now?"

I pressed upon her the nearness of death and judgment if she continued to reject Christ. She seemed a little frightened, took the clay pipe from her mouth and laid it at the side of the fire, and, gazing at me, said—

"Will He save me noo, jist as I am?"

"Yes, just as you are, for He came to seek and to save lost sinners like you; and He has given His word that He will save you this moment if you believe upon 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.' 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.'" For a few moments she rested her aged head on her hands, as if weighing in a balance eternal life in Christ and life without Him! I silently prayed. When I looked at her she had resumed her pipe; her face was callous and unmoved.

I rose, for I had stayed to the utmost limit of my time, and said, "Well, Peggie, are you to have Christ now?"

Slowly she answered, "Na, na; I've lived without Him seventy years, and I can live without Him the rest o' my days."

"Peggie," I said, "if you are determined to live without Christ, you must die without Him, and spend eternity without Him!"



It was a week ere I could again be in the village : we lived some miles from it, and only came in once a week. I eagerly longed for the day when I could again speak of Christ to this aged sinner living without Him. Quickly I ran up the hill, knocked at the door, and, getting no answer, went in. Peggie's low stool was empty, the fire was out, her pipe was broken on the floor, the bed looked tumbled and disturbed. I drew aside the sliding panel of the bed, and stood horror-stricken.

There lay Peggie, her withered arms thrown above her head, as if in conflict with some unseen foe. I listened, but there was no sound : her breathing had for ever ceased. I touched her hand ; it was cold. She was dead !

On going to the woman, who had told me about her first, she would scarcely believe that she was dead. She had seen her, as she had passed the window a few hours before, smoking her pipe by the fire as usual, so that she was taken completely by surprise at this sudden announcement of her death.

I have written this account of Peggie especially for the aged who are still unsaved. Oh, may it be a word of warning to you ! You may be very old, but you are not too old to be saved. Your time here cannot be long ; it may be very short. Delay not a moment ; put not longer off what you have put off too long already ; accept Christ now, lest you perish like those who, refusing to have Christ to live with, must die without Him. Doubtless poor Peggie little thought, as she smoked her pipe for the

last time, that in a few minutes she would be in eternity. If you are old and grey-headed in sin, there is all the more need for you to be in earnest about your soul's salvation. The young may live many years; the middle-aged may live some years; but the old must die soon!

"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."

K.

---

## CATHIE'S LAST WORDS.

---

**T**HE father and mother stood by the dying bed of their only daughter—a girl fifteen years of age. She had been in health, and hard at work at school, up to within two weeks of her death, intending to go in for the profession of a school-teacher. As she lay near her end, her father repeated the words in 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and stopped. Cathie opened her mouth and said: "*Of whom I am chief.*" These were her last words; like Paul, she was brought to look at herself in the light above the brightness of the sun, and say the *truth* about *herself*, that she was a sinner. At

the same time she knew that for such Christ Jesus had come into the world to save them. The saying is *true* and worthy of all accepting it.

In her last moments there was a heavenly brightness on Cathie's face, like St Stephen's, as if she saw some one.

It was a cheer to the father and mother to hear her say these *fine* words—"Of whom I am chief," confessing her name—*sinner*. Some of her school companions wondered how such a good girl as she was could speak of herself as the chief of sinners. Grace had given her to know the truth about herself: that there was no good in her, nor any good works that she had done to fit her for heaven. But the death and resurrection of Christ had settled all.

At the graveside we read 1 Cor. 15, the gospel that saves. "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures," and was seen first of Peter and last of Paul, who could say, "by the grace of God I am what I am"—and could also say in truth he was "*the chief of sinners*."

It was in December 1913 that this girl was so suddenly called away. She had two brothers—one older than herself and another younger. On the first day of January 1914 the elder brother writes to his cousin, "The Lord Jesus has saved me. I was very anxious to be converted for some time past; and on Lord's day night in the meeting I got very anxious, and I looked up that scripture, 'This

faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinner*s, of whom I am chief.' And I just told Jesus I was the chief of sinners too. When I came home, I just felt I could not wait another moment; but must be saved *now*, and I said, '*I receive Thee*,' and I know He has saved me. I am just praying that the Lord Jesus will convert you too; and I feel He will do it, and I am expecting to hear the good news, then you will be able to say—

“‘I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.’”

Thus, whether it be the dying or the living, He is the same Saviour. The sinner looks to, believes on, and confesses Him, and is immediately saved.

There is no time to put off. Now—to-day—is the accepted time. Be wise, and trust Him now. He has said:—

“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

“Oh precious words that Jesus said :  
The soul that comes to Me  
I will in no wise cast him out,  
Whoever he may be.  
Whoever he may be,  
Whoever he may be ;  
I will in no wise cast him out,  
Whoever he may be.”

"THERE IS A RIVER."

---

**T**HERE is a sea, rightly called "The Dead Sea," which has no visible outlet for its water, and which, but for its superabundance of salt and bitumen, would be only a huge, loathsome pool, stank, stagnant, and putrescent. Some lesson is to be learned from the inactivity of this most uninteresting sheet of water called "The Dead Sea."

But we read that "there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God" (Ps. xlv. 4). Here we have life, energy, gladdening streams which carry freshness to the very city of God! A river, not a pool of stagnant waters, but a flowing river which, as we read in Psalm lxx., is "full of water." It is not affected by drought, nor influenced by circumstance. It is not diverted from its course, nor turned aside from its channel. It is "the river of God," and therefore always "full of water." It is the river of His pleasures (Ps. xxxvi. 8) and can know no sorrow. Its streams make His city glad.

What a beautiful river! And this river flows to-day. We read not that there was a river—one which flowed in the palmy days of David or in the luxuriant years of Solomon—no, but "there is a river"—as grand and gushing to-day as then; as full of water as ever, quite as gladdening and full of pleasure to God in our strange day of spiritual doubt and famine as when first it burst from its high altitude finding its source in the very "throne of

God and the Lamb" (Rev. xxii. 1). All glory to God for this perennial river, this "river of the water of life," and "everything shall live whither the river cometh" (Ezek. xlvii. 9). Death is unknown. It is all life, life, life! All pleasure and gladness right through the very city of God. Flow on thou glorious river—unseen, nor to be traced on paper, nor measured by the mind of man, but flowing on, full of water, bearing in thy mighty bosom wealth and gladness to that fair city! Fade all ye streams of earth in this comparison. Ye carry corruption; your waves are polluted. This is the "pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal."

Let us trace briefly its course. Call to remembrance the words of our Lord in John vii. 38, 39: "He that believeth in me," said He, "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the Spirit which they that believe on Him should receive." The Spirit, given by our ascended Lord, consequent on His atoning death, was to be the wonderful energy of life in those who believe on the Lord Jesus that from them—as channels—these rivers of living water should flow.

Was this promise verified?

Take your stand, in spirit, by the side of the apostles on Pentecost, the birthday of Christianity, hearken to the ministry of Peter on that glad day, witness the effect of it on vast multitudes, and see a glorious ingathering of three thousand souls! a good start indeed!

"There is a river!" Its streams had flowed from

the days of Abel onward ; but, under the pentecostal power of the Holy Ghost, the river was intensified in fulness, life, power, and breadth.

"There is a river!" Two thousand years have not affected its living tide.

"There is a river!" Volumes of infidelity have not, thank God, diverted its course, nor can they! It is full of water.

"There is a river!" The crooked ways of the saints, their backslidings, their poor appreciation of its blessings, their strife and divisions are, blessed be God, no check to its current.

"There is a river!" Its life-giving water may still quench the thirst of the perishing and sin-sick soul. It is the water of life! "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely," is the last verse but four of the whole Bible.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink and live."

Do so, dear thirsting soul. Remember that it is only here that this water can be had. Call to your memory the anguish of the "certain rich man," who, when too late, craved but one drop and could never, never get it. (See Luke xvi. 24.)

Happy is the soul that can sing—

"I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him."

J. W. S.

## CAIN'S WORLD.

---

(Read Genesis iv.)

**C**AIN drew near to God on wrong ground, and then was angry because he was not accepted ; whereas Abel drew near by faith, on right ground, and was accepted. Thereon Cain's wrath makes him imbrue his hands in the blood of his brother.

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?" (ver. 9). Look how he faces up to God. Cain gets bold in his sin, and he says, when God asks him, "Where is Abel thy brother?" "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" Then God says, "What hast thou done?" (ver. 9). That is a grave question for God to put to a man. God knows what you have done. God knows the whole history of your life, and He puts this query to you, "What hast thou done?" You may say, I have not slain my brother. Possibly not, but have you not been angry with your brother? Have you never said in wrath, "God damn you"? Aye! and had you the power to do it, you would have done it. I am only speaking the truth. I know what man can say in his heart.

"What hast thou done?" "we hear then is God's solemn query to Cain; and thereafter He says, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." The righteous martyr had been slain as a witness for the truth, and what follows? God says



to Cain, "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." And Cain departs from God, and proves that he is one. He does not like to be called a vagabond, but that is really what man is by nature. Do you know what vagabond means? It means a man who is always on the move—a man that is never settled—never at rest. That is a vagabond, according to Scripture.

The next thing we read of Cain is that he "went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod" (ver. 16). Do you know what "Nod" signifies? It means "wandering." The land was named Nod, and men have since then been wandering truly. And Cain "builded a city, and called the name of the city after the name of his son Enoch." He builds a city. He as it were says, I have gone out from the presence of God, but I will try to make myself as happy and as comfortable as possible; I will build a city, and will forget that I am a vagabond, and I will forget that I am a sinner. Thus Cain started what you and I now call the world.

It is very instructive to see what follows. One of his descendants, Lamech, has two wives, and has children. Observe the names of his children, Jabal, Jubal, and Tubal-cain. Sometimes people say, What is the use of recording all these names? Why are

Jabal, Jubal, and Tubal-cain mentioned? The reason is that God wishes to give us the story of Cain's "way" and Cain's "world." The meaning of Jabal is "moving." He was a true son of Cain, always on the move—always wanting something new. That is the spirit of the world. You must have everything new. You must have a new opera—a new song—a new book, or a new novel. Satan must have something new, everything new, in order to allure and entrap man. Jabal's name is characteristic of the world, "moving." "He was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle." He was the example, in the East, of what you would call well-to-do people. He was in that sense the starter of commerce.

Jubal, whose name means "playing," was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." There comes in pleasure; and the next is Tubal-cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron,"—the scientific man. I believe that in the names of these three men you will find the three-fold cord that really binds up society at present.

"Jabal was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle." He was the man that started commerce. He was the inaugurator of the commercial world. Jubal did not care for money-making. His name—"playing"—bespoke his character, and he says, I will go in for pleasure. Jabal, you may get money, if you like, but I am going in for pleasure; and "he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Jabal went in for money,

and Jubal for music; while Tubal-cain was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron,"—in other words, science and art; that is, I doubt not, the scientific world. Take out of the world the man of commerce, the man of pleasure, and the man of science, and you will find the world empty—cleaned out. Money, music, and science formed Cain's world at the start, and by them Satan holds men and women in his hand now more than ever.

What a world to be part and parcel of! What a miserable start, and what will its end be? Cain does not find acceptance with his offering, so he turns round with murderous anger upon the man who is accepted, and then he goes out into the world determined to make himself as happy as possible without God. How many men who read this are exactly in the same position? Follower of Jabal, do you say, I am going to add bank-note to bank-note? My friend, you brought nothing into the world, and it is certain you will take nothing out of it. It is better to lay up heavenly riches.

How many there are among the Jubalites, seeking pleasure only! But how long will your pleasure last? You will have "the pleasures of sin for a season" (Heb. xi. 25). That is not good enough for me. I want something for eternity, and, thank God, I have got it. Faith can say, "At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. xvi. 11). I must have something both for time and eternity.

Again, are you a votary of Tubal-cain, a devotee of the scientific world, with its ever-increasing stores

of knowledge? It is a very interesting world, Tubalcain's; but it is not after all a satisfactory world; and if you go into eternity without the knowledge of Christ, your life will be a dead failure. If, on the other hand, you are a Christian, truly and simply, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will have the knowledge of eternal life now, and you will have the sense of the favour of God. You will furthermore be the servant of Christ—the servant of God; and, if so, you will look back—whether your life be long or short—when you are passing away, and will thank God that you were led to decide for Christ when you were young.

I never knew a man who repented that he was converted. I have known many men repent on their death-bed that they were unconverted. Let me tell you, that if you to-day, through grace, get into the way of Abel, and trust in the Lord, you will bless God for ever for moving your feet out of "the way of Cain." In the way of Abel you will find the pathway to God. He was the leader to glory. He leads you to glory—to God; but Cain has only led men to the lower depths of eternal damnation. "Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain" (Jude 11) is an awful imprecation. Avoid its application to your own soul, I beseech you.

Now let me ask, Whose leadership are you following? Is it Cain's or Abel's? Do not hesitate to answer. Eternal issues hang on your reply. Doubtless, Cain's road is the more pleasant to nature. Natural religion, with its routine of religious services,

aided by what pleases the senses of man, has an undoubted charm. But, alas! it is not divine, and the end of that way is woe—eternal woe.

The pathway of Abel is purely one of faith, but it leads to God, although martyrdom be met on the road. If you simply believe in Jesus, you will find that you are “accepted in the Beloved.” Your sins are all washed away in the precious blood of the Son of God, and you are the possessor of eternal life. You are a glory-bound soul, with a flawless title to that glory—viz., the blood—and a prospect that has not a cloud in it, nor ever can have, for Christ is your life, your portion, and your hope. Happy is the man whose feet go not in “the way of Cain,” but who follows the example of Abel.

W. T. P. W.

## TWO DEATH-BEDS.

**A** MAN of proud social position lay dying. Dying—the doctor had just told him he was dying. What terror filled his soul! Dying! how often he had been warned against “The drug habit.” He always laughed saying, “I am not going to die.”

But now he was dying; the doctor had just told him he had only a few hours to live. What about eternity?

He died, screaming with agony, knowing he was going down to the pit of hell. The doctor, a worldly man, said it was the most awful death he had ever seen.

### THE OTHER DEATH-BED.

A poor woman, yet rich in Christ, lay dying. Her bodily suffering was very great.

I saw her just before she died. She had no fear of death ; perfect peace filled her soul ; she knew her sins, which were many, were all washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

Just before she died her pain was so very great she prayed, "Father, take my pain away." Immediately the pain ceased. What an answer to prayer. What a relief to all around to see the dear one free from pain. Suddenly her face lit up with joy as she exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !" She died, rejoicing in Christ, and went to be for ever with the Lord.

Dear reader, do not put off your soul's salvation as did the proud man of the world ; but be like this dear woman, "Trust in Jesus." He will wash you whiter than snow. He is waiting with loving, outstretched arms to receive you. Trust Him now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Thou shalt be saved."

"I looked to Jesus in my sin,  
My woe and want confessing ;  
Undone, and lost, I came to Him,  
I sought, and found a blessing."

## THREE REASONS AGAINST INFIDELITY.

---

**A** WELL-KNOWN preacher relates the following:—"I once met a thoughtful scholar, who told me that for years he had read every book he could find assailing the truth of Christianity, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things.

*"First,* I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of light or hope upon the darkness. They shall not take the light away, and leave me stone-blind.

*"Second,* I had a mother. I saw her go into the dark valley, where I am going, trusting in the Saviour's love, and leaning upon His unseen arm, as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon its mother's breast. I know that was not a dream.

*"Third,* I have three motherless children—daughters. They have no earthly protector but myself. I would rather see them die, than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."

Precious testimony to the enlightening and saving influence of the Gospel, "which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Now that time is so short, and the realities of eternity fast approaching, why should you linger?

Has not the love of God been plainly declared at the cross? Believe me when I tell you there is only one step between you and death, and but one between death and your eternal destiny.

Then delay not the question of your soul's salvation by a single hour, but turn to the Lord at once in true repentance and trust. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

A. J. P.

---

### A REMARKABLE DREAM.

---

**T**HE Rev. Mr Tennant, of New Jersey, North America, states that a young man of his congregation, by trade a carpenter, of industrious habits and good conduct, addicted himself to the drinking of ardent spirits; and from being remarkable for regularity and sobriety, became equally remarkable for idleness and vice.

While pursuing this line of conduct, and neglecting his wife and children, he one night dreamed that, returning from one of his drunken revels, and getting as far as the head of his own stairs, he fell from the top to the bottom and broke his neck—but opened his eyes in hell. Here his ears were deafened by the most boisterous sounds, such as he was accustomed to hear when frequenting the crowded tap-room, filled with persons of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people; all seemingly enjoying them-



selves, and each roaring more lustily than another over their cups, which were abundantly well supplied by the governor: to whom he turned and said, "What abominable lies they tell us in the other world! They would make us believe that hell is a place of endless fire and brimstone, where sinners are to be kept burning to all eternity; but here all is mirth and jollity. I think I should like this place mighty well"; when, all of a sudden, every eye fixed upon him with a horrid glare, as if to give him the lie; and, rising from their seats, each tore open a cloak, which before hid them from his view, and presented a solid body of living fire, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.

On seeing this fearful sight, he grew pale and dumb with horror and awe: his very soul seemed to die within him, and he besought the governor to let him "*escape for his life.*" "*No, no,*" said the governor, "there's no discharge from this place; you see thousands coming in, but none going out." "Oh, but," said the young man, "if I had known what a place of horror this was, I should have lived a different life, and never have come to this place of torment. I implore you to let me out on any condition." "Well," said the governor, "I will let you out on one condition, and that is, that you return here this day twelve months." "I will," said he, flying from the pit of destruction,—which effort awoke him out of his dream.

Scared out of his life, he flew from his bed to unburden his mind to his long-neglected minister,

who heard him with extreme concern. Mr Tennant told him that it was of the Lord's mercy he was now out of hell: and if he did not heed the solemn warning, repent, and begin a new course of life, God would certainly cut short his life, and he would reap the fruit of his doings through an eternity in hell, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." He told him likewise from the Scriptures that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation": "to-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

The young man determined on a new course of life; accordingly forsook his former company, applied himself cheerfully to work, and soon had the delight of seeing his family comfortable and happy from his industry, the wages of which he never failed to bring home:—till one evening, returning home happy and contented, carrying his honest wages to his little family, he was met by some of his old profligate companions, who began to jibe and jeer him as a Methodist and a swaddler, and with not being able to enjoy himself as formerly.

He endeavoured to persuade them that he felt more real happiness now than he ever did when doing as they did: however, to prove to them that he was not so strict as they thought him, that he was neither a Methodist nor a swaddler, he would go with them to take one glass. This fatal glass led to another, and that to a third: he returned to the house of hell, the tippling-house, and the tap-room, till in a very short time he became tenfold more a

child of hell than ever; when, fearful to relate, returning one night from the whisky shop, intoxicated to a great degree, he tumbled from the head of the stairs to the foot, broke his neck, and was taken up a lifeless corpse.

The next morning notice was sent to Mr Tennant that such a man of his congregation was dead; and Mr Tennant, not having seen or heard of him for some time, the young man's striking dream flashed across his mind. He went to his diary, and there saw it was that very day twelve months the unhappy man had unfolded to him the awful warning of the wrath to come.

Reader, it is not marvellous that infidels should *mock* at a *dream*; and even many others may be disposed to *smile*. But remember that the dream of this unhappy individual was accompanied with awful realities; he *died*,—in a state of Drunkenness, and his death was occasioned by Intoxication. We have no wish to encourage a foolish and superstitious belief in dreams, which are mostly the result of natural causes; but we have no doubt there are exceptions, and that this was one, and designed to impress his mind with the dreadful consequences of drunkenness to the soul, and thus to be a merciful warning to him. Perhaps it may be said by some that he was obliged to become a drunkard again, in order to fulfil his *imaginary* agreement. This would be a fatal error—his dream had no power to compel him to become a drunkard, but he died because he returned to sin, and neglected the solemn warning which he had received in his dream.

ANON.

## JUDGMENT AND PUNISHMENT IN RELATION TO THE UNBELIEVER.

---

**Y**OU will not be punished for your sins, but for rejecting Christ." Such are the words which are often heard from the lips of gospel preachers. Are they true? If not, what a terrible thing that they should be so often repeated. To some they are an integral part of their creed, and to challenge their truth appears like making light of the rejection of God's unspeakable gift.

But let us look at them in the light of God's Word. "What saith the Scripture?" must be the divine touchstone by which all our assertions, even the most cherished, must be judged. I think a glance at one or two scriptures will convince us that such a statement is not only not found in Holy Scripture, but is utterly opposed thereto.

For the believer the question of sins was settled once and for ever at the cross. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24). But no such thing is ever said about an unbeliever; on the contrary, we find that "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, *and to reserve the unjust unto the day of Judgment to be punished*" (2 Peter ii. 9); and again, "For because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience"

(Eph. v. 6); and again, "And they were judged (in the sense of condemnation, or sentence of punishment), every man according to his works" (Rev. xx. 13). Possibly Luke xii. 47 is even more explicit. There we see the man beaten according to his measure of guilt. The man who has lived a life of sin and high-handed rebellion against God, and that in the full blaze of the revelation of God's love in the cross, will be beaten with many more stripes than the man who has sinned in a lesser light. The punishment will be meted out according to strict justice, even "unto every man according to his works."

But just as there is generally a grain of truth in the wildest fable, so the statement I quoted at the outset is founded on a passage of Scripture misunderstood. In John iii. 18 (R.V.) we read these words: "He that believeth on Him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the Name of the only-begotten Son of God."

The Revised Version here renders the Greek word *krívetai*, *judged*; and this is the real meaning of the word, and the reason why the passage has been misunderstood is because the *judgment* of the unbeliever has been confounded with the punishment of the sinner, as such.

The prisoner is *judged* before he leaves the dock, but his punishment has yet to come. For example, a boy of seventeen is committed for trial on a charge of theft. It is his first offence, and has possibly

been committed in great extremity of hunger. On the same day a man of fifty, hardened in vice, is committed for trial on a like charge. The verdict in both cases is "Guilty," but the sentence is vastly different. The judge passes sentence according to the respective merits of each case. So with the unbeliever; the immoral and moral, the religious and the profane, are, as far as judgment is concerned, in exactly the same case—they are "judged already." But God, who is infinitely holy and just, will apportion each his punishment according to the merits of each case. To say that God's controversy with men is not now about a broken law but a rejected Christ is perfectly true, for God is not now pleading with men about sins. This He did until the cross, which closed the history of the "first man" before God. The cross has abundantly proved man's guilt, and the question now is whether he will "flee for refuge to the hope set before him in the gospel."

There is an ever-increasing need of doctrinal clearness in the preaching of the gospel. There are, alas! many expressions used in preaching the gospel which are not found in Scripture, and whose only merit is antiquity. The Lord give us to have a holy jealousy for the truth in the proclamation of the gospel of the glory of the blessed God. If any unsaved one should read this, let me say to you, dear fellow-sinner, do not trifle with this solemn question. If *out of Christ*, you must meet the doom and punishment of your sins; if *in Christ*, all judgment

is passed. If you will but take shelter in Him you can say :—

“ Death and judgment are behind me,  
Grace and glory are before ;  
All the billows rolled o’er Jesus—  
There they spent their utmost power.”

G. W. N.

---

## A LOVELY SUNSET.

---

**I**T was late in the afternoon, in the village of D——, that we first met with Bella C——.

Her parents were of the mining class, poor and not able to give her the nourishment she required for her illness. Her cheeks were sunken, speaking loudly of the havoc consumption had made.

She chatted freely with us to begin with about the prospect of getting better, but when eternal things were referred to she was at first silent. After showing her that it was a matter of the deepest interest to her to have the question of salvation settled, she confessed that she had been anxious for three years, and, although many had spoken to her about these things, this was her first admission of her need.

It is a great point to admit your need of a Saviour. Reader, have you reached that point yet ?

So we spoke to her of the work of Christ—His finished work, and how His precious blood could wash away her sins, and that all who believe are justified from all things.

We repeated that lovely text, Isaiah liii. 5 : "*He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.*"

The rays of the setting sun that wintry afternoon fell on us as her anxious soul found peace, and heavenly joy lit up her fragile face as she entered into the thought that Christ was wounded for her transgressions.

That verse has spoken peace to many a soul. Has it spoken peace to yours, dear reader? Remember that while Christ gave Himself a ransom for all, only those who feel their need of Him, and believe in Him and His finished work, get forgiveness and blessing.

It was a doubly beautiful sunset to witness, for that woman of three-and-twenty summers, on the verge of eternity, came to the Lord and was saved. We together then thanked the Lord for what He had done. We bade each other farewell, to meet again on the other side. She only lived a fortnight longer, but during that time her home was filled with praise and prayer. Her younger brother was led to the Saviour through her instrumentality just before she passed away.

May this little incident be used to stir up any undecided reader, like Bella, to trust in Christ for salvation, and to work for Him in testifying to others what great things the Lord has done, that others may be reached also.

R. W.



"HE KNOWS NOW."

---

"**W**HETHER I did the best or the worst for myself then, I really don't know."

The speaker was a medical man, bordering on sixty years of age. The words fell not on my ears, but on those of an old friend of mine.

Some few weeks since the latter, who lives in the north of England, casually met me in the house of a mutual friend in the west of England, and at once said, "Doctor, I have been for some time wanting to see you, that I might tell you an incident which will, I think, interest you. Do you remember a medical student named W—?"

"Perfectly," I replied, "he lived with me in his student days in Edinburgh in 1875. What about him? I have heard nothing of him since he graduated."

"Well, as you know, I now live in G—, and Doctor W— was our family physician. About three years ago he was sent for to see one of my children, and taken into a room in which he had not previously been. On the wall was a rather recent photograph of you. It caught his eye, and going up to it he scanned it intently for quite half a minute. Then he turned round to me and said, 'That old fellow did his best to get me converted long ago. I used to live

with him in my student days. Yes, I must say he did his level best to get me converted, but, you see, I did not want it, and I would not have it. Whether I did the best, or the worst for myself then I really don't know.' Six weeks from that date he died quite suddenly of pneumonia"

"He knows now," was my response. "Did he ever, to your knowledge, take the place of being a Christian?"

"Not that I ever heard of," replied my informant. "He had married a worldly wife, and seemed a man of the world, so far as I could judge."

This narrative affected me much. W— was an orphan, a nice gentle young fellow in 1875. His friends, who got me to receive him, were earnest Christians, and I well remember that I often spoke with him about his soul's salvation. He listened respectfully, but I always felt that he was silently refusing the offers of mercy and grace, which God sent to him through my lips, and also through some other converted young medical students who resided with me then.

What took place in his soul, between 1875 and 1911, I cannot say, but the sad confession of ignorance, uttered a few weeks before his end, does not give ground for much hope that he died a converted man. I fear much that he "did the worst" for himself, when in 1875 he determined not to receive Christ as his Saviour and Lord. He then missed an opportunity of serving Him for thirty-five years, and, I fear, lost his soul to boot by choosing

the world. Dear W— knows now whether he did his best or worst then.

Reader, how is it with your soul? Are you converted yet? If not, do not delay in coming to Christ. Be not like the subject of this tale, nor like Balaam. He said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" (Numb. xxiii. 10). Do you know how he died? Fighting against God and his people. "Balaam, also the son of Beor, the soothsayer, did the children of Israel slay with the sword among them that were slain by them" (Deut. xiii. 22). If you are going to die the death of the righteous you will need to live the life of the righteous, that is by the faith of Christ, and follow Him to the end.

Curiously enough, just one month after the foregoing was told me, I met, in the same house, in the west of England, a grey-haired doctor of medicine, who had been a student in Edinburgh in the early seventies. He has been an earnest Christian for over forty years, and now in his old age devotes himself to preaching the Word of God.

I told him the foregoing tale, and he remarked at once, "Poor fellow, he knows now." I then asked him how he himself was converted. And this is his tale—

"In 1871, when a medical student in Edinburgh, some Christian friends, after much entreaty—for till then I cared for none of these things—induced me to go and hear you preach the Gospel in the Town Hall, Portobello. I became interested, and

went for four consecutive Sunday evenings. The fourth night you were preaching on Zacchaeus, and that night I was converted to God."

"What part of that tale arrested you?"

"Oh, the Lord's words, '*Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house*' (Luke xix. 5). That did it."

"And do you think you did 'the best or the worst' for yourself that night?"

"I know the Lord *did His best* for me. I came to Him, and He saved me that night, praise His name, and He has kept me ever since—forty-three years now."

"And have you ever repented of being converted when you were young?"

"Repented! I should think not, and never shall. It has been a long life of joy in the Lord, and happy service of Him."

Glorious testimony! What a contrast to the woeful admission of the other student!

I wonder, my dear reader, which of these two doctors you are like. Read the story again, and if up till now you have been undecided for Christ, just now decide for him. You could not do better. God forbid that you should do "the worst" for yourself by still procrastinating.

Hear and obey the Saviour's words:—

**"MAKE HASTE . . . FOR TO-DAY I MUST ABIDE AT THY HOUSE."**

W. T. P. W.

## "THE PLOT THAT FAILED."

---

**T**HIS Magazine does not concern itself with politics, but the title of this paper will be recognised as a phrase that has been very frequently used of late.

It is impossible for the ordinary person to discover whether or not the Government had really intended to provoke the Ulster Unionists to strike the first blow in order that they might be speedily crushed by superior force.

Many believe, with apparent sincerity, that this was the case, and that only the threatened wholesale resignation of army officers in Ireland caused the plot to miscarry. Be that as it may, the situation has been summed up concisely—and perhaps correctly—under the title of "The Plot that Failed."

But we would direct the reader's attention to another plot much more skilfully laid, and that was for a time thought to have been completely successful.

The mighty, crafty Devil it was who devised the plot, the scene of operations was the most religious city in the world, and the object of attack was none other than the Christ of God. So far as could be seen He had played into the hands of His cunning foe by becoming Man. Prior to incarnation He was out of the devil's reach, but now He was human and tangible. And yet His life was blameless, and

He had spent His days in doing good. Would it be possible to attack Him successfully, when thousands of people in Judæa owed their health to His touch of power, and thousands more had been so charmed by His words of grace and deeds of mercy that it could be said, "*Behold, the world is gone after Him?*"

Strange to relate, though He went about doing good, the religious leaders of the day were merciless in their opposition to Him. They dogged His footsteps, laid traps for Him in their subtle questions, and would have openly attacked Him had they not "*feared the people.*" The only ground for this inveterate hatred was that His pure and holy life rebuked them, and His transparent reality exposed the hollow sham of their formality and proved hypocrisy.

With malicious cunning and unholy skill the devil saw and seized his opportunity. Knowing by long experience that religious bigotry and intolerance had ever been more cruel and merciless than any other motive lurking in the basest heart, he laid his plans accordingly.

First, from the innermost circle of the Lord's acquaintances, he chooses Judas, "*one of the twelve,*" to betray His Master into the hands of sinners. The page of human history has no blot so dark as this—that one who had been admitted to close and constant companionship with the Son of God should volunteer to be "*guide to them which took Jesus.*"

And his motive for this act of treachery? That he might be rewarded with thirty pieces of silver, which, in bitter remorse, he afterwards cast down in the temple before he hanged himself!

Greivously as Judas sinned, we must not forget the positive statement that "Satan entered into Judas." It was part of the plan for the overthrow of Jesus.

The next move was more cunning still. Using the chief priests and elders of the people—into whose hands the Saviour had now fallen—as his instruments, Satan raised the cry of "Blasphemy!" against the peerless Prisoner. Thus were the worst passions of the people roused, and madly they clamoured for His blood. The mock trial, the persistent pressure, the cowardly, unrighteous sentence, the scourging, the mournful procession, the crucifixion—all follow with bewildering rapidity, and the plot had, alas! too well succeeded. So at least it seemed.

Hanging upon a Roman gibbet, with a common malefactor right and left of him, bruised and bleeding, friendless, forsaken by man and God, behold the victim of Satan's malice and malignant hatred! What now of the hopes of His deluded followers? What now of the truth of His own brave words? All is over, the Sufferer dies, the Body is buried, the evening falls, the crowd disperses, the disciples depart, and

"On His grave with shining eyes  
The Syrian stars look down."

*And yet the plot had failed !*

With all his almost infinite cunning, ably supported by the religious leaders and the political power, the master mind of Satan apparently overlooked one all-important factor in the case—"DEATH could not keep his prey."

On the third day the stone that sealed the grave was rolled away. Ere this, in stately dignity, the Victim of Calvary came forth as the Victor over death. The hosts of hell were baffled, the faltering disciples cheered and comforted, and the triumph of good over evil finally assured.

The resurrection of Christ had spoiled the plot, and turned what looked like an overwhelming defeat into the most glorious victory in the annals of time or eternity.

And we who by grace believe in the Lord Jesus Christ share the spoils of His conquest, and have been delivered from the bondage of sin and Satan. More than that, we are justified in Him who rose from the dead, and, with all the redeemed, are now His brethren. His God is our God, His Father our Father, and if we are left in a hostile world it is but to proclaim the great salvation offered to all men through the Saviour's death and resurrection.

And now let all men know that He who lay in death is head of all principality and power, and will presently put all His foes beneath His feet.

In the brief interval there is an opportunity for repentance and submission, and they who wisely



seize it, shall be forgiven, and translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

"Oh! sinner confess Him, the Throne-seated Lord,  
And thou shalt be with Him where He is adored."

W. B. W.

---

"DYING ALONE;" OR, "CHRIST WITH  
ME."

---

I WAS asked one day to go and see a poor old woman, who had for many years lived quite alone. "And now," said her neighbour, "she is dying alone, and I have my husband and children to mind, and can only see her once a day."

Circumstances prevented my going just at once to see her, but these two sad words, "dying alone," rang in my ears, and seemed to haunt me from day to day. To live alone seemed to me sad enough, but to die alone, the very depth of human misery. I was young, but had known sorrow, and had stood by several death-beds. I had watched the last breath flicker out by the bed-side of both rich and poor, but none of them had died alone. My own friends were surrounded by every luxury and comfort; everything that love could plan to make the sick room cheerful, and smooth the dying pillow, was

done by gentle hands; and many cherished ones softly glided in and out with words of comfort and sympathy.

Again, I had stood, too, by the dying beds of the poor, and had watched with admiration how every nerve had been strained to provide comforts for the sick one out of the hard-earned wages; and kind neighbours were ever ready to come in and share the weary night watch. But now I had heard of something new to me, a phase of suffering unheard of before, and I oft repeated those dismal words, "Dying alone!" "Dying alone!" Death on the battle-field, amidst the dying and slain, or death in the crowded wards of a hospital, seemed to me comfort compared to this, and I even prayed. "Lord, may I never die alone."

Nearly a week after this I found myself on the way to see the poor creature I did not even know by name, but whose circumstances called for my very deepest sympathy—"dying alone!" 'Twas a very low door by which I entered a very small dark room; the window, but one pane of glass, scarcely giving sufficient light to show distinctly the few objects in that chamber; and it was with a feeling somewhat akin to awe I went up to the low bed in the corner and gazed upon that aged woman dying alone! It was a calm and pleasant face, though much furrowed and wrinkled by care and years; her silvery hair was parted upon her brow, and her white cap and sheets showed no signs of neglect—yet she was dying alone!

"Sit down, miss," she said, with a kindly smile; "my neighbour told me you would come some day, but I thought likely I would be gone home before you came; but now I hope you have brought me some good word about the Lord."

"I have His Word in my pocket," I said.

"Ah! that's well; His own Word is better than anything we can say. Read for me, please."

As I turned from passage to passage of the blessed Book her aged eyes beamed, and her whole soul seemed to drink in the precious words, and as I prayed with her before leaving, she joined with me in every petition. As I parted from her, I expressed my surprise that she could be so full of peace and joy when dying alone!

"Tsh," she said, "Christ is with me, and when you have known Him as long as I have known Him, and proved His love as long, you will not wonder. I've known Him more than twenty years, and I've lived much of that time alone with Him, and now I've been dying these six months past, alone with Him; but few come to see me, and there's few I care to see, for I've Christ always with me, and there's no solitude in that."

I came away from that humble dwelling with very different thoughts from those with which I had entered it; God had a new lesson for me through this aged saint. Her calm face and joyful answer, "Christ is with me," opened up to me hitherto unknown depths in Him, who, though known as my Saviour and Friend, was not as yet everything

to me. I saw this aged servant of Christ many times after this, and learned from her what I believe I have never forgotten. One day she told me she had asked the Lord, if it were His will, that some one might be with her when she breathed her last.

"Why?" I asked, thinking she was dreading to die alone.

"Because, if no one saw me die, they would not know I was as happy to die as to live; for Christ is with me now, and shall be with me then, and I shall be with Him for ever."

Each day as I left her I saw she was passing quickly to her desired haven. She had few earthly comforts, save those the Lord privileged me to take her; yet she was full of joy, and thankfulness, and unclouded peace. One day I knocked as usual at the door, but got no answer. "Oh," I said, "has she died alone?" With breathless anxiety I opened the door; her hands were clasped, her lips moved in prayer. I stood in silence till her eyes opened, and she saw me.

"You've come to see me die," she said. "Sit down. If it was not for others I would rather be alone with Christ, but you'll stay till the end."

Then in thoughtfulness for me, she said, "Oh, but you are young, and you may not like to see anyone die."

"Yes," I said, "I should like to be with you."

Pointing to her well-worn Bible, she said, "Read for me once more the last verses of the eighth of Romans."

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." As I closed the book I was about to ask her if I should pray. I observed a slight movement of the eyelids; she gazed upwards, a radiant smile lit up her features, and her happy spirit was with the Lord. I knelt and closed her eyes, drew the sheet over the pale face of death, came out, locked the door, and, having made a few arrangements with her neighbour as to her remains, I returned home.

And now, reader, the lessons learned in that little room were precious lessons to me. Have you learned anything from reading this simple account of one who was truly satisfied with Christ? Can you say, "That is the Christ I have got? Everything to me if called to live alone, everything to me if called to die alone! A Christ who is above, and beyond, and over every earthly circumstance — a Christ who thoroughly satisfies my heart?"

Or, it may be, this little paper is in the hands of one who knows nothing of God's Christ; one who has "heard of him by the hearing of the ear," but in whose heart is no loving response to His blessed name. Dear soul, listen to me. You will have to die alone, and meet God alone, if you are unsaved. Alone truly, for if you could not say, like the old woman in this story, "Christ is with me," your earthly friends would avail you nothing, and most

truly you would be alone, and alone throughout eternity. You would not call it company to have the thief, the drunkard, and the harlot your companions throughout eternity—shut out for ever from the presence of the Lord, the only One who could save you now! That would be in the most real and awful sense “to be alone!” Are you living without Christ? If you die without Christ you must spend an endless eternity without Him. But listen to me.

There was One who died alone, that you might never die alone. Look unto Him and live. He walked a lonely path on earth: “The world knew him not”; “He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.” The Man of Sorrows walked alone. He agonised in the garden alone. Alone He died on the cross for thee. Yes; Jesus died alone! Was there none with Him? None. “I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none” (Ps. lxxix. 20). He went through death alone for thee, forsaken of God, in that awful hour when—

“He took the guilty culprit’s place,  
And suffered in his stead;”

in order that, atonement having been made, we might be justified freely by His grace. Alone He suffered and alone He died! And by the grace of God He tasted death for every man.

And now, reader, what have you to say to the death of Christ? It is a light thing that He died alone—that He died for you?

## GONE! BUT WHERE?

“**D**EAD and GONE! DEAD and GONE!” were the mournful words which fell continually from the lips of an elderly gentleman while he questioned a friend, whom he had not seen for many years, as to what had become of those he had known well in his earlier life.

Some had died suddenly, others had met with tragic deaths, while of the rest there was not much to relate, only that with one or two exceptions all were “dead and gone!” “How soon is told life’s story.”

A few short years at most, dear reader, and then *you* too will be “dead and gone,” but *where*? How unspeakably awful it would be if you found, when too late, that you had not availed yourself of God’s salvation, and that a lost eternity lay before you? What mad folly to refuse the forgiveness which God, on the ground of Christ’s atoning death, offers you, if you will turn in repentance to Him.

“Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*” (1 Tim. i. 15), but on your part there must be the *coming to Him* as the *sinner* to the *Saviour*, and the *appropriation* of what He has done for you.

Remember, dear reader, that however amiable and refined you may be, if you “*neglect* so great salvation” you are just as sure of God’s judgment as is the grossly wicked person who scornfully rejects it, for unanswerable is the query, “*How shall we escape* if we neglect so great salvation?” (Heb. ii. 3). F. A.

## "I SHALL DO AS I PLEASE."

(*Read Job xxxiii. 14-18.*)

**B**ELONGING to the higher class of London society were three sisters, two of whom were Christians; the third was an unbeliever and very flippant in mind. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her the more easily to take offence at any remarks made upon it. She hated the piety of her sisters.

One night, towards the close of the year, she had been at an assembly very late, and the next morning at breakfast was so remarkably different from her usual manner that her sisters feared she was very unwell, or had met with some misfortune which deeply affected her. After breakfast the morning was passed alone by her, in her own room.

She retired late to rest, with the air of one who expects from sleep neither alleviation nor refreshment. The next morning she scarcely touched her breakfast, and seemed in the same oppressed and uncomfortable state as on the preceding day. One of her sisters addressed her, "Anna, is it your head that pains you?" She answered, "Nothing pains me," and added, with an effort to appear indifferent, "I have had a dream." The sisters looked at each other, and relapsed into silence. The second day passed as the first. Anna was gloomy and moody, and her sisters,



both from pity and anxiety, were unhappy for her sake.

She began the third morning as one who had no interest in life, and to whom the prospects of eternity brought neither peace nor hope. "Anna, what was your dream?" suddenly asked one of her sisters. She started, and laughed wildly. "Ah! ah! what was it indeed! you would give the world to know, but I shall not tell you. I thought you did not believe in dreams and visions."

The sister replied, "No more we do in general: you know they are usually the offspring of a disordered body—confused images and fancies whilst reason is dormant. But there are dreams which are as much sent from God as our afflictions. There is a verse in the Bible where it mentions God as speaking to men 'in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men'" (Job xxxiii. 15).

Anna answered in a sulky mood, "Well, if you must know it, you must. No doubt it was very extraordinary. I should have thought it the effect of the ball, but that I never anywhere saw anything resembling it, and what I am going to say you must not suppose that you understand, for you never saw nor can imagine anything like it."

### THE DREAM.

"I thought that I was walking in a wide street of a great city. Many people were walking there beside myself; but there was something in their air immediately struck me—they seemed to have about

them such dignity of repose, such high-settled purpose, such peace, and such purity, as were never stamped upon mortal brow.

"The light of the city was also strange; it was not the sun, for there was nothing to dazzle—it was not the moon, for it was as clear as noonday: it seemed an atmosphere of light—calm, lovely, and changeless.

"As I looked at the buildings, they all seemed like palaces, but not like the palaces of earth. The pavement that I walked on, and the houses that I saw, were all alike of gold, bright and shining, and as clear as glass; the large and glittering windows seemed like divided rainbows, and were made to receive and to emit nothing but the light of gladness. It was indeed a place where hope might live, where love might dwell.

"I could not help crying as I went along—'Surely these are the habitations of righteousness, of truth, and peace!' I could not tell what was wanting to make me wish for eternity in such a place, for truly its very purity oppressed me. I saw nothing congenial, although looks of love and kindness met me in every face of that happy throng. I felt nothing responsive, and walked on, all alone, in the midst of the crowd, sad and oppressed.

"I saw they all went one way, and I followed, wondering at the reason, and at length I saw them all cross over to one building much larger and finer than the rest. I saw them ascend its massive steps, and enter beneath its massive porch. I felt no desire to go with them, but I approached as far as the steps

out of curiosity. I saw persons enter who were dressed in every variety of colour, and in the costumes of all nations, but they disappeared within the porch, and then I saw them cross the hall all in white.

"Oh, that I could describe to you that hall! It was not crystal—it was not marble—it was not gold, but *light, pure light*, consolidated into form; it was the moon without her coldness, it was the sun without his dazzling rays; and within was a staircase mounting upwards, all of light; and I saw it touched by the moving feet, and by the white spotless garments of those who ascended it; it was indeed passing fair, but it made me shudder and turn away.

As I turned I saw one on the lower step looking at me with an interest so intense, and a manner so anxious, that I stopped to hear what he had to say. He spoke like liquid music, and asked me, 'Why do you turn away? Is there such a place elsewhere? Is there pleasure in the walks of darkness?' I stood in silence; he pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved. Suddenly he disappeared, and another took his place with the same look and the same manner; I wished to avoid him, but I stood rivetted to the spot: 'Art thou come so far,' he said, 'and wilt thou lose thy labour; put off thine own garments, and take the white livery.' Then he continued to press me, until I got weary and angry, and said, 'I will not enter. I do not like your livery, and I am oppressed with your whiteness.' He sighed and was gone.

"Many passers-by looked at me with mingled pity

and kindness, and pressed me to follow with them, and offered me a hand up the steps, but I rejected them all, and stood melancholy and disturbed. At length one young and bright messenger, stationed on the steps, came up to me, and entreated me to enter, with a voice and a manner I could not resist. 'Do not turn,' he said; 'where canst thou go? Do not linger, for why shouldst thou weary thyself for nought? Enter here and taste happiness. Do not all go in, and are any rejected? Do not all tribes and all colours pass into that hall, and are they not washed and clothed and comforted?' He gave me his hand, and I entered the hall along with him; here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of pure white was put upon my shoulders, and I knew not how, but I mounted the bright stairs by the side of my happy guide.

"Oh, what a light burst upon my sight when I had reached the summit! But mortal words cannot describe it, nor can any mortal fancy in any way conceive it. Where are the living sapphires? Where are the glittering stars, that are like the bright rays in which I stood? Where are the forms of love, or the looks of love, that breathed in the numerous company that moved around me? I sunk down overpowered and wretched; I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I saw and felt I had nothing in unison with the blessed existence of such a place.

"At length I saw One fairer than the rest, far more dignified, more awfully surpassing fair, and

which even yet surpasses thought ; to Him each eye was turned, and by His face each face was brightened ; the songs were in His honour, and all seemed to derive from Him their life and joy. As I gazed in trembling and speechless amazement, one who saw me left the company, and came to where I sat, and said, ' Why art thou so silent ? Come quickly, join in the song.' I felt a sudden anger in my heart, and I answered with sharpness, ' I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain.'

"He sighed, and with a look of the most humiliating pity, resumed his place. About a minute after another came, and addressed me as he had done, and with the same temper I answered him in the same way ; he looked as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me. If heaven can know anguish, he seemed to feel it ; but he left me and returned to his place. What could it be that put such a temper into my heart ?

"At length the Lord of that glorious company, of those living, breathing, glittering forms of life, and light, of the beauty of those sounds of harmony, and those songs of triumph ; He saw me and came up to speak to me. I thrilled in every part with awe, I felt my blood chill, and my flesh tremble, and yet my heart grew harder, and my voice grew bolder. He spoke, and deep-toned words issued from His lips : ' Why sittest thou so still, while all around thee are so glad ? Come, join in the song, for I have triumphed ; come, join in the singing, for My people reign.' Love unspeakable He seemed to

beam upon me, as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I said, 'I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain.'

*"Creation would have fled at the change of His countenance; His glance was lightning, and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders He said to me, 'Then what doest thou here?' The floor beneath me opened, and I sunk into flames and torments; and with the dreadful fright I awoke."*

There was a momentary silence, for the sisters were shocked and surprised at the dream, and they neither of them thought the substance of it, nor the deep impression it had made, to be the effect of any natural cause on Anna's volatile mind.

"Anna," they said, "we cannot help you to forget such a dream as this; we surely believe that it is from God, and it may be greatly blessed to your soul if you pray for it to be so. Your description of the Holy City may be an impression from the Word of God, for much the same account is given in the Revelation: 'The city has no need of the sun nor of the moon, for the temple of God is there, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' All who enter must put off their own garments and their own righteousness, and must be clothed in linen, clean and white, even the righteousness of the saints, 'and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord.'

"Those who walk in the heavenly Temple, are they 'who have come through great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and they cease not day and night

*praising* God,' and they sing a new song, such as no man knoweth but they who are redeemed ; it is the song of Moses and the Lamb, and wisdom waits daily upon the steps to call the sons of men into the temple, and the people of God aim to persuade them to tread in their steps, and the servants of Christ are appointed to watch for souls, and in every way and by every means, if possible, to save some. Give up your own will ; listen to this fearful warning ; join us, and learn the steps which lead to heaven, and how to sing the songs of Zion."

Anna answered, "I do not want you to preach to me ; I SHALL DO AS I PLEASE." She continued in this melancholy state to the end of the week, and one morning was found dead in her room. No one knew the cause of her death. She died without disease of body—she died without any apparent change of soul !

Reader, neglect not God's warning voice in this solemn narrative ; this further knock at thy conscience may be thy last. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" (Heb. iv. 17).

"The Lord shall come again !

The Conqueror must reign !

No tongue but shall confess Him then,

The Lamb once slain ;

Jesus is worthy *now*

All homage to receive,

O ! sinner, to the Saviour bow,

The truth believe !"

## "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?"

---

SOME time ago I stood watching a large funeral procession in a well-known South African town. Much respect was being shown to the memory of the deceased, who had been a very prominent citizen and public servant.

Following the coffin were the mayor, councillors, and other municipal officials, and numbers of friends and admirers of the late respected gentleman.

Presently a gentleman came up to me and made a few inquiries regarding the funeral, which I answered to the best of my knowledge. After looking intently at the cortege for a few moments he turned again to me and said, "What a token of respect! They wouldn't turn out like that for you or me. Yet," he added, "if I thought my memory would be so honoured, I could die now quite happily, couldn't you?"

I looked at him in silence for a moment or two, and then replied, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

He turned on me quickly and said, "Do you mean to say that that man's soul is lost, when his fellow-men can pay him such a tribute?"

"Far be it from me," I replied "to say his soul is lost. It is most certainly safe if he trusted in the Lord Jesus for his salvation. That procession is a splendid testimony to an upright life, so far as his dealings with the world are concerned, but it has no



part whatever in the salvation of his immortal soul. If his soul is now safe and at rest, it is only through the blood of Jesus, and I sincerely trust it is so."

He shook his head and said, "It seems impossible that a man's soul can be lost, while his body is being escorted to the grave with such a testimony to his worth, though I have never before looked at it in the way you put it."

There was a short pause, during which we watched the funeral pass out of sight. Then he again turned to me and said, "Do you really believe what you said?"

I replied, "Most decidedly I do. I know it is true, because God's word declares it is so. I can die happy because my sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus. You say 'you could die happy if you were sure of having respect like this shown to your body on its way to the grave.' Do you think you could meet God on that ground? No, friend, it won't do for God. 'All our righteousness are as filthy rags' in His sight. No one ever got to heaven through *man's* esteem and respect." Much more passed between us, but the foregoing was the substance of our conversation.

Should this meet the eye of anyone who expects to reach heaven through the position they attain to before men, let him beware; this is one of the devil's traps to lure souls to destruction.

Men are striving to secure positions of eminence in every part of the world, devoting time and talents to the solving of great questions of public importance, education, political economy, fiscal reforms, unity of

empires, etc., etc.; but above all stands out the great eternal questions, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36), and "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" (1 Peter iv. 17).

Nay, my reader, if all the world's respect and the esteem of every person in it were yours to-day, that could not save your soul! Has it never struck you that you have a never-dying soul that needs saving, that sooner or later you will meet death face to face. Then, if your soul is unsaved, if you have "not obeyed the gospel," then, "What shall the end be?"

Perhaps my reader may think, "Well this doesn't apply to me, for I don't want position or riches; I am content with just enough to keep me going. I am fond of going to my church, or meeting house, and reading the Bible," and because of that you hope to be all right in the end. But no, my reader, it will not do for God. If you go regularly to church all your life, and carry a Bible in your hand, and feel "good" generally, I repeat—it won't do for God. Your sins stand between you and Him. Nay, friend, this is another of Satan's traps. You may feel shocked by the suggestion that the devil uses even churches and bibles to keep sinners from Christ, but it is only too true. "Religion is the strongest weapon in the devil's armoury"—religion without Christ.

Probably the most religious man that ever lived was Saul of Tarsus, yet what became of his religion when exposed to God's searchlight? It vanished. Saul had nothing to stand on, he "fell to the ground,"

and could only falter, "Who art thou, Lord?" Saul's religion was his pride, but it miserably failed him when he had to do with Christ, and so will yours. Saul lost his religion but gained Christ, and the sooner you lose yours the better.

Now, my unsaved reader, the plain unvarnished truth is this, you are a sinner. God says so (*see* Rom. iii. 23), and as such you are bound for hell, and from that awful place neither position, man's esteem, religion, nor anything else can save you. But there is a remedy, thank God.

God's power unto salvation is the gospel. The gospel in a nutshell you will find in Acts xiii. 38, 39, "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man [Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that *believe* are justified from all things." That is the gospel, and to "obey it" is to "believe." Believe what? Believe that this is the gospel? Nay! "The devils also believe and tremble" (James ii. 19). No, my unsaved reader, believe on the One through whom this salvation comes—"Believe on THE LORD JESUS CHRIST and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

You might reply, "Well, I do believe on God; I do believe that the Lord Jesus Christ died to save sinners. I do believe the Bible to be God's word."

I reply, you do not. The fact that you are still unsaved speaks far louder than your words. If you believed you would be saved.

Suppose I met you walking in the darkness straight for a precipice, and said to you, "You had better

turn back, for you are walking to certain death," and you assured me with all sincerity that you believed that, and still continued your way to destruction, what kind of a "belief" would that be? Nay, reader, the fact is you do not believe the Bible to be God's word, or you would heed its warnings.

Be not deceived, heaven is absolutely unattainable by your "position," "morality," "uprightness," or your "religion," because your sins are in the way. They must first be removed, and it is only the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that can remove them. Then and only then can heaven be yours.

Let the language of your heart be—

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

C. J. B.

---

FRAGMENT: Do not be afraid of full grace. Be well sure that does not mar holiness; whatever deadens the conscience does, but this does not. Would a child's sense of a mother's love weaken its desire to please her?

And as to power, which we need, in grace alone it is found; then press consistency with our calling as much as you please. You cannot do better.

Fellowship in the heart with Christ keeps the sense of our standing in Christ steady, and is the saving power of the heart practically in our walk.

May He—oh! may He keep us near Himself.

J. N. D.

"THE POACHER'S WIFE"; OR,  
"CHRIST ACCEPTED."

---

**I**T was a heavy fall of snow. I had watched it from the window for some time, as it shrouded the earth, and mantled the trees and shrubs in the garden. Everything outside seemed to make me thankful for the comforts within, and I gladly drew my chair very close to the blazing fire to enjoy its cheering warmth. My thoughts turned to the many who knew no such comfort, and who could see no attraction in the fast falling snow, or the feathery, fantastic outlines it was giving to everything outside.

My reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, "Some one wishes to see you in the kitchen." I went at once and found there a girl from the village I had known for some time. She had come to ask my husband to go and see a poor woman who was dying, and refused to let any of her neighbours go in and see her; "and *you* could not go," said the girl, "for her room is never cleaned, and never has any air in it. She is a poacher's wife, and her husband is a drunkard and neglects her."

"I will see her to-morrow," I said, "if my husband has not returned home"; and so saying I went back to the fire and my comforts. But I was restless and uneasy; the burden of that soul was upon me, and I repeated again and again, "To-morrow she might be in hell."

In a few minutes I had drawn my waterproof closely around me and was making my way through

the storm, praying all the way that the Lord would indeed give me a message from Himself, and also that I might be guided to the right door, as it was getting dark, and the snow falling faster each step I took. It was a poor place I had been directed to, a dirty court surrounded by very poor houses. At the last house on the left side I stood before a closed door, and, asking the Lord to open it for me, I gently knocked and waited, and knocked again and waited, and tried the latch, but got no answer. A woman from the next house looked out and said, "Ye needna bide in the cauld, for she'll no' let ye in."

I stood closer to the door for shelter from the drifting snow and prayed in silence, knowing that when God opens a door no man can shut it. Once more I knocked and listened; there was a slight movement inside: I put my mouth to the keyhole and said, "I have a message for you, do let me come in." Slowly the heavy wooden bolt was drawn back, and I found myself inside, and the bolt replaced. I had to lean upon the wall for a few moments in silence, to recover the overpowering pressure of bad air that met me; and by the feeble light of a small oil cruise, or lamp, I saw the emaciated form of a young woman crouching on a low wooden stool by a few embers of a fire just dying out, and which she was vainly endeavouring to stir into life with a piece of wet stick she held in her hand.

Seldom have I gazed with such compassion upon anyone. She was young, and seemed in the very last stage of disease; a hollow cough shook her fearfully attenuated frame; the black lines under her great

dark eyes, and the skin scarce covering her high cheek bones, and the sullen, settled melancholy of her very suffering face, gave her a ghastly appearance. She wore the tweed petticoat and cotton short-gown so well known in the Highlands of Scotland; but both were in tatters, and her skeleton arms and limbs were exposed through the many holes. She gazed at me and said, "What's brought you here, and what's your errand?"

"Because I heard you were sick and ill, and I had a message for you from One who loves sick and weary ones."

"Sit doon then, but dinna tell," and she raised her feeble hand and pointed to two guns and a shot-belt on the wall, and then to a large black retriever, who showed his head and great glaring eyes from below the bed, and growled at me from time to time, heeding little the voice that tried to hush him with "Doon, Ranger; doon, Ranger."

At this moment a knock came to the door, and a child's voice whimpered, "Mammy, it's me; let's in."

"Shall I open the door?" I said.

"Yes, it's Johnnie."

A dripping child of about five years old, capless and barefooted, came in and crouched beside his mother, his scanty and ragged garments dripping on the mud floor. Vainly her feeble hands tried to wring out the wet from his pinafore and petticoats, and as the little fellow continued to cry, she tried to soothe him by saying, "Dinna greet, Johnnie, lad, your daddy will come soon."

"But I'm cauld and hungry, mither, and I canna bide nae langer, and daddy's ower lang o' comin'."

And once more the little fellow sobbed aloud. The mother's weary head sank in her hands; the lines of melancholy on her pale face grew darker and deeper, but hers was a sorrow too deep for tears or words. I broke in upon it by saying, "Tell me, when had this child any food?"

"No syne yestere'en, as far as I ken."

I ran to the cupboard; it was empty save for a few rabbit-skins and some bird's feathers, and a broken bowl and plate. "Have you no food of any kind in the house?" I said.

"Nane, and my last bawbee went for coals, and they're done too." And again the tearless face sank in her hands.

"Don't lock your door, I'll be back in a few minutes," I said. A shop quite near furnished a few necessary things, and a promise of coals in half-an-hour. I ran back, and oh, the joy of that starving bairn as he devoured what I had brought! His mother looked on, too ill to share his meal, and tears rolled down my cheeks.

"You're tender o' the heart," said the poor woman; "it's lang syne I shed a tear; I did greet when my wee bairnie deed, but no syne."

Poor woman, I longed after her soul; in poverty, and sickness, and sorrow, and without Christ. How terrible! And yet the moment seemed not to have come for me to give God's message. I drew my stool near her, and taking one of her wasted hands in mine, I asked a few questions as to "How long



she had been ill?" &c. And as I pointed to little Johnnie, now in rosy sleep on the floor, I said, "You can trust me, can't you? Tell me all your troubles, for I want to help you."

"Weel," she said, "you're kind to face the storm in sic a night and sit doon here to speak to me, and there's no' mony cares for Mary B——, the poacher's wife."

"Your husband is a poacher," I said; "tell me how you came to marry him."

"Ah, weel, I was but a bairn when I married, and I thought ae trade was as guid as anither, and he promised I should want for naething; but he and his mither drink all he makes by the game; and it's seldom a feather o' it I see, or a penny that it brings me. And then I daurna let ae body into the house, for fear they take the dog and guns, or catch himself; and mony a day the bairn and me never sees food or fire, and I'm that weak that I'm ill, ill at getting ayont the bed, and it's cauld when I'm in it."

I saw by the dim lamp-light it was a bed of shavings, with nothing over it but a cotton patch quilt and a piece of old carpet. "Well," I said, "and what of your child who died?" I had touched a chord in that weary mother's tearless heart; a few great tears rolled down her sallow cheeks, and she tried to steady her feeble voice and answer my question.

"It is five months syne she was born; I was very ill. After the doctor and woman that was with me had left, nane came to see after me, and John was out all day and often all nicht after the game; and

I lo'ed the wain but I'd naething to gie her, and I saw her dwine and dwine by my side, till ae day she geed a wee short breath and deed, and syne I couldna look after or care for onything, for my bairn deed o' want, and I kent it weel, and it gid sae sair to my heart that I didna greet, and I didna sleep, and I didna eat, and then the cough came, and John brought the doctor, and he said it was the decline, and I wouldna mend; and it was true, for every day I seem waur and waur, and some days I canna rise ava."

And then the fragile form was racked by a terrible fit of coughing. I silently prayed that the Lord would now give me the right word. As the paroxysm of coughing a little subsided I took her hand and said: "Mary, the message I bring you to-night is from the Son of God, the One who died to save sinners like you and me; and His message to you is this, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Dear soul, you are in great need of rest. Will you come to Him to-night?"

"I would fain have the rest," she said, "but I'm no' fit to come; and I've no strength left to gae to the kirk or the meeting, so I canna come."

"Well, Mary, you're very weak and very sinful, but Christ has made provision for just such as you! Have you strength to look at me, Mary?"

"Yes," she said, raising her heavy sad eyes to mine.

"Well, Mary," I said, "the Lord bids you look unto Him and live."

"Does He? Oh, but I'm a poor weak thing; and I know I'm a sinner, for I was taught that years ago at the schule, and I feel it every day. But there's none to care for me now, and I'm dying and going I don't know where! Oh, what will become of poor Mary B——, the poacher's wife?" And in an agony of soul she rocked herself to and fro, and tears, long pent up, rolled down those worn cheeks.

I wept too; for I saw she had judged herself a sinner, and that the Lord's time for blessing had come.

I opened my Bible, and read from Numbers xxi. 5-9. "And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt, to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died. Therefore the people came to Moses and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord and against thee; pray unto the Lord that He take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived."

After reading this I said nothing, but waited upon God to apply His own word to that sin-stricken one,

so near the end of her wilderness journey. A faint smile stole over her lips, and she whispered, "I'm just like one o' them. I've spoken against God, and said hard things of Him mony a day when I was starving here and when my baby deed; but there's nae serpent o' brass for me to look to now, and there's naething but hell for me"; and again she wept.

I opened my Bible, and read John iii. 14-17. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the *world through Him might be saved.*"

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands together in intense relief, "Is it true, is it true? Then I can dee happy. He gave His Son for me, and I shall never perish! I know I am a sinner, but Jesus deed just for the like o' me! Oh, thank ye, thank ye, for coming to me wi' sic a message"; and she clasped my hand and kissed it again and again.

"Shall we thank God together?" I said.

"Yes, yes!" and, kneeling on the mud floor, we thanked Him who so loved Mary B——, the poacher's wife, that he gave His only Son for her, that she might live through Him.

It was getting late. I helped poor Mary into her bed of shavings, lifted her sleeping boy by her side,

lighted a fire, and made some tea. Once more I looked at Mary, and felt reprovèd for the faithlessness of my heart which had doubted for a moment the reality of all this. So quietly had her soul passed from death unto life before my eyes, and accepted Christ so simply, that I could scarcely believe it. But a look at that calm face, as she rested on the bosom of the Lord, was enough to put away every doubt, and I could only praise Him as I said, "Good night, Mary; I shall see you to-morrow, if the Lord will."

She gave me such a look, I shall never forget it, and said, "Oh, it is rest! 'Come unto Me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

I left her full of thankful joy, and made my way home through the snow. Next day I saw her early, and found her sinking, but full of joy. Through the kindness of a Christian friend a comfortable bed was provided for her, and I had her room cleaned, and the window, which had been nailed down for years, opened and a little fresh air let into the sick-room. For all this she seemed grateful, but her heart was occupied with the Lord, and she desired to be with Him.

Each day I saw her for the two or three weeks she remained on earth, and we read and prayed together; and several of the Lord's people visited her, and were satisfied that she was resting, in unclouded peace, on the finished work of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

I saw her a short time before she fell asleep in

Jesus ; she pointed for me to come near her. Her husband was in the room ; and I saw she had some last words for me, and I drew near.

“ I’ll maybe no’ see ye again, but we’ll meet aboon ” ; and kissing my hand several times, she said, “ I lo’e ye weel, for ye carried the message from God to me.” And so we parted here, never to meet again till in the presence of Him who died for sinners.

Reader ! I know not who you are, old or young, rich or poor ; but this I know : if you have not accepted Christ you are a lost sinner going to hell ! There is salvation for you now if you will have it, and, like poor Mary, take God at His word. You too can be saved this moment, if you rest upon the finished work of Him who gave His life for you.

K.

---

## THE STUDENT’S DREAM.

---

**E**ARLY in the last century a bright, clever, open-hearted youth entered the University of Dublin. It was proposed to him to stand for a sizarship, the exam. for which was very severe, and open to competitors from all parts of the United Kingdom.

He was naturally averse to hard study, and yet for the sake of his widowed mother, a lady of good family but in straitened circumstances, he wished to relieve her of the cost of his education by obtaining the position. Still, to his great disappointment, through a mistake in the marks, his name was

not announced amongst the successful candidates, and yet he unselfishly rejoiced in the success of an intimate friend who shared his rooms. When, however, the mistake was corrected, they could rejoice together.

Such was the auspicious beginning of his college career, and although he did not follow it up by higher honours of a similar kind, he soon made his mark in the walks of lighter literature and poetry. Such was this young man, amiable, thoroughly sincere, attractive in manner, firm and upright in conduct.

But all the time one thing was lacking, and that thing essential to his happiness and highest good. He did not then know and love the Saviour. Infidel writings and godless companions were drawing him more and more into the world and away from God.

Still he had one faithful and right-minded friend that lived with him. He had felt the power of the gospel, and longed to see his companion won to Christ. He often spoke earnestly and lovingly to him, as one young fellow can talk to another, and he never ceased to pray for his conversion. For some time no change was to be seen. At last, however, the answer came in a remarkable manner.

One morning he appeared at breakfast with an unusually anxious and troubled look on his face. Being asked the cause, he answered, "I had a dream last night, which I shall not easily forget. I seemed to have fallen over a precipice, and to be sinking headlong on to a ledge of jagged rocks. In another moment I expected to be found below, a mangled corpse. But just as in my agony of mind all seemed

to be over, there glided from the side of the cliff a glorious Form, all radiant with brightness, in whose countenance was mingled the most winning tenderness with unearthly majesty. I saw that He was no other than the almighty, all-holy, and all-loving Redeemer. He quickly caught me in His arms, and set me at His side on the solid rock. At once my fears vanished, and I felt perfectly safe; and, as He drew me closer to Himself, He said, 'You were just hurrying to destruction, but I am your Deliverer; trust in Me and keep near Me, I will never let you go, but will shield you from every peril even to the end.' Then I awoke," he added, "and though I found it was only a dream, I felt that it had been sent as a message from heaven. It is indeed quite true; I have been hurrying to ruin, rejecting the Saviour, and neglecting His salvation. But now I trust Jesus has saved me, and that He is mine and I am His. It is so merciful of God."

Such was the young man's own account of the matter as given to his friend, who was the writer's own father, and who repeated it to him.

Certain it is that this proved to be the turning-point in the student's spiritual history, and led to a very decided change in his whole after-character and career. From that time a gradually deepening tone of seriousness marked his behaviour and conversation. He left college fully resolved to serve Christ, and he became an eminently happy, consistent, and useful Christian.

Reader, are you saved? Are you a true Christian?



"IT'S ALL A MYSTERY."

---

HE was an old man, though wonderfully vigorous, to whom I said casually, as we walked together only yesterday—"My witness is in heaven, my record is on high," quoting some of the words of the famous old patriarch, Job.

"*It's all a mystery*," he replied. "I defy you, or any man, to say that it is not. No one has gone to heaven and come back to tell us what he has seen there; it's all a mystery!"

This word "mystery" filled his brain and formed itself easily on his lips. I could readily perceive that he was utterly in the dark on the things of God, and those that belong to our peace.

"The mystery," I assured him, has been removed, for that which had been hidden has been revealed in the blessed gospel. The truth has come to light. "Life and incorruptibility," we read in the Scriptures, "are brought to light by the gospel," and if people only received the gospel they would be in the light and joy and assurance that it brings.

He defied any man to assert truthfully any more than he himself knew. He regarded every other man to be as much in the dark on these things as himself.

Somewhat egotistic, thought I! A man must be on tremendously strong ground if he can correctly discredit the calm testimony of myriads of witnesses to any fact which has come within the range of their own experience.

True, but in this case, have any gone to the other side, so as to hear and see in those hidden regions that which is concealed from our natural senses on this side?

Is this necessary? I do not think so. Strange to say, I have just received a letter from a young man in exercise on this very question. He says, "So far, I have found that there is no *proof* in religion, and that it is all built upon *faith*."

By "proof" I suppose he means external evidence, and this, he tells us, he has not found. Therefore he rightly adds, "It is all built upon *faith*."

That is right, but it must be faith in God and not in feeling, nor sight, nor external and visible evidence.

We read—"Abraham believed God and it was reckoned to him for righteousness." He is called (wonderful to say) the "friend of God."

It would clearly not be faith if it were by sight, and sure I am that sight by itself, external evidence the most unimpeachable, apart from the work of the spirit of God in the soul, is utterly useless. If all the men who, through the grace of God, have gone to heaven, were to come back from that other side and tell us the glorious actualities of the heavenly home, not a single soul would be savingly affected by their recital. It might produce a momentary galvanic effect, as it did in the case of Bunyan's Pliable, but that is all.

More is needed than galvanism, or visions of glory, or external evidences. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This secret work of the Spirit is absolutely necessary. No, my dear old friend of yesterday would

not believe though a man should tell it to him—nor a thousand men. He wanted that which, even if granted, would be of no use.

The man who, like Abraham, takes God at His word, where there is no kind of appearance, nor crutch, nor ladder, but who believes God despite all evidence and against all natural expectation, that is the man who is carried clear beyond the region of mystery and surmise and uncertainty. To such a one the mystery has gone; he is in the light and sunshine; he has "passed from death unto life."

And what of the old man? Well, he left that subject and spoke warmly of giving to the poor.

"Very good," said I, "so long as the money you give is not squandered on whisky or other self-indulgence. By all means do your utmost to relieve distress and alleviate the lot of your suffering neighbour; but," I added, "do you love your neighbour quite as much as you love yourself, for that is one of the great conditions of the Law?"

"No," he frankly replied. "Nor, I am sure, do I," was my answer, "nor does any human being. It is not in the nature of fallen man to love his neighbour as himself, far less to love God with all the heart, and therefore—

'The law which shows the sinner's guilt,  
Condemns him to his face.'

Again, in parting, I assured him that the mystery is wholly removed when, as helpless and undone sinners, we fling our guilty souls on the mercy of the sinner's Saviour. Then, like the once blind man

of John ix., we can truthfully say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." His mystery of blindness was gone and he "saw," yes, he saw his Healer, the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, and worshipped Him!

The whole question of this so-called mystery is taken up and settled in Romans x.: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart," so near, so within reach, so plain, viz., "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

J. W. S.

---

## GRACE, GODLINESS, AND GLORY.

---

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation unto all men hath appeared, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—(TITUS ii. 11-14.)

**F**IRST of all, in this beautiful passage, we read, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared." What a very lovely statement! Such a message reached me fifty-three years ago. I heard of Christ having come to seek and to save sinners, and I said to myself that, if ever there was a sinner on the face of the earth, it was myself, and that night the Lord saved me.

Now that is just what men need to-day—*they need CHRIST*. Hungry men do not want lectures on the composition of bread. They need bread, and unsaved men need salvation.

You will find presented, first of all, in this Scripture, the salvation grace brings us; then the lovely lessons that *grace* teaches; and finally the blessed hope grace presents to the believer.

Now, note well that you are not a true Christian until you are *saved*. You may be called a Christian, but are you a *real* Christian or only a nominal one? It is a great thing to be real. You are a real sinner, and, as such, you are under the sentence of death, and after death comes the judgment, and that will mean the lake of fire. God has sent you salvation. You cannot earn it, you do not deserve it, and you cannot buy it, but, thank God, you may have it. Grace saves the worst sinners. Good sinners very often miss God's salvation. Don't you miss it, my reader, just because you are not a very gross sinner.

A poor, drunken tinsmith came to some meetings I held recently in Ireland. We fervently hoped that God would save him. He came, but did not decide for Christ. At length, I thought I would go and see him at his house. He was out, but his wife was in.

To her I said, "Are you converted?" She replied, "No, but I would like to be."

I told her the gospel, and, bless the Lord, He saved her by the fireside. Joy came into her heart, and it beamed in her face.

I inquired, "What will you say to your husband when he comes in?" She replied, "I will say to

him, "The Lord has saved me this morning, and He wants to save you."

You ask, "Was he saved?" Well, I got a letter from a servant of the Lord there, a few days ago, in which he said, "I could not say whether the tinsmith is exactly what you would call converted, but he has given up the drink, and I am expecting soon to hear that he is saved."

Perhaps my reader is a sober man, but are you saved? Sobriety cannot keep you out of hell, but the blood of Christ can cleanse you from your sins, and open the gates of glory for you.

Perhaps you say, like many, "I mean to be a Christian before I die."

When will you die? I have not been a doctor for over fifty years without seeing a sudden death or two. You have no lease of life. You may have a lease of your house, your shop, or your office, but not of your life. *Now* is the time to get saved. *Now* grace brings you the tale of forgiveness of sins and salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus, and you may take it just now.

Zaccheus wanted to see the Lord Jesus, and got up into a sycamore tree, for He was to pass that way. The Lord saw him, and said "Zaccheus, make haste and come down." He did not wait, but "made haste and came down and received Him joyfully." He received salvation that day. You do just as Zaccheus did and you will be saved to-day. The blessed Saviour is saying to *you* as you read this, "Make haste and come down."

Zaccheus received Him joyfully, and took Him

home. You do the same to-day. Take the Lord Jesus home with you. If you take Christ in simple faith, you will take salvation home with you.

Oh! but you say, "I do not think I can get saved in a hurry like that." You do not think so because you do not know it.

Let me give you a chapter out of my life. I was converted on the 16th December 1860, at ten o'clock at night. I had a comrade, a young fellow as careless and godless as myself. He went home from the preaching—where I found the Lord—deeply exercised, and ploughed up about his sins. When I got to my lodging at 11 P.M., he was sitting by the fire weeping.

I came in and said, "Well, Tom, how is it with you?"

He replied, "I see how it is with you by the look of your face." What was I looking like? A picture of joy. I was living then in Duncan Street, Islington. I left it, a little before six o'clock, an unsaved man, and I came back, a little after eleven, rejoicing in Christ, a saved man. Next day Tom got saved. Now you get saved to-day. "*The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.*" It is not that everybody gets saved, but all may be; take *you* care that you get it. Receive Christ by simple faith and God's salvation is yours, then you can take your place among the ranks of the saved, and must begin to learn the lessons which grace teaches.

I would now address myself to Christians. What is the next thing in our Scripture—"Teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we

should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." Grace and godliness go together.

When a man gets truly converted, there is a change. Have you, fellow-believer, learned to say "No" to the things you used to be governed by? You have got a sense now that worldly ways will not do. Take my advice. Deny these things, and begin at once to stand for the Lord.

"Well," you say, "how did you manage it yourself?"

I will tell you. I was rapidly tumbling into hell by way of the concert room. When I was converted in London, I was booked to go down the next week and sing comic songs in Devonshire.

The moment I was converted I felt that I could no longer help people into hell with comic songs. So I wrote to the conductor of the concert, and told him what had happened. I said, "If I do come down and sing at your concert, I must sing about Christ, and I am afraid that will spoil the concert." I told him all the gospel I knew, and begged that he would tell all the rest of my fellow-singers. The concert came off, and people said, "Where is young Wolston?" "Oh!" they said, "poor fellow, he has gone *wrong* in his *head*." That was the story that went round the town. The truth was I had got *right* in my *heart*. Have you?

The Lord in His grace help you to say "No" to these worldly lusts.

Next, we are to live *soberly*. We have to learn day by day to control ourselves. That is the life *within*. Further, we are to live *righteously*. That



is the life *without*. I do not know that I can define it, but righteousness is consistency with relationship. It would be no use my preaching to you, if you could say, "He does not pay his debts." People generally do not read their Bibles, but they do read us, and how ready they are to say, if we give them the opportunity, "Look at that fellow! He says he is a Christian, but look at his ways. If that is being a Christian I do not want to be one." Let us see to it that we do not give them the opportunity. Let us commend Christianity by our ways.

It is beautiful the way grace works. The Lord wants to have us, "that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people." I should like to see you among the peculiar people, not by the cut of your coat, but by being "zealous of good works."

Good works have their right place. When a man is godless he does nothing but *wicked* works. When he gets shaken up, and turns over a new leaf, he thinks he does good works, but Scripture calls them "*dead* works." The believer should bring forth "*good* works." Good works have their proper place.

Finally, grace teaches us to look "for that blessed hope, and the appearing of the glory of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ." What are *you* waiting for?

The apostle Paul, speaking of the Thessalonian believers, tells us "they turned to God from idols." How did this happen? They were attracted by the grace of God. Let me give you a good illustration as to how *attraction* works.

A gentleman once took me over his brass foundry. In a corner I saw a heap of dirty-looking rubbish, consisting of iron filings and brass filings. He took me to another spot, where I found a man busy with a shovel, and I saw this rubbish disappear. I went along further, and in another compartment I saw two streams issuing from a closed box—one of dirty, rusty iron filings, and the other of brass filings. There was not a bit of brass among the iron filings, nor a bit of iron among the brass filings.

“Well,” I said, “how do you manage that?”

He took me back, and lifted a cover, and showed me an Archimedean screw at work. The man shovelled the rubbish into the clutch of the screw, and the stream moved along, and I saw that when it got to a certain place, it altered its colour all of a sudden. I saw something revolving.

I inquired “What is that.”

He replied, “That is simply a revolving magnet, and when the iron filings get within reach of the revolving magnet, up they fly.”

“Yes, and the brass is left behind.”

“Yes,” he said, “that is it.”

I thought to myself, here is a good illustration for the gospel. I need hardly tell you who the Magnet is—*Christ*. Christ attracted me, a worthless old iron filing, a sinner like me. And, you know, the decent, respectable, never-did-anybody-any-harm-sort of people are not touched. They are like the brass filings. They are not attracted. Dear reader, have you ever been attracted to the Lord?

But there is another side to the story. We have

got a blessed hope—to wait for God's Son from heaven. The Magnet—the blessed Lord Jesus Christ—is soon going to put forth His power in an altogether different way. The magnetic power of the love of Christ has already had its effect upon you, if a believer. It has changed your life, your ways, your character. But another thing is going to happen one of these days. That magnetic power is going to act, and it will change your situation altogether.

Read 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. “The dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds.” The Magnet will attract the worthless iron filings. That is what the world thinks of us. They say that we Christians are a downright worthless lot of fools. They are welcome to the thought, but when we are caught up in the air by the Lord they will alter their opinion.

I believe search parties went out in Enoch's day. What were they looking for? Enoch. It says, “He was not found.” That means he was hunted for, and could not be found. Again, look at Elijah. Fifty men of the sons of the prophets spent three days searching for him.

I tell you what it is, there will be lots of search parties out in this world one of these days. Who will they be searching for? Well, they will be searching for you, dear Christian reader, and they will be searching for me. Enoch was not found; Elijah was not found, and most certainly we shall not be. That is our blessed hope. Our hope is the coming of the Lord.

Then, finally, there is the appearing of Christ. He is coming back to this earth, and we shall come back with Him. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. Ah! Christian, there is a wonderful future ahead of us. There are certain things which must take place first. There is the judgment seat of Christ, the question of award and reward for any service we have done for the Lord down here. May that thought have a purifying effect on our lives now. May we be like men that wait for their Lord.

Now remember, grace brings salvation, grace teaches us to live righteously, and grace gives us the hope of the Lord's return. Grace, godliness, and glory are inseparably united. W. T. P. W.

---

### THE OLD ANVIL.

---

ONE day I paused beside a smithy door,  
And heard the anvil sound the vesper chime ;  
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you here," said I,  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so ?"  
"Just one," the blacksmith said, with twinkling eye ;  
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

"And so," said I, "the anvil of God's Word  
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon ;  
Yet, though the sound of hammers thus was heard,  
The anvil yet remains—the hammers gone."

ANON.

## NOW.

**I** HAVE had a very sad experience to-night," said a woman earnestly to me.

There were three of us. I had been holding a gospel meeting in a populous Durham mining village on a Sunday evening, and was returning home. I had got into conversation with a man and his wife, and after a little talk the wife made the remark quoted above.

She went on, "We have been to chapel to-night, and a young local preacher was the supply. He spoke very earnestly on the text, 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.' He kept ringing this verse in our ears, and his one burden was the importance of deciding for Christ at once.

"Well, the service was ended, and the congregation dispersed. Just outside the door of the chapel a young man, who had been present, was laughing and joking with some girls, when suddenly he fell to the ground and died without a moment's warning."

I could see that the event had shaken the nerves of the woman, and, as she ceased her story, a very solemn feeling came over us.

Was the young man converted, or was his conduct, laughing and joking at the close of a solemn gospel appeal, an indication that he had remained untouched by the warning, so specially suited to his case, had he but known what the near future held in store for him?

We cannot say. We must leave that. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But, oh! we turn to *your* case with great solicitude. Are you converted? Are you saved? If not, never did the young preacher's text apply with greater force to your case. You never were so near your end as you are this moment. You never were so near the closing hour of grace as you are now. Oh! that God would give you wisdom to understand the pressing importance of the statement, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time: behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

The fact that "*now* is the accepted time" proves that there is nothing for you to do to be saved but to believe. It is a marvellous fact that God can, and does, offer to save you on the spot, *just as you are*. Your sins are no barrier, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

If only you were in deep earnest about it, how simple it would be to accept God's offered mercy through faith in Christ.

I once visited a lady in a Scotch watering town. Frail and wasted, she evidently was not long for this world. After a little conversation, in order to gain her confidence, I ventured to ask, "Are you saved?"

Her answer thrilled me. She covered her face with her thin wasted hands, and shuddered as she exclaimed with deep pathos, "*I would give worlds to know that.*"

It was such a joy to explain to her that she could

do nothing towards her salvation, that Christ had done everything, that on the cross He had triumphantly exclaimed, *It is finished*, and that His place in glory was the proof of God's satisfaction in His work. That all she needed to do was to trust that Saviour, and God would save her on the spot. We opened our Bibles, and read Acts x. 43 ; xiii. 38, 39 ; xvi. 31 ; John v. 24, and other plain Scriptures.

I shall never forget how the light broke in upon her, and when once she saw that all she had to do was to trust the Saviour she jumped at the offer, and earnestly accepted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour.

She lingered some months, giving a bright testimony to her faith in Christ. She has now passed away to be with Him who died for her and saved her.

Will you not trust this same Saviour? He is so trustworthy, and He will do all that He has said He will. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

Miss Havergal truly wrote—

"They that trust Him wholly  
Find Him wholly true."

And God has said:—"I have heard thee in a time accepted, and IN THE DAY OF SALVATION have I succoured thee; behold, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME; behold, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

A. J. P.

## GLORY OR JUDGMENT ?

(Tune—"Glory Song.")

---

SINNER ! when time's fleeting pleasures are o'er,  
 When thou must stand on eternity's shore,  
 Wilt thou with Jesus be blest evermore—  
 Will it be glory or judgment for thee ?

*Refrain.*—Oh will it be glory for thee ? . . .  
                   Glory for thee ? . . . glory for thee ? . . .  
                   Saved by His grace, thou may'st have  
                   a blest place ;  
                   Shall it be glory or judgment for thee ?

If thou art spurning the mercy of God—  
 Choosing thy path on destruction's dark road,  
 If not redeemed by the soul-cleansing blood,  
 Judgment eternal thy portion must be.

Vain to be singing of "glory for me,"  
 Heedless that Jesus thy Saviour must be,  
 Trust Him this moment, there's mercy for thee,  
 Sing with assurance of "glory for me."

Cease thy delusions, all worthless and vain,  
 Look unto Jesus, the Lamb that was slain,  
 Peace, satisfaction, and joy thou shalt gain,  
 Glory with Jesus thy portion may be.

Soon will be dawning the Glorious Day—  
 Christ will appear with His saints in display ;  
 Sorrow and crying will vanish away,  
 Will it be glory, poor sinner, for thee ?           R.



## SAILOR JIM ; OR, "MY FIRST SOUL."

**W**HAT a strange title! perhaps some may remark. Well, I did not give the name of "Sailor Jim" to him who was saved by the grace of God ; his simple story I write for other sailors like him, and it was Jim who always styled himself "My first Soul."

I had been but a short time converted and was very ignorant of the Word of God ; indeed, I scarcely knew where to turn for a passage or verse, save those few grand verses that the Lord had pointed me to, when in agony of soul I cried to Him, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer came with healing on its wings, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi.), and "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22).

But, though very ignorant even of God's plan of salvation, I knew He had saved me, and that on the ground of Christ's death and resurrection God had offered to me, a sinner, the gift of eternal life, and I had, by grace, accepted it. Never did a doubt cross my mind as to whether I was really saved or not ; God had said it, and that was enough for me. Having found peace through the certainty of sin having for ever been put away by the sacrifice of Christ, and the assurance that my debt had been fully paid by another, my soul rested upon that blessed word, "There is therefore now no con-

demnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

Soon an intense longing filled me to carry the glad tidings of Jesus, the Saviour, to others, and I cried daily to God, "O God, send me with a message from Thyself to some soul." In my ignorance of the grace of God, I even said, "Lord, make me the means of blessing to one soul, just one soul, and then let me die." I had few opportunities of speaking to souls; too timid to talk to those around me, or to any I met outside, I still longed after that one soul, and in confidence continued to cry to God by day, and often by night, for the one to whom I was to carry His message. The answer came in a way I had little expected, and to the God of Grace, who hears and answers some of our most ignorant prayers, be all the praise.

James H., or "Sailor Jim," as his companions called him, had long lived near us. I had often seen him pass up and down, and he was known by me only as a man who was seldom, if ever, sober; the unsteady step, the bloated face, the restless eye, told their own tale; he was a drunkard. I had always a deep compassion for such men, and for their wives and families; but I would have trembled to speak to one of his character, and the thought of going to his house, though but a few doors from us, had never entered my mind.

"Sailor Jim" spent only part of his life at home; during that time he drank the wages he made on his short sea voyages, and his pale, sad wife and

sickly children could tell their own tale of want and bitterness to any who had a look of pity for the drunkard's wife and bairns. One day, as I sat with my work near the window, a noise in the street attracted my attention; it was the rude, boisterous mirth of "Sailor Jim" on his way home with a companion in his sin. I prayed as I stood at the window, "Lord, save him from hell," and at once I seemed given the message, "Go and tell him of Christ." I shrank from it. "What!" I said, "how could I go? Send some one else, but not me." I tried to forget "Jim," but for two days and a night I was haunted by these words, "Go and tell 'Jim' of Christ."

I was young and unaccustomed to visit the houses of the poor, and the thought of a drunkard's home terrified me. I had seen him, I had heard his oaths and coarse language as he passed through the street, and I trembled to think I must meet that man face to face; but the words rang in my ears, "Go and speak to him of Christ." The next day, in much fear and not knowing what I was to say, I started for "Jim's" house; it was quite near and easy of access. I wished there had been some barrier or obstruction in the way to give me an excuse for not going, and I oft repeated, "This cannot be the soul I have prayed for." As I went down the narrow passage and up the outside broken stair that led to his house I trembled, but a word seemed given me, "You have only to deliver God's message," and fear fled.

I knocked, and the door was quickly opened by a pale, sad-looking woman, who nervously started when I asked if her husband was at home. "Yes," she said, "but he cannot see you, he is ill." With a sense of relief, I was just going to say, "I shall come again," when a voice from within called out in a husky, unpleasant tone, "Come in, I must see you." Looking to God for strength, I went in. I was struck with the air of poverty, not dirt. In the little kitchen the furniture was scanty, a sickly child sat by the fire, her little head resting on her wasted hand, and her sunken eyes and startled, weary-looking face marked her a drunkard's bairn. I stood to speak to her, but the voice of "Jim," in loud angry accents, called, "Come in, I tell you, come in."

I passed into the little room beyond. On the bed lay "Jim," his bloated face more terrible to me than usual. "Shut that door, Tom," he shouted. I closed it, and said, "It's not Tom." In a moment he seemed sobered. Astonished to find I was not the companion he was looking for, he scarcely knew what to say.

"May I sit down beside you?" I asked.

"If you like to sit beside a drunken fellow like me."

"James," I said, "I have not come to speak to you about drunkenness at present, I have come with a message from God to you."

"I hate God," he answered; "He knows that."

I said, "But His message to you is one of love. He has sent me to tell you that He so loved you that

He gave His Son to die for you, and that now, on the spot before you leave that bed, before you even go on the sea again, He wishes to save your soul."

"If that's true," he answered, "that's the best message I ever got, but it's not likely that the God I've been blaspheming for years should send you with a message to me, as I lie here half drunk." I then told him simply how the Lord had saved me, and given me a great desire to be sent with the glad tidings of salvation to some one else, and that I believed he was the man God was going to bless. He was much moved, tears ran down his cheeks, and when I rose to leave he pressed me to return. I gave him a little tract, called "Pray for the Drunkard"; it was scarcely the kind of tract I would have given now to one in "Jim's" state, there was little of Christ in it; it was an appeal, to those who knew Christ, to pray for the drunkard. I had written it some little time before on seeing a poor drunkard reel out of a public-house and call upon the passers-by to save him from hell; it was the only tract I had in my pocket, and I left it. The Lord in His infinite grace used it and the few words spoken for the salvation of poor "Jim."

Early next day his little boy was at our door with the message, "Could you come and see my father?" No longer trembling, I ran up "Jim's" broken stair. He met me at the door, and, with sailor warmth, shook me again and again by both hands, saying, "Well, God bless you, I'm your first soul; may you win many more. I am saved simply through believing

what Christ has done. He gave His life for me, and I've been hating Him and killing my poor Betsy and the children all this time, but she'll come to Christ too, and we'll all be happy together."

A shade passed over his face, and he said, "I wish to speak to you alone." We went into the little back room where we had our first conversation. As the light fell upon his face, I observed for the first time he looked very ill, and that the bloated appearance had given place to a livid hue, his lips were bloodless, and his whole frame shook. He was a man in the prime of life, but sin had wasted a strong and manly frame. "James," I said, "you are ill."

"That's a small matter; the doctor says I have heart disease, but it is not that I want to speak about. I know my soul is saved, but how am I to escape the drink? If I ever go out again I'll fall as sure as I am alive, and what dishonour that will bring on Christ's name!" So saying, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child. I felt powerless to speak to him for a few moments, and looked to God for words to meet his case.

"James," I said, "have you trusted God fully with your soul?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, "and I wish He would take me safe home this minute. I can trust Him with the wife and bairns, but I cannot trust myself to keep from that cursed drink, which has all but had me in hell. Oh, you don't know what it is, dear lady; the thirst for it, the craving for it, is on me now,

and at times I would even sell my wife and children for a glass of grog."

"O James," I said, "this is terrible, but the One who has saved your soul can keep you from this too. Will you trust Him about this?" I knelt down to ask help from the Lord for such a case. In a moment James was by my side, and in heart-rending accents was crying to God, as only a saved soul could cry, for deliverance from the power of this awful temptation. As he rose from his knees he said, "Now I can trust Him for both soul and body ; I'm not afraid to go out now, nor on the sea either, though it is worse than the land ; I see Christ is enough for every temptation ; only I wish He would take me safe home."

The next day James was laid on a bed of sickness, which kept him indoors for many weeks. "No doubt," he would often say to me, "this illness came to keep me from the temptations outside I dreaded, and that I might learn of Him who is more to me than all that earth could give." We often read together, and it was beautiful to see how the grace of God shone out in poor "Jim." He longed after other souls, and used to urge me to speak to the drunkard especially.

"Ah," he would say, "I'm your first soul, but not your last ; do not rest satisfied with one soul. The poor drunkards ! I only wish to go out again to tell them of One who does love them ; for the drunkard believes that God hates him and that everybody else turns from him too."

In a few weeks James was better and ready to go to sea, and I saw him less frequently than before ; but his house no longer bore the aspect of a drunkard's home, the wife and children were neat and clean, the sick bairn had sundry little comforts provided for her, and James had ever a cheerful word about the Lord when we met. Many were his little love-tokens to me ; scarcely a voyage that he did not bring me something—a shell, a pin-cushion, a heart made of pebble, were all gifts to remind me of “My first soul,” as he said. He had given me his likeness, in a large wooden frame, soon after he was converted ; but a few weeks later he asked me to return it, saying, “You must not keep that ; I was not sober the day it was taken ; besides, it was the likeness of one who hated Christ, and I wish to destroy it.”

One day I saw him just as he was starting on one of his short voyages, and we had a happy time over the Word, which had now become his delight, ere we parted. A few days after a message came to me, “Come and see Betsy H. ; her husband is dead.” I hastened to her. Through her tears she told me she had had sad news that morning ; “Jim's” ship had reached London Docks with his lifeless body—“Sailor Jim” was dead !

I could weep with that sorrowful widow, but with joy I could say with certainty, “He is with the Lord.” His comrade brought but a few particulars, but these were full of interest. He said, “‘Jim’ was lacing his boot upon deck when he



fell back, and called out to me, 'Bill, come here, I know I'm dying; but in a few moments I shall be with the Lord. Tell my wife to give her heart to Christ; and tell the lady who told me of Him, I'm safe home.' He then raised his hand and smiled, and was gone to be for ever with the Lord."

I have written this story for sailors, or for any who may not know Christ, whether sober or drunken, whether your life is spent on land or water. If you are unconverted you are on the road to hell as he was; but the grace that met him and saved him cries to you, "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). Won't you come now? Soon the day of grace will be over for you, and in eternity you will for ever regret, when too late, that you rejected Christ. Listen to the voice of Jesus speaking to you, "Come, come! Come unto me! Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." God desires to save you; "Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. ii. 4).

Flee from the wrath to come! In a moment, like "Jim," you may be called from earth. Be ye also ready!

"Life at best is very brief,  
Like the falling of a leaf,  
Like the binding of a sheaf,  
Be in time."

## RIGHTEOUSNESS AND SALVATION.

**S**ALVATION there cannot be without righteousness. Righteousness, that is, on the part of God in extending salvation to the sinner—as well as in giving the sinner a righteousness such as will fit him for the glory of God, of which he has come short (*see Rom. iii. 23*).

Now the apostle Paul writes: “Brethren, my heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel is, *that they might be saved*” (*Rom. x. 1*).

From this we learn two things: (1) That these people were *NOT* saved; (2) the desire expressed “*that they might be saved.*”

The apostle had written previously: “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto SALVATION to EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH; to the Jew first, and also unto the Greek” (*Rom. i. 16*).

But then these Israelites that Paul mourned and longed over were *NOT SAVED*. (Reader, how is it with you?)

And so he proceeds to explain why it was they were *NOT SAVED*. “For they being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God” (*Rom. x. 3*).

Mark here the two great mistakes they were making: (1) They were ignorant of God’s righteousness, and therefore had not submitted to it. (2)

They were seeking to make a righteousness of their own.

And take notice that their ignorance as to this question of righteousness was what accounted for their being NOT SAVED.

Before, therefore, we can get any light upon this all-important matter as to salvation, we must find out what the apostle means by stating that the reason why those he had in his mind were UNSAVED was because they were IGNORANT of the righteousness of God.

If, indeed, God's righteousness lies at the foundation of the SALVATION question, it becomes all important that we should be no longer IGNORANT as to it.

Therefore, we had better turn back to Romans i. and read: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel . . . for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith . . . for the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness" (Rom. i. 16-18).

Here then we have the cardinal fact that in the Gospel *God's righteousness* is revealed. It had never been revealed before. Under the previous dealings of God with man—under law—God was claiming righteousness from man, but no man had been able to satisfy its claims.

And in connection with the revelation of God's righteousness there was the revelation of God's wrath against all unrighteousness of man. In result,

man is found to be hopelessly ruined. This is shown out in detail from chap. i. 19 to chap. iii. 19 :—

(1) The lowest, most degraded heathen ; (2) the educated and civilised heathen ; (3) the Jew ; (4) all mankind summed up in chap. iii. 9-19.

Man, tested by God's righteousness, is found to have none. "There is *none righteous, no, not one,*" "there is *none that doeth good, no, not one*" (chap. iii. 10 and 12).

To submit to the righteousness of God involves the admission that none of us is righteous as to our condition, and as to our actions in the flesh not one of us does good.

"Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law that *every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God*" (chap. iii. 19).

God is no longer claiming righteousness from the sinner. He declares you have none. He shuts your mouth, and brings you in guilty, and subject to the judgment of God.

If you will say "Amen" to that verdict and sentence, then you will at once cease the mistaken course of those who go about to establish their own righteousness, and you will be ready to listen to the glad tidings of how God can save the vilest sinner in righteousness as well as in love and mercy.

Let us go a step further.

"But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested . . . even righteousness of God . . . UNTO ALL AND UPON ALL THEM THAT

**BELIEVE:** for there is no difference: for **ALL HAVE SINNED**, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 21-23).

Here we learn that if, on the one hand, God's righteousness must judge all unrighteousness—He has found a way by which He can bless and justify, and save the unrighteous, and set him up in His own righteousness—put His own righteousness "upon all them that believe."

"Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God has set forth *to be* a propitiation [lit. *mercy seat*] through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past (*i.e.*, committed prior to the cross): to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be **JUST**, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (chap. iii. 24-26).

These verses explain how it is that God's righteousness without the death of Christ would result in judgment for the sinner—is the very thing that now stands between the sinner, who believes, and that awful fate. For God has shown His abhorrence of sin at the cross, and there in the Person of His own Son He has inflicted His wrath upon Him, who bare the believer's sins, and was made sin. The righteousness of God has satisfied itself there in the infinite death of the Lord Jesus, and now God can not only spare the sinner who believes, but can be just and *justify* him—put His righteousness upon Him. That is, He reckons *righteous* the sinner who

repents and trusts alone in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

If you have God's righteousness reckoned to you by faith, you are fit for the glory of God, but "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (chap. iii. 20).

It is "to him that worketh NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the UNGODLY, his faith is reckoned for righteousness" (chap. iv. 5).

I trust we see now a little as to what it is to be ignorant of the righteousness of God. Ignorance on such a subject is perilous, for there cannot be salvation, pardon, or peace apart from it.

Now we may return to chap. x. and read verse 4—"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," or as another translation renders it, "For as a means of righteousness Christ is the termination of law to every believer."

The righteousness of God is a free gift from God by faith, and is not to be had on the principle of works or law-keeping.

"The righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise. . . . That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus [*i.e.*, Jesus as Lord], and shalt believe in thine heart that God has 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*" (chap. x. 6, 9, 10). Another translation renders it: "For with the heart men believe and obtain righteousness, and

with the mouth they make confession and obtain salvation."

How good it is then to come to God through the Lord Jesus Christ, and own fully our lost and sinful condition, and acknowledge that judged by the standard of the righteousness of God we have not an inch of ground to stand upon nor a word to say.

God has been so glorified by the death of the Lord Jesus as to the whole SIN question, and His righteousness vindicated by the judgment of it there, that He can now not only pardon, but completely justify the believing sinner, and count him righteous, clothe him in His own righteousness, and so fit him for the glory of God, which he rejoices in the bright hope of. In this way we have a salvation that righteousness has secured.

It is a grand thing to know that I am not only saved in mercy, but that I am RIGHTEOUSLY saved, AND THAT BY GOD HIMSELF.

This forms a solid basis for the practical Christianity to which we are exhorted in Romans xii. and onwards.

---

*"Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16).*

## THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

**E**ARLY in the year 1900 the "Dunvegan Castle" was homeward bound from the Cape, having on board many of those who had passed through the siege of Ladysmith, including the famous General White.

Among the passengers was a young man who had suffered severely during the siege, and was coming home in the hope of once more greeting those whom he loved.

His sad, wan countenance attracted the attention of a lady coming from her home at Port Elizabeth to England, and she sought an opportunity of speaking to him, but for some time without success.

One day, however, when the sun was shining brightly, and the heat was tempered by a most refreshing breeze, the lady was sitting on deck enjoying the air and sunshine. Presently the stewards assisted to the chair beside her the young man in whom she had become so interested. His pinched cheeks and laboured breathing touched her kindly heart, and leaning forward she ventured to remark :—

"You have been very ill ; I am so sorry."

"Thank you," he replied ; "I was well and strong before I went out to the front, but the strain of that terrible siege has almost done for me."

"Have you no hope of recovery?" inquired his questioner.

"I have no hope of anything," was the unhappy



man's reply. It was evidently paining him to speak, and the quick eye of his kindly friend at once detected this.

"You find speaking difficult," she said, "but it will not hurt you to listen, and I should like to talk to you a little if I may."

Permission was readily granted, and the lady resumed:—

"Your career is evidently blighted, and your hold on life becoming very feeble, and it may be that you have not taken GOD into account sufficiently in the ordering of your ways. Let me assure you, though, that He has not forgotten *you*, and is now perfectly willing to forgive all the past if you will but turn to Him in true repentance. Nothing that you or I could do would ever remove one stain of sin, 'for by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified,' but God Himself foresaw our need, and sent into this world of sin and folly His own beloved Son. Through Him and Him alone, by virtue of His wondrous death on Calvary, the way back to God has now been opened up for sinful men, and every repentant sinner who pleads the merits of the blood of Jesus will be welcomed and righteously forgiven by the God against whom he has so long and so grievously sinned.

"If you, so weak and weary, put your trust wholly in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be able to speak with adoring heart of the Son of God, 'who loved ME, and gave Himself for ME.'"

The young sufferer had been listening with almost

painful eagerness to the lady's words, and when she added, "If you have another weary night to-night, take for your pillow those wonderful words, 'The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me,'" he replied with a deep-drawn breath, "I will, thank God; this *shall* be my pillow to-night; yes, my pillow to-night."

The two met no more that day, nor, as it turned out, did they ever meet again! . . .

Early on the following morning, the "Dunvegan's" passengers were startled as they were dressing by the sudden stopping of the ship's engines, and those who hurried on deck were just in time to see lowered into the water the dead body, heavily weighted, of the young invalid stranger, who had reached HOME sooner than he or anyone on board had expected. Apparently his pillow had been changed from the Saviour's love to the Saviour's bosom, but only just in time did he drink in the message of that wondrous love.

Death does not come to all so suddenly as to this young volunteer, but it is wise to be always ready, for who knows what the morrow may bring forth? How is it with you, my reader, in view of Death, Judgment, and Eternity?

These dread realities need have no terror for you if you have repented and believed the Gospel, but woe to the man who meets them without Christ!

We have to do with a God of holiness as well as

of love, and He cannot pardon His erring creatures at the expense of His righteousness.

The work of Christ, however, is of such infinite value that the sins of all who plead it can be righteously forgiven, and God can be "just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

Turn then to God in genuine repentance, bring your deep-felt need to the waiting Saviour, and prove the truth of the blessed words—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 13).

W. B. W.

## THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

**W**HEREVER the great picture by the renowned artist S—— was shown, thousands of eager spectators, already attracted by the reports of the newspapers, crowded to look at the strange and fascinating canvas. Its praise was in the mouth of all who saw it.

In the middle of the picture stood a forlorn-looking man in listless attitude, neither reclining nor standing upright, dressed in sombre garb, having neither the mien of a worker nor of a beggar, but stooping with woeful, patient, and resigned countenance, as if his sole object was to arouse pity in the breasts of those who passed by. Instead, however, of producing compassion, he succeeded only in raising contempt in some, curiosity in others, and interest in none.

Such feelings were vividly and strikingly expressed by all the other figures of the painting, scores of whom were represented as going in many directions past the melancholy central figure. Rich and poor, leisured and worker, professional men and military men, each had no more than a passing glance to bestow upon him, whom they all so unceremoniously jostled as they eagerly pursued their own ends.

The whole scene amply justified the title at the bottom of the picture, quoted from Isaiah liii.—

**"HE IS DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN."**

Thus was indicated the painter's ideal—Jesus the Saviour, the One whom men despise and slight. He wished to arouse the sympathy of the world on account of the way in which they treated their Saviour, and to enlist their compassion for the despised One, for Him who, born in a manger, driven in spite of His gracious words from the city where He had been brought up, who, though found ministering to the hungry thousands, had nowhere to lay His head, and who ended a life of wondrous goodness to men on a felon's cross without any to protest against the injustice, or to defend the persecuted One.

There are many who would agree that He *was* despised, but the artist well grasped the truth of Scripture, viz., that he is despised, for he did not represent the disdainful crowd as they were of yore, in the days of His flesh, but as a crowd of a modern city—a London crowd if you will. Would you care

to prove this, reader? Then stand at the street corner and speak of Him, and note that not a tenth of those who hear the theme of Christ's dying love will stand for a single minute to hear more of the story; give away a gospel tract and you will see how it is read with less interest than the announcement of a drapery sale; speak of Him at a social gathering and you will be politely or otherwise asked to desist. Indeed He is despised and rejected of men as truly as when He was here. Men have not changed the least in their attitude to Jesus.

Speaking generally, man's ideals are more or less imaginary, and hence unattainable, since they represent the highest flights of his fancy in a given direction, and this pity-provoking picture was the painter's ideal Saviour.

But in the realms of God's thought, man's highest flight is far from the actuality; not only far from it, as the taper's light is inferior to that of the sun, but it is a totally different conception.

The reality of what Christ has done, and of what and where He now is, transcends all that men's minds could ever compass. The man of the picture is an utterly false conception of the Saviour—of the One who is despised and rejected of men.

He is now in heaven! His place and condition are blessedly and eternally changed! No longer the Man of Sorrows, no more to sit weary by the wayside, He is enthroned in highest glory—exalted a Prince and a Saviour. He has proved Himself, in the deepest weakness of death, to be the conqueror of

death, to be the victor over Satan, and the destroyer of every bond that was ever placed around Him. God's enemies and yours are all vanquished at the cross; and in the resurrection and ascension God displays to a wondering heaven what value He sets on Christ's work. He is given the highest place in heaven. The gates of heaven roll back to receive Him, and myriads of angels shout for joy as they welcome the returning Son of God. And to-day, thus glorified and honoured in the place of supreme exaltation, He is the same Blessed Saviour—He has the same loving heart and the same infinite grace.

Beloved reader, it is such an One you despise and reject if you have not already bowed to Him as Saviour and Lord. You are not despising the man the painter sought to depict, but the One who is the Joy of Heaven; and Him who satisfies and rejoices the heart of God.

Could you but have a glimpse of whom He really is, and the greatness of which He is the centre, and the love of His wondrous heart, you would without a moment's hesitation cast yourself before Him, and own Him as your Lord and Christ.

Though no pen or brush could possibly give a notion of His inherent excellencies, God has been careful to have adequate testimony given to Him now that He is absent from the world. To this end He has sent down the Holy Spirit to speak of and for Him; and He now seeks to win your allegiance by unfolding to you His work.

Open then your ears, dear reader, and hear what

He will say to you concerning Jesus, and then in your case shall be fulfilled the word in John v. 24, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

Your heart will be won. Your soul saved. Your time and energy will be for His service. Your mouth will be filled with His praise. Your eternal portion will be with Him. S. S.

---

## "WE BELIEVE AND ARE SURE."

---

"From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art the Holy One of God" (John vi. 66-69, R. V.).

**T**HIS was a very fine confession on the part of the Apostle Peter. There is a ring of reality about it that is positively charming. Many were turning away from Jesus. He puts the pointed query, "Will ye also go away?" This brings Peter to the front with another query, "Lord, to whom shall we go?"

Many are turning away from the Christ of God to-day. To whom are they going? Unconsciously, but certainly, to Satan's Christ are they going. Why is this? They are not sure about Jesus, who He is.

Nor were they sure then. Hence their departure. His doctrine offended them. He had said He was the Bread of God that came down from heaven, and then added, "He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever" (John vi. 58). The effect was that many said, "This is an hard saying; who can hear it?" (ver. 60).

They did not believe in His deity, nor that only through His death could Eternal Life be ministered. Mark what follows: "When Jesus knew in Himself that His disciples murmured at it, He said unto them, Doth this offend you? What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before." (That is, that He was going up into glory.) "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." There is nothing in you or me that is of any value. You must be born again. But listen to Him, hear His words, and you will find they are both spirit and life.

This implies the previous call of grace, a call real and effectual, without which all mere professors sooner or later "go away." But those who thus act have never really believed on Him. Hence the Lord adds here, "But there are some of you that believe not." For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him: and He said, "Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto Him of My Father" (ver. 64, 65). There is the sovereign call of God, which leads a sinner to



Christ, and compels him to believe in His Son. Nothing is more blessed than this sovereignty of the grace of God. I am very thankful for it. Are not you? Well wrote the Christian poet:—

"'Twas the same grace that spread the feast,  
That gently forced me in,  
Else I had still refused to taste,  
And perished in my sin."

You may depend upon it, there is nothing like the compulsory power of grace.

But you may ask, Am I called? Come to Jesus and find out: and for you, who have been doubtful if you have been called, His word is, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (ver. 37). Blessed promise to the comer! No matter how bad you have been, or how long in coming, you will find His word true. He will not cast you out. Try Him.

And then we read, "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Forgiveness and justification, in view of what you have been, the old life and all its sins, are proclaimed by the gospel (see Acts xiii. 38, 39), but after all, this is only what I sometimes call the negative side of the gospel. Here, in John's gospel, is the other side, the positive; God is a giver, He is a giving God.

The gospel not only proclaims forgiveness of what I have been and done, but it is the revelation of what God is and gives. He gives life. You will get eternal life from Him. What a wonderful thing indeed to have it.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him" (1 John iv. 9). We had not life, but God sent His Son that we might live. There is the positive side. Again, "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. 10). There is the other, the negative side of the gospel, unfolded. The sin question was taken up and settled by the death of Christ.

Look again at the positive side, at that which God gives, and how it is received. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3). Observe what He says in another part of this gospel, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24). Two things are there joined together. The hearing and believing, and then the knowing that you have eternal life. That is a very sweet bit of the gospel.

Well might Peter say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," and then so fully confess his faith in Him. He took his

opportunity of confessing his faith in Him. You do so also. Now is the opportunity for you to confess, not merely your sin, but your faith in the Person of the blessed Lord Jesus. Joseph's brethren confessed their sin, and it was all forgiven. The woman at the well said, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ." Mark what Peter says. "*And we believe and are sure that thou art the Holy One of God*" (ver. 69).

Are you still among the doubters? Take my advice, and join the shouters, who boldly say, "We believe and are sure that Thou art the Holy One of God." I am sure as to who He is and what He has done. Is it not worth while being sure about Christ? Let yourself go. You be sure about Christ. You be sure that your soul has faith in Him, in what He is, and what He has done, and what He says likewise. The Samaritans said to the woman of the well, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world" (John iv. 42). They were sure.

Have you this assurance? Assurance is a very blessed thing. And I press it. You need not only "be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxxii. 23), but be sure that you have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. You may then be sure that your sins are all forgiven, forgotten, and gone for ever from God's sight. Did you never hear His word, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb.

x. 17)? Beautiful words—that is the way God assures the soul.

Do you know what the blood of Christ has done, among many other wonderful things? It has touched the very memory of God. Hallelujah! Hence my sins are gone, and gone for ever, since God remembers them no more. Are you still afraid of Him? Oh dear, no. "Come near to me," says Joseph, "fear not." As a believer you are to get into the atmosphere of love. That is where the gospel brings you. You know the Son of God. You know you have eternal life.

The children of God are a downright, profoundly happy people. They are not only God's children, but they have the Holy Ghost, they possess eternal life, they are on their way to everlasting glory, and they are sure about it. I hope you will be sure about all these things henceforth.

Many true believers are still in doubt and uncertainty. This should not be. The reason is that they are looking at themselves, their failures, their shortcomings, instead of keeping the eye of faith on Christ, and Christ alone.

Forget not that faith is the soul's outward, not its inward look.

If you want to be miserable, look *in* at yourself. If you desire to be distracted and worried, look *all around*. If you would be happy and sure, look *up* at Christ.

"THE LAST BALL"; OR "ONLY  
ONE MORE."

---

NELLIE was very fair! I had often watched her with admiration as she rode up and down the promenade, her golden hair floating in the wind, and her sweet face radiant with smiles; she had much natural amiability and sweetness of temper, and was loved by many.

Her days passed in a whirl of gaiety, in which she was the centre of attraction. Young, lovely, and wealthy, her company was sought after and courted; her silvery voice echoed through many a mansion, and her graceful form was constantly to be seen in the many ball-rooms and fashionable circles of the very gay town in which she lived.

To the eye of the inexperienced, Nellie's fair face was blooming and healthy looking, but there were some who watched her with anxious care, and knew well that the hectic tinge on her cheek, and the diamond lustre of her brilliant eye, gave warning of an early tomb. Her kind physician had oft-times warned and pleaded with her to give up a life of gaiety and late hours, which was feeding a disease that human skill had failed to arrest; but she laughingly put away such fears, saying, "Let me have one ball more, and then I shall become religious." But the one ball was followed by many; and, night after night, Nellie, radiant as ever, was in crowded,

heated rooms, as if determined to live in a whirl of pleasure as long as she possibly could.

Poor girl! there were few, if any, in the circle in which she moved to speak to her of Christ; few to tell her of the only One who could give her real joy and satisfaction, and who could, in place of the passing pleasures of a poor fleeting world, give her pleasures that would last for ever, and would not pass away. To one who did speak to her of an eternity which might not be very far off, she answered, "Oh! but I'm not so ill as some people think I am, and I do mean to be religious some day."

It was a night of intense cold; Nellie's elegant dressing-room in L—— Crescent was brilliantly lighted, everything in it showing the exquisite taste and refinement of its fair occupant; she lay in her dressing-gown on the sofa, resting from the fatigue of her half-finished toilet; she looked pensive, and a shade of sadness was over her large eyes, as she repeated again and again to the companion who was going with her, "And this is to be my last ball; I have made up my mind to have only one more, and then I shall retire into private life, and become religious."

"Are you sure you are able to go to-night?" said her friend; "you don't look quite well."

"Not quite well," said Nellie, "but I'm only to have one more"; and so saying she rang the bell for her maid.

Soon the lovely one was dressed in her snowy satin with its rich lace; it had been made on purpose for

"Nellie's last ball." The freshly gathered hot-house roses were twined through her golden tresses. The white gloves and boots drawn on those tiny hands and feet, and she was ready. The carriage was at the door, Nellie's friend had taken her place in it, and she, wrapped in her white cloak, was descending the staircase. The keen blast of a severe winter night had to be faced by that fragile form; the little foot was on the carriage step, she shuddered and drew back, quietly retraced her steps into the hall, and fell backwards at the foot of the staircase.

Awe-stricken, yet not realising the fact that this was more than a faint, her friends carried her to her room, and her doctor who lived very near was present in a minute; but no power of man could recall life, and horror-stricken friends gathered round to hear that the heart of that gay worldly one had ceased to beat for ever.

She was dead!

This is a true story; many details I refrain from giving. I have told it simply as I got it from one who knew her. I was myself living but a few doors from the house in which she lived, at the time she was thus called to meet God in a moment. And for you who are unsaved, I write it as a word of warning. Take heed lest ye too be cut off in your sins!

Where is Nellie now? Her silvery laugh will never ring again. She had "the pleasures of sin for a season" here without Christ, but let a veil be drawn over her eternity of woe. It is for me now to cry aloud to you, Escape, escape, lest ye perish like her!

Hearken, ye gay ones ! Stop and think ! To-morrow you may be in eternity ! Your laughter may be turned into weeping and wailing, your mirth into anguish and woe ! I would reason with you, I would plead with you, I would beseech you to come to Jesus now ! "He ready stands to bless you." Flee to Him now ! Surely you are not going to wait for "only one ball more." The risk is too great. Your whole eternity may depend upon it. Cast yourself into those loving arms now, ere it be too late.

He offered Himself a sacrifice for sin that He might give eternal life without money and without price. Did it cost Him little to purchase salvation for guilty rebels ? to leave the brightness of the glory and come down here to die ? "Ah," you say, "but I shall not die like Nellie : I am not likely to be cut off in a moment. I shall have time to repent and turn to God ere I die !"

And who has given you this promise, may I ask ? I find none such in God's Word. "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). There is time, now this moment, for you to turn to God. "Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation." I have no promise for to-morrow. There is salvation for every one who believes in Jesus now, but I dare not say, You may have one ball more and then come to Christ : the risk is too great. Come now, just as you are, delay not a moment.

I was asked lately by one, who had heard the



gospel, and had been pressed to accept Christ, "But could I not put it off for a year, I am not likely to die?" Oh, horrible thought! put off the salvation of your precious soul for twelve months more! Thousands of souls go down into hell every year, and why not yours, ye rejecters of Christ? God is not mocked: if ye live to the world and refuse Christ, ye shall die in your sins. You may be very attractive and very amiable in the world's eyes, and you may even have a profession of being Christ's; but if you have never been converted, your mask will be torn off some day, and you will have to stand before God an unveiled liar. How, oh! how, will you stand the gaze of His eyes, who "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth"?

Oh reader, that would be an evil day for thee, to be found like one who, when called to die, cried out, "I would give millions for one moment of time." But too late, too late then! your season of grace is past, and you have lost Christ for ever, for the sake of the shadowy unreality of this world's fleeting joys.

Reader, it is of the Lord's mercy you are still alive: do not trifle with the grace that still pleads with you. "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).

Do you wish to spend eternity with Christ, with Christ for ever? Look unto Him now. Or do you wish to have only one ball more? one more! one more! It matters not what: only one more of

anything that keeps you away from Christ; one more grain of sand it may be from the sirocco of sin; one more breath from the poisoned simoom of pleasure; one more wave from the sea of sunny enjoyments here, bearing you onward, poor victim, upon its deceitful tide to your eternal doom!

“And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame” (Luke xvi. 23, 24). K.

---

## IN A CROWD ALONE WITH GOD.

---

**L**ONDON Bridge, with its crowds passing and repassing, is scarcely the place in which *we* should have expected God to meet an anxious soul, but He has met and blessed more than one even there.

A poor woman toiled wearily along. Her lot was not a highly favoured one. Very few rays from the sun of worldly prosperity brightened her path. She was one of a numerous class known as “London poor.” Their condition seems inseparable from want and suffering. Their labours ill-paid, their homes, in crowded alley or common lodging-house, minister scant comfort to the inmates.

It was not the pinch of poverty, or the struggle for daily bread, which caused her steps to drag so wearily. A far deeper sorrow pressed on her spirit.

She had become conscious of her need as a poor lost sinner, but as yet knew not the Saviour of sinners. Did you ever feel a load like hers?

Heedlessly the hurrying crowd passed to and fro, careless of want or woe, intent on business or pleasure. Not so the Lord of Life and Glory. From His seat at the Father's right hand He gazed upon that moving throng, and knew who it was in it that really wanted to "touch Him." Coming from the opposite direction to that in which the poor woman was going, were two godly women, whose hearts, like the disciples on their journey to Emmaus, were full of their blessed Lord and Master, and they "spoke of Him by the way." Just at the very moment they passed the poor woman, one of them quoted a verse of Scripture. They were soon lost amidst the bustling throng; not so their words. Unconsciously and unknown to them that verse from God's Word fell like healing balm on the troubled heart of the poor woman. It was the voice of the Lord Jesus from that bright glory imparting life, peace, light, and joy. The entrance of God's Word had indeed given light. Her heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise. Her burden was gone. Her fears had vanished. With a joyful heart and elastic step she went on her way rejoicing.

It was several years after this I first met her. She was then seeking to serve the Lord, who had thus so graciously spoken to her, by looking after a little tract depôt in one of the lowest quarters of London. Her face would light up as she spoke of the words

which fell from that Christian's lips, and which proved a message of salvation to her. I cannot recall them now, but I often think it will be one of the joys in the day of the kingdom for those women to know that whilst they were speaking together of the things concerning their Lord, the incorruptible seed of the Word was wafted by the Holy Ghost into the heart of that perishing woman. She passed out of death into life, from the power of Satan to God; lost the burden of her sins, and got light and blessing for her soul by a word from God through an unconscious instrument.

God who blessed her in this way is ready, waiting, and willing to bless you. Do you see yourself a poor, guilty, hell-deserving sinner? Are you seeking mercy? Do you really desire salvation? If so, let me tell you of another who got blessing on London Bridge. In many respects he was a striking contrast to the poor woman. He was young, intelligent, well connected, and knew not the sorrows of poverty nor the struggle for bare existence. In the pursuit of his studies he daily crossed the Thames. He also was burdened, guilt pressed heavily on his conscience. It was a load he longed to get rid of, but knew not how. His studies occupied his mind, but conscience made its voice heard, and he could truly say, "the burden of my sins is intolerable." In this unhappy state he was crossing the Bridge one day. All at once he looked straight up to Jesus in glory. His faith rested on a living Saviour. He heard no audible voice quoting a scripture, but the moment he looked

away from self to Jesus, and cast himself in all his sins and misery upon Him, the Holy Spirit filled him with a sweet sense of sins forgiven, and shed God's love abroad in his heart. . .

From that moment his life was given to his Saviour. He became an earnest and devoted preacher of the gospel, and wrote many beautiful hymns of praise. In some of them he expresses feelings of the deepest gratitude and praise to a Saviour-God for His great salvation.

You see by these instances that it is not needful to be abstracted from your fellow-creatures to get your soul saved. Look right away to the blessed Son of God, seated in heavenly glory. His precious blood has made an atonement for guilt. That same precious blood can purge your conscience and relieve it of its load. He who was dead is alive again. He waits to be gracious. If you are conscious of demerit, the goodness of God is leading you to repentance. The highway to blessing is repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Soul-misery and soul-blessing are twin sisters. Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give *repentance* and *forgiveness of sins* (see Acts v. 31).

God may be pleased to bless you through reading this magazine. He can equally well bless you without any human instrument.

Trust His word, look to a living Saviour. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

## SOLEMN WARNINGS.

**T**HERE was consternation in the quiet village of S——. Three of its inhabitants had suddenly died.

The first was a young man of about thirty-five years of age, just in the prime of life. The cold icy hand of death laid him low.

The day of the funeral came, and his remains were duly interred. On returning home his sister was taken ill, and suddenly expired. Death claimed his second victim in that household.

But that was not all. To the consternation of everybody in the village, the vicar, who had buried both, was suddenly taken ill, and in a few days died.

Let me ask you, reader, if death were to pay you a visit, would it mean sudden glory or would it be sudden damnation? Which?

For the dying thief it was sudden glory. For one cut off like the rich man in Luke xii. 20 sudden damnation.

Oh! do face this question, I pray you. You know not the day of your death. Turn in repentance to Him, of whom it could be said, He "gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 6). Receive Him as your own precious, personal Saviour. He never refuses a needy soul, who comes to Him in simple faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

F. T.

## IN A PRISON CELL.

“**T**HREE months with hard labour,” was the sentence pronounced by the judge. A hardened criminal would not have minded that very much, but to the prisoner at the bar it was a terrible blow.

He was led away from the dock, and presently found himself dressed for the first time in prison garb, and in his cell alone. Then the full shame of his position dawned upon him; this was the result of his waywardness and sin, and what would the end of it be?

The thought of it brought him down to his knees, and he groaned aloud before God. Then and there he made his decision to quit from that time the service of Satan.

Now that was a good decision to make, but it did not give him the peace he sought. He discovered, as many have done before him, that resolutions with regard to the future cannot wipe out the sins of the past. There lay his black record. How could that be met? Could he in any way make amends for that?

“You ought to have prayed before you got in here,” sneered the warder, who saw him on his knees; “but perhaps better late than not at all.”

But the prisoner heeded neither jest nor scorn; his whole desire was to be right with God.

There were two books in his cell. One of them was a book of instruction as to how to live right,

the other was a Bible. To the former the anxious soul turned. He read there deceptive words, for the writer knew not God's way of salvation, and advised his readers to fast and pray in order to secure the pardon of God. Ah! thought that lonely reader, I have been praying without fasting, that is why I have not got the peace I seek. I will fast as well as pray. And fast he did. Much of his food was returned untasted, and while he continued to perform his allotted prison task he felt his hand getting weaker, his step less firm, until at length it seemed that he must sink to the ground through sheer exhaustion.

Then he reached his extremity; he had resolved and sorrowed, prayed and fasted, but he was still a stranger to peace. He knew of nothing else that he could do: nor did the book which he had read so carefully instruct him further. Then it was with a despairing cry that he took up the Bible. Ah! blessed book of God! if he had turned to its pages sooner, how much agony would he have been saved.

It was not a familiar book to him, and he scarcely knew to what part to turn, but God had His eye on that penitent sinner, and the book fell open at 2 Samuel xii., and the first sentence that met his anxious gaze was, "*The Lord also hath put away thy sin*" (ver. 13). That was enough for him. The heavy burden rolled away, the clouds uplifted, and his astonished heart beat forth its gratitude to a pardoning God.

He had still to learn how God could do this, and yet



be righteous ; but for the moment it was sufficient for him that God had spoken such words ; it mattered little to whom they had been spoken in the first instance, they were there for him, and he embraced them in all their peace-giving power.

But he did not long remain in ignorance as to how God could pardon and yet remain the just God, for that long-neglected book became his cell companion, and therein he read of Calvary, of the precious blood, and of the resurrection of Jesus, whom Christians gladly own as Lord. He read of His exaltation and glory also, and that marvellous story of redeeming love, which shall enthrall a full heaven, eternally to His praise.

All became as plain to him as the daylight which streamed through the grated window into his cell. His works were vain and fruitless ; not by such puny efforts could guilt be blotted out. For "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His [God's] sight" (Rom. iii. 20), and salvation is "not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9).

If sinners are to be saved the atoning work of Jesus had to be accomplished. His blood had to be shed, "for without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22), but "the blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7). Upon this his soul rested as upon a firm foundation. Yes, he discovered that God had freely justified him by His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus ; that, great as had been his sins, the grace of

God was greater ; and the precious blood of Jesus, which is the basis of all blessing, had made him clean in the sight of God.

It is probable that you, my reader, have not had to stand at the bar of an earthly judge ; you may have been decorous and upright, but in God's sight you are a sinner, and the awful prospect of standing at God's bar is straight before you. What think you of it ? J. T. M.

---

### A LADY'S DREAM.

---

**M**EN and women in all ages and countries have been dreamers. Most of their dreams have been forgotten at the dawn of day, and have proved to be what Shakespeare calls them, the "children of an idle brain." It would be indeed foolish to dwell much upon them, and a fatal mistake to build our faith on such a sandy foundation.

Still, now and then, there are dreams which leave a very deep and lasting impression upon the soul, and have been used by the Holy Spirit to mould the dreamer's heart and life. As Elihu said to Job, "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men ; in slumbering upon the bed ; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." That it has been so in ancient times the Bible plainly declares, and we can hardly doubt that it is sometimes so in this present day.

Such a dream a very near and dear relation of the writer had on several occasions. She wrote it down in the following striking form.

"I dreamed," she said, "that I was rambling along a firm and narrow slip of a sandy beach on the brink of a vast ocean. The scene that lay before me was one of surpassing beauty. The waves dashed furiously in, and the white foam crests glistened with dazzling brilliance in the glowing sunshine. Men, women, and children were diving beneath the surging billows in search of gold and precious gems. Their life seemed so full of glee and delight that I often essayed to join them; but ever and anon, as I did so, I felt the strong though gentle hand of an invisible Being restraining me, and I heard a voice whispering in my ear, 'Love not the world . . . for the world passeth away.'

"But I petulantly would reply, 'They are not yet in any danger.'

"'Ah!' my Guide would solemnly respond, 'there is always danger: when the great wave comes they will all be swept away and perish.'

"I could not see my Friend's face, although I was conscious in my dream of a great longing to see it. However, I thought I left the beach to snatch one bright red jewel, more brilliant than the rest, which sparkled on the brink of the ocean. But I had not time to grasp it before the Unseen One had shattered it into fragments, which grew black as I looked at them. Then suddenly, whilst the sun shone out as brightly as ever, and the giddy crowd pursued their

search, the great wave came at last, and all was changed into blackness and desolation.

"At the same moment I felt my feet set firmly on a high rock. Upon that I knew that my Guide was near me.

"At last I saw His glorious face, and behind Him I could discern lofty mountains, peak towering above peak ; and as the rosy light of early morning illumined the faint shadowy outlines of the scene, I heard Him say, 'The day dawns, and the shadows flee away,' and I awoke."

Such was the bright and heavenly vision as described by my late dear wife. Very beautifully does it illustrate great spiritual truths. These, however, she did not learn from her dreams, but directly from God's Word ; although they served to fix the truth more deeply on her mind and heart.

How true is this picture of our own position in this changing world. We are, indeed, travelling day by day along the shores of the vast ocean of eternity, living on its brink, and liable at any moment to be swept into its measureless depths. How little do the most serious and thoughtful realise the fact.

"Stand," said some one, "on the margin of the ocean of eternity, and listen to the murmur of eternity's waters, till you are deaf to every other sound." But this is a view of life which few can attain to, and is perhaps hardly desirable for any amidst the many interests and occupations of daily life.

Far more practical and healthy was the resolution

found after his death in a note-book of David Sandeman, a singularly devoted and earnest missionary to the Chinese. He had written in large letters the words, "*Eternity! Eternity!*" at the head of a page, and underneath had added, "*Let me act more as if I were now in the next world, looking back to see how I might have acted for the glory of my Saviour.*" This was a bright example which all would do well to imitate, if we would not lose sight of the chief end of our existence, and find at last that we have lived in vain.

A good man on his deathbed is reported to have said, "As I look back upon my past life, I have both a great joy and a great grief. Great joy because my Saviour has done so much for me. Great grief because I have done so little for Him." That joy will be greatly deepened, and that grief diminished, in proportion as we try to realise the value of our present opportunities, and remember that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The world may appear, as it seemed at one time to this lady in her dream, bright and smooth as a summer sea. It may be well that it should be so for a time, for the true Christian should certainly not be a pessimist in his views of life. But far be it from us to join the giddy throng of those who are ever hoping to find treasures, or gain, or pleasure, or distinction under the world's glittering waters. For sooner or later such hopes must prove delusive. Storms of trial and suffering from time to time will sweep

across the scene, and overwhelm the careless and unready.

At any moment, too, the great waves of death and judgment may burst over them, and they may have to stand trembling and unpardoned before the great white throne.

And yet now there is the invisible but all-powerful hand of the merciful Saviour restraining them from their folly and sin, and the still small voice of His Spirit in His Word and other means of grace is ever crying, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (1 John ii. 15-17).

It is not, indeed, the natural world, which the Creator pronounced to be very good, nor altogether the social world where our duty lies, that we are called to renounce or forsake. It is rather the evil system that is intermingled with the present order of things, and in various forms attracts and allures, that we are bound to fight against and withdraw from.

Too many are like the rapacious vulture, of which we have read that, during a hard frost, it had espied a fallen prey, and had so firmly fixed its talons in the carcass that it could not dislodge them, and so perished as the victim of its own greed. So will it be with those that allow the love of this world to engross

their thoughts and affections, that at last they share the awful doom of the world.

But as with the lady in her dream, there stands the unseen Guide ever waiting to draw us away from the world by the attraction of His great love, to set our feet on the Rock of Ages beside Himself, where alone we shall be safe for ever.

We cannot see Him now, but He is revealed to the eye of faith, and ere long, if we abide in Him like that true and loving servant of God, we shall behold Him face to face in His own immediate presence, and the bright home that He has prepared for them that love Him. Then we shall find that full satisfaction which the world can never afford. So shall the day dawn come at last and the shadows flee away for ever.

W. B——T.

---

## WHAT GOD CAN DO!

---

**W**HAT a beautiful face—that of an old lady who, leaning on the arm of a middle-aged gentleman, was walking slowly down the platform towards the seat on which I was sitting. He carefully placed her on it, and then went off, as I supposed, to look after their tickets and luggage.

I had never before seen a face like hers, but it was its expression rather than its natural beauty which made it so striking. It was that of one who was *brimming over* with happiness.

I waited a minute or two and then said, "Will you have a little book?" and put one in her hand.

She thanked me, but did not offer to read it or even look at its title. After twisting it about in her fingers for some time she said, "What is the little book about?"

"About the one chief thing of our lives here—What I must do to be saved."

"I am quite blind," she said, "but I will get some one to read it to me."

*Quite blind!* yet so radiantly happy! Surely such happiness could not spring from any earthly circumstances, but must have its source in the knowledge of Christ as Saviour, and of the "tender mercy and loving-kindness" of God!

But I did not know: so I went on to say how sad it was that men and women should live on utterly heedless of the fact that Christ had died and shed His blood to save them from a lost eternity.

"And His work is not finished yet," she said.

"Not finished yet?" I exclaimed, "Christ's work not finished?" for He had said on Calvary's Cross "It is finished," and in virtue of His atoning death and blood-shedding, God's offer of salvation had come out to every sinner world-wide, "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).

But the old lady's words had another meaning.

"His work is not finished yet, for He ever liveth to make intercession for us."



The deep, quiet restfulness of her tone seemed to show that she had not only peace *with* God, but also the peace *of* God which is only realised by those who walk in close communion with Him, "the peace of God which *passeth all understanding*."

It would have been interesting to hear how she had been brought to trust in Christ as her Saviour, and what had been God's dealings with her to make her so perfectly happy in spite of such a heavy affliction as that of total blindness, but there was no time for more, for the bell was ringing out for the approaching train, and her friend was hurrying towards her, so, with a warm hand-clasp, and "We shall meet again," "Yes, we shall meet again," we parted, I going my way with a deepened sense of God's love and power.

I glanced back and saw her talking with animation to her companion, evidently telling him of her having met with a fellow-traveller to Eternity, and, to judge by his look of smiling interest, he, too, must have been of the same company.

And now, my reader, may I ask, "Do *you* also belong to this same company?" a company not composed of those who are vainly trying to *fit themselves* for heaven by their own efforts, good works, or religious observances, but who, as *lost sinners*, have come to the One who "came into the world to *save sinners*," and who, in virtue of His atoning death and blood-shedding, are saved, and saved for ever.

Well may such exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

## IS IT TRUE ?

**T**IME after time have you been lovingly yet faithfully told that you are a sinner. Not that your life, perhaps, has been like that of some, full of outward acts of rebellion and sin. But even if moral and upright in the eyes of men, you have sinned against God. It has, perhaps, been pointed out to you that you have failed to keep God's holy law—that you have neither loved the Lord your God with all your heart, soul, strength, and mind, nor your neighbour as yourself.

Therefore it has been simply and plainly reasoned that

**YOU ARE A SINNER.**

Is it true ?

Let us turn to the Word of God. In Romans iii. 23 we read—"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

It has no doubt, moreover, been emphatically stated in your hearing, either privately or publicly, that unless you repent you will be punished for your sins, and will most surely perish. Preachers have solemnly announced that death is at the close of your career, and that death does not end all, but that there will be a dread day of reckoning *after death* for every unrepentant man.

Either this witness is true, or those who bear it are fanatics and quite unworthy of your serious attention. But is it true? There is **ONLY ONE**

TEST that is reliable, and we will turn again to the sacred page. Two texts will settle the matter for those who acknowledge the authority of the Bible.

1. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3).

2. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this* the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27).

It has repeatedly been insisted further that not only are you a sinner, and as such hurrying on to death and judgment, but that your case is so desperate that you cannot help matters by any effort of your own—that, even if you admit what these witnesses state to be the truth, and determine to get right with God, you cannot do so by all your striving, toiling, or even praying, however sincere you may be.

This, quite possibly, has given you great offence and you may have decided that you intend to do the best you can, and how can any man do more? This sounds plausible enough, but

#### WHAT SAITH THE SCRIPTURE?

"There is none that doeth good, no, *not one*" (Rom. iii. 12).

"By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16).

It would appear after all that these outspoken preachers and friends of yours, judged by the Word of God, are not far wrong.

How much, then, is their testimony worth, when they point out what they so positively describe as the way of salvation?

You have often, doubtless, heard them say that anyone who is truly convicted of his guilt and need, and sincerely anxious to be saved, has nothing to do but simply to "believe in Jesus."

Perhaps this seems to you unreasonably simple, and you have protested against this

### "ONLY BELIEVE" GOSPEL.

But *if accompanied by repentance* it would appear to be strictly in keeping with Scripture, for when the conscience-stricken jailer of Philippi cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" Paul and Silas promptly replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Bear in mind that these words were spoken to a convicted man, and all is simple. To a careless man the message is, "Repent!"—to a repentant man, "Believe!"

The work of salvation was wrought at infinite cost to the One who did it. His own precious, peerless life was laid down as a willing and sufficient sacrifice for the redemption of poor, fallen, wayward man.

Such is God's appreciation of this most acceptable sacrifice that He delights, on the ground of it, to offer a full and free pardon to every sinner who pleads the merits of Christ and His atoning work as the only means of his approach to God.

Again we turn to Scripture for support or contradiction. What mean these golden words:—

“To *Him* give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins” (Acts x. 43).

Let me earnestly entreat my reader to hearken to the warnings and invitations of the gracious God against whom we all have sinned. He is not against the sinner—on the contrary, He now “commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. v. 8).

Despise not His offers of mercy, lest you have to do with Him in judgment. He is yearning to forgive and to welcome you.

“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).

IS IT TRUE? IT IS TRUE.

“YES! He came from heaven, suffered in our stead;  
Praise to Him be given, Firstborn from the dead!  
Jesus, meek and lowly, came the lost to save;  
He, the Victim holy, triumphed o’er the grave.

Christ is Lord of glory, sing we now to-day!  
Tell abroad the story; own His rightful sway!  
Sing aloud, and never cease to spread His fame;  
*Triumph*, now and ever, in the Saviour’s Name.”

## THINGS CANNOT GO ON AS THEY ARE.

---

**O**F course they cannot, we reply. Apostasy is rapidly approaching. Unrest and rebellion against needed government are apparent everywhere. Social and commercial corruption are becoming barefaced and defiant. Jews are returning to Palestine in increasing numbers. War for all, or any, reason is in constant readiness. The most unbelieving optimist is forced to admit that an upheaval of society is at hand.

And what is worse, a large and influential body of religious leaders are opposing the truth that the Lord may return at any moment. Instead of looking for His return as the first great event, they say He cannot come till *after* the great tribulation.

I had a rather able opponent in the person of a Canadian doctor, who, getting my name and address, opened a correspondence with me on the subject. It is a marvel to me that any true Christian can profess to find a sound argument in the Word of God for the thought that the Church must pass through "the great tribulation." The theory makes havoc of very many Scriptures, and perverts many more.

I am close on the border line of the seen and the unseen, and yet I cherish the conviction that I shall never occupy a coffin.

"Come, Lord Jesus," is my prayer. H. L. S.

## THE PRECIOUS NAME OF JESUS.

**I** WAS giving away tracts in the small village of Easton, near Winchester, and one old lady who lived with her brother and niece, especially interested me. So on leaving I continued to send her some gospel booklets each month.

A few years after, the niece wrote to tell me what a help and comfort these little books had been to her aunt, and how happy she had died, rejoicing in Christ Jesus as her own loving Saviour. In fact she passed away with the precious name of Jesus on her lips.

May this little incident encourage all who help to scatter God's glad tidings by the wayside.

"A little while for winning souls to Jesus,  
Ere we behold His beauty face to face ;  
A little while for healing soul-diseases  
By telling others of a Saviour's grace."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Precept upon precept ; . . . line upon line ; here a little and there a little" (Isa. xxviii. 10).

"Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days. . . . He that observeth the wind shall not sow ; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. . . . In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be *alike good*" (Eccles. xi. 1, 4, 6).

## A LAST APPEAL.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iv. 7).

---

THE day of grace is drawing to a close,  
And the last rays of the long-setting sun  
Streak with dark shadows all the guilty earth,  
Soon to be wrapped in night e'en now begun.

The tale of love is run o'er earth widespread,  
Told from the glory through the lips of men;  
And some have heeded, some have spurned the truth,  
Speaking of grace beyond all human ken.

Was ever story so surpassing sweet  
Of love that knows no bound and matchless grace,  
That seeks the wand'rer with unwearied feet  
To bring him home to see a Father's face?

At priceless cost the suffering Christ of God  
Secured salvation for a rebel world;  
And now the glorious "Whosoever will"  
Is read on gospel banner wide unfurled.

Come then, O wand'rèr in the fields of sin,  
The Spirit makes His earnest last appeal;  
Unheed it and the day of grace will end,  
And judgment the despiser's doom must seal.

W. B. W.



## “DO YOU KNOW IT?” OR, “PEACE.”

---

**R**EADER, do you know the meaning of this little word? If you know Christ, you do, for “He is our peace,” and His legacy to the sorrowing ones He left behind Him, when He went up on high, bore upon its perfumed breath the balmy, healing, and comforting message of peace. “Peace I leave with you, *My* peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you” (John xiv. 27).

It was that word which rang through the vaults of heaven, and was proclaimed by the multitude of the heavenly host as they ushered in the glad tidings of the Saviour’s birth, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace” (Luke ii. 14).

But if you do not know Christ, it is a little word of five letters without meaning and without power to you; it is a word seldom, if ever, heard from your lips, for it has no place in the world’s category of expressions; it uses any other word you like—happiness, joy, mirth, fun, but never peace, and why? Because they know it not! “The way of peace have they not known” (Rom. iii. 17). “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked” (Isa. lvii. 21).

Ah! someone may say, it is very easy to talk of peace when you have nothing to trouble you; wait till trial comes, and difficulties are on every side; where is your peace then?

A friend said to me lately, "You seem to me to live in some enchanted scene, where care never enters; you appear to have no troubles of your own, and are never worried by those of other people! Is it a dream you live in, or is it a reality?" She knew not what it was to have abiding peace, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

As I was going up the staircase of the Edinburgh Infirmary one day, I met one of the nurses. "Are there any in your ward, nurse," I said, "very near death?"

"Oh! yes," she answered, "I have just left the bedside of a young girl who has been in some months; she is in very great suffering, day and night, and I should be glad to see her at rest: I do not think it can be many days now. She is a wonder to me, for she never murmurs, and seems quite cheerful, and yet she has no friends to visit her, and the ladies who come seem to pass her bed unnoticed."

"Will you take me to her?" I eagerly said. She turned back with me, and I was soon standing by the sufferer.

Just as we entered the ward, two nurses were endeavouring to ease her position by moving her gently in a sheet from one side of the bed to the other; and, though this was done with great tenderness and care, a looker-on could see it was agony to the dying girl: great tears rolled down her sallow cheeks, though no sound or cry escaped her, save a gentle, "Thank you, that will do now."

It always unnerves me to see suffering, and I had

to sit silent a few minutes after the nurses had left, and, as she lay with closed eyes, I feared to disturb her. I spent the little time in prayer that God would give me the right word for her. Her breathing soon showed me she was not asleep; and though her eyes were still closed her lips sometimes moved, and a very sweet smile passed over her features, which otherwise would have been plain and unattractive.

I gently laid my hand on hers, and said, "Will you tell me your name, dear?"

"Agnes," she answered; and, trying to raise her heavy eyelids, she said, "I cannot see you now, but I like your voice."

"Well, Agnes," I said, "I think you must have listened to a much sweeter voice than mine ere this time."

"Yes, yes!" she answered, with great earnestness, and, as if gaining a little gleam of strength (like the last flicker of a candle just dying out) to tell the good news for the last time, she breathed out her full heart's story of love. "Yes, here in this bed He met me, that loving Saviour; it was in the stillness of the night, four months ago. He came and spoke peace to my soul; none ever spoke to me of His love in dying for poor sinners like me; and when He saw me suffering here He just came and told me Himself; and, oh! I have had such peace ever since; the suffering is nothing in prospect of being with Him so soon." And again she smiled, one of those long, lasting, radiant smiles I had seen before.

"And you know Him, too," she said, trying to

press my hand with her swollen, helpless fingers. I was just telling her of the Lord's love to me too, when the nurses returned to move her again, and I hastily left the ward. As I said "Good-bye, Agnes," she whispered, "Do come to-morrow, come to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the next day, and I was unable to visit Agnes; and when at last I found myself in her ward, I feared to look at her bed lest it should be empty; but no, her poor suffering body was still there, and a nurse sat on the bed supporting her head on her shoulder. I saw she was just passing away.

"Oh! nurse," I said, "I am too late, and Agnes wished me to come again." In a moment she heard my voice; the sweet smile came once more, and she felt over the bed for my hand. "Very soon you will be past the reach of all suffering," I said. I know not if she heard me, but her lips moved, and the nurse said, "I think she is trying to speak to you." She sank back exhausted on the pillow. I knelt down close to her to hear, if possible, her last words. There was silence for a few moments—a strange stillness seemed over all the ward; gently, yet clearly, her last testimony of her Saviour's love came:—

"He gave me peace! perfect peace! abiding peace! Soon I shall have everlasting peace with Him!" The lips closed, the sealed eyelids opened not—in a moment the happy spirit of Agnes was with Him who so loved her, and who had saved her, and given

her peace through His blood the moment she rested upon His finished work.

Reader, do you know anything of that peace which Jesus gives? and has He ever said to you as He said to that woman, who was a sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace"? (Luke vii. 50).

Ah! some may tell me, "I think Christ has saved me, and yet I have not peace." And why is this? Simply because you have not accepted the full salvation offered to you. Salvation is freely offered, and peace as freely proclaimed or preached to all who will have it. The two go together. Saved through His blood, we have peace. What would we have thought of her to whom the Lord said, "Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace" (Luke viii. 48), had she said, "Well, I believe I am healed, but I have no peace in the knowledge of it"?

Impossible! the knowledge of pardon must bring peace, and it is a denial of the truth and Word of God to say, I am saved and have no peace. Suffering Agnes, whom, perhaps, few might envy, knew this peace, and she was kept "in perfect peace," her mind stayed on God. Oh! do you know what it is to have your mind stayed on God in every circumstance? to be able to "joy in God," to "rejoice in the Lord," and that, perhaps, in the most trying circumstances? If so, you know a peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

It may be this little paper is in the hands of some

weary and heavy-laden one, "weary because of the way"; yet you know the peace-giving power of the death of Christ; you can say, "I have that peace, but I want that deeper soul-satisfying peace that comes from abiding communion with Him." Fear not! The Lord would have you enjoy that also. Are you really living in communion with God? do you walk with Him? is He your life, your all? "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" (Isa. xxxii. 17).

I have been much comforted lately by that precious word, "The very God of peace" (1 Thess. v. 23). Once only is our God called "The very God of peace," and that where the hearts of His people are directed to the coming of the Lord. Oh! what peace, what rest for each weary one here—the prospect of the Lord coming for His saints! Is your heart often sick and weary? Cheer up!

"The way may be rough,  
But it cannot be long."

For you, sorrowful one, there is a sweet word from Himself: "Behold, I come quickly." "I will come again and receive you unto myself." Say not you are troubled and cast down with such a prospect before you. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Dear soul, do not live below the privileges God has called you to enjoy. The very God of peace has not only called you, and saved you, but His Word is full of the most exquisite sunbeams of peace for

this cloudy wilderness path. Some go on with their heads hanging down, and their eyes ever dim with the dewdrops of Baca, and so they miss much rich blessing by the way. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 6, 7). "Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless" (2 Pet. iii. 14).

K.

---

"I'LL JUST HOLD UP CHRIST TO HIM."

---

**P**ERHAPS the most brilliant ornament, in the medical profession in Scotland in his own time, was the late Sir James Young Simpson, Bart.

His genius was soon recognised, and unquestioned by almost all his compeers. It was of the most dazzling sort, though he sprang from the lower ranks of society.

Added to all his brilliant gifts, he had the greater gift of a deeply feeling, tender heart. He felt for suffering humanity in the acutest way, and most terrible were the sufferings he was called upon to pass through in his own family circle.

For his ability alone he was made physician to

the late good and truly great Queen Victoria, who also conferred upon him the first baronetcy that was bestowed upon any medical practitioner in his own country.

He found out many things to alleviate suffering, besides his improving on many things that were then extant in his profession. But his discovery of chloroform as an anæsthetic will ever rank as his greatest contribution to science and suffering humanity.

But we turn to another side of his character. It is well known that when asked, shortly before his death, what his greatest discovery was he gave this simple and beautiful reply :—

“ THAT I AM A GREAT SINNER, AND THAT  
CHRIST IS A GREAT SAVIOUR.”

By his own confession, he had been opposed to Christ and His truth, and was ready to join hands with the sceptic. But God opened his eyes one day while in prayer, and peace with God, to which he had been a stranger, filled his soul.

From that moment he had not a doubt. He exclaimed in grateful praise, referring to the Lord Jesus, “ *I feel now as if I could die for Him.*”

Before he died he said, “ I don't know much of theology, but for some years past I have never had a doubt, such as many have, about the truth of God's Word. And when I go to appear before God, I'll just hold up Christ to Him.”

His friends testified that what he spoke of was not so much *what he would do for Christ, as what Christ had done for him.*



There is a vast difference between the two—what we would do for Christ and what He has done for us.

This, no doubt, was the true secret of his great confidence, and full assurance, and sweet and simple rest of heart.

Let us emphasise the difference. Let us call the anxious reader's attention to it, and lay the greatest stress upon it.

"IT IS NOT SO MUCH WHAT HE WOULD DO FOR CHRIST, AS WHAT CHRIST HAD DONE FOR HIM."

No one can ever enjoy peace where this difference is not clearly seen. We do not work to get peace. The mainspring of work for Christ should be the enjoyment of peace with God. We enjoy peace, because we appropriate by faith that peace, which was made by the work of Christ on the cross. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

No one ought to attempt working for Christ until he is resting and firmly settled on the work of Christ for him. It is most disastrous in a spiritual way to do so. The pure stream of Christian energy that flows from love to Christ, because of His love to us in dying to make our peace, is most happy, and health-giving, and delightful to God.

I have often said to sceptics in speaking with them about the simple yet noble testimony to Christ of Sir J. Y. Simpson, that if ever a man was entitled to an opinion of what human nature is he was surely entitled to be listened to.

It was well said that the searching glance of

his keen, analytical yet tender eye on a patient was almost electrical. He could almost tell at a glance what was the matter. He must have seen human nature in its best and its worst forms. His great ability brought him in contact with the highest and most fashionable and learned grades of society, and his great heart for suffering humanity brought him in contact with the lowest. He had studied human nature from the outside, and he had learned what it is from the inside.

*Inside one's own breast is the truest place to really know it.* Oh! the plague of the human heart. He was not ashamed or afraid to say, "*I am a great sinner.*"

How small man is where sin is concerned. But Sir James Simpson never could have shown wisdom as much as when he humbled himself like a little child, and accepted God's only remedy for sin. Christ and His precious blood is that.

Let me repeat part of his last words again. They are simple. There is a depth of meaning in them.

"AND WHEN I GO TO APPEAR BEFORE GOD  
I'LL JUST HOLD UP CHRIST TO HIM."

Would God refuse to accept Christ as the sinner's plea? Would God refuse to accept the sinner who came thus into His presence? Is not Christ our only covering and righteousness before God? Surely! That is enough. God wants nothing more.

God's righteousness with glory bright,  
Which with its radiance fills that sphere,  
E'en Christ of God, the power and light,  
Our title is that light to share.

P. W.

## "BUT I CAN'T HOLD OUT."

---

**T**HIS is often the objection urged by anxious persons, when they are invited to close with the offers of the gospel.

Such will say, "It is of no use my starting on a Christian life, because I am sure I can never hold out. I do not wish to make a false profession, and therefore I won't make any, lest I bring dishonour on religion."

This seems at first sight a wise, feasible and honest course. But when we look more closely into it, we shall find that it arises from unbelief in God and His promises. It is quite true that none of us, however earnest, can hold out if left to ourselves in our own unaided strength, but it is equally true that if we would accept Christ as our own personal Saviour from the power as well as the guilt of sin, He will enter our hearts, and dwell within us by His Holy Spirit. So wrote the Apostle Paul to the Galatian believers: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

When Joan of Arc was being tried by her enemies, she was asked, "Do you believe that you may fall from grace?" With true humility and wisdom she replied: "If I am not in a state of grace, I pray

that God may bring me into it; if I am, I pray that He would keep me in it."

A little boy once asked his father, "Is Satan stronger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy, very much stronger," was the reply.

"But," he went on, "is he stronger than you?"

"Certainly," was the rejoinder, "a great deal."

"Well, then, father, please tell me whether he is stronger than Jesus."

Then the father answered still more emphatically, "Jesus is infinitely stronger, for He is Almighty God."

"Then," said the sensible little fellow, "I am not afraid of him, and he can't do me any harm."

So wrote the Apostle John: "Little children, . . . greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John iv. 4). The child was no doubt quite right, and it would be well if we all could realise this truth, and act upon it. It is then just want of faith in God's promises that makes men say, "I cannot hold out." Rather with the apostle we should say, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13). Or, as he assured the same people, we are confident "that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 4-6).

A very striking example of such confidence, about a century ago, occurred in the South Seas. Four brave Christians were left in the direst extremity on an Antarctic island, whither they had gone to evan-

gelise benighted savages. During their lonely exile there three of the number slowly died of hunger. The fourth, Captain Allen Gardiner, lingered on long after them in protracted agony. At the end of the winter a ship touched on the coast, and his remains were found at the entrance of a cave which had afforded him shelter. No position could have been more forlorn or distressing; and yet did their faith fail them?

On the contrary, at the door of the cave they had printed a rude hand, pointing to the Psalmist's words: "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him" (Ps. lxii. 5). Captain Gardiner's diary was also found, evidently written in the sunshine of inward joy and peace. Nor did he and his comrades suffer in vain, for their deaths became the seed of life to that dark region, being followed by the Patagonian Mission, which has since become a source of blessing to many souls.

Was it thus with those intrepid soldiers of Christ, and with hundreds of others equally tried? Then let us not doubt that the same strength and protection in our lesser trials and temptations will be ours if we wait still upon God. When we have yielded ourselves, spirit, soul, body, without reserve to Him, He will never fail to give us the strength to meet every temptation as we run the heavenly race. As our days, so shall our strength be. And if we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, we have our Lord's own assurance that all other things needful shall be added to us.

"Begin," it has been quaintly yet truly said, "the

web of duty in faith, and God will supply you with threads." Decision is after all the main thing. Indecision and unbelief alone give ground for fear about the future. "Not yet" and "not quite" are the devil's synonyms for "never" and "not at all." If we commit ourselves and our plans unreservedly to God now, He will guide us with His loving eye, strengthen us against all temptations, and lead us onwards in the path that He has appointed for us. There is therefore no room for the distrustful thought that we can't hold out. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," said the wise man, "and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him; and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. iii. 5, 6).

W. B—T.

---

## WISER THAN THE WISDOM OF MEN.

---

"The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men" (1 Cor. i. 25).

**T**HE foolishness of God" was the advertised title of an address to be given in the Coliseum Theatre in Guelph, Ontario. The subject caused some consternation in religious circles, and an attempt was made to have the sign which announced the gospel address taken down. It was called blasphemous, and the man who put it up was called an infidel, and some other bad names. The writer was sent for, and the magistrate

gravely warned him of the severe penalty for publishing blasphemy, which was twelve months in prison and a large fine, and it was because he did not want to arrest him that he had sent for him to make a final request for him to take the sign down.

But it was pointed out to the magistrate that it was already published in our common version of the Bible. He questioned this very gravely; but, on being shown it in the writer's Bible, and in the Bible used in the witness stand, he was quite convinced that the sign was not blasphemous, though he might question the wisdom of taking these four words out of their context in the way that had been done.

First, we notice that the business of the apostle was "preaching the gospel," and "preaching the cross" (verses 17, 18). For the gospel is the foundation of all morality, and the remedy for all the moral ills that vex the individual, the family, and the State. It will throttle every phase of evil, because it deals with man's sinful nature, which is the source of it all. The gospel not only brings the believing sinner the forgiveness of sins, but also a new nature, even eternal life, which implants new tastes and new desires.

The modern way of solving the sin question, which institutional Christianity has adopted by dealing directly with the various things, which men have invented to satisfy the lusts of a fallen nature, is only a partial remedy or a palliation of evil. The best way to cure the card-playing habit is the implantation of a new nature that produces the prayer-meeting habit.

Nothing but the gospel is competent for this. We are "born again not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, by the Word of God . . . and this is the Word which by the gospel is preached unto you" (1 Pet. i. 23-25).

I am not saying the State should not make laws to control gambling and such wicked institutions; but what I do say is that, when the gospel preacher neglects the preaching of the gospel, which we find in this scripture we have read, for settlement work and temperance work, and improving man's present material and moral circumstances, it works mischief instead of good.

Second, we notice that man naturally regards the gospel and the cross as foolishness (verse 18), so that, because of Christ and the cross, it took more than the power of human wisdom and eloquence to make the gospel effective. If the wisdom of man led him to call the cross of Christ foolishness, then manifestly God could not use the wisdom of man in making the gospel known. Does not all history prove that when men, who glory in their wisdom, attempt to preach it in the power of that wisdom, they make the cross of Christ of none effect? As we are told here in this first chapter, the gospel must not be preached in wisdom of words, or the cross would be made of none effect (verse 17).

Third, we have in the first five verses of chapter ii. what the power of Paul's ministry was, what the power of all ministry since then is, which does not make the cross of Christ of none effect. In



chapter ii. 1-5, the apostle tells us as a matter of history, first, how he did not approach the proud and worldly Corinthians, and second, how he did approach them. He says, "I came not unto you with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring the testimony of God," because the substance of this testimony was Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and when you told a man then or now, in his sins, that his only hope is in a crucified Man, who was the Son of God, he said then, and he continues to say, that it is foolishness.

How can a Man who could not save Himself save others? This is what the crowd around the cross hurled at the Saviour when dying: "He saved others, let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God" (Luke xxiii. 35). With such a message, producing such an effect, the apostle says (verses 3, 4): "I was with you in weakness and fear and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of men's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." What fitted him for preaching the gospel was something above any natural eloquence or human wisdom, even the power of God.

Then in the fifth verse we see how those who believed the message stood "not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Faith must have more than human reason or logic for a foundation. For true Christianity is not Christ reasoned into the head, but Christ written on the fleshy tables of the heart by the power of the living pen of the Holy

Spirit (see 2 Cor. iii. 3, 4). "Ye must be born again" (John iii. 7).

Fourth, in chapter i. 19-31, we are shown what man's wisdom, called by God foolishness, has not done for man, and what God's wisdom and power, which is Christ crucified, called by man weakness and foolishness, has done for man.

In verses 19 and 20 the ancient prophet's testimony is brought forward to show that it had long been the purpose of God to not only contradict the wisdom of men but to destroy it. "Christ crucified" is the death blow to all man's pride and wisdom. There is not anything that makes nothing of the wise like the cross of Christ. However, let us remember that the apostle is not speaking of modern science and its discoveries, but of man's speculations as to God and the future, and the problem of sin. Science can know nothing of God, because it deals with effect, not cause. I am not saying nature does not reveal nature's God, if studied in the light of revelation. But, alas! it is not studied much in this way. If it were we should find Christ, though veiled, everywhere.

Fifth, in verse 21 we find that "after, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Man's wisdom in all ages has landed him hopelessly high and dry in the midst of the barren wastes of atheism. A glance at history, before and since the cross, will abundantly prove this. God took four thousand years before the cross to

fully demonstrate this. What did philosophy do for man during this long period? What did it do for Rome and Greece? If it gave any light at all it was like the southern firefly, revealing itself but not irradiating the darkness around.

Man's wisdom made him a great poet, a great sculptor, a great architect, but it left him a great sinner, helplessly stuck in the mud and darkness of corrupt heathen polytheism or atheism. With all his culture and learning, with an astounding gift for drawing beautiful word-pictures of virtue, he wallowed in sin.

What a marvellous agency this "preaching"! It seems foolish to man because of both the matter and the method; but it does the work.

Paul says (chapter i. 25) you call Christ crucified foolishness; then the foolishness of God is wiser than men: and you call it weakness; but the weakness of God is stronger than men. What is called God's folly here is the highest wisdom, while man's wisdom is but foolishness.

The utter failure of philosophy is one of the striking facts of history. The highest point of development was reached in pantheism, or a god everywhere and in everything. Then it took another step down to the arid plain of atheism, or God nowhere—no God. The next step down was rationalism. Man sought to reason himself out of his troubles. But this only led down another step to agnosticism, which means ignorance. So we might well ask, "Where is the wise? where is the disputer of this world?"

What have they done for man? What have they done with the problems they say they have made their own? such as the degeneracy of the race, and how to arrest it? Or the problem of bringing back the departed manhood of the savage tribes? Have they sat down before these and solved them? No. What are they doing? Disputing and discussing in their drawing-rooms. I wish them well.

But when this so-called "foolishness," the cross of Christ, began (verse 21) to be preached, light came; the heathen world with all its wisdom and corruption was shaken to its very centre. By the means of the preaching of what was everywhere called foolishness and weakness men were recovered from a life of uncleanness and led into a life of purity. The problem of arresting the spread of it engaged all the resources and the power of the great Roman empire, but all in vain. Fire and the sword and the wild beasts could do nothing to hinder; yea, as of old in Egypt (see Exod. i. 12), the more they afflicted the Christian Church the more it multiplied and grew. The Government tortured and persecuted them, and the philosophers ridiculed them, but there was a power back of them which made man's greatest power and wisdom but the greatest weakness and folly. Their "faith stood not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God" (chapter ii. 5).

The preaching of the cross is still making its triumphs in spite of the fact that many are turning away their ears from the truth and are turning to fables (2 Tim. iv. 4). It is also still foolishness to

them that perish ; but who would follow such a class ?

Sixth, there was not only the class that sought wisdom and despised the cross, as the Greek ; but there was the Jew, who looked not for wisdom especially, but for power and a sign. He none the less despised the cross, not seeing in it the most solemn of all signs and the greatest of all power. Thus the Jew stumbled at Christ crucified, and failed to see in Him the fulfilment of the hope of the prophets. The Old Testament Scriptures fill up a complete picture of a glorious King and kingdom which was to come in Messiah—His dominion was to be world wide, and He was to reign in power over all the nations of the earth. The nation of Israel was to be the centre of all this power and glory, with Messiah their King and King of kings in their midst. This meant power to subdue, to root up, to pull down, and to establish. The contemplation of this glorious picture fostered their pride, and their eyes were blinded to another picture of Messiah just as fully given. This was the very contrast of the glorious picture, and had its fulfilment in the cross. It was plainly foretold that the Messiah was not only to reign in glory, but He was to be a rejected sufferer. And everywhere, in type and in direct prophetic utterance, the suffering preceded the reigning in glory.

The Conqueror in bruising the head of the enemy was to be bruised Himself (see Gen. iii. 15). So that for Israel to be brought from under the power of

Egypt's oppression it was not enough to smite Egypt with judgment. If Israel was to be spared from judgment there must be a righteous reason for doing so. In one way they were both guilty and exposed to the wrath of the destroying angel. In this way there was no difference, for all had sinned. Yet God was going to put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel (see Exod. xi. 7). It was the sprinkled blood of the slain Lamb that was to make the difference. Not one step was taken out of bondage into blessing before this.

This deliverance here was only a small picture of Israel's great deliverance in the latter day. Then will they not only be brought from one nation, but from every nation under the sun. The basis of this redemption is the blood of the Son of God shed on the cross.

Moses was first rejected as Israel's deliverer, and for a long period was lost to them among the Gentiles. During this time he gets a Gentile bride. So Christ was to be rejected first by Israel, and handed over to the Gentiles. And as in the case of Moses the type, he also gets a Gentile bride while He is rejected and among the Gentiles.

There were other men in the Old Testament who were undoubted types, and we read in them the same story of defeat and rejection first. Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver and handed over to the Gentiles. When rejected of his brethren he passes through the dungeon to the throne, and he also gets a Gentile wife. So Christ passed through the

suffering of death and the grave to the Father's throne, where He sits gathering out a Gentile bride by the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven.

David is also first a despised, rejected sufferer, even though he slew the giant and delivered Israel. After he has suffered God judges his enemies, sets him on the throne, and subdues the nations before him. Then he reigns in power with every enemy put down. So it was with Christ.

"By weakness and defeat  
He won the mead and crown,  
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,  
By being trodden down."

The Jews stumbled and were offended by their Deliverer in this character because they knew not the depth of their ruin and need as sinners. To such, then and now, it seems utterly weak and useless. But to the called, then and now, the cross with all its weakness and shame is God's power and wisdom for deliverance and blessing. Faith then and now sees that "through death He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 14, 15).

To the wise who are called, Christ crucified becomes the highest wisdom. Problems of evil, of sin and suffering, and of the universe, which wise men call a riddle, with the origin of species and all the other thousand and one perplexities find their solution for faith, in the Son of God who hung on the cross.

Let us remember that the Jew spoken of (verse 22) here is in principle only a law-keeper for righteousness. How many are morally such to-day who nevertheless have no lineal connection with the nation of Israel. These, like Israel, read of Him as the One despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, upon whom Jehovah laid their iniquities, and by whose stripes they are healed, yet do they not turn to Him alone in faith to find a full salvation, but bring in the law and ordinances, and thus set aside both the work of Christ and the work of the law. They receive not the "council of God against themselves" (Luke vii. 30). They seek to justify themselves and never learn that "it is God that justifieth" (Rom. viii. 33).

The work of the holy law, which is to condemn and kill and to reduce to speechless guilt (Rom. iii. 19; Gal. ii. 19; 2 Cor. iii. 7, 9), they hinder, because they attempt to make it a means of life and blessing. Thus, never seeing their complete moral ruin, they never see the true meaning and value of the work of Christ.

If man can even help to save himself, then "Christ has died for nothing" (Gal. ii. 21, N. Tr.). This is what Paul by the Spirit of God tells the Galatians. They were not giving up Christianity, but were saying that the work of Christ was not enough, and that it was necessary to add law-obedience, a commandment-keeping and law-effort, as circumcision, to it, or you could not be saved.

How many people to-day refuse to own Christ as



a complete Saviour, and then turn to their own efforts to make up what is lacking. These are Jews morally.

Thus many go through life stumbling over and offended at the cross of Christ, seeking to make out a righteousness of their own, never finding out until the wedding feast that what their own hands have manufactured is not the wedding garment. When the King comes in to see the guests He sees that the sinner has on no wedding garment, and the sinner sees it too now. When asked how he got in without a wedding garment he is speechless at last, with a sense of his utter unfitness for such a place. But the day of grace is over and the day of judgment is come. Accordingly he is bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness (Matt. xxi. 11-14).

Seventh, as a further evidence of God having set aside man's wisdom and power, they were called upon to look around them and observe the character of those He had called out of the world to Himself (verses 26-29).

The importance and dignity of a worldly gathering is in proportion to the power and wisdom of the world represented there. But the dignity and importance of God's assembly is not borrowed from man, or it would have little; for the wise and the disputer are the exception here (verse 26). What lends dignity and importance to God's Church is the presence of Christ, who is the wisdom and power of God (verse 24).

But how different the world's estimate of God's

people and His. He calls them "the excellent of the earth." According to the world's standard they are but the "foolish, weak, despised things, and things that are not," but God has chosen such "to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence."

All that we have and all that we are is wrapped up in Christ Jesus, "who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. That according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord" (verses 30, 31).

We also notice an important word to those who have believed a little further along in the epistle. "Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, 'He taketh the wise in their own craftiness,' and again, 'The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise that they are vain.' Therefore, let no man glory in men" (chapter iii. 18-21). This shows that it is not only Christ alone for the sinner, but He alone is the saint's resource. Man's wisdom is not only mischievous and useless before conversion, but it is as much so after conversion. How much of our troubles as Christians are caused by man putting himself in a place that belongs only to Christ and the blessed Holy Spirit of God. May the Lord bless His Word. Amen.

P. V. W.

## FRAGMENT.

IN Eden we find a man standing in innocence, but the act of sin, listening to Satan, brought in moral death. Moral death was in Satan before the creation of man, but it came then into Eden together with the natural death of the body. Just think—what a scene in that once fair and beautiful creation, man standing there identified with *Satan*, no harmony in that scene for God, no chord in creation answering to the Creator's heart.

But oh, the wonderfulness of the ways of God! If sin reigned unto death, He could turn even that to His own praise, and bring out a greater glory than creatorial glory. He could look forward to that new Adam, the blessed Saviour, and to the time when God's tabernacle shall be with man, the earth purged and made new, and all shall serve Him. See what a flood of glory comes in then. If Satan got man in Eden, God shall get man in glory. G. V. W.

---

 THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.
 

---

“**T**HE Signs of the Times” increase in number and intensify in significance. The Lord must come one day. Why may we not expect Him *now*? “The Lord knoweth them that are His,” and the revived hope of His return is not one of yesterday.

The fearful apostasy of our day cannot surely be allowed to continue. The spirit of revolt is abroad, and is almost universal. Men and women alike

defy restraint of any kind, civil or religious. The leaven of lawlessness is seen everywhere. God's precious and inspired pronouncements are all treated with a greater or lesser degree of disdain and unbelief by those daring to retain the name and office of Christian ministers.

It is appalling, and, worst of all, the majority of professing Christians are no longer shocked. Laodiceans seem to be in training for the "spueing out" doom before them.

May the Lord keep us, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, very humble and very prayerful "till He come."

H. L. S.

## OUR COMING LORD.

FAR as is east from west, are sundered wide  
 Thou and thy sins ; no 'whelming tide  
 Of righteous condemnation e'er shall roll  
 O'er thee, believing sinner—Christ has died  
 To save thy soul.—

Has died—and lives to show the work complete ;  
 Kneel, kneel adoring at the feet  
 Of Him, Jehovah—Jesus Christ—the Word  
 That was, is, shall be ! With Hosannas greet  
 Our coming Lord.

Coming to judge the earth and all therein  
 With us—the bride He died to win ;  
 Caught up in mid-air to His loving breast.  
 No more vain longings ; ah ! and no more sin—  
 'Tis peace and rest.

E. H. P.

## "HOPES OF HEAVEN;" OR, "THEIR OWN WAY."

---

**T**HERE are few who, if asked where they hope to spend eternity, would give you the answer, "I have no hope of heaven." Men hope to get there somehow; yes, even from the very brink of hell they hope to glide in some frail bark of their own construction over the rippling waves of some silvery tide, right into an eternity of ease and rest, or at least freedom from the ups and downs and vicissitudes of life here.

Their dreams of a future are misty enough, it is true, but their life here is spent in a mist or vapour of unreality, and eternity seems but an expanse of the same dream, only without trouble. To have to meet God, to answer for a misspent life of sin, to have to stand face to face with the One they have rejected, are facts seldom or never thought of, and so many a soul sinks, half asleep, into an endless eternity of woe, and is roused by the terrible realities scarcely believed in at all.

Now, why is this, when the Word of God is plain, and the way of escape is clearly pointed out? "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world has blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4).

It was one of those sultry summer days, so still

that not a leaf moved, and the clear, shrill note of the blackbird piped and warbled as if enjoying the undisturbed silence for its own exquisite melody. I lay under the shade of a great tree, seeking beneath its branches relief from the glare. Numbers passed up and down over the green meadows, on their way to the river side, and my heart oftentimes longed to know the secrets of not a few, who came and sat beside me on one of the iron seats, placed for the comfort of weary ones.

How few, I thought, knew much of Him who sat, weary and footsore, by the wayside well, and, while asking from the hand of a poor outcast a drink of water, made known to her the "living water." She had no hope beyond present blessing; nay, she had judged herself even unworthy of that, and she doubted the veracity of One who offered her more. And, oh! is it not so still with many a weary, desolate heart like hers? Thirsty and wayworn, they know not Him who has said, "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 into everlasting life" (John iv. 14).

My reverie was disturbed, first by an aged man, who sat down on the seat at my feet, groaning as if oppressed by the burden and heat of the day; he leaned forward on his well-worn staff, and took off his hat to put back the silvery hair from his heated temples, and again he groaned aloud.

"The day is very hot and you are tired," I remarked.

"Yes," he answered, "but that'll soon be all over for me: there's a brighter place beyond, and the sooner I'm in it the better, now I've seen eighty-five summers here, and it's time I was gathered to my fathers."

"Oh!" I said, "then you have a hope beyond?"

"A hope beyond!" he repeated, and, as if wondering whether I had my senses, he muttered, "surely, surely, all this time here and no hope beyond, sad work that would be."

"Oh!" I said, "perhaps you do not quite understand me; I mean, have you got the question of your sins settled, so that you can meet God without fear? How long have you known Him?"

"Known Him? All my life, to be sure; and you and I will know Him better when we get to heaven, I suppose."

"But what ground have you for supposing you are going to heaven at all? Is it on the ground of your own works, or the work of Christ?"

"'Deed, neither; to be plain with you, I'll just go the way of my fathers, and it will neither be your preaching nor religious talk that will either keep me out of heaven or put me into it."

"True, my friend," I said, putting my hand on his arm to stay him as he rose to go on his way, "but listen to me: the Word of God says, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God' (John iii. 3). What do you make of that?"

"Ah! these things don't trouble me, and it's a pity

they trouble a young woman like you. Take things easy and bide your time, and no fear but you'll get to heaven at last ; that's my way."

"Oh ! but it's not God's way," I said, but he hurried on.

I had but time to commend this aged man's darkened case to God, when a young man of delicate appearance came on the footpath. He walked with difficulty, and often held his hand upon his back as if in pain ; and his wan face and feeble step, and the blue veins, that too plainly showed their tracery on his fragile hands and temples, told me that though quite young he had known much suffering. As he sank down exhausted on the seat, he apologised for taking that which was, of course, as free to him as to me, and this gave me at once an opportunity of addressing him.

"You look ill," I said, "and this resting-place is as much yours as mine, or rather, we have together to thank others for the provision made for our weak and tired bodies. Grace is a wonderful thing," I added, "it provides for our need, irrespective of who we are or what we are, so God in His grace and love provides salvation for you and me."

There was silence for a moment or two, and then, as if musing over his own suffering, he said, "Yes, I have been very ill, laid down in great agony, with rheumatic fever, and now, though able to get out a little, I never expect to walk upright, or pursue the avocations I once took such delight in. I feel mine is a blighted life, and I desire to be at rest in a land



where there is no pain or sickness. I do not think I shall be long here."

"Indeed!" I said, "and does the prospect of leaving this scene give you pleasure?"

"Yes," he answered, mournfully, "I am sick of the world; it has treated me badly, and I long to leave it."

"And where will you go to?" I asked, solemnly; "you cannot die like the dog. You will have to spend an endless eternity somewhere. Where?"

"Oh! that does not trouble me much; anywhere would be better than this."

"Nay," I said, "hell would be worse!"

"Oh!" he said, as a shade of annoyance crossed his face, "of course I know that, but I hope to go to heaven."

"On what ground?"

"Oh! I have suffered so much here, I am sure there must be brighter days in store for me." And so saying, he rose, as if unwilling to pursue the conversation.

"Stop one moment," I said. "I may never see you again: you are on the wrong road for heaven. If you have not bowed to Christ, if you have not acknowledged yourself a lost sinner in God's sight, and accepted the salvation He offers you without money and without price, you are on the wrong road. '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).

He bowed and hurried on, saying as he went,

"Your way is not my way. I trust in the mercy of God."

His place was soon taken by a quiet, respectable-looking woman, who sat knitting in silence for some time, while her little delicate boy played at her feet. My heart was sad because of the two who had passed on their way, and I had no word for her. I handed her a little book, which she received gladly and read at once. When she had finished it, I said, "Have you accepted Christ?"

"I don't know."

"Did you accept that little book I gave you?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And why certainly of the one, and not of the other? One is a very trivial thing, but your whole eternity depends upon your having accepted Christ or not. Of course, then, you have no hope of heaven?"

"Indeed, I should be sorry to say that. I had godly parents, and I was a nurse once, and I am sure the prayers of the dear lady I attended on her deathbed will not be unanswered. Her last words were 'Mary, we'll meet again.'"

"And is that all you are resting on?" I said.

"Yes, and I think that's a good deal." Poor soul, I thought, "a good deal!" and it leaves out Christ, and "There is no salvation in any other."

I had a few quiet moments for prayer, when loud and boisterous mirth roused me to see two gay young girls on the grass near me. Their flaunting finery, tinsel ornaments, and hollow, heartless merri-

ment, told of a hope that would perish, "like the crackling of thorns under a pot" (Eccles. vii. 6).

"You seem very merry," I said, "but this world won't last for ever, and what then?"

"Oh! a better, I suppose," said one, quickly: "there's time enough to make ready for that too. My plan is, make the best of this world, and get the best of the next too."

"Ah," I said, "but you forget, 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever' (1 John ii. 15-17). 'The wages of sin is death,' and you may die in your sins."

"Oh!" said one, starting to her feet, "there's time enough for religion some day." And so they left me.

A middle-aged woman, with a basket on her arm, just came up in time to hear their last words, and looking at me said, "That's terrible! but these are two of the worst girls in the place"; and taking the New Testament from her pocket, she said, "It is a blessing to be well brought up, and have religious teaching. Never a day but I have my lesson out of this; but, then, I had praying parents, and was early taught the road to heaven."

"Oh!" I said, "how long have you been on it?"

"Many a day ; indeed, all my life."

"And have you ever been converted ?"

"Oh ! I don't know, but I'm sure I'm on the right road for all that, and I would not give up my hope for anything." Then, looking at me from head to foot, she said, "You are English, I suppose, but I am Scotch, and we are taught these things from our youth."

"What things ?" I asked.

"Oh ! how to serve God faithfully here, and get to heaven at last."

"And what about the death of Christ ?" I said. "I am Scotch, too, but my Bible tells me that Christ came 'not to call the righteous but sinners' (Mark ii. 17), and, 'As it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one ;' 'There is none that doeth good, no, not one' (Rom. iii.) ; and that it's simply and only because of the finished work of Another that I have any right to heaven at all. Christ paid the debt for me that I might have what His free grace offers to all. He gave His life that 'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life'" (John iii. 15).

Deliberately she put her Testament into her pocket, saying, as she did so, "That may be your way, but it is not mine," and she too passed on.

Little more than an hour had elapsed since I left the house, and I returned weary and heartsore.

But this is no uncommon case. If you have been accustomed to speak to souls by the way, in the trains, in the steamers, in the shops, you will know

these are no uncommon cases. Souls are perishing all round us, we pass them daily in the busy street, or, it may be, on the quiet country road, or even under the same roof with us, because they will have their own way and reject Christ—Him who said, "I am the way."

Should this paper be read by any in such a case, let me entreat you to turn to Christ now. In a world where "all seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ," there is much to blind you to the danger you are in. Awake, awake! Soon it will be too late, too late!

"The door of mercy's open still,  
And Jesus says, 'whoever will.'"

Come! come! Jesus ready stands to bless you, but it must be in His own way, and not in your way. The end of your way is death! His is the way of life. Listen to His voice of love, it speaks to you, reader, to you!

K.

## HAVE YOU COUNTED THE COST?

A WEALTHY landowner had just died. As a stranger looked over the broad acres, and witnessed the ample size of the deceased gentleman's estate, he asked, "What did it cost?" He received the unexpected and amazing reply, "His soul!" Yes, untold thousands will look back from a lost eternity, and have to admit that

love of wealth has led to loss of soul. Go upon the Stock Exchanges of London and New York, the Bourses of Europe, and see how madly men are seeking the riches of this world. And yet if you asked them what riches they had for eternity, they would shake their heads in unconcern. And yet life is so short, and eternity so long.

No wonder the Lord Jesus designated the rich but careless farmer in the parable of Luke xii., *a fool*.

His grounds had brought forth plentifully—the harvest was bounteous—and his barns were all too small to contain his riches. The account of his soliloquy runs thus: “What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry” (Luke xii. 17-19).

He might have taken a long lease of his farm, he might, if he had lived in these calculating days, have insured his life, so that his widow might not be left penniless, but he could not insure a long life, nor the enjoyment of his wealth. What a fool the man was! To be so concerned about this present life, and forget ETERNITY. To be so contented with his earthly riches, and forget that he was not rich towards God. What right had he to take his ease, when the great question of all questions was not even raised, let alone settled?

How *God* broke in upon his plans, and demonstrated his fatal folly! "God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

Now no man likes to be called a fool, especially if he is one, but I am perfectly sure that the millionaire who neglects his soul's salvation is one, as the workman who earns his pound a week and neglects his soul is another.

In the parable how such folly is demonstrated by the fact that the rich farmer's end was the very night on which he had made such important decisions and plans. He never built his larger barns, he never enjoyed his riches, he never spent the years of ease he had contemplated. Instead, his ears tingled with the two words, "THOU FOOL," and "this night" swept away his plans and hopes, and poor and unprepared he passed into an eternity he had never thought of nor provided for.

I would that all those who read these lines, perpetrating the same folly in greater or lesser degree, would take the lesson to heart. The Lord Himself uttered the parable, and pointed the lesson. A few brief years, and you will be—IN ETERNITY. What preparation have you made?

In olden days when kings kept their court jesters, it is related that a certain king lay dying. In former days he had given his jester a silver wand, with instructions to keep it until he found a bigger fool than himself. Harold, for that was the jester's name.

had it in his possession for years. Now his royal master lay dying. The jester asked him where he was going.

"On a long journey," replied the dying man.

"When will you return?" was the next question.

"Never," the simple but significant reply.

Then the jester looked curiously round the room, and then at length into his master's face, and said, "I don't see any preparation made for this long journey. Have you made any?"

At a death-bed jesting is out of place, but the jester was in earnest for once, and his master in no mood for jokes. "Alas," he replied, "I have made no preparation."

Then the jester stole out of the room, returning in a few moments with the silver wand in his hand, and laying it gently on his master's bed, said to him, "Take your wand. Poor Harold, your jester, never went a short journey without having the wit to make some preparation. You are going a long journey and have made none. Take your wand, for you are a bigger fool than I."

What naked truth and bitter irony were there in the jester's action and words! Reader, are you as wise as he, or as foolish as his master? Have you made any real serious preparation for eternity?

What thousands upon thousands pass on their way to eternity utterly unconcerned and indifferent, as if there were no God, no sins to account for, no death to face, no heaven to reach, no hell to shun, no eternity to spend!



Sometimes, in the big cities, when the multitudes pass along the main thoroughfares, the question is often asked, Wherever can they all come from? I feel inclined to ask sternly, Where are they all *going* to? That is the important question. Oh! for a trumpet voice to ask such a question.

In short, reader, have *you* counted the cost? If the love of wealth crowds out the eternal realities, what have you gained? Power, name, influence, ease for a few brief moments, and then ETERNITY! Your money, and all it carried with it, left behind for ever, and you in your sins, under the judgment of God for ever, will bewail your folly in neglecting so great a salvation. Have you counted the cost?

Or it may be the attempt to realise your ambition is crowding out eternal realities. What has a private in the ranks gained, if he die a general, and lose his soul; or the member of Parliament, if he die prime minister, and perish eternally? Or the pleasure-seeker, if he thereby only gains the husks of this world, and loses "pleasures for evermore"—heavenly pleasures?

Again let me ask, Have you made any real serious preparation for eternity?

You reply, perhaps, "Oh! yes, I am not careless. I go to church, and attend to my religious duties carefully, and do the best I can."

And is that all you rely upon for eternity? How many thousands rely upon nothing more satisfactory than that. Would you be surprised to know that nothing you can do can *earn* salvation, or win a right

to heaven? The book that decides the matter beyond a doubt asks, "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay: but by the law of faith. Therefore, we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law" (Rom. iii. 27-28).

Let me change the question. I have asked, What preparation have you made for eternity? Let me ask, What foundation are you building upon for eternity?

I am writing this in a seaside town, where the ocean is encroaching, and where already part of the sandy cliff has been swept away. The Corporation spent £10,000 last year, seeking to prevent further mischief, and loudly do the inhabitants complain of the rates, necessary for such outlay. Yet one storm undid the work of months, and swept the ratepayers' money into the sea. Only yesterday did I see a fine villa standing on the very brink of the sandy cliff, a beautiful position in fine weather, yet it was empty. Its owner had fled. Wise man to quit a house built on the sand.

Did not the Lord say, "Every man that heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell: and great was the fall of it"? (Matt. xii. 26-27). Believe me, reader, if you think to get to heaven by your so-called good works, or by anything that you can do, you are but building upon a sandy foundation.

A well-known professor of religion, as he tossed to and fro on his dying bed, was heard to moan, "I'm going to hell, I'm going to hell." His sandy foundations were giving way. The storm of death was raging. The floods and winds were upon him, and his house of profession was tottering to its fall. He was finding out that his own efforts were useless in the day of testing.

Wise man is he who builds upon the rock. The confession of Christ is such a rock. In answer to Peter's confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," the Lord could reply, "Thou art Peter [Peter meaning a stone, as in his epistle, 'a living stone'] and upon *this rock* [the confession of Christ] I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 18).

And further the Lord said, "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32-33).

Yes, in accepting Christ, you must count the cost. Is it to be Christ or the world: this present life or the life to come: "the pleasures of sin for a season," or "pleasures for evermore" at God's right hand?

Better far have the cross now, and with it the Saviour's smile, and by-and-by the crown in His presence with fulness of joy, than sport in the sparks of your own kindling for a brief moment, and then the blackness of darkness for ever. A. J. P.

## FOUR QUESTIONS.

## A WORD TO BELIEVERS.

**T**HE late G. V. Wigram asked the late Richard Hill, an ex-judge, four questions.

The first question was, "*Is Christ between you and the wrath of God?*" Mr Hill replied in the affirmative.

It is well when believers know there is no wrath for them. We read of "the wrath to come," "wrath revealed from heaven." And of those who treasure up "wrath against the day of wrath" (Rom. ii. 5).

Terrifying prospect, indeed, for the unbeliever, but well for the believer who can say, "Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him" (Rom. v. 9). Again we read, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him" (1 Thess. v. 9, 10). So Christ is between the believer and the wrath of God; indeed, the wrath is all spent in the spotless Sacrifice, the Saviour, the Son of God. He bore it all, and now there is no wrath for the believer. *Christ's death has exhausted that wrath.*

The second question put by G. V. Wigram to Richard Hill was, "*Is Christ between you and your sins?*" Again Mr Hill answered in the affirmative.

Every believer on the Lord Jesus Christ is privileged to know that "Christ died for our sins

according to the scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4), that "by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), that "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. 28).

Christ has indeed come in between us and our sins—so that they are remembered no more. They are gone, forgotten, cancelled, annihilated.

The third question G. V. Wigram put to Richard Hill was, "*Is Christ between you and the world?*"

Again Mr Hill replied in the affirmative.

This is what we hear Christ say to the Father in reference to all who believe on Him. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (John xvii. 16). Again we read, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" (1 John iii. 1). It is plain in these portions of Scripture that there was no place for the Son of God nor for His true followers in the world.

The fourth question put by G. V. Wigram to Richard Hill was the most testing. "*Is Christ between you and Richard Hill?*"

Mr Hill promptly answered, "*No, I cannot say He is. Thank you, I shall think that out.*"

A woman once said to me, the greatest enemy she had was herself; and Richard Hill found that self

was there, not Christ. It took forty years to teach Israel what they were in the wilderness, and God's way to deliver them. It took forty-two chapters of the Book of Job to describe how Job found out self, and got rid of self. In Job xlii. 9 we read how "The Lord accepted Job," and blessed him when he prayed for others. Paul had to learn the same lesson. He said, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. vii. 18), and that the way of deliverance was just as he got saved from the wrath of God, and from his sins, and the world, even through our Lord Jesus Christ. Deliverance is only through Christ, so he could testify, "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 19, 20). Dead and crucified with Christ; living to God; Christ living in him; not only a new power, but another person—the Son of God who loved him and gave Himself for him. What a transformation! What a deliverance! And it is for us all.

We do well to face these four questions in the presence of God; and in the light of the coming day of glory or of wrath. God would have us free now for His service. Self has so many doors to come in at; so many garbs to put on; so many dishes to feed on; so many masks to appear in. But all is to no profit (see John vi. 63), no good is to be found in the

flesh (*see* Rom. vii. 18). So we are to make no provision for the flesh (*see* Rom. xiii. 14), and have no confidence in flesh (*see* Phil. iii. 3). Flesh put off (*see* Col. ii. 11), Christ everything and in all (*see* Col. iii.). The Spirit is here to make room for Christ, and for no one else (*see* Rom. viii., Gal. iv. and v., Eph. iii.).

R. W.

## THE OBJECT OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

"Our Saviour Jesus Christ . . . gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—TITUS ii. 14.

**T**HAT Christ gave Himself on the cross a sacrifice and ransom for all is plainly taught in the Holy Scriptures. That He even tasted death for every man Hebrews ii. 9 as clearly sets forth. That the whole creation will be brought into harmony with God, and creation cleared from all stain of sin as the result, must be obvious to those who attentively read the Scriptures, whilst unrepentant sinners will be confined for ever in the lake of fire that Word as clearly affirms. But in that Christ bore the sins of His own, those who are now brought into relationship to Himself realise a love peculiarly theirs. How sweet a faith is this. Such a thought enhances His love beyond all words.

What is involved in the sentence, "He loved me and gave Himself for me," furnishes the main-

spring of the peculiar energy of Paul's life of devoted service to Christ.

In our text the object of Christ's death for us is threefold :—

*To redeem us from all iniquity.*

*To purify us unto Himself.*

*That we should be zealous of good works.*

Let us consider these three things :—

### THAT HE MIGHT REDEEM US FROM ALL INIQUITY.

Iniquity is lawlessness. Lawlessness is the assertion of the will of man against God's will. Lawlessness is the manifestation of what God hates—pride. Pride is that by which Satan and his angels fell. Pride is that by which Adam was led into open defiance of God's authority over him. Pride leads to haughtiness, and haughtiness to utter indifference of God. "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall" (Prov. xvi. 18).

To redeem is not only to buy back by purchase, but to emancipate from the bondage and power of sin. Its full result will be to bring us into complete conformity to God's will and pleasure. Even our bodies at the Lord's coming will be affected. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed" (Rom. xiii. 11).

The cause of all man's misery is the practice of his own will, living for his own pleasure. The heart of man must be won from its own pursuits by the



presentation of God's love, as He has manifested that love in Christ toward him. Man is not enough for his own sustainment. He must have some objective. Man was lost to God when he became self-centred, but he is gained for God when he becomes Christ-centred.

That this might take place God has revealed all His heart towards man in the death of His own Son. And in manifesting the love of God to men Christ has revealed His own love for the Church, and likewise for each individual who believes on Him. When this love enters into our hearts by faith we are filled with the love of God. "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us" (Rom. v. 5).

The love of God emancipates, and liberates, and satisfies; it enriches, ennobles, and purifies; it enchains, enthalls, and elevates. Christ becomes our Object. We are held to Him as the earth is held to the sun. What the sun is to the sunflower, Christ becomes, and infinitely more, to the heart that rests in His love.

#### THAT HE SHOULD PURIFY US UNTO HIMSELF.

Defilement is the opposite of purification. Sin not only makes us helpless like the paralytic, but it defiles like leprosy. Purification makes pure. It gives us fitness for His company. There must be suitability. He must have the object of His affections according to His own standard of purity.

We can only be made pure by cleansing in two

ways—blood and water. The blood shed for our sins purges or purifies the defiled and guilty conscience, and the water—this is the Word of God—cleanses by the implantation of the divine nature in us, and the application of the death of Christ practically to our walk and ways. We are set apart to God in the power of the cleansing blood of Christ, and we are sanctified to God in the divine nature. By the implantation of the new nature the old is set aside as condemned and unfit for God. It is in the power of the divine nature we live to God, and escape the impurity that is in the world.

By the one cleansing of the precious blood of Christ, and by being born of God, we are clean in God's sight. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). "When He had by Himself purged our sins He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. i. 3). That has been done once and for ever. The Lord said to His disciples, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you" (John xv. 3). "He that is washed [*bathed all over*] needeth not save to wash his feet, *but is clean every whit*" (John xiii. 10).

Oh! the joy of knowing that we are thus cleansed and purified, and thus set apart to God, so being made fit to be in His presence and company.

**THAT WE SHOULD BE ZEALOUS OF GOOD WORKS.**

The attempt to perform good works apart from knowing our perfect purification is fruitless. All religious

effort that is not the result of communion with God is put down in Scripture as dead works. The best work that we can do is to believe in Christ, and confess Him with our lips and in our ways. Our spirit and our ways amongst men should answer to the confession of our lips.

"Zealous of good works." A zealous person is a fervent, enthusiastic person. "It is a good thing to be zealously affected in a good cause." Zeal makes a man a bold witness of Christ. He does not hide his light under a bushel, or business, nor under a bed. The bushel denotes money, which has a marvellous effect even on Christians. The bed denotes ease and luxury.

All these are hindrances to the outshining of the light within. Their tendency is to make us half-hearted. Half-hearted Christians are not zealous for Christ, and therefore do not shine bright for Him.

When His love fills the heart, the heart is inflamed by it so that we understand what the impulsive power of a new affection is. Divine love inflaming the heart is expulsive and impulsive. It expels all that is contrary to it, and it impels us forward to all that is expressive of it.

Zeal and courage go together. In the midst of a scoffing world we want courage to always be true to Him, and confess His name before men.

Much that passes for good works is mere philanthropy, or the kindness of human nature. What men applaud as good works, the judgment seat of Christ may make manifest to have been only evil

works. What men don't see, and what they may not put much value upon, may have a precious character all its own in God's eyes.

Men may put their gold, bank notes, and cheques on the open collection plates to be seen of others, and God may judge all that to be pure selfishness, which is for the praise of men and exaltation of the givers. He may see some toiling widow put some small coin, unnoticed by man, into the Lord's treasury, and that may give His heart much joy.

The mother of a family may do an exceeding good work by bringing her family up in the fear of the Lord. Whatever we do with a pure motive for the honour of Christ is accounted a good work, and acceptable to God.

The Christian servant, by submitting to his earthly master, and serving not with eye service, performs a good work. If we suffer for Christ's sake, and take it thankfully, that is a good work. On the other hand, we might serve with much apparent zeal, and yet the heart be cold toward Christ, and that service be distasteful to the Lord. Those who respond to Christ in Laodicea, and sup with Christ when all are indifferent towards Him do a good work.

Nothing is so ingenuous as true warm-hearted love. Love soon learns what suits its object. Whatever suits Christ is a good work. Whatever is not according to His mind and will does not suit Him, and must have an evil influence in some way. We affect people more by what we are than what we say or do.

An author has well said, "He asked for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey. He asked health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things. He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wiser. He asked for power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God. He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given life that he might enjoy all things."

P. W.

---

## A LETTER FROM A DYING FRIEND.

(A WORD TO BACKSLIDERS.)

---

**I** AM slowly passing away to my eternal rest. Consumption is doing its deadly work, and, if the Lord tarry not, I shall soon be with Him, "whom my soul loveth."

As a child I gave myself to the Lord, but for many years I backslided, and wandered so very far from God that those who knew me intimately might well have doubted whether I had ever really been saved.

Worldly pleasures of all kinds were freely indulged in, not only in my native land, but in many countries of Europe. Little indeed was the satisfaction I found in what it offered, for I was ever aware that, as a child of God, my life was a dishonour to my Saviour, even though the acquaintances with whom

I mixed (Lot-like) knew not but that I was one of themselves. My own backslidings did indeed reprove me, and although during some months spent in Greece I found it was an evil thing, and bitter, that I had forsaken the Lord my God, yet such was the hold the world had on me that I continued in my old careless walk.

On returning to England I was as far from God as ever, yet the desire was in my heart to get right with God, and it is needless to recount the bitter disappointments I suffered in trying to regain my lost position, and to enjoy the quiet satisfaction to be experienced when "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," keeps the heart and mind. Suffice it to remark, that after attending meetings for over a year I concluded that there was no hope for me, for it seemed that "no man cared for my soul."

Well do I remember the Sunday evening on which I arrived at this conclusion, for I left the gospel hall I attended, and went straight to where I knew I would find some of my worldly acquaintances. He, however, whose thoughts were not my thoughts, also said, "Your ways are not My ways," and so it proved.

A few weeks after taking up a position in Egypt I was forced to resign on account of the disease which had developed owing to an attack of fever. In spite of the shock caused by the knowledge of my dreaded malady, I was at last able to acknowledge God's claims over me, and had to admit, after MY

fruitless efforts to get near to Christ, that "*He restoreth my soul,*" for who but the Lord Jesus would have so long sought a wandering sheep until He found it? His ways, indeed, are "past finding out," for on the journey I took round the world after leaving Egypt I, who was once a wicked backslider, was permitted not only to "preach the word" to the heathen, but in many cases to address God's children.

The following incident, which came before me some time ago, impressed me as being peculiarly explanatory as to the reason for the quiet assurance that one may have in the Father's unchanging love.

A gentleman in India—Colonel J.— was speaking to a Christian lady, who thought that God could not love her because of her continual failures. The lady had a native manservant, a fine faithful fellow, whom she greatly valued. She also had a son, a naughty, troublesome child. The gentleman, wishing to show how foolish were her fears, said to her:—

"I suppose you love that servant of yours a great deal better than you love that child?"

"Indeed I do not," she replied, evidently offended at the question. "What do you mean by saying such a thing?"

"Well, madam," replied the gentleman, "seeing that your servant's conduct gives you much pleasure, and having heard you complain how unruly the child is, would it not be natural for you to love the former more than the latter?"

The lady saw the point. Her child was her child, notwithstanding all his naughty ways, and that was why she loved him. Her servant, with all his exemplary conduct, stood in no such relationship.

And so, my dear Christian friend, never allow yourself to be discouraged. The path is a difficult one, but sin has no longer dominion over you. Remember the oft-repeated apostolic injunction to "be sober," for this alone will save you from many a little backsliding, and many an hour of regret.

Don't forget, as an elderly lady told me in Taranaki, New Zealand, that if you ever enjoyed Christ's presence more than you do now, *you are a backslider!* Think, too, that a young man can cleanse his way by "taking heed" to, not merely "reading," what is written in God's Word; and strive to be able to say with the Psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." You are Christ's, you cannot do the things that you would, for you are left here to represent Him; get, therefore, to know Him, for it is impossible to represent one we do not know.

One more word before I close my letter to you, in which I have given you a chapter of my life's history. Should you be a backslider, or ever become one, remember God cannot lie, and he says in 2 Chronicles xxx. 9, "*The Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away His face from you if ye return unto Him.*"

C. G. H. N.