

THE
GOSPEL MESSENGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
ALGERNON J. POLLOCK

Vol. XXXVI.

EDINBURGH:
"GOSPEL MESSENGER" OFFICE, Bristo Place.

1921

THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.



WHY NOT NOW ?

I HAD a business communication from the United States to-day, which ended up with the following striking sentence :

*“ A decision must be made sometime,
WHY NOT NOW ? ”*

I followed up that advice, and returned an emphatic NO to the proposal made.

But the sentence set me thinking of something infinitely more important—a matter not of time but of eternity, not merely relating to the body, but affecting the soul. Would that I could get you interested in it ! It is truly a matter of life or death, of eternal happiness or everlasting woe.

You must say, Yes or No in this matter. Which shall it be ?

There is only one way of saying Yes, and that is by receiving with repentance of soul the Gospel of God. Either the Bible is blessedly true or unspeakably false. You must say, Yes or No to the Bible, and if you say Yes to its message that includes the gospel. By receiving the testimony of God that you are a sinner your need of a Saviour is felt, and God offers a living loving Saviour to you—One, who has fully wrought salvation by His atoning death on the cross. Accepting this blessed Saviour you have received the gospel and salvation is yours. Your eternal happiness depends on this.

But there are two ways of saying, NO, and both are equally decisive.

There is the emphatic NO of the man of the world, of the infidel, of the sceptic,—men and women who want nothing to do with the gospel.

A landlady of a boarding home at a fashionable seaside resort found a gospel book lying in her sitting room and was furious because she could not find out who had placed it there in order to forbid a repetition of the offence! Fancy the giving of the gospel being an offence. A newspaper, a picture magazine, a novel, anything, but that which speaks of God, is welcome.

But there is another way of saying NO. It is wrapped up in the word, *procrastination*. Multitudes give an outward assent to the truth of the Bible, and recognize the need of salvation in a general way, but the world has too big a hold of them. They don't want to give it up before it is absolutely necessary. They may be religious, give devout attendance to ritual, and yet this is their attitude. Alas! little do they understand the awful danger they stand in.

A day may come when unexpectedly life with them ceases, and their procrastination is crystallized into an emphatic NO. And further the habit of procrastination grows upon the one who practises it, until at length the habit has become his master and tyrant. Old age sets in. Faculties are benumbed. Will is impaired.

I was called in to see an aged man. His heart was in a perilous condition. Any moment might

be his last. He was alarmed as to his future and anxious to be saved. But his regret was that he had procrastinated all his years, till three score and ten years and more had passed over his head, and he found it hard to decide. Be warned and take the advice of the pushing firm in U.S.A.

“A decision must be made sometime,

WHY NOT NOW?”

Nay, take the advice of God Himself, “Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

The American firm expressed a fervent hope that there should be no unavailing regrets, which they thought would be the case if their offer were refused.

But what will be the unavailing regrets of those who say NO to the gracious offer of God in the gospel? No words can adequately describe them. No mind can conjure up how terrible they will be. They may well be described as the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched, though this description means much more than that.

God grant that He may give the reader of these lines the grace to say, Yes. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31).

THE EDITOR.

A STRIKING TESTIMONY.

MY earliest recollections go back to the family services we used to have at home on Sunday evenings. I can still picture my father standing praying at the head of the table, while I was kept close beside my mother, partly to follow the singing and reading with her, partly to be kept quiet; also I remember well being taught to pray at my mother's knee. It was among such home influences that I grew up.

It was a red-letter day when I set out for Glasgow University, for a bigger world and a more self-dependent life. I knew that I was not saved, but I was making a new start, and I tried to get more certainty in regard to religious belief, for I had not been without soul anxiety for some time. Feeling some conviction after a sermon in a Parish Church, I formally put myself under the promise to serve God in my life, and prayed that I might have the knowledge that I was thus serving, but as I now know I did not base my plea on any proper ground, and so the feeling passed. I was more in despair than before, because I felt that an opportunity had passed and that I was still in the old position. I still said my prayers and read my Bible, mainly because I regarded it as a duty.

Thus passed four years in Glasgow, now in despair and then feeling more satisfied, as for instance after a good sermon. Sunday I always welcomed as a physical rest, and went to church twice.

I taught in the Sunday School in a slum Mission and went to Garscube with the Temperance Society (University) on Saturday nights. The University Christian Union held half a dozen services each year in the University Union, and in 1914, Mr. G——, a man who had given up a big Church in order to do slum-work, was asked to take the services. That man did me great good: I remember many of his words, and at the end of the services, I was happy in the thought that perhaps I had at last found salvation. I have learned since that a man knows he is saved, just as much as a man knows he is well after being ill.

That night I walked about alone revolving things in my mind. I thought, Is religion such an uncertain thing after all? Is salvation so slippery? How do men get it and hold it fast?

After one of Mr. G——'s sermons, which seemed to carry conviction to me, I went home for a week-end, and having engaged to take a service at a Mission, I preached the same sermon as Mr. G——, in the hope that by expressing in my own way the ideas which had appealed to me, I might be established myself, but all the time of that service I was conscious that I was a preacher without a true message. So the years passed.

My University life finished. I graduated M.A. with honours in classics, wondering half proudly and half bitterly, what it was all worth. A little later I was offered and accepted a situation which took me to Spain.

On July 27th, 1914, I arrived in Spain. Tennis, they said, was always played on Sunday. Previously, I had always observed Sunday as a day apart from worldly pleasure. This time I determined to experience the other side, and so the first Sunday I spent in A—— was devoted to tennis. That night Mr. M—— said to me, "What would your Scotch mother say if she knew her son played tennis on Sunday?" I merely laughed, but said to myself, "The question is, how do I feel myself?" The fact was that I felt miserable, and knew that something was wrong. I never went to tennis again, feeling doubtful if I should be able to retain the little right feeling I had.

But man's extremity is God's opportunity. Before leaving Scotland I had heard much about Mr. S—— of A——, the Agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland and had always been eager to see him, and since reading Borrow's "Bible in Spain," to hear of his experiences. I thought that were it possible I might have the opportunity of accompanying him in a journey. I had my first talk with him in Mrs. G——'s, the night of a Red Cross Concert, and he told me about his work. I went to his house and also to the Chapel. In the latter place I admit I didn't feel exactly at home. People spoke in a straightforward way about salvation and so on and I didn't feel in line at all with them. I went several times to the Chapel, and saw gradually that I had been digging on the surface.

However, Mr. S—— was going on a journey in

August and I was going to accompany him, but I was a step further than before. I was gradually seeing that though I didn't find salvation and peace there, I had acquired something very valuable—the knowledge that I wasn't saved. Had I been, I would have felt in touch with the people in the Chapel. And so the desire rose within me again, "Oh! for the secret of a realized salvation."

On August 2nd, we set out—it was to be my 'Damascus journey.' At the train Mrs. S—— said that she was glad that Mr. S—— had the company of another Christian, and I thought, "If only you knew how little claim I have to that name," for now I knew what I lacked. Away we went, one rejoicing in God's salvation, the other a stranger to it. Before long Mr. S—— produced tracts and distributed them. "Well," I thought, "here is a man who flies his flag boldly." During that journey I saw many instances of it. Naturally I lived closely with Mr. S——. Night and day he read his Bible and said his prayers. I did so too. I had always done so, but this was the first time I had lived closely with a man with whom I felt in sympathy and my reading of the Bible and my prayers became a pleasure to me. Would he perhaps mention me in his prayers? Miles passed behind us. In Albacete and in Madrid we met men, all working for the same end and all exchanging their spiritual experiences as an everyday happening.

We reached San Sebastian late at night, Ramon and Francisco, Colporteurs, met us. We stayed

in the house of the former. We dined together—two converts from Roman Catholicism, a Scotch Missionary and a Glasgow University student—a mixed lot surely. The reading of the Bible and prayer (in which all the common events of every day were made the subject of petitions) and conversation went on as in other places. It was good to breathe that atmosphere.

On Sunday morning we went to church. The pastor was a Spaniard, but the sermon and service lacked something and were disappointing. At night we went to the same church but neither service yielded anything but disappointment. I happened to go ahead with Francisco. I asked what he thought of the service. He said that it wasn't very good and added that he had previously spoken with the pastor, that the conversation had turned on conversion. In reply as to whether a man knew he was converted or not, the pastor replied "Who knows?" but Francisco stopped in the road and said, "I know because I have joy in my heart."

How that answer condemned me! Here was I, an honours graduate of a Scotch University, with some knowledge of seven languages besides English, but I had looked in vain for what a Spaniard, who left school at seven had discovered and he knew no language but his own. It was easily seen, too, that he did know. The words came back to me often, they left me with a bit more knowledge—a man knew that he was saved.

We left for France immediately but shortly

after we met again in Bilbao, and again I experienced the same uplifting in the company of these three men. We went to church there and on the way Mr. S—— remarked that all men ought to be assured of their salvation before going into the Divinity Hall. I heartily agreed with him, for I was athirst to get certainty. Sometimes the Colporteurs and Mr. S—— gave me tracts to read, perhaps something new or original, and I kept some of these in my pockets.

We left Bilbao for the south, and between Cordoba and Seville I came across some tracts in my pocket. The title of one of them, "Is it settled?" caught my eye. I opened it and saw the words, "Perhaps you find yourself among those who say with all sincerity, Yes! I wish to have this question settled. I have tried to find salvation for my soul for a long time but I don't know how to lay my hand upon it." I said, "*That is meant for me,*" my mind was made up quickly. In a day or ~~two~~ I would be in A——, I would read it carefully in the quiet of my rooms.

We arrived on Sept. 2nd, I produced the tract and read it right through. It seemed specially written for me. It talked of the man *who lacked certainty and who sought it in the wrong way.* It said nothing about *realizing*, nothing about any change of the emotions, but said that "to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" meant simply to *understand and to personally accept the work performed by Christ on the cross.*

When I read that joy comes as the natural

result of knowing that God is satisfied with Christ's sacrifice, I could have cried aloud for joy. There it was, staggering in its simplicity. It had always been before me, and yet I had never seen it. In a flash I saw how things lay. I accepted the terms: I believed and gave myself into God's keeping, and since that day I have known what joy in my soul is.

On Sept. 6th, Mr. R—— preached on the free gift of salvation, and the responsibility of standing before the perfect law, and he seemed to speak to me alone. What joy Bible study and prayer are now! I look forward to such exercise eagerly. I have no desire for dances, theatres, etc. Such things seem to have slipped away. What a meaning Scripture, learned as a child, has for me now!

I trace it all to that 'Damascus journey' of August, to the company and holy influence of S——, Ramon and Francisco. I have learned what salvation is in a foreign tongue, and I will go back to my studies knowing that God has saved my soul alive—and that, more than all other knowledge, is the necessity for any man who would be a servant of God. Reader, have you that knowledge?

R. M.

TO THE RESCUE.

WHILST bathing in the sea at a well-known health resort I got caught by the tide, and not being able to swim, I was carried out to sea, and in great peril of being drowned.

A fisherman seeing my danger came to the rescue. You can picture the look of relief and hope which lit up my face at the sight of a rescuer. It was a matter of life or death, and that in a few moments at most.

I would ask you a question in relation to a matter of far higher importance. Has your face ever lighted up as you heard the good news of the Saviour coming to rescue poor sinners from the eternal death that awaits them? If not, why not?

If not saved, turn, I beseech you, to the Saviour before it is too late. The tide of life may carry you out into the ocean of eternity—carry you out too far, and what if it were beyond the reach of the Rescuer. Remember it is only *in this life* that the Saviour is offered you.

T. E. MILBURN.

IS JESUS GOD THE SON?

THIS question is the supreme test to-day. It is not sufficient to ask, Is Jesus the Son of God? for it is common now-a-days to teach that Shakespeare, Byron, Charles Bradlaugh, Colonel Ingersoll, the drunkard reeling out of the public house, the murderer in the condemned cell, are all sons of God. Such a statement is as false as it is blasphemous.

But ask a plain YES or NO to this question,

IS JESUS GOD THE SON?

If the answer is NO, give a very wide berth to the religion that can so reply. Rest assured that it is of the devil, however specious and plausible its teachings.

Let the following Scriptures speak for themselves on this point.

"The Word was God" (John i. 1).

"All things were made by Him" (John i. 3).

"The Word was made flesh" (John i. 14).

"John bare witness of Him . . . and bare record that this is the Son of God" (John i. 15, 34).

Let these Scriptures shatter for ever the lie that Jesus is not God the Son. Here it tells us the Word—a divine Person—was God, and the Creator of everything. That being the case He could never cease to be God. Next, we are told that this Divine and Glorious Person became a man—Jesus, the Son of God. No wonder His very name carries this thought. The name, Jesus, means Jehovah Saviour, and Jehovah is God. More than seven centuries before His virgin birth His name was given, EMMANUEL (God with us).

Let us answer, like Thomas of old as he found himself in the presence of the risen Saviour,

"My Lord and my God" (John xx. 28).

Our salvation lies with Him and none other.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

THE EDITOR.

ARE YOU READY FOR DEATH ?

THREE months before I was converted I was in a ballroom, and in the middle of a waltz with a young lady, we paused before a cheffonier where there were some lovely flowers.

“Are not these flowers lovely ?” she said.

“Yes, they are beautiful,” I replied, “but they are very like us.”

“What do you mean ?” she asked.

I replied, “They are cut, will wither and soon be dead.”

“Oh ! what *do* you mean ?” said she, perfectly alarmed.

“Never mind,” I answered, and we got into the whirl of the waltz once more.

The fact was my conscience was at work, and the word dropped so unexpectedly stuck to the young lady. She saw death ahead of her. Death and damnation were before me, and I knew it full well.

Three months after I was converted, and still the remark rankled in the young lady’s conscience. She could get no peace.

Some months after I was preaching in the town where she lived. She came to the meetings, found Christ as her Saviour, and then told me how she had been awakened in the ballroom.

You may have your fill of pleasure here, take all that the world can give you, and what then ?

You pass into eternity. You have no lease of life. Life is often short. The call to eternity is often sudden.

Just the other day, the son of one of my oldest friends was out riding, his horse shied and he struck his brow against an overhanging branch of a tree. He fell to the ground insensible, and within four and twenty hours was in eternity. Tell me, if within the same space of time you were to pass into eternity, where would you spend it? Don't shirk the question.

Christ died for you. He "gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 6). "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

W. T. P. WOLSTON.

A LEAK STOPPED BY A MAN'S BODY.

A CORNISH drifter—*Clara*—some months ago in a dense fog ran upon the rock near Batten breakwater, and was badly holed. The inrush of water was serious and the only way to keep the vessel afloat was by a member of the crew forcing his body bound in sailcloth and old clothing into the hole. For four hours, till the boat was towed to harbour, the man remained up to his waist in water.

Does this not remind us of an infinitely more wonderful occurrence? The Lord Jesus Christ,

the Son of God, stood in the breach for us. When as sinners we were rightly exposed to the wrath of God

*“He took the guilty sinner’s place,
And suffered in our stead.”*

The sailor, who stopped the leak with his body, suffered inconvenience and possibly some pain, and must have been benumbed by the coldness of the water, but his troubles were over when once the drifter reached the harbour.

But the blessed Lord faced the wrath of God, involving the bearing of sin’s judgment and death.

We see the import of this when we read, “As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.” (Heb. ix. 27, 28).

Yes; He died that He might be the Saviour. “Christ Jesus . . . gave Himself a ransom *for all.*” (1 Tim. ii. 6).

May this matchless love touch our hearts, leading those who have not trusted Him as yet to do so, and leading us who have trusted Him to be more loyal and true to His interests.

THE EDITOR.

“A WOLF! A WOLF!”

BUT the wolf never came, and, though the cry was repeated again and again, still the object of terror did not make its expected

attack, and gradually, on that account, people became so accustomed to the warning that it fell on dull and unsuspecting ears, and the idea of the "Wolf," and its depredations, ceased to frighten anyone.

In fact it might have been supposed that the "wolf" had been chased out of the country, or possibly exterminated. No one had seen it!

The question is—has the wolf been finally driven away? Does the fact that he has not been seen, or heard, prove his extinction?

No, not necessarily!

But what can this mean?

Simply that "the wolf"—the judgment of God—has been declared, but not executed, for so long that people try to persuade themselves that there can be no such thing. They say:—"Where is the promise of His coming? For . . . all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (2 Peter iii. 4). So say the last day scoffers, but they say wrongly, and are willingly ignorant of facts. Things have not continued as they ever were; nor shall they continue always as they are.

Hardly had sin begun, like leaven, to permeate the race, before Enoch, "the seventh from Adam" cried out:—"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints to execute judgment" (Jude 14), and unintermittently, from his day to our own, the same cry has been raised. The "wolf"—judgment—is sure to come!

But why then does it not come? Why do things continue as they were? Why is evil allowed to pollute the very air we breathe, to stain with blood of men and beasts these fields of battle, to invent horrors of cruelty, to make the life of mankind, which should be a dream of contentment, peace, joy and felicity, a veritable nightmare of suspicion and dread? Well, the reason is very wonderful. It is that “the Lord . . . is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance”! (2 Peter iii. 9).

Noah was warned. He hearkened and obeyed. Thousands have followed his wise example, and, by grace, have taken their place in the ark of safety—the Christ who suffered for sins the Just for the unjust.

In Him they are safe—in Him they escape the coming judgment. To them the cry of “a wolf,” though most correctly sounded, carries no sort of alarm. There is no condemnation for them. Wise and happy people! Reader, see that you are one of them.

J. WILSON SMITH.

“HEARING RED.”

GOD in His wonderful skill has formed the eye for seeing, the ear for hearing, the tongue for tasting and the nose for smelling. Each fulfils its office perfectly, each has its own range of sensations, and none trespasses on the domain

of the other. That which affects one leaves the other unaffected. The most exquisite music passes unnoticed by the eye; and lovely scenes, charming pictures, gorgeous skies appeal in vain to the organ of hearing.

A blind man once asked a friend to say what was meant by the colour red. The friend spoke of brilliance, vivid glories, and gorgeous tints, with illustrations from the rose, the sunsets, fire, and highly coloured fruits. He sought to show its conspicuousness and the vigour of its effects on the eye in comparison with others. When he had exhausted his powers he asked whether he now understood what red was. "Oh! yes, I do," he replied, "it is just like the blare of a trumpet."

There the secret was out! He had no standard of comparison; he could only interpret new sensations by old ideas, and by what he already knew. He was lacking in that faculty which alone could interpret light and colour to him.

Now there are things exactly comparable to this in the spiritual world. My dear reader, you may put yourself to the test as to whether you possess those powers or not.

Has the voice of the living God, speaking of the peerless love of the Lord Jesus Christ in laying down His life for you, fallen on ears that are charmed to listen to those wondrous tones, or do they fall like the chords of stately music on the ears of the deaf?

Has your heart ever vibrated in response to the voice of the Saviour calling in gentle accents to you to accept this proffered grace ?

Has your eye ever glistened with gladness as the glories of the cross, and the wonders of His grace have been unfolded before you ?

Is the name of the Lord Jesus music in your ears, or has the contemplation of His excellencies been “as ointment poured forth” ?

If not, then be assured that you are spiritually blind and deaf, say more that you are “dead”—“dead in trespasses and in sins”—dead to God, and being so are under God’s awful condemnation !

Hence, see to it, reader, that you realize the true meaning of your state, for few are the days with their brief hours that you may still have left.

Read here the words of God that apply to your condition—the way from that awful state in which you are—the way of life—the way you may in His infinite mercy have your eyes opened, and your ears unstopped.

“Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life” (John iii. 16).

“The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” (Rom. vi. 23).

Here is your way ! Take it and all the joys of salvation and of heaven will be yours !

THE PUZZLED WOMAN.

“**W**HAT is your *object* in giving these tracts away”? said a respectable farmer’s wife in a puzzled tone to me one market day.

I told her that those tracts were to call attention to what vitally concerns each one of us, the salvation of our souls and *how* we must be saved.

Still she looked puzzled. It seemed strange to her that anyone should so lower herself in the eyes of others for such an object.

It is possible that when she got home, she would read the tract given to her, and from it would hear for the first time, that Christ had died for *her* a sinner, and would turn to Him, and trust Him as her Saviour. Then with a sense of her own eternal security and happiness, her heart would go out in pity to those who “heedless of their souls immortal” are hastening on to a lost eternity, and her longing cry for them would be—

“*Oh! won't somebody tell them;
Tell them of Calvary's tree,
Tell them the story of Jesus,
What a great Saviour is He?*”

If this had been the blessed result of her reading that gospel booklet, it would itself be the answer to her question, “What is your *object* in giving these tracts away?”

Alas! how terrible is the ignorance and indifference as to what determines whether our eternity, our forever and forever, will be spent in the joys of heaven, or in hell, where there is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Ask the first six thoughtful people you meet *how* they must be saved and the answers of at least five out of the six will prove them to be as ignorant as if they were living in a heathen land. They will say, "By doing the best I can." "By leading a good life." "By strict attention to religious duties." "By praying every day for the forgiveness of my sins." "By liberal charities and good deeds," etc.

Now God's verdict on these things as *means* of *gaining* salvation is that it is "not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 9). We are saved by what Christ has done for *us*, not by what we try to do for *Him*.

God's Word shows us that "God so loved the world" that He gave His Son to die and shed His blood to atone for our sins, and on the ground of His perfect atonement, (not by our merits or good deeds) God freely forgives everyone who turns to Him.

"Through this man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

The believer can say of Christ, "His Own self *bare our sins* in His Own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24).

“The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, *cleanseth us from all sin.*” (1 John i. 7).

God’s last message in the Bible is, “Whosoever *will*, let him take the water of life freely.” (Rev. xxii. 17).

As sinners who have turned to God we must appropriate for ourselves the forgiveness He offers us in virtue of Christ’s atoning death for us.

“He died to *save sinners.* I am a sinner, and therefore He died to save *me,*” said one to herself as she thus made it her own.

If any have to face an eternity of unutterable woe through not having known, and therefore not having availed themselves of the full free salvation Christ died to bring them, they can only say, “We are lost because we did not think it *worth our while* to look into God’s Word to see how we might be saved.”

F. A.

A RELIGIOUS GIRL’S CONVERSION.

I HAVE known Miss S—— intimately for many years. As a child, she was very alarmed at the thought of death; and tried hard to make herself fit to meet God. As she grew up a strict life of religious profession marked her. Each day seven chapters of Scripture were read; and whole epistles were committed to memory, and she went frequently to Church.

Unable to keep awake in long Church services she would use cayenne lozenges to force her attention, and often was bowed down by the sense of guilt at being so careless as to be drowsy.

The time at length came for her to be confirmed. Through the good providence of God the aged clergyman, whose ministry she attended, was obliged through illness to leave the care of the Bible classes preparatory to confirmation to his curate; a man known as "Holy Mr. Deck," a brother of the well-known hymn writer. He took earnest care of the girls who went to his house for Bible study. These classes were continued for six weeks, and from the first Miss S—— was softened.

The last meeting came, and the tickets for candidates for confirmation about to be given. Mr. Deck was in the habit of giving questions for home study, and the last list of questions was put into her hand.

She has told me of her interest, as sitting Bible in hand, and writing materials before her, alone in her bedroom, her eyes fell on the last of the questions, "*Have you any reason to believe you are a child of God?*"

Poor Miss S—— had never had such a question asked her before. She had been looked upon as a Christian—a good religious girl. Her concordance could not help her here, search it as she might. Her long prayers and seven chapters of Scripture read every day could not give her a reason for saying "yes" to the interrogation.

How every false prop passed away as she vainly endeavoured to find an honest answer.

"*I am NOT a child of God,*" she said to herself." "*I have NO reason to say that I am,*" and she therefore wrote "NO" to the clergyman's query.

Scarcely had she finished writing that word, when another question at once rose in her heart, "*Then WHAT are you, if you are not a child of God?*"

"*Nothing better than an undone, lost sinner,*" was her response.

At that moment the blessed words came to her memory, "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS (1 Tim. i. 15), and "As many as RECEIVED Him, to them gave He power to become the SONS OF GOD, even to them that BELIEVE ON HIS NAME" (John i. 12).*

Oh! what a revelation was this! "*I receive Christ as my Saviour NOW,*" she said. "*I believe in Him, then I AM a child of God.*"

Taking up her pen, she erased the word "No," and wrote "*Yes, (John i. 12).*"

"Her lead was gone! She bounded down the stairs, confessing Christ as her Saviour that very day. Many years have passed, but her joy remains.

Reader, can you say "*Yes*" to that question, or have you to say "*No*"—which?

WHY HE CARRIED THE BAG!

I WAS preaching in a good sized town in Scotland. In the house where I stayed a young man lived with his parents, who were decided Christians. This youth was most resolute in the determination that he would not be converted. For long he would not come to the meetings. He heard of the conversion of his brother and sisters, but he was still resolute.

One night, to my surprise and joy, I saw my young friend for the first time enter the hall, and take a seat just inside the door, as if he desired that nobody should see him.

When we got home to his father's house he made not a single remark to me, and I made none either.

I had to leave at 6 o'clock in the morning. His sisters used to rise and give me breakfast, but that morning to our amazement in walked Willie. His sisters looked surprised to see him, and more so, when, as I bade "Good-bye" to them, Willie said, "If you will allow me, doctor, I will carry your bag to the station." I was delighted, and thanked him.

As I got into the train and was saying, "Good-bye" I said, "I suppose the carrying of that bag means this, Willie, that from this day forth you are to be on the Lord's side."

"That is exactly what I mean," he replied. "I wanted to confess that I was converted to God last night."

He did not live very long after that and it was a good thing that he turned to the Lord when he did.

But what of you, my reader? You may not have long to live. Are you ready to die? Remember your sins. And after death comes the judgment. Are you ready?

There is only one way of being ready. The Lord says, "I am *the* way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." (John xiv. 6). You must trust Christ as your personal Saviour. Works and tears and religious activity will not effect your salvation. It must be faith in Christ and in Him alone.

W. T. P. WOLSTON.

HOW DR. JOHNSON DIED.

DR. JOHNSON after eight years of solid labour produced his famous dictionary, a noble piece of work, entitling the author to being considered the founder of English lexicography. Johnson had in many ways a miserable life, beset with physical infirmities of a distressing and disfiguring nature, seeking a very scanty livelihood in the realm of literature, which was then "a dark night between two sunny days," when the day of patrician patronage was at its close and that of public patronage had not dawned. For years he had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door.

Johnson was well over fifty when he emerged from obscurity. In 1762 a pension of £300 a year was conferred on him by Lord Bute, the then Prime Minister, and in the following year he made the acquaintance of James Boswell, a Scotch laird, whose *Life of Dr. Johnson* is probably more imperishable than any of the doctor's own writings.

In later years he mixed with very many distinguished people. But at last old age asserted itself, and his bodily condition grew serious, and it was apparent to all, as well as to himself, that the end was drawing near.

In early life he had been overpowered by debts, difficulties, ill health, and religious doubts, which rendered him a prey to morbid melancholy. These religious doubts continued till near the end of his life.

Like many others he had an aversion to making his will, completing it on December 8th, and 9th, 1784, dying on the 13th, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived the actual moment of his dissolution.

That Dr. Johnson was deeply interested in religion is no marvel. Surely any man, with ordinary powers of observation—and Dr. Johnson had extraordinary powers of that nature—must think seriously of that which comes after death. Death is an awful reality, and we may well enquire into its reason, and what is its result.

No human religion attempts to explain this in a satisfactory way. Spiritualism, the latest and

most dangerous demoniacal craze, speaks of death, but does not give one word of explanation as to why it is.

The Bible alone puts its finger upon the spot. It tells us: "*The wages of sin is DEATH.*" (Rom. vi. 23). And that death does not mean annihilation is proved by Scripture: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but AFTER THIS the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27). Well might such thoughts fill Dr. Johnson's mind with serious exercise.

The writer viewed with deep interest lately in the house of Dr. Johnson's birth at Lichfield, the armchair (very uncomfortable compared to the present day armchair) in which he sat in his closing days. If the chair could speak what could it not tell us of his deep interest in the question of his soul's salvation.

Thank God, in the very evening of his days the clouds broke and passed away, and he got into the sunshine. He discovered clearly the ground of being right before God, and being prepared to leave this world with calm assurance of going to heaven.

Shortly before he died he wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous painter, begging him to forgive him a debt of £30, to read his Bible and not to use his brush on Sundays. To this Sir Joshua readily assented.

To Francis Barber, his negro man-servant, and to whom he bequeathed the great bulk of his fortune, some £1,500, he said, "Attend, Francis, to the

salvation of your soul, which is the object of the greatest importance." Do you agree with this, my reader? Is the salvation of your soul,

THE OBJECT OF THE GREATEST
IMPORTANCE?

What does any other object, or every other object amount to compared to this pressing matter? Every other interest is but for such a short time. This is for ETERNITY.

Dr. Brocklesby, his friend and physician, on whom he had pressed the importance of these things, and whom he had made to write down the purport of his remarks to him on the subject, and to promise to preserve the record till his death, wrote :

"For some time before his [Dr. Johnson's] death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merits and *propitiation* of Jesus Christ.

"He often talked to me about the necessity of faith in the *sacrifice* of Jesus as beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.

"He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke and to read his *sermons*. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke. 'Because' said he 'he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*.'"

Here we get the secret of the happiness of Dr. Johnson's closing days. He discovered the true meaning of the death of Christ and its relation to him. He discovered that Christ's death was a *propitiatory sacrifice*, that is an atoning death, which met all the fullest claims of God's righteousness, enabling Him to offer salvation to mankind.

Discovering this, Dr. Johnson, with the humility of a little child, trusted the Saviour and received the assurance from Scripture of his salvation. He clearly recognised that his own so-called good works could not save him. Christ and Christ alone; His atoning death and that alone; faith and faith alone were the means of his blessing—Christ, the glorious Person; His death meeting all God's claims and setting Him free to offer pardon, forgiveness, salvation, justification and eternal life; faith, the empty hand of expectancy which receives the blessing.

Reader, you have read how Dr. Johnson died. How will you die? Are you prepared?

“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).

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” (Rom. x. 9).

WHY IT WAS.

“**W**HY do you think that God is taking me away from my husband and children” ? was the question asked me in a wistful tone by a young married woman who was dying of consumption.

In the earlier stage of her illness she had showed but little anxiety as to where she would spend eternity ; but, as she grew worse, she began to realize that she was not right with God, and that death, and “after this, the judgment” were daily drawing nearer.

Then she turned to God, but, like many others, was kept from trusting in Christ as her Saviour by the false notion that she must wait for some “inward feelings” to assure her that Christ had died for *her*, instead of taking God’s word for it.

This she owned, when I questioned her as to what was hindering her.

Then, once more, I put before her that “Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*,” (1 Tim. i. 15) ; that He had died and shed His blood *to atone to God for sin*, and that His blood cleanses the believing sinner from *all sin*, and I urged her to make it her own by believing God’s word as to it.

“I determined that I would not go to sleep that night until I knew I was saved,” she said afterwards, “and, while I was praying to God with all my heart, I saw that Christ had died for

sinners, and that He had died for *me*; and then I roused my husband out of his sleep, and told him I was saved."

She was now restful and happy as to her future, but her pathetic question, "*Why* do you think God is taking me away from my husband and children?" showed how much she was feeling the approaching severance of the ties that were so dear to her.

I tried to answer her question by asking her another.

"Mrs. R., if you had lived on in health and strength, do you think you would have ever turned to God and been saved?"

She waited as if weighing it well up, and then said slowly and thoughtfully, "No, I don't think I ever should. No, I don't think I should have *ever* turned to God."

Her health and strength, then, would have meant to her a lost eternity.

With this conviction brought home to her, I think she realized the "why" of God's dealings with her, that it was only in love and mercy to her soul that He was taking her away.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul"? (Mark viii. 36).

F. A.

THREE QUESTIONS.

A FEW months ago I was suddenly accosted in the train by a gentleman, a perfect stranger, who asked me the following question—Who is responsible for the state of things in the world to-day—God, man, or the devil? A conversation ensued which lasted till we reached our destination and it subsequently called to my mind three questions to which I desire to draw your attention.

We were both agreed as to the unsatisfactory state of things in the world to-day. Look where you will there is unrest, dissatisfaction and discontent all round. Now there is one sentence in God's Word which partly answers my friend's question and plainly shows that God is *not* responsible for the state of things. "For God is not the author of confusion" (1 Cor. xiv. 33). The Prince of Peace, the Lord Jesus Christ has been rejected by this world, man refused to listen or to have anything to do with Him, and the result is confusion of every kind imaginable. The devil is now utilising all his resources to use man in stirring up strife in God's universe.

Arising out of all this chaotic condition of things we find persons wondering where to turn and saying, 'To whom can we look' or in the words of John vi. 68 :—

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?"

Is it of any use turning to this or that man whom we think is the ideal? I know numbers

of individuals who have been disappointed in the very one they trusted. Even in things temporal we have all been disappointed in one way or another by those whom we considered as friends. How then can we rely on men so far as *spiritual things* are concerned?

In reply to a question of the Lord, Peter says, "To whom shall we go? *Thou* hast the words of eternal life." (John vi. 68).

My dear reader, the Lord Jesus Christ, God's beloved Son, is the only One to whom you can go for eternal blessing. *I* cannot do anything for you as regards securing your eternal welfare. I can but point you to Him whom to know is life eternal. In short, the God whom you have sinned against is the One to whom you must go, and the only One. This brings me to my second question,

HOW CAN I GO? (1 Sam. xvi. 2).

You and I may well ask this question, 'How can I go'? Seeing that we everyone have sinned against God, if we get into His presence will He not condemn us righteously? Yes, if it were not for one thing—the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ—God must of necessity do so. Jesus has borne all the judgment due to our sins on the cross of Calvary, dying that you might go free. If you approach God in any other manner than through the work of Christ you must bear the judgment due to you on account of your sins. You may be a very exemplary person but nothing

apart from the precious blood of Christ will avail you for eternity.

And now I come to my third question, one which Satan is putting, in one form or another, to many, yea, very many, at the present time, especially if they have been so far aroused as to see their need of being saved and made fit for the presence of God.

Wherefore wilt thou go to him? it is neither new moon, nor Sabbath. (2 Kings iv. 23).

Satan says, why should you settle *just now* a matter that only concerns eternity—why *to-day*? My friend, you *know* in matters of this life that there is no time like the present, and surely this must even more apply to matters of the highest and eternal importance?

If you read the incident as recorded in 2 Kings iv you will find that the poor woman who had lost her son was not to be put off with her husband's excuses, and said in effect that she *must* attend to the matter at once, then and there. Yet you, my friend, are constantly postponing this question of your eternal salvation.

Two excuses so often put forward are—(1) that we may as well wait till we feel more fit for heaven, or a change for the better has come over us, instead of taking God just at His word, remembering that Christ said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37); (2) that Sunday is the day to think of matters concerning the soul and the future and not week days, but alas! Sunday comes and the question is

shelved till another Sunday, and so the time creeps on. How many have lost their soul because they trifled with it once too often? God says,

“*To-day* if you will hear His voice.”

(Heb. iv. 7).

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

Possibly, you have often read in the ‘Gospel Messenger’ the story of God’s love in far more touching and appealing notes than mine, and yet you dismiss the matter from your mind as one in which you are not at the moment interested, although it may be a suitable matter for reflection on your dying bed? How do you know that you will have one? To-day is your opportunity—take it. Let not this another appeal go by unheeded, but come *now*.

Then you will be able to sing joyfully:—

“*Through Christ’s name I am forgiven—*

Oh! how He loves.

Backward shall my foes be driven—

Oh! how He loves.

Best of blessings He’ll provide me,

Nought but good shall e’er betide me,

Safe to glory He will guide me,

Oh! how He loves.

L. A. ANDERSON.

LOST FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE.

THERE was a shipwreck on our coast some time ago. A ship struck upon a sunken rock, and the lifeboat put out to rescue the crew. The lifeboat drew near that sinking ship, and got all in safely except the captain and first mate.

“Get aboard,” said the captain to the mate.

“Wait a minute, captain,” and he dived down the companion ladder to fetch something from the cabin. The captain saw the folly of the act, and jumped into the boat, which pushed off at once, just as the vessel was submerged. The mate who had gone down to the cabin went to the bottom. All the rest were saved.

A few days after divers went out to see what could be done with the vessel, and they found the corpse of the mate in the cabin. In his right hand was something tightly grasped. They brought him on deck and unclasped his clenched fist. His purse fell out. They opened it. It contained—*eighteen pence!* Had that man lost his life for a paltry eighteen pence? Ah! you say, What a fool! But what are you risking your soul for? It may mean pounds in your case, but, mark, your soul is at stake. Money may be your God here, but it will be no company for you in hell. Lucre may be your object now, but it will give you no consolation in the lake of fire.

God grant that you may find the true riches—
“the unsearchable riches of Christ” (Eph. iii. 8).

“For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” (Mark viii. 36, 37).

If you receive Christ as your Saviour the true riches will be yours—riches that moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal.

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

W. T. P. WOLSTON.

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END.

HE was a young man living in a far north of Scotland fishing village. A remarkable work of God broke out in the place a few months ago. Young fishermen especially were reached by the grace of God and converted. But this gracious movement left this young man unmoved and untouched.

He came to the meetings, but left as he came. One day a gentleman from the West of England visiting the place, gave him a gospel book entitled “*The Journey and its End.*” He kept it in his pocket, but he did not read it.

A few days after he left the fishing village for Leith. As the train entered upon the Tay Bridge

he pulled the book out of his pocket, meaning to beguile the time by reading.

The title struck him :—

“ THE JOURNEY AND ITS END.”*

He remembered the Tay Bridge disaster, when on a wild stormy night—December 20th, 1879—the night train crept upon the bridge, fated never to reach the other side. The whole country was appalled when next morning the news was spread that in the height of the awful gale thirteen spans of the bridge, crossing the navigable part of the river, had collapsed, and that the passenger train with its living freight at the same time was precipitated into the angry water beneath.

All this came powerfully before his mind as the train ran over that awe-inspiring bridge, over two miles long with its eighty-five spans.

“ THE JOURNEY AND ITS END.”

“ The Journey and its End ” repeated the young man again and again ; “ I have started my journey, but suppose I never get to the other end of the bridge, *l'm not ready.*”

This so pressed upon his mind that before the train reached the southern banks of the Tay the young man had trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and was at rest.

Some days after he wrote to the writer as the compiler of “ The Journey and its End,” to tell

* “ The Journey and its end,” Pocket Edition, 140th thousand, to be had from our publishers, 6d. per copy, by post 8d. Thousands were scattered among the soldiers in the trenches during the great war.

him his happy story, and right cheering it was to read.

My reader, *you* are on your journey—the journey of life—and you will assuredly reach the end. Are *you* ready? You may not reach it for many years, you may reach it to-day, but reach it you will. Are you ready?

This is not a matter you can afford to play with.

Years ago the writer was on the top of a tram-car with overhead trolleys. The live wire broke and fell with a blinding flash across the tram, and bounced off and fell into the road. If the wire had struck any of the passengers it would probably have been fatal.

Never will the writer forget the scared look on the faces of two young men, nor their agility in getting clear of the danger. Evidently they did not relish the end of the journey coming that moment.

Is there not an overhead danger for every unconverted person in the world? Is there not such a thing as the judgment from God upon sin? Can you contemplate the end of your journey with satisfaction? Remember the end of your journey determines your eternity of bliss or woe. Which shall it be? Be in earnest.

The Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross to atone for sin in order that this overhead danger might not fall on you. He took the overhead danger on the cross. He suffered the judgment of God for sin in order that salvation might be offered freely and righteously to the unsaved. Will you accept

this offer? Only thus can the end of your life's journey be blessed.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31). Refuse Him and you seal your doom.

“*Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run ;
Sinner, hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever gracious One—
‘Come and welcome !
'Tis by Me that life is won.’*”

THE EDITOR.

SAFE TO LIVE BY.

THE late Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Connecticut, was an American minister of considerable renown, who in middle life was carried away by that species of religious infidelity, which goes by the name of “Modern Thought,” or “New Theology.” This perhaps increased his notoriety, and he became a flattered and belauded man.

But “it is appointed unto men once to die” (Heb. ix. 27), and the hour of *his* appointment drew nigh.

A fellow-minister—one who had adhered to the “old, old story” in its Scriptural simplicity—called upon him just before he died, and spent an hour with him. Dr. Bushnell said to him: “Doctor, I greatly fear some things I have said

and written about the atonement may prove to be misleading, and do irreparable harm."

He was lying on his back with his hands clasped over his breast. He lay there with closed eyes, in silence, for some moments, his face indicating great anxiety. Then, opening his eyes, and raising his hands he said: "O Lord Jesus! Thou knowest that I hope for mercy alone through Thy shed blood."

The following day he died.

How great a dissolver of theories and infidel speculations is DEATH! With one swift, sure, telling blow it strikes at their very foundations, and lo! they collapse like a house of cards. These ideas about the upward march of humanity; these denials of man's fallen and essentially sinful condition, of his need of atonement, of the proper deity of Christ; these grand swelling words, which set forth man's goodness, man's intellect, man's progress, are all very well while life still surges with strength in the veins, but let the pulse beat low and heart fail and death approach with stealthy yet invisible tread, and their hollowness and folly are manifested. "The pulpit" may dispense "modern thought" in elegant language, and "the pew" may love to have it so, but that good old gospel of Bible authority—that gospel which was, likely enough, the stay of your dear old mother's heart—is *much safer to die by*.

Now, just a few quiet words with you, my reader, if a believer in Modern Thought.

Why should you deceive yourself all through life? Why harp on a string that is sure to break when most the melody is needed? Why skate on treacherous ice which is bound to collapse and land you in the dark and icy waters beneath?

Why not face facts now? You have a conscience—why smother it? You *know* you are not right with God. You *know* you do not live up to the standard that you have erected in your own mind as being desirable and correct, and if so you certainly fall far short of the divine standard. You “have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” (Rom. iii. 23). You *know* that mere reformation and self-improvement will never meet your case. To make splendid resolutions is one thing—to keep them is quite another.

If you are wise you will take upon your lips such a confession as that of Dr. Bushnell’s upon his death-bed,—only long before you come to die. In his confession there are at least three things worthy of note.

- (1) He acknowledged Jesus as *his Lord*.
- (2) He confessed himself a sinner *needing mercy*.
- (3) He believed that mercy could reach him through *the shed blood of Christ ALONE*.

These were the things that exactly suited his case as a dying man, they suit yours just as admirably though as yet you live in health and strength. You need a Lord and Master to control and regulate your life, you need mercy which

shall issue in forgiveness, and you need the shed blood of Christ—the eternal efficacy of His sacrificial work—that an eternal forgiveness may be righteously yours. Will you not with heart and lips take Dr. Bushnell's confession as your own to-day?

If you still listen to the devil's lies, you will NOT. Stupified by his drugs, labelled "modern thought," or "new theology," you will still dwell in a dreamland of his creation, though the ugly realities as to sin and fallen human nature are proved by hard undeniable facts from every city and hamlet in every nation under heaven.

But if you listen to the gospel you WILL. You will face the ugly realities and admit the hard facts—not of cities or nations merely—but of your *own* heart and life, and then lifting eyes and hands to heaven you will say:—"O Lord Jesus! Thou knowest that I hope for mercy alone through Thy shed blood;" and thus you will experience that what is safe to die by *is safe to live by too*.

"By Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 39).

*"There's a fountain that's open for thee
Go wash and be clean from thy sin;
Not a spot nor a stain shall there be
If but once thou art cleansèd therein."*

F. B. HOLE.

THE CONVERSION OF WILLIAM FAREL.

WILLIAM FAREL, one of the greatest pioneers of French Protestantism, was born in 1489. D'Aubigné says, "On an extensive terrace raised above the neighbouring cottages might be seen a manor house. Here, in these days of trouble, dwelt a noble family of established piety, known by the name of Farel. In 1489, the very year in which the papacy was employing its severest measures in Dauphiny, was born a son who received the name of William.

There William's childhood and early youth were passed. His parents were among the most devoted servants of the papacy. "My father and mother believed everything," he tells us himself; and accordingly they brought up their children in all the observances of Romish devotion.

As William grew up he "thirsted for life, for knowledge and for light;" he aspired to be something great; he asked permission to study. This was a great blow to his father, who thought that a young noble ought to know nothing beyond his rosary and his sword. But the young man was not to be shaken, and the old gentleman gave way at last.

Farel applied himself whole-heartedly to his studies, and passed on eventually to the celebrated university of Paris. Here a celebrated doctor, Lefevre, was at the zenith of his fame as a teacher,

and young Farel sat in wonderment at his feet. Lefevre had received light from heaven and was teaching the plain truths of the Bible, although, of course, with a very great admixture of Romish error.

Farel listened with attention, and the Holy Spirit began to pass him through great exercise of soul. He was most zealous in his religious duties, and strove by every means to be acceptable to God, but alas! all to no purpose. Books, images, relics, Aristotle, Mary and the saints—all proved unavailing.

Meanwhile Farel began to read his Bible. He was amazed at seeing that so much in the church was very different from what was taught in the Scriptures. A terrible struggle between the Word of God and the word of the church took place in his heart. If he met with any passages of Scripture opposed to the Romish doctrine, he cast down his eyes, blushed, and dared not believe what he read.

One day as he was reading the Bible, a doctor who happened to come in rebuked him sharply. "No man," said he, "ought to read the Holy Scriptures before he has learnt philosophy and taken his degree in arts." This was a preparation the apostles had not required, but Farel believed him.

From that time he relapsed somewhat into his old Romish superstitions, and mixed with the Carthusians in their gloomy cells in the woods near Paris. "I had," says he, "my Pantheon in

my heart, and such a troop of mediators, saviours and gods, that I might well have passed for a papal register."

However, light was about to dispel his darkness. Some gleams had penetrated into the heart of his tutor, who would say to him—perhaps after they had been bowing before an image together—"My dear William, God will renew the world, and you will see it!"

Lefevre lectured with increasing clearness and power, and the whole university was stirred. Farel listened spellbound. The Word searched him through and through. At last he was brought to the point of decision. It must be either the Pope or Christ; tradition or the Scriptures; truth or error. D'Aubigné says:—"Farel listened earnestly to this teaching. These words of *salvation by grace* had immediately an *indescribable charm for him. Every objection fell; every struggle ceased.* No sooner had Lefevre put forward this doctrine than Farel *embraced it with all the ardour of his soul.* He had undergone labour and conflict enough to be aware that *he could not save himself.* Accordingly, immediately he saw in the Word that *God saves freely,* he believed." "Lefevre," said he, "extricated me from the false opinion of human merits, and taught me that everything came from grace, which I believed as soon as it was spoken."

Farel had found Jesus Christ, and having reached the port, he was delighted to find repose after such terrible storms. "Now," said he

“everything appears to me under a fresh aspect. Scripture is cleared up; prophecy is opened; the apostle shed a strong light upon my soul. A voice till now unknown, the voice of Christ, my Shepherd, my Master, my Teacher speaks to me with power.”

May this account of the work of God's grace in the soul of William Farel be blessed by the Holy Spirit to each reader. Remember that the same gospel that so powerfully affected William Farel in the fifteenth century is just the same in the twentieth century. The need of sinners then is just the need of sinners now.

Our object in writing this article fails unless in your case it effects *you*. Are *you* saved? Are *your* sins forgiven? Are *you* on your way to glory?

No one can decide these matters but yourself. We should esteem it a great favour from God were we permitted to help you to a decision, but the decision is your own.

*“Decide for Christ to-day,
And God's salvation see;
Yield soul and body, heart and will,
To Him, who died for Thee.”*

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31).

J. H. EVANS.

“ I DO NOT BELIEVE IN A FUTURE.”

“ **T**HERE is no truth in what those preachers say about eternity. I do not believe in a future.” Such was the proud boast of a fashionable worldly lady to her Christian maid, who had ventured to speak to her about her eternal welfare.

She was a favourite of society, and had moved in a gay and pleasure-seeking circle all her days, but at the comparatively early age of fifty-six she was somewhat suddenly called away from the scene of gaieties.

Early in March, '95, she complained of feeling unwell, but insisted on fulfilling her theatre engagement at an afternoon performance. She went, and that night she was taken ill.

It was Tuesday, but she refused to see a doctor until Thursday. When he came he said, “ It is only influenza, but **IT IS TOO LATE!** She has gone too far ! ”

Soon after she sank into unconsciousness, and remained thus for two or three hours. Suddenly emerging from that state, she turned to one by her side and said : “ I wish everybody in the house to come into my room.”

A few minutes found doctor, son and daughter, and servants round her bed. Drawing herself up, she said in hushed tones : “ I wanted to see you all together, and to tell you I have had an awful vision ! I have never before believed in a

future, *but I do now*. I have seen God, and He has told me I am entering upon *my first week in hell!*"

The doctor raised his hand as though to check her, *but, with those awful words upon her lips*, she gasped her last, AND WAS GONE!—but where?

Such is the true, unvarnished, solemn account of the close of the life of this lover of pleasure.

The shock of this God-given vision collapsed her infidel opinions, and woke her to the fact that *eternity is a stern reality*, and that hell lies at the end of the slippery, downward path of the pleasure-hunting, sin-loving, Christ-rejecting worlding. How true are the words of the Psalm: "*His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish*" (Ps. cxlvi. 4).

A few short sentences can sum up the life and death of such an one, but what tongue can utter, what pen describe—

"The horrors that roll o'er the godless soul
Waked up from its death-like sleep,
Of all hope bereft and to judgment left,
For ever to wail and to weep."

Scoffing scepticism and callous indifference are very short-lived.

Fifty-six years sufficed to span *sin's pleasures* for the poor lady, but only eternity can measure *sin's wages*.

Be assured, dear reader, that **SIN'S FLEETING PLEASURES** for a lifetime will certainly be followed by **SIN'S BITTER WAGES** for eternity!

God has inseparably linked together this world's joys with this world's judgment. "*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth . . . BUT KNOW THOU, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment*" (Eccles. xi. 9).

A gloomy subject this, you may say. Yes, gloomy indeed as far as this case is concerned, and alas! absolutely unrelieved by one single ray of hope.

But don't suppose that the intimation of an early prospect of entering eternity fills everyone with dismay!

What a striking contrast is presented between the end of this gay society lady and that of a young man who had just terminated a very brilliant university career, and whose prospects were equally bright and promising.

He had just risen from the dinner table of a friend one Sunday, when before he could reach the couch he broke a blood-vessel!

Medical aid was immediately summoned, and after the hæmorrhage had been stanchèd, a careful examination revealed the very serious condition of his lungs.

The faithful doctor did not hide from his patient the truth of his condition, but told him gently but plainly that he *could not live more than three months!*

The doctor then retired, leaving his patient very pale and weak through loss of blood.

Drawing his chair close to the couch, his kind

friend said in tenderest sympathy, "I am *so* sorry to learn the poor account that the doctor has to give of you, Mr. A——!"

The young man opened his eyes, and with a face lit up with a radiant smile said in a whisper, "Oh, *don't* say that, Mr. W——! *don't* say that! *It has just filled every crevice in my heart with joy!*"

Think of that! A young man whose circumstances were naturally calculated to make life most sweet and attractive is practically sentenced by the doctor to die in three months, and yet this bit of news, instead of plunging him into a fit of melancholy, "fills every crevice of his heart with joy!"

What is the cause of that, think you? And may I ask a still more pertinent question: "Would it do the same for *you* to-day?" If not, why not? "Oh," say you, "this is a very exceptional case!" I answer No, by no means!

There are thousands who have been able to sing in the presence of death:—

"Farewell mortality!—*Jesus is mine!*

WELCOME ETERNITY!—*JESUS IS MINE!*"

Depend upon it, dear friend, that was the grand secret of this dear young fellow's overflowing joy! He had learned to say, "Jesus is mine!" He had had for some time a *heart* acquaintance with the Lord Jesus, and had found in Him—

". . . An object bright and fair
To fill and satisfy the heart."

He had already in spirit tasted something of the sweet significance of those words, "In Thy presence is *fulness of joy*, at Thy right hand there are *pleasures for evermore*" (Ps. xvi. 11).

To be told that he was within measurable distance of those pleasures in all their eternal and divine fulness seemed to him to call more for congratulation than commiseration.

God speaks in Ps. xvii. 14 of "Men of the world which have **THEIR PORTION IN THIS LIFE,**" and it was as such that the worldling sought her pleasures in this world, and found at the end that in very truth "this life's" narrow confines bounded her all, and that beyond this she had nothing!

The Psalmist said, "*I was envious . . . when I saw the prosperity of the wicked . . . until I went into the sanctuary of God; THEN understood I their end*" (Ps. lxxiii. 3, 17). "What shall *the end* be?" is the grand moral test of everything.

With these two true witnesses before you, I can well understand your saying, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let *my last end* be like his!" (Num. xxiii. 10).

MY last end!" Weigh every word, dear friend. It is certainly coming, and think what it will mean for you.

Time, with swift wing, is speeding you on, and the moment is surely coming, whether your days are few or many, when **YOU must enter upon your first week in eternity!** And rest

assured of this, your eternal weal or woe will then be fixed for ever.

Dying in your sins will mean dying without hope of mercy—for

“There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy’s day.”

The star of hope never casts its genial rays beyond the horizon of time, can never lighten the gloomy regions of the lost, and is never needed in heaven’s eternal sunshine.

It shines brightly for thee now, poor sinner, through the thickening moral darkness of this death-stricken world.

“A door of hope” has been thrown wide open by the hand of a Saviour-God, who is “not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance” (2 Peter iii. 9).

Sin’s penalty *must* be borne, and sin’s defilement *must* be removed, or heaven *must* be an utter impossibility for any poor sinner: therefore, “The Son of Man *must* be lifted up,” that by His atoning work God may be enabled righteously to proclaim eternal forgiveness to every guilty sinner, and that forgiveness shall be yours if you will repent and believe the gospel (Acts x. 43). “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John i. 7). God’s holiness demanded it, divine love provided it, and simple faith appropriates it.

Trust it, and you trust that which has met every claim of divine justice and holiness, and shelters the feeblest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Despise it, and you despise God's only means of removing all that unfits you for His holy presence.

“ Though thy sins be red like crimson,
 Deep in scarlet glow,
 Jesus' precious blood can make them
 White as snow.”

Unknown reader, art thou cleansed by this precious blood? If not, *delay no longer*. “ The coming of the Lord draweth nigh ” (James v. 8)—and with it the closing for ever of “ the door of hope ! ” “ Flee from the wrath to come ! ” “ Behold, *now* is the accepted time ; behold, *now* is the day of salvation ” (2 Cor. vi. 2). “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ” (Acts xvi. 31).

ARTHUR CUTTING.

HOW THE TELEGRAPH CLERK GOT PEACE.

HE was very anxious about his soul's salvation, but could get no peace, comfort or rest, although one Sunday he listened attentively to three preachers. He went home to his lodgings very anxious. How could he be saved? He knew his sins were unforgiven, and he got little sleep that night.

Monday morning he went to his work in a telegraph box on a railway line. Shortly after he arrived, there came the signal that his station was called. As the message was received, he wrote

down the name of the sender and addressee.

Then came the message :—

“Behold the Lamb of God, which
taketh away the sin of the
world.” (John i. 29).

* * * * *

“In whom we have redemption
through His blood, the forgive-
ness of sins, according to the
riches of His grace.” (Eph. i. 7).

He dropped his pencil and looked at the tele-gram. Though designed for a young lady, who was troubled about her soul, and who also got peace of soul through its words, it was God’s message to him.

He said afterwards, “The words—LAMB OF GOD—REDEMPTION—BLOOD—RICHES OF HIS GRACE—went right into my poor heart, no one in the whole world could have greater joy than I had that Monday morning.”

My reader, have you got this peace and joy? May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace IN BELIEVING. (Rom. xv. 13). “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31).

*“Peace is possessed by those who simply hide
In Christ alone, and in His word confide;
They read their pardon, written full and plain
By God Himself, who sees them without stain.”*

W. T. P. WOLSTON.

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 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 the closing hour of grace as you are now. Would that God gave 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 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."*

Can we doubt the word of Christ? Did He not say, "Him that cometh fo Me I will in no wise cast out?" (John vi. 37). Not one who has put Him to the test but have found Him true to

His word. Yes, we can trust Him. Will you not do so and do it now? "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

Remember time is flying fast. Life is uncertain. Sudden death seems the order of the day, street accidents, short illnesses, virulent epidemics constantly warn us that we should be ready at any time. Whether we die at twenty or eighty matters little. It is not *when* we die, but *how* we die, that matters.

My reader, if you died to-day *how* would you die? You would die either in Christ or in your sins, either a sinner saved by grace, or a sinner in your sins.

Was it for nothing that Christ died? Was it not that sin's dreadful penalty should be paid, and God enabled *righteously* to offer forgiveness and salvation to "whosoever will." Will you not face facts here and settle the question of your eternal destiny by trusting the loving Saviour now?

THE EDITOR.

A TRUE STORY FROM AN OFFICER'S DIARY.

IN the summer of the year 1902, I was crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Quebec to Liverpool, in the Liner *Megantic*.

My large cabin was on the upper deck, close by the place where the passengers were accustomed to play the various games which are usual on board ship. Consequently it became the rendezvous of many who were interested in the games, including, occasionally, officers of the ship's company.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT AND A QUESTION.

One morning, when one of the Chief Officers and several passengers were chatting and yarning in my cabin, the officer said to me: "I say, Major, you will be glad to hear that, on Sunday morning, we shall have service in the saloon. It will be conducted by Rev. Doctor—," naming an eminent minister on board who had a large church in Montreal.

"I hope he is a good, sound preacher," said I, "and that he may interest and help us."

"Oh! yes," replied the officer; "you will be sure to like him; he is *so broad-minded*."

"Is he really?" I responded. "But what do you mean by '*broad-minded*'?"

"Well," replied the officer, "he takes a cheerful view of life; is always ready for a game at cards if the stakes are not too high; and he does not condemn us all to hell if we don't happen to

agree with his religious opinions, if we don't see our way to accept all the ancient creeds."

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

When the officer had finished his flippant remarks, there was a brief pause in the conversation, after which I said: "Look here, gentlemen. May I give you an illustration, which has just now occurred to me? It is this: Supposing one of you had met me in Quebec a day or two previous to our sailing, and that the following conversation had taken place: 'Where are you going?' you ask me.

'I am about to take my passage to Liverpool,' is my reply.

'What vessel are you going in?'

'I am going in the *Megantic*.'

'Are you really? Would it be safe to do so?'

'Certainly. Why not? Is there anything wrong with the ship?'

'No: the ship is all right; but what about the captain? I distrust him entirely.'

'Indeed! Why do you distrust him?'

'Well, I will tell you. I understand that, in the exercise of his profession as captain, he prides himself on being, as he says, a *broad-minded man*; that he has his own ideas and notions about navigation; and that he refuses to be bound, or even influenced, by the opinions or experiences of any other captain. Sometimes he takes one route, and sometimes another, just as his fancy inclines him. He pays no attention to the compass, but sails by dead reckoning of his

own devising. He seldom, if ever, steers by the government chart; and indeed, he spends much of his time in declaiming and ridiculing it, alleging that it is full of blunders, and, therefore, is unreliable.' ”

SHALL THE CAPTAIN BE TRUSTED ?

“Now, Sir,” said I, turning to the chief officer, “What would have been *your advice* in such a case, and under such circumstances? Ought a captain of that kind to be trusted?”

“Well,” he replied, “I think you are rather hard on me, Major.”

“What!” said I, “does the cap fit so tight that you can't get it off?”

At this point, there was a shout of laughter all round, which was followed by another pause.

“Gentlemen,” I resumed, “I am waiting for some reply, which none of you seem anxious to give.”

Immediately, however, an unmistakable Yankee, who was sitting just opposite me, drawled out: “Well, Major, I guess I would'nt go to sea in that yacht!”

Honest and sensible man! Who but a fool would entrust his life to the hands of such a captain, who steers his vessel according to his whims and fancies, and not by the government chart.

ANOTHER VOYAGE AND AN INFALLIBLE CAPTAIN.

There is another voyage which we all have to take—the voyage across the ocean of Time to the

unknown land of Eternity !

On that voyage, the Lord Jesus Christ is the Chief Captain ; and He will guide safely all those who put their trust in Him.

He has provided an unerring chart—the Holy Bible ; and that chart will lead aright all those who follow its teachings.

Moreover, He has also supplied a dependable Compass—the Holy Spirit ; and that gracious Spirit is always available.

Furthermore, He has provided pilots and captains—whom He calls “ Pastors and Teachers ” (Eph. iv. 11)—whose duty it is to obey His directions, to study and follow the chart, and to explain and commend it to others.

DISLOYAL PILOTS AND CAPTAINS.

But alas ! to-day, there are many so-called pilots and captains who are disloyal to the Chief Captain. They make it their boast that they are not “ traditionalists,” “ obscurantists,” and “ narrow-minded bigots ;” but that, on the contrary, they are “ BROAD-MINDED MEN.” They even claim that they know more about the ocean of life and spiritual navigation than did the Chief Captain Himself. This, however, is scarcely to be wondered at ; for alas ! in the universities and colleges, they have been taught that, in His *Rules for Sailing over the Sea of Time*, He made mistakes ; that the Compass is sometimes deflected ; and that the Chart is “ out of date,” “ behind the age,” “ full of errors,” and “ not to be relied upon.”

THE JEOPARDISED PASSENGERS.

And, sad to relate, tens of thousands of men and women who would never think of risking their lives by going to sea with an ignorant or a reckless captain, are, nevertheless, imperilling their eternal salvation by trusting to those ecclesiastical pilots and captains who disregard the divine chart, and who substitute in its stead the misleading and dangerous quackeries of Materialism, Spiritism, Christian Science, Theosophy, and so-called Higher Criticism!

THE OLD INFIDEL SHIP WITH A NEW NAME.

These pretentious and fantastic speculations, which, metaphorically, may all be summed up in the one title—*The New Navigation Theology*—are just a modern rehash of the Devil's lie, first spoken in the Garden of Eden:—"Yea, hath God said?" Our first parents—Adam and Eve—through believing this lie, made shipwreck of their faith and happiness.

GOD HAS SPOKEN; and has revealed Himself to mankind. The Bible is His infallible chart for our guidance across the treacherous ocean of life. It is complete, and final. By denying or questioning these facts, the boasted "broad-minded" *New Navigation Theology* proves itself to be the ancient ship of infidelity with an alluring and a deceptive modern title.

I would, therefore, earnestly implore you, dear reader—

To *Study* the *Divine Chart*—the Bible—"the

Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus." (2 Tim. iii. 15).

To *Trust* the *Divine Captain*—the Lord Jesus. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

To *Watch* the *Divine Compass*—the Holy Spirit—"The Spirit of truth . . . will guide you into all truth." (John xvi. 13).

Then, through Divine grace, you will be saved and safely guided and guarded throughout the voyage of life ; and, in due time, you will be landed triumphantly and blissfully upon the shores of the Eternal City of God.

G. LIEBENROOD.

A TALE FROM AN OLD DIARY.

WE have before us an old diary. It bears the date 1862, that is 59 years ago. The ink is faded, the writing is delicately formed and the writer, a Christian lady, has long been dead.

It was touching to read the tale it unfolded, a tale old yet new, for human hearts have the same sorrows now as then, and God has got the same remedy for them now as then.

Things change on every hand but the need of the soul is ever the same, nor does God's gospel, which is His "power unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16), alter.

"He being dead, yet speaketh" (Heb. xi. 4), was

said of Abel long ago. In a similar way may the words of our diary written in 1862 bear fruit in 1921 for God's glory and the salvation of precious souls.



"Lizzie, early lost her mother, and from her death few kind words fell to her lot. Once her Sunday School teacher told her that there was a Father in heaven who cared for her. This word sank into her heart and its effects remained.

"Lizzie married a worthless man against the wishes of her friends. She became his slave, was led by him into every form of wickedness.

"One day a tract was given her and she was asked what religion there was in her home. 'None,' she replied, 'but if there were any there would be a mixture. My husband is a Catholic and I am a Protestant, but since my marriage seven years ago I have never been inside a Protestant place of worship.'

"The gentleman spoke to her of her serious condition before God and gave her a card with the address of a mission upon it and urged her to attend.

"A few days after her husband found the card and the tract folded up together. He asked where she had got them and on being told swore that he would make her eat them.

"Things got so unbearable that she left her husband, going to another town to live.

"There Lizzie resolved, come what might, she would attend the mission room she found in that

town. She felt that she needed something, she knew not what, but she felt sure it was to be found in attention to the Word of God.

“Her husband followed her to the town where she had gone, and almost killed her, so angry was he at her persistence in going to the meetings. Go she would, and go she did, till he had to give in.

“From the Word of God she soon learned her state before God as a sinner, and came under deep distress of soul. She felt that it was sin that was shutting her out from her heavenly Father, but how to get it removed she knew not.

“She heard the offer of mercy through the Saviour’s blood and righteousness through His death, but she felt it could not be for her. She continued in this state for ten months, her anxiety deepening as time went on.

“Speaking of this time she said, ‘I would not wish to see anyone in the state I was in;’ and then checking herself added, ‘but I should not say that for it had a grand end.’

“Her distress increased to such an extent that if she did not get relief reason would give way. She was asked if she was not seeking to work out a righteousness for herself. ‘I,’ she replied, ‘how could one so vile as I am work out a righteousness for myself?’

“One day, after a night of deep distress, she bolted her door, and went down upon her knees and in the bitterness of her soul she cried, ‘O Lord, help me. *I have done all I can, and if Thou*

dost not help me, I can do no more. O Lord, help me.'

"It was as if a voice said to her, 'You have *done* too much. If you had done less, it would have been better for you.' She rose from her knees, sank upon a chair, and exclaimed to herself, 'Oh! my, have I been trying to take upon my shoulders what the Lord did for me on the cross.' She saw that redemption was a finished work—finished on Calvary. 'It is finished' cried the Saviour on the cross. She there and then trusted the Lord as her Saviour. She said, 'It was the Lord's own doing, and oh! what a change, what a light broke into my mind. How different everything appeared.'"



The narrative goes on to describe how Lizzie grew in grace, how her husband continued, alas! his brutality, how she developed a fatal and painful malady, and finally died full of peace and joy. Her one great desire was to see the face of her Saviour.

It is well to notice that Lizzie never entered into peace till she gave up trying and took to simply trusting. Times may alter. Things may change. But one thing remains the same, and that is the gospel of God's grace.

Anyone who lived in the early Victorian age, if he could come back to life, would be astounded at the wonderful changes that have taken place. He

would scarcely recognize the world with which he was once so familiar.

Railways, telegraphs, motors, submarines, aeroplanes, *wireless* telegraphs, a shrunken Germany, a Bolshevich Russian republic, civilized (?) countries bled nigh to death and staggering under frightful loads of debt, labour seeking by revolutionary methods to get into the saddle, unrest, insecurity on every hand, might well be a contemplation not altogether pleasing or reassuring to a modern Rip Van Winkle.

But, thank God, he would find the same Bible with the same message, the grace of God, free salvation, offered to "whosoever will."

Thank God for something stable and real, yea, eternal in its duration and happiness.

No wonder the apostle Paul rang out the challenge, "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 to the Greek." (Rom. i. 16).

May God bring each reader to a saving knowledge of the Lord.

THE EDITOR.

SAVED ON THE CHEVIOTS.

VERY early one morning in the spring of 1864, a dear lad, not yet into his teens, was lying in bed in his cottage home on the small farm of H—— on the east side of the Cheviots in Northumberland. Though just a lad he lay in

deep distress, for some time previous he had made a very great discovery--he had seen himself in the sight of a righteous God to be a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and this was the cause of his restlessness that morning.

But if he was concerned so deeply about his sinful condition, and so deeply anxious to be at peace with God, there was One whose eye was watching all that was going on in that dear lad's soul, and that heart was yearning for his blessing, even that same blessed One whose deep compassion is illustrated for us in the parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke x.), and who as the Good Shepherd went forth to seek the lost sheep (Luke xv.) and who Himself said in Luke xix. 10, "The Son of Man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was lost."

Well, that morning as our dear young friend lay there in such deep distress of soul, like a flash there came to his memory a verse of a well-known hymn:—

*"All burdened with sin and wholly undone,
To a Saviour that died let us fly,
For, till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord,
We can never be ready to die."*

The remembrance of that verse led that dear lad to look away from himself and his sinfulness to the Lord Jesus, and to put his faith in the mighty work which He accomplished when upon the dark Cross of Calvary, and he saw that there all his sins and the judgment he so rightly deserved on their account were borne by the Lord Jesus, and

he did "fly" or, in other words, he rested his soul on the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and at once entered into peace through "the blood of a crucified Lord."

Many years have rolled past since that eventful morning, but our dear friend, now an old man, still holds on his way, sustained by the grace of the One who met and saved him in early years, and has also used him during these many years as a means of blessing to many others.

The foregoing narrative we were privileged to hear from his own lips at our little gospel meeting one Lord's Day night two or three years ago, and it is now sent forth in the earnest hope that any, who read these lines who are burdened with a load of guilt and sin as he was, may also be enabled to look away from themselves to the Lord Jesus, and rest their souls on the finished work of Him who also said while here in this world, "Him that cometh to Me I will *in no wise* cast out." (John vi. 37). May we be able to sing:—

*"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."*

J. W. DODDS.

THE DUKE AND THE OLD WOMAN.

SHE lived in a cottage on the property of a well-known Duke. At a certain season of the year she got into arrears with her rent, but was enabled to pay it all off when the time came for realizing her produce. This was an understood thing between her and the Duke's agent for years.

But the agent died and a new man was appointed in his place. Noticing the arrears of rent, he sent word that she would either have to pay in full, or leave her cottage. Explanations made to him, the pleading of old custom, did not alter his decision.

The old woman conceived the bold idea of stating her case to the Duke himself. She had never spoken to him before, nor had she been to his beautiful castle.

So she made the attempt, and was successful in laying her case before him. He listened sympathetically, told her to her infinite relief to put her mind at rest, that he would speak to his agent and she could remain in her cottage, and pay her rent when able to do so.

He added to his kindness by showing the gratified old woman over some of the grand rooms of the castle. Handsome saloons, grand pictures and statuary were all inspected, when the Duke led her to a small room, telling her this was where he got the most comfort in his stately

home. He drew a curtain aside, and showed her a little oratory, with a picture of the Virgin Mary. With this before him, he was accustomed to pray to the mother of our Lord.

Now the old woman was a true Christian. She knew the Lord Jesus as her Saviour and Lord.

So she addressed the Duke, reminding him that when she had got into trouble about her cottage, she had turned her back on the agent, and had come *direct* to himself, and with happy results, and she exhorted him to have nothing to do with an agent who could not help him, an agent not appointed by the Lord, and therefore no agent at all, but to go straight to the Lord Jesus. For He had said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37).

Whether the Duke paid heed to the exhortation we don't know, but the advice was sound and good.

The Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord according to the flesh, was "blessed among women." The Lord was perfect in all His relationships and you may be quite sure He was the most wonderful Son that ever gladdened the heart of a mother.

But none knew better than she that He was more, infinitely more, than her Son. He was "over all, God blessed for ever." (Rom. ix. 5).

How illogical and irreverent is the title given to her—"Mother of God." She was privileged above any in being the mother of the *Man* Christ Jesus, but she could not be the mother of God.

Nay, further, as a sinner, beautifully instructed by the Spirit of God, she could sing in the exultation of her heart as she contemplated the high honour that was put upon her that wonderful Magnificat recorded in Luke ii. 46-55, yet she forgot not her true state in common with every child of Adam's race when she said, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my *Saviour*" (verse 47).

Yes; she needed a Redeemer, and found a Saviour in Him who was her Son according to the flesh, yet withal "the mighty God, the everlasting Father [*literally*, the Father of Eternity]" (Isa. ix. 6), the Object of her faith and worship.

And see what dishonour is put upon both her and her Son in praying to her. The usual statement is that her heart is loving and tender, and what son will deny his mother a favour. So she is superstitiously approached and prayed to that she may intercede with her Son.

First, there is no warrant in Scripture from cover to cover for this.

Second, she cannot hear the prayer offered to her. She is happy in her Saviour's presence but has not the attributes of deity—omnipotence and omniscience. She is not appointed an agent to hear prayer.

Third, what mother would be gratified to be approached on the ground that she had a heart more tender than her son's. That would be an insult to both mother and son.

On the contrary, none could rejoice more deeply

than the blessed virgin to know that her Son is so gracious and compassionate and tender that sinners would rather go to Him direct and with fuller confidence than in any other direction.

Not one who goes to Him in repentance and need comes away disappointed. He is the Saviour of sinners. A dying thief, a Mary Magdalene, a Saul of Tarsus, and countless thousands will testify to His grace and power.

What about you, my reader? Have you ever repented and felt your need of Him? Oh! trust Him as you read these lines. You will never repent doing so. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be SAVED.*" (Rom. x. 9). This is God's word and you can trust it.

It is God's own plan of salvation and it cannot break down. At infinite cost to Himself He has procured it, and in righteousness and in mercy He offers it to "whosoever will." It has been well said that it cost God a word to create the universe, but that it cost Him His Son to save a soul. May such love as this win your heart. Almost the last line of the inspired Word we read the loving invitation: "Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17). Will you?

THE EDITOR.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

THE recent solar eclipse was caused by the moon coming between us and the sun in such a way that its shadow fell on this part of the earth. It nearly succeeded in cutting off our supply of light and heat for the time being.

When it is remembered that the sun's diameter is more than 400 times that of the moon, it seems at first sight very strange that so small a body should be able to produce so profound an effect.

This is due to the moon's comparative nearness : were it still nearer, the darkness would have been more intense, and its duration would have been longer ; were it much further away the effects would have been far less.

This is so true that a very small object such as a tree, or a wall, is sufficient to cut off the light from the one who allows it to come in between him and the sun.

Happily these obstacles do not affect any but those who allow them to do so.

All who do not exclude themselves from the sun's presence and power benefit by it.

Such may rejoice that the folly of others does not prevent their enjoyment of the bounteous provision of God.

Now, just as the sun in the heavens sheds forth with unstinted beneficence its cheering warmth and pleasing light, so Jesus the Son of God freely and gladly offers His light and love, salvation and

eternal happiness without partiality or favour to all.

The light of the glory of God, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ shone out for the first time amidst the darkness of the world, when Jesus was born outside the city that should have rejoiced in His coming.

It was shown, when He the rich One became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. (See 2 Cor. viii. 9).

Again, amidst all the hatred and rejection to which He was subjected in His course of goodness here, the light of heaven shone forth.

But most of all, when in perfect obedience to His Father's will, He stooped to the shameful death of the cross, the refulgence of divine love burst forth

Nothing could exclude this light from a world of darkness! Its beneficent rays shine forth for all!

None are too abandoned to be outside its bounds, none too forsaken to be beyond its embrace.

This being so, how is it that there are those who do not partake of this unparalleled good?

It must be that this great outshining is shut off from their eyes by something they allow to intercept the light.

If this be so with you, dear reader, may the Lord in His unfathomable mercy open your eyes to see it.

* * * * *

Mrs. A. was a fond mother and an excellent wife.

She fulfilled all her duties in a most exemplary manner. All who knew her regarded her as a model housewife.

On one occasion when asked to go to a gospel meeting to hear the sweet story of the Saviour's love, she replied, "I never go to such places, I worship God in my kitchen by bringing up my family, and attending to my husband. I am as good, nay, a great deal better than many a church or chapel goer."

What a paltry excuse! she put her kitchen wall between her and the light of the love of God—the welfare of her family before that of her immortal soul.

But in your case it may be quite a different matter.

Is it a little self-gratification, a sweet morsel, the satisfaction of a proper and natural fancy, the realization of some pet ambition?

Let not such shut you out from the sunshine of the grace of Christ.

Do not imperil your soul for such trifles.

Does the acquisition of money engross you?

Do you find satisfaction and peace of mind in its possession? If so, remember that you cannot settle the demands of a holy God on a cash basis.

Such absorbing interests may prove to be the eclipse of all your eternal happiness.

Will you not come out of their shadow into the true light of day?

Let earth with its business, pleasures and cares, lust and its allurements, nay, the home and its

sacred duties, no longer hinder your reception of God's great salvation.



There is however another aspect of the truth that you must not be allowed to forget.

To-day you may wilfully exclude the light ; to-morrow the light itself may be withdrawn.

This sinful world is a place reserved for judgment. All its charms will fail, its bright prospects will become dim, its promises never be fulfilled. It is a snare and a cheat. If you do not leave it, you will most assuredly be dragged into the vortex of judgment to which it is doomed, and to which it is fast hastening.

When that takes place (there will be no second warning given) there will be nothing left to you but to await the moment when He, who in tender compassion became the Light of the world, will again shine forth !

But the second display will be "in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ : who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power " (2 Thess. i. 8, 9).

That will be a day of woe and sadness for all who experience that terrible outburst of divine wrath ; for such, having had the opportunity to share His love, and, having declined the offer, **must now know His righteous anger.**

Nay! call it not a day! It is a night of darkness and judgment—a night without a ray of that light and love and grace, which for them, has shone in vain.

*“But ere the trumpet shake,
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel’s cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.”*

Would that you might listen to its sweet and gracious message, and receive through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ the blessing it conveys. “To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts” (Heb. iv. 7). “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

S. SCOTT.

A FINISHED COURSE.

IN a previous issue of this magazine we told the story of a lady who was led to seek and find peace with God through reading a copy of “*The Gospel Messenger*.” She passed in triumph into God’s presence, while the one who gave her the message continued on life’s journey, still scattering “the good seed.”

Some thirty years later, when the war clouds hung heavily over stricken Europe, he also was drawing near the heavenly portals. War might

rage all around him, but the peace which God had given him many years before was as real as ever, and peace which lasts "through all life and what is after living" is surely worth possessing.

It was often a deep pleasure to hear his bright testimony to God's unfailing faithfulness through a long life, with "all its joys and sorrows. There was no fear as he faced Eternity—death held no dread for him, for it was only a passing over unto "the other side" in the company of his Saviour. The ground of his peace found expression in words he often quoted in those closing days :—

*"Peace with our holy God,
Peace from the fear of death,
Peace through the Saviour's precious blood,
Sweet peace—the fruit of faith."*

Peace with God, and from the fear of death! who can estimate its value? and such is the portion of all who rest entirely on the merits of "the Saviour's blood." But it was not only His blood which was precious. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself was "a living bright reality" to the aged sufferer.

One day when apparently lost to all on earth, with eyes fixed on the corner of the room, he said (as if speaking to One verily present), "My precious Lord Jesus—my precious Saviour!"

A few days before he entered His immediate presence, one of the Lord's servants called to pay a final visit to his friend. The mental powers had almost gone, and he did not at first recognize

his visitor, but a relative remarked, "It is Mr. — who preaches the Gospel," while the friend added, "The Gospel you believed, you know."

It was wonderful to see the failing intelligence reassert itself at the sound of the much-loved word. "Yes, *I believed it*," he answered with emphasis, and added, "Did I ever tell you how it came about?" and then with joy he told the story for the last time.

"I was very anxious about my soul," said he, "I wanted something I had'nt got, I *wanted light*. Then one day when I could bear it no longer, I went to the little back bedroom to have it out with God and get the matter settled. He gave me that beautiful word, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?' (Psalm xxvii. 1). And I saw it in a moment—the Lord was light."

"And you accepted it?" said the visitor.

"Yes," was the response, "I accepted it. I made it my own."

Psalm xxvii. was naturally very precious to him, and the first verse, whispered into his ear when consciousness had almost gone, drew forth even then a faint response, "The Lord is my light, what a word!"

A short time before his death he awoke from sleep with a joyful smile and said, "I have had such a lovely dream! I saw quite a number of those I spoke to years ago about their souls. They all passed before me one after another, and

they were such a happy company. It has made me so happy." Long ago the Apostle Paul wrote to some to whom he had spoken God's word, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming" (1 Thess. ii. 19). This paper may possibly fall into the hands of some whose own salvation is secured, but who have never yet tried to win others for the Saviour. No such glad recollection, or blissful prospect, could bring joy to their hearts on a dying bed. May they be stimulated to begin at once, for

*"At the end of the day 'twill be sweet to say,
I have brought some wanderer home."*

No gift of oratory is needed for this, for the one of whom we write never gave a Gospel address in his many years of service for the Master. A tactful word here, a Gospel booklet there, a word of sympathy, or a conversation to help to settle soul-difficulties—these were his methods, but many think of him as their "father in Christ."

"Go and do thou likewise," for "ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord."

*"Have you not a word for Jesus,
Will the world His praise proclaim;
Who will speak if ye are silent,
Ye who know and love His Name?"*

ANON.

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT OF THE COAL STRIKE.

THERE is a quiet seaside village situated at no great distance from the Scottish capital. The majority of its inhabitants are fisher folk with a large sprinkling of God-fearing men amongst them. The minority are miners, newcomers comparatively speaking, since the neighbouring pit has not been working so many years, and of these but few were converted.

In March last God began to work amongst the people in converting power. On April 1st, the miners' strike began, and consequently, many of the young fellows from the pits, who ordinarily never went anywhere where the gospel was preached, drifted into the meetings, and a goodly number were soundly converted to God. Amongst these was Tom—the subject of our story. The story itself falls into five brief chapters.

Chapter one opens in a fisherman's shed, hard by the little harbour where the boats are lying. It is Thursday afternoon. Four mining lads have dropped in, and two fishermen, God-fearing men, are talking with them as to this remarkable revival which has been manifested during the preceding fortnight. The fishermen suggest that they should go to the meeting. One lad expresses himself in favour of so doing. Our friend Tom speaks up: "Well I have a ticket for a concert and am going there, so anyway I shall NOT be at the revival meeting!"

One of the fishermen is walking off, but turns round and says, "Well, mind, Tom, the Bible says, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.'" Tom appears quite indifferent, but, nevertheless, He who knows how to drive "a nail in a sure place" had started a nail into Tom's conscience by that short sentence from the Word of God.

Chapter two conducts us into Edinburgh outside the "Alhambra." It is the following Saturday evening, and Tom is going to have his fill of such pleasure as the place afforded. Just before entering an unknown man suddenly accosts him, thrusting a small card like a tram ticket into his hand. He glances at it. Two or three Scripture verses are printed on it, but only one stands out distinctly before his eye. This was the verse: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." The divine hand struck another blow of good driving power on the head of that nail! Anxious to disbelieve it, and being on jocular terms with the man in the pay box of the theatre, Tom hands the card to him as though it were a ticket of admission. The man glances at it, and throws it back with a laugh; "This won't admit *here!*" "No," says Tom with a sudden burst of gravity, "perhaps it will admit to a better place!"

Chapter three shows our young friend stepping into his quiet seaside home very late that night. His parents are connected with the fishing, and for many years had known the Lord. On the mantelpiece there stands a printed notice of a series of gospel meetings to start in the preaching

hall on the Sunday week. The preacher, well-known to his parents, is to stay with them. For that Tom has no relish, and has quite made up his mind to be carefully *out* of the house when the preacher is *in*, and only *in* when he is *out*. That printed notice is very objectionable; still, he may as well know what the preacher is going to do, so he approaches the mantelpiece. At the foot of the notice a text has been printed, and it is that same short bit of Scripture which catches his eye: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," another telling blow on the head!

Chapter four carries us only to the next day, just one week before the special meetings.

The usual Sunday evening service is being held. Tom sits on one of the wooden benches, but, as was his custom whenever he found himself in such circumstances, directly the preacher began to speak, he started reading the Bible anywhere, the place mattered not, so long as it distracted his mind from what the preacher was saying.

He opened on this occasion near the beginning of Genesis, and very shortly he reached chapter vi. verse 3, where he read, "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man." The nail in his conscience was driven still further home! It was a blow more effectual than could have been delivered by anything he might have heard the preacher say.

Our fifth and last chapter conducts us to the following Wednesday week. The village has been much stirred, many souls have been already

converted. The special meetings in the Hall have started. Interest is high, and night after night the place is full. Tom has proved himself a really adroit lad, and has avoided the preacher in his father's house in very able fashion. Still with many another lad from the pit he cannot keep away from the meetings. In heart he is miserable. He knows now that the Spirit of the Lord does not always strive with man, and he fears that his chance of salvation is passed for ever.

At the end of the meeting that Wednesday evening, Tom, and five other lads who were his chums, stepped out, and walked two or three hundred yards till they were abreast of the harbour. There they stopped, and a discussion broke out. The whole six were *convicted* sinners, so convicted indeed, that most of them were for going back and seeing the preacher. Tom put the brake on. His poor heart was despairing. "You may go back," he said "I'll go with you, but *I'll not be converted!*"

Just then, a zealous Christian, who had noticed their demeanour as they went out of the hall, came after them and invited them to return. That settled it, and back they went.

And what happened when they got back? Oh! just that which always does happen when conscience-stricken sinners are brought into contact with the story of redeeming love, surrounded by sympathetic and praying Christian friends. One by one the difficulties vanished. The once-crucified but now risen Saviour met all their deep

necessities. Tom trusted the Lord Jesus as Saviour, and confessed Him as his Lord and Master, and proved the truth of the Scripture: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9). Tom walked out that night, when finally the friends dispersed, a saved man, and so did his five chums.

For the rest of the preacher's stay Tom dropped that clever little game of hide-and-peek, and managed to be *in* when the preacher was *in*. He had plenty of time to be *in*, as the miners' strike still persisted. He agreed, however, with what others of the converted young miners said, "If we had been working in the pits we should never have got to the meetings like this. It has been a blessed strike for us!"

Quite possibly, reader, you hardly view the late strike as "*blessed*," and we fully admit there are two ways of looking at a matter of that kind. This, however, we do confidently assert, that conversion and its fruits are *very blessed indeed*. Have you tasted those fruits? Are you converted?

What is that you say? You are not converted? Then, indeed, to you also the Lord has said "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." He strives yet. By this paper He would fain grapple with your heart and conscience once more, and lead you to faith in the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. How often has He done so in the past.

But, remember, not always—*not always*—NOT ALWAYS. Take care, lest the reading of this true story be the last of His entreaties, and, lest refusing it, and turning from the Saviour, to whose feet we lovingly invite you, He strives no more and you perish in your sins.

F. B. HOLE.

HOW THE TRAIN WAS SAVED.

FARMER Lowe was crossing the railway line of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada on his way to a neighbouring farm, when he noticed, accidentally as we should say, a drop in the tracks.

His business over, he went to supper, and there the thought took possession of him that he had better stop the next train due about six o'clock in the evening. He had no time to notify the railway agents at the nearest stations, so he determined to flag the train himself.

Swinging a lantern with one hand, and a white handkerchief with the other, he stood on the side of the line for a few minutes, and with the near approach of the oncoming train he stepped between the tracks and brought the train to a standstill.

The scene was an appalling one. But two hundred yards further on was a huge gap. A cloud-burst had occurred during that afternoon, causing a washout, forty feet in depth and sixty-five feet across. The tracks and ties remained

intact, suspended across the huge yawning chasm.

Lowe's prompt action had saved the lives of many of the passengers. Little did they dream as the train sped its way over the smooth rails, that they were going straight on to destruction unless the train were stopped.

But it is of a far more serious matter that we write. Unsaved reader, unless stopped, you are heading for an infinitely worse disaster—you are heading for a lost eternity, for "it is appointed unto men once to die, but AFTER THIS *the judgment.*" (Heb. ix. 27).

For one at least on the train, sudden death would have meant sudden glory. A veteran preacher of the gospel, known to the writer, was one of the passengers, and he was at the moment travelling on an evangelistic tour. Death for him carried no eternal terrors. But for the unsaved it meant the shortening of their lives and the settling finally the point as to where they would spend eternity, for as such enter eternity so will they spend it. "As the tree falls so shall it lie." If they enter unsaved, they will spend eternity unsaved. And what is the meaning of "unsaved"?

It is all wrapped up in the word "lost." Who can measure the woe of that condition?

When engineer Meeking, the driver of the train, saw Lowe's signals, like a sensible man he put on the brakes and brought the train to a standstill. He were a madman, if he had done otherwise.

But what shall we say of the unsaved, who disregard the warnings of Scripture? By this

printed page we flash the signals across your path. Will you pay heed to them? God grant that you may, for if you refuse to put on the brakes, you will assuredly ensure your eternal destruction. Be wise!

A collection was made by the passengers, who had been saved from death or injuries for life, and it amounted to \$25. Reckoning 200 passengers in the train this contribution averaged $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents (= trifle over sixpence) per head. One is tempted to wish that the passengers had had no collection rather than express their gratitude in such an ungenerous fashion. We should think whoever handed this paltry sum over must have blushed to think how ungrateful the passengers were, and how *apropos* the retort would have been that they evidently placed a very small value on their lives.

But what shall be said of the price paid for the sinner's ransom? Words fail to describe it in adequate terms. Mathematics have no figures wherewith to express this sum. It was an *infinite* price, even the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian can sing:—

*“ I am redeemed, but not with silver,
I am bought, but not with gold,
Bought with a price—the blood of Jesus—
Precious price of love untold.”*

And on our part what response have we given? Lowe's promptitude and resource in flagging the train involved only a little trouble on his part. But the Saviour's action caused His journey from

“ *Godhead's brightest glory,
Down to Calvary's depth of woe.*”

Remember that “Christ Jesus . . . gave Himself a ransom FOR ALL” (1 Tim. ii. 6), therefore *for* YOU. His death can save *you* from eternal disaster. What is your response to this ?

The passengers' \$25 was a pitiable sum. What is your response ? Surely Dr. Watts has furnished in his immortal hymn the only adequate answer :

“ *Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.*”

Reader, have you given this response ? Trust the blessed Saviour just as you read these lines. Surrender to His mighty love.

The Lord give you this grace. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31).

THE EDITOR.

“THOU CHANGEST HIS
COUNTENANCE.”

THE wise but sorely tried Job said, “Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away” (Job xiv. 20). He alluded to death. And what a stern reality is death ! The countenance changes and God dismisses the soul. Solemn thought !

Of late I have been in the presence of death.

A relative of mine retired to bed as usual. She awoke at three in the morning with severe pains across the chest. This was speedily followed by terrible hemorrhage. The doctor was sent for. Specific remedies were applied. Her life was prolonged and she lingered for eight days.

She seemed conscious from the first that it would prove fatal with her, so she sent for a Christian sister-in-law to assure her should she be taken she was ready. She then requested her to pray with her and read to her from a little gospel book which was lying close at hand. Her faith was simple and sincere. She just rested in Christ, and His atoning work on the cross, and in this faith with neither fear nor misgiving she passed away. Her countenance was changed and she was dismissed. "To depart and be with Christ which is far better" (Phil. i. 23), was her happy portion.

I was in the house before she died and saw her aged parents—her mother seventy-eight, her father older still by five years. They both looked exceedingly well. I spoke a word to them as the Lord enabled me, and gave them one or two gospel books.

On the day of the funeral I re-entered the house and found that the erstwhile hale and healthy looking old gentleman was confined to his bed very, very ill. After the funeral I was entreated to see him and "say a prayer for him." I ascended the stairs and entered his room. What a change! He was dying. "Thou changest his countenance."

The old lady was crying bitterly and stroking his gray locks, speaking endearing words. “Come and say a prayer for him,” she groaned. I told her gently that it was too late and no use: he was unconscious. However stooping down, I quoted slowly, and distinctly—

“*My sins deserve eternal death;
But Jesus died for me.*”

There was no response. I quoted two familiar texts, then addressed myself to the old lady. She wrung her hands, and with the tears running down her face, cried out, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” I spoke a few more words to her, then made way for another visitor. Exactly eight days after his daughter's death the old man passed away. I enquired as to whether he again spoke and was told he did.

Just before he breathed his last, putting his hands together, he cried, “O God! forgive my sins and take me to heaven.”

Dear reader, “it is appointed unto men once to die.” Your time will come. Not for ever shall your cheek wear the bloom of health. Are you ready for the great change?

Claim *in faith*, the death of Christ for you. Trust in his atoning merits, as did the dying daughter and like her you shall have no fear, but in holy confidence will be able to say, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory! (1 Cor. xv. 55).

SHUT UP TO MERCY.

DO you think that the law can help you or save you? Let the apostle Paul give you one word as to this: "We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, 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. 15, 16).

How then can God justify a guilty sinner? On the ground of the finished work of His own blessed Son on the cross, and of the simple faith on the sinner's part in His own Son and the work of His Son.

Understand this, "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, **Cursed** is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). Failure on *one* point brings me in guilty of all, as says the Scripture, "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (Jas. ii. 10).

If you are going to have blessing it must be on the ground of faith, not works. *We are shut up to mercy.* Christ has hung on a tree, and He has **taken** the curse for every believer. Trust the **blessed Saviour** now and the blessing is yours.

“THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.”

NIGHTFALL was coming on. As the traveller looked round, nothing but miles of waving grass met his gaze. He had travelled across the broad prairie from early morning on horseback, and as he rode he smoked continually.

It was now time to dismount, tether his horse, and bivouac for the night. This done, he set himself to gather dried grass and light his fire. He opened his match-box and found to his dismay and amazement that *only one* match remained after his day's smoking. His life depended upon the fire, and the fire depended upon this single match.

A biting wind was blowing—wild beasts were prowling about. Death was on the wings of the blast, and death was in the roar of the fierce brutes.

In such a plight for what would our traveller have sold his single match? In the streets of New York matches could have been bought by the gross for a cent or two. A strip of wood—a little ignitable preparation on the tip! Yet how priceless

Gold would not have bought it. And how carefully he shielded the flickering flame from the wind, and how relieved he was as he saw the fire take a firm hold of the fuel.

And now let me seek to draw from this illustration a lesson or two of the utmost importance. You, too, are journeying.

Life's little day for you will soon be spent. Sin, decay, and death are stamped on the whole

human family. And for you, like our traveller, if unsaved, night is coming on—for you the night of eternal wrath.

Oh! now in your days of health and strength, now in God's day of salvation prepare for the future.

Come, is it not worse than blind folly to go on another moment unprepared? Unforgiven sin must be punished. The great, white throne must be faced. God must be faced by the sinner.

And, like our traveller, there is *only* one thing that can save you from the danger ahead. "The *precious* blood of Christ." (1 Peter i. 19) "Without shedding of blood is no remission." (Hebrews ix. 22.) "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (John i. 7).

Alas! there are thousands and thousands who value lightly what God calls *precious*. "The precious blood of Christ." What a profound mistake!

What you, perhaps, set great store by now—good works—will look paltry and insignificant as eternity with its momentous issues lies within reach of your death-bed. Then you will not want the sandy foundation of good works, but a solid foundation under your sinking feet.

Hear what God says of salvation by good works: "NOT OF WORKS, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 9). "*But to him that worketh NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.*" (Rom, iv. 5). "*NOT by works of righteousness which WE have*

done but according to His mercy, He saved us.” (Titus iii 5).

Even the Old Testament believers, walking in the dim light of unfulfilled types and shadows, could read in Isaiah lxiv.6—“All our *righteousnesses* are as filthy rags;” and on the great day of atonement in the jubilee year, the captives waiting for release were told, “Ye shall do NO WORK in that same day; for it is a day of atonement.” (Lev. xxiii. 28). Infraction of this met with instant death.

And, think you, now you stand, not in the starlit night of a Jewish age, but in all the splendid light of Christianity; not by the side of a typical sacrifice on the great day of atonement, but in the presence of the great sacrifice of Christ—the finished work on the cross—that the object lessons of “NO WORK” are not intensified? Christ is the fulfiller of the types, the chaser-away of the shadows. Well does the Christian poet sing God’s truth in these lines:—

“Till to JESUS’ work you cling
By a simple faith,
‘Doing’ is a deadly thing—
‘Doing’ ends in death.”

Friend, there is absolutely nothing to shelter you from the wrath of God but the “*precious blood.*”

Bow then to God’s Word, and dismiss from your mind the thought of any merit by your fancied good works. Luther toiling up the steps of St. Peter’s in Rome rose from his knees as like a clarion note there sounded in his inmost soul what proved to be his battle cry for the truth of God—

“Justification by faith.” Though papal bulls were hurled at his head—though a world of monks toiled and prayed for his destruction, God’s truth was everything to him. So may it be to you, dear reader.

In conclusion, let me earnestly invite you to unwaveringly trust the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work, His shed blood. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31).

THE EDITOR.

TOM’S REPENTANCE.

TOM was returning to his lodgings one evening after spending a few hours at the theatre, where he went to “kill time and amuse himself” as he termed it. Tall, well-built, and of soldierly bearing, he swept a hand across his brown eyes, as his mind wandered back to the gay companions he had just left behind.

As he approached a small building near his destination, the sound of a voice within attracted him. A well-known preacher was delivering a discourse, based upon the text: “For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” (Rom. vi. 23). Tom drew nearer the open door, as if he wished to enter, yet fearful lest any should find him there. The speaker was impressing upon his hearers the necessity of coming to God, the

punishment awaiting those who wilfully rejected Christ, and the grave dangers to which they were exposed as sinners.

As Tom stood there, memories of the sinful life he had led since his departure from his home some years before crowded upon him. He felt *that the wages of his sins would be death indeed.*

He walked away with a heavy heart as the benediction was pronounced, believing himself hopeless, fearing the doom, destined to be the wages of unrepentant men.

That same evening he took the neglected Bible his mother had given him years before, searched the sacred pages until he found those words which had wrought such a change in him: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The ending struck him forcibly. "The gift of God," he repeated to himself, and when he discovered God's love to sinners, how He had provided a perfect Saviour for their redemption, Tom sobbed like a little child. Precious memories of his happy boyhood surged across his mind. He went back a new man to the home he had left, and had almost forgotten for so long, told the entire story of his sinful past to his aged father, and the wonderful way he was brought to God.

"Poor boy!" his father whispered, as he ended, "you were one of many," but he did not finish, his son interrupted him, "Yes, father, but thank God I am one of the few now who trust in the Lord Jesus," and he quoted those words of

Christ's : "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and *few* there be that find it" (Matt. vii. 14).

"I have found it," said Tom, while his eyes shone with a new light, the love of God was shed abroad in his heart, the peace of God which passeth understanding indwelt his soul.

Reader, are you one of the few who have found life? I ask you in all earnestness. Are you trusting in that precious One whose blood was shed a ransom for all? If you are unsaved, the wages of sin is death. The attractions of this world, and the pleasures thereof last but a short time. The King—the Lord Jesus—is coming soon. Are you ready? If you trust your soul into the keeping of Him who said : "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," you are taking the wisest course open to every needy sinful one in the world to-day. Do it now!

A. M. LEFEUVRE.

**"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF
TO-MORROW."**

WHO gave you a lease of your life? Who gave you the assurance that you will see to-morrow morning?

I only heard to-night of a doctor, who went to visit a patient on Thursday. The lady called attention to his looking ill. "There is not much

the matter with me," he said, and promised to call the next day.

The next day came, but no doctor called. What was the reason? He was dead. He had poisoned his finger while dressing the wound of a patient. His own finger, being scratched, absorbed the poison, and in twenty-four hours the poison killed him.

If within twenty-four hours you were to die, where would you spend eternity? This is a solemn question. You will enter eternity one day. That is sure. Be prepared. Don't delay the question of your soul's salvation.

Delays are dangerous, awfully dangerous. Procrastination is a habit that grows. Be decided. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2).

Be wise and decide now, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. xxvii. 1.).

W. T. P. WOLSTON.

ON THE WRONG COURSE.

ON a certain mercantile ship the crew was very much under-manned, and there was especially a great lack of helmsmen. This often proved very awkward, and was the occasion of the following curious incident.

One day the man at the wheel being called away shouted to the ship's carpenter to take his place. Before leaving he told him the helm the ship was carrying, and the course he had to keep her on.

The helmsman was detained longer than he expected, but as soon as he was free, he hurried back to relieve the carpenter. Quickly glancing at the compass he realized the ship was on the wrong course.

"Gracious me, man," he cried, "you've got the ship miles out of her course."

"That's a lie," the carpenter at once replied, and whipping out his rule he applied it to the compass, and said, "See I'm only a couple of inches out."

The carpenter, ignorant of work at the helm, did not understand that, although he was only a couple of inches off his course on the compass, yet it would have meant at the end of a day's run, that the ship would have been out many, many miles in the wrong direction.

So in like manner does the foolish man act in regard to the things of eternity.

Instead of coming to Christ at once, as urged so to do by the living God in His Word, he puts off and procrastinates. At first only a day, then a week, and so on till years have crept by, and he is still unsaved.

Suddenly death calls on a lightning visit, and in a moment of time he is hurled into a lost eternity.

Despite the warnings of God, and the entreaties of his fellow-man, he has missed the Harbour of Rest. He thought he was only a little way out of his course, until at the end of his short day, he found himself on the shores of eternal despair.

In many other ways too, sinners wander from Him who alone can save. But listen in time, “Behold, NOW is the accepted time, behold, NOW is the day of Salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2). Come to the Lord Jesus now and He will save you, and keep you, until that day when your soul is anchored for ever in the tranquil harbour of eternal rest.

J. GILFILLON.

“I NEVER DID ANY HARM.”

HAVING learned of Mrs. N——’s illness, and fearing it might terminate fatally, I made haste to call upon her, for I had my misgivings as to her being prepared to die.

I tried to impress upon her the importance of being prepared to meet God, whether her life in this world promised to be long or short. She made answer that she had always taken comfort in the thought that she had never done anyone any harm, and seemed to think that her blameless life would commend her to God.

I told her I was glad to hear she had harmed no one, as men speak, and I did not question her statement in the least, but that she must not

depend upon this to save her, or even *help* to save her.

I tried to show her that according to the Scriptures salvation was not to be obtained through any merits of our own, and sought to warn her as faithfully as I could against resting on so flimsy a foundation.

I tried to awaken within her a sense of her need, and to show her that we were all sinners *in the sight of God*, and if we were ever saved at all, it must be by some means outside ourselves, and that means were *Christ* and faith in His blood shed upon the cross.

I besought her to own herself a sinner, and to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She seemed somewhat interested, and I left her with the hope and prayer, that the seed sown would bring forth fruit in her soul.

I visited her once more at her home, and again after she had been removed to the hospital, but there was little response to my words, as I again warned her of the importance of being ready. Her mind seemed to be engrossed with the thought of getting well.

I was hindered from giving her any further attention, when two weeks later I heard of her sudden death.

The news came to me as a great shock. It seemed so terrible for one to be ushered into the presence of God with nothing more to her credit than that she had "never done any harm." She passed away in the hospital with no loved one

near, and so far as I know, no change in her spiritual attitude. Eternity alone will reveal whether or not the truth she had heard took any effect in the last days or hours of her life.

How futile is this plan of seeking to make ourselves pleasing to God by our own good works, and yet it is one of the most common of errors, and is taught even to little children. If you are good you will go to heaven, and if you are bad you will be lost, is often put before the youthful mind. Oh! what a travesty of truth is this! It is far from being the language of the Scripture—it is diametrically opposed to it.

We learn there that it is “*not* by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us” (Titus 3-5). “But to him that worketh *not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his *faith* is counted for righteousness” (Rom. iv. 5, 6). “By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.” (Eph. ii. 8-9).

In conclusion I would ask—upon what are *you* resting for your soul’s salvation? This is a most vital question, for in it is involved your eternal gain, or your eternal loss. Do not be deceived, and plume yourself on the merits of a blameless life, which from a human standpoint is most commendable, but God cannot accept it as payment for salvation, either wholly or in part.

It is with Him you have to do, and He sees the inmost heart. If you are resting upon anything

depend upon this to save her, or even *help* to save her.

I tried to show her that according to the Scriptures salvation was not to be obtained through any merits of our own, and sought to warn her as faithfully as I could against resting on so flimsy a foundation.

I tried to awaken within her a sense of her need, and to show her that we were all sinners *in the sight of God*, and if we were ever saved at all, it must be by some means outside ourselves, and that means were *Christ* and faith in His blood shed upon the cross.

I besought her to own herself a sinner, and to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She seemed somewhat interested, and I left her with the hope and prayer, that the seed sown would bring forth fruit in her soul.

I visited her once more at her home, and again after she had been removed to the hospital, but there was little response to my words, as I again warned her of the importance of being ready. Her mind seemed to be engrossed with the thought of getting well.

I was hindered from giving her any further attention, when two weeks later I heard of her sudden death.

The news came to me as a great shock. It seemed so terrible for one to be ushered into the presence of God with nothing more to her credit than that she had "never done any harm." She passed away in the hospital with no loved one

near, and so far as I know, no change in her spiritual attitude. Eternity alone will reveal whether or not the truth she had heard took any effect in the last days or hours of her life.

How futile is this plan of seeking to make ourselves pleasing to God by our own good works, and yet it is one of the most common of errors, and is taught even to little children. If you are good you will go to heaven, and if you are bad you will be lost, is often put before the youthful mind. Oh! what a travesty of truth is this! It is far from being the language of the Scripture—it is diametrically opposed to it.

We learn there that it is "*not* by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3-5). "But to him that worketh *not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his *faith* is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5, 6). "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8-9).

In conclusion I would ask—upon what are *you* resting for your soul's salvation? This is a most vital question, for in it is involved your eternal gain, or your eternal loss. Do not be deceived, and plume yourself on the merits of a blameless life, which from a human standpoint is most commendable, but God cannot accept it as payment for salvation, either wholly or in part.

It is with Him you have to do, and He sees the inmost heart. If you are resting upon anything

apart from Christ, you will share the fate of the man who built his house upon the sand. When the storm came his house fell, its foundations were insecure, so the flood of God's judgment will come and sweep away every foundation but that of Christ and His finished work. But if you build upon Christ and faith in His finished work, it will be as a solid rock, that will endure to all eternity. Oh! be wise in time—wake up from your self-satisfied lethargy and flee to Christ.

He is pleading for you to come, He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Him and be saved.

Dear reader, turn away from all else, and come to Him *now*.

Can we, who believe on Christ, not say :—

*"It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands outstretched to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before His throne.
Nought can I bring Thee, Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Myself my gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love."*

A. A. GOFFIN.

HIS LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

LET me take you, my reader, to one of the male wards in a large city hospital, and relate to you, somewhat in detail, the events of a night there when "the strong man armed" did his utmost to keep in his possession one who had long been his captive, but when the "Stronger than he" came and wrested the prey from the mighty and delivered the captive and carried him home in triumph, a trophy of His mighty victory.

It was evening, and "the chief" had paid an unusually late visit to the ward. He had just quitted it, accompanied by the house surgeon and the 'sister,' when, pausing a moment at the open door of the sitting-room, he said to her, "It is a pity, sister, about that splendid young fellow at the top of the ward. We have all done our very best for him but he will be dead before morning."

Startled out of her usual calm the sister answered, "Oh! is that possible, doctor? But you told him he was 'doing fine.' And he is quite expecting to live."

"Well he *has* put up a grand fight for life and there was no use in depressing him, sister. He will probably be unconscious in a few hours and never know he is dying." With these words the great surgeon moved on down the corridor.

The sister stood for a moment hesitating, then

she said to the house surgeon, "Will you not tell him, doctor? His friends are all far away in the North and there has been no time for any one to come down, and he may have something to settle, or some last message to send. It is hard for them that he should not know. Do tell him."

"No, no, I shall not tell him. It is easier for him not to know," said the house surgeon. Then as he also passed on, he looked back, and said, "You can tell him if you like, sister."

"Then I must, I must," she said aloud, but within herself she thought, "How can I? Will he ever believe me in face of the doctor's cheering words? Is it of any use after all to upset him?"

Still once more her first thought returned to her, "He may have something to settle, some message to send." Very pre-occupied she finished her evening duties, and then with slow steps made her way up the ward, pondering how she was to impart her dread tidings.

The night nurse was already at her post and the lights had been turned down in the ward when she took her seat by the side of the one who, she now knew, was dying.

"This is kind of you to come and pay me another visit, sister," he said. "You heard what the doctor said. I am 'doing fine.' Does he think it will be long before I can be moved? You will write to my mother, won't you, sister, and make the best of it to her?"

The sister was silent a moment or two, then she said gently, "I am afraid the doctor made

you think what is not true, Andrew. You are very gravely hurt. There is more danger than any of us thought at first."

It was Andrew's turn to be silent for a full minute, then, as a look of fear and dismay came into his eyes, he said, "You do not mean I am dying, sister?"

There was no need for words, her grave look and the tear that rolled silently down her cheek answered him.

Again there was a pause. He had been a strong brave man, had faced death over and over again without flinching, but that was on the battle-field, but this was different, it was night in a hospital ward, all was quiet, there was nothing to distract and take off the solemnity of knowing he had God and eternity to face. Presently, with quivering lips he spoke only three words. "How long, sister?"

She dared not hide from him the stern truth.

And then came a low despairing cry, "But I can't die, sister. I can't die. I am not ready to die." And then the momentous question was eagerly asked, "What must I do to be saved?"

She had said to the doctor, "He might have something to settle," but she had thought of earthly things, the things of time. He had indeed something to settle, and it meant for all eternity, and all she could say was, "*I don't know, Andrew, I am not saved.*"

Then a pleading voice, now very low, said, "Won't you pray for me? do pray," and the sad

answer came, "I can't. I don't know how to pray."

What a moment for both of those souls! Both lost, and both having just found it out, but in the case of the one the last grains of sand in life's hour-glass fast running out; and still this question was unsettled, "What must I do to be saved?"

The sister was scarcely less agitated than the dying man. At last surely a Spirit-given thought came to her, as she said, "I will tell what I can do, Andrew, if it will be any comfort to you. I will sit up with you to-night and read the Bible to you."

Andrew caught at the suggestion as a drowning man might catch at a rope thrown out to him, and said, "Oh! do, do."

She turned up the light just above his bed, enough to enable her to see to read, and took up a Bible that was lying on the window-sill quite near. She hardly knew where to begin but the Bible fell open at the Gospel of John, and she read in a low clear voice of one who came to the Lord Jesus by night and got his questions answered. She read of the need of man and of God's love and His promise to meet that need. She read slowly, distinctly, and he listened eagerly, intently trying to grasp something to answer the now all-absorbing anxiety of his soul.

Pausing a moment she read on of the woman who got her thirst quenched and her heart satisfied. Still there was no word from the suffering

man, and a grey look was stealing over his face, look she knew so well, and yet his eyes besought her to go on, and read of the One who went about doing good, of His Person, His works, who He was and who sent Him. Finally she came to 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." She looked up as she finished reading it, and saw a change in his face—the haggard look of agony—the struggling to grasp something that was unattainable—was fast disappearing as he said, "Stop there, sister,—light is coming in. I see—I see." Very weak the voice was as he said, "Leave me alone, sister, but come back soon. Thank you. Oh ! thank you."

She left him for half an hour—alone with God. When she returned his face was radiant. "I have heard His word—I believe the Lord Jesus Christ bore MY sins when He was lifted up, and He has received me—just as I was—all guilty, all unprepared—it is not death for me, sister, it is everlasting life—He has given it to me—I have passed 'from death unto life.'"

The words came with difficulty, but quite clearly and distinctly. After a minute or two's rest he spoke again: "Sister, promise me you will meet me in Heaven. You can never say again you do not know the way. Promise me."

"I promise, Andrew," she said "not to rest till

I know, but I cannot grasp it as you have. It is not clear to me."

"He knew *I* had no time left, and so he let the light in quickly," the dying man said, "but He will make it clear to you, I know—good night, now, sister. You must go and rest. Thank God it is settled and you have been the means. Thank you—thank you. Tell—my—mother Christ saved me at the eleventh hour. Peace. Peace."

These were his last conscious words. The grey look deepened on his face, and very soon, as the surgeon had said, he had a slight convulsion, and then sank into profound unconsciousness only to awaken "with Christ"; with the Good Shepherd who had sought and found His lost sheep and carried it home on His shoulders.

And what of the sister, do you ask?

The enemy plied her with doubts and difficulties of all kinds. She wanted to feel something, to see some change in herself. She wondered how Andrew had got such assurance so quickly, and could meet death so calmly without a doubt that his sins were forgiven and his heaven secure, while she was tossed with doubts and fears.

She did not recognise that he had looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, got a sight of Him and that had changed every thing for him in a moment, while she was looking into herself and finding nothing but sin and misery.

In this state four years rolled away with her from the night in which Andrew died and the arrow of conviction had entered her breast. Four,

dreary years—a ray of hope coming sometimes to be quickly followed by darkness and despair.

At the end of that time she became acquainted with a visitor to the hospital, to whom she opened her heart, and told all her sad experience and the full story of Andrew's conversion and peaceful home-going. This friend invited her to meet a servant of God,* who was being much used in speaking peace to troubled souls, and to hear him preach.

She accepted the invitation. The preaching she thought was good but it did not meet her case. She waited behind afterwards while prayer was going on, and, struck by her face of weariness and distress, the preacher asked her into a side room, trusting the Lord might give him the right message for this troubled soul.

At first nothing seemed to touch her. Finally he turned to 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."

Suddenly the light broke in, and, like Andrew, she too said, "I see. I see." And peace possessed her soul. The very same words that had met the dying man four years before now calmed every doubt and fear in her heart and she went away a new creature to praise and thank God that for her also all was settled.

* It may interest many of our readers to know that the preacher on this occasion was that devoted servant of Christ, the late Lord Adalbert P. Cecil.—ED.

Reader, is it settled with you? John v. 24 is as much a message for you as for Andrew and the 'sister.' Will you not receive it?

X

“DANIEL WEBSTER, THE SINNER.”

DANIEL Webster, the famous American orator and politician, spent a summer in New Hampshire. Every Sunday found him in church paying marked attention to the sermon.

His niece asked how it was that he paid so much attention when he paid little attention to far abler sermons in Washington. He replied :

“In Washington they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus Christ.”

Does not this remark indicate plainly where the power of preaching lies? A revival had lately broken out and the question was asked, What does the message consist of which is being used in conversions? The answer was given: The ruin of man and the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

We speak of persons being great and small in this world, but the greatest of these is but a worm in the presence of God. The Emperor dies as much as the meanest of his subjects—all are sinners and all alike need redemption.

Countess de Krudener, a Christian lady, stood before Alexander I, the Emperor of Russia, emancipator of the serfs, and told him plainly that God would not receive him because he was Czar of all the Russias, but because he came as a lost, unworthy sinner in repentance before God and in faith centred on the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. Thank God, he acted on this advice.

The Lord said to Zacchæus, as he sat up in the sycamore tree, "Make haste and come down." Surely this is the cry to-day. "Make haste." No time to be lost. The issues at stake are too tremendous. "Come down." "Come down" from your self-righteousness, from the heights of a Christless religion, from the elevation of a worthless ritualism it may be, "come down" to the feet of the Saviour, and there and there alone will you be blessed. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

It was the story of Christ's coming into this world, dying on the cross, of his triumphant ascension, of His dying for the sinner that his sins might be forgiven that suited Daniel Webster, the sinner. Does this not suit you, my reader? You are a sinner and you admit this. Neglect the message of the gospel and you seal your own doom.

THE EDITOR.

HER MIDNIGHT WISH.

IT is midnight. A score of loud-voiced clocks are sounding the dirge of a dying year, and in a few seconds cheery chimes from steeple and tower will be welcoming the advent of a new one.

Standing alone in the theatre which was to become the scene of her many triumphs is a brilliant young actress. It is Marie Bashkertsheff, whose name is remembered by thousands as one of the most shining ornaments of the stage. But in the lone midnight hour of the dying year she is there, not to win the applause of multitudes, not to perform her part in a thrilling drama, but to secure, if possible, the object of her ambition in another way.

She has determined to test the truth of the old-time superstition, that a wish uttered as the old year fades before the new, is sure to be granted. Watch in hand, she stands; fast fly the moments; and precisely at midnight she utters in one word her dearest wish:

“FAME!”

The empty galleries re-echo the word. And Marie Bashkertsheff steps forth to devote her life to the pursuit of her idol.

Suppose the old superstition were true. Suppose that at a given moment any wish that you expressed was certain to be granted, *what would you wish for?* Could you have stood by the actress's side in the vast, empty theatre, what

word would have been upon your lips as the expression of your dearest desire ?

Some would cry "Gold" ; others "Pleasure" ; others "Power" ; others "Revenge." What would *your* wish be ? Would your desires and ambitions be bounded by time, or would they run on into eternity ? Would their fulfilment make you happy *for ever*, or for your present life only ?

Thousands can tell you that their deepest longings for eternal satisfaction *have been granted*. They have a peace, a joy, a treasure that does not belong to this world. Their rapture is great, and will be greater by-and-by.

Would you know the secret ? Let me tell you in one word : JESUS.

Is your heart empty, unsatisfied, joyless ? *The love of Jesus* can fill it to overflowing with the supremest happiness. Have you been sowing seeds of sin, and do you dread to reap the harvest ? *The precious blood of Jesus* can wash your sins away. His faithful word can remove every fear from your soul.

Let me tell you the story. Deep compassion for us sinners dwelt in the heart of God. Rather than let us perish without hope, He gave His beloved Son. Men rose up against Him, and in the blindness of their hate they slew Him. But it was not alone the malice of wicked men that He endured. He became the Sin-bearer, and God poured out the vials of wrath upon His spotless head. He was punished instead of us.

Risen from the dead, He is enthroned in majesty

at God's right hand, a Saviour for all who will accept Him.

To believe in Him, to trust Him, to claim Him as your own personal Saviour : this is the way to be blessed.

They who put their soul's confidence in Him are forgiven, saved, made heirs of heaven, and will spend their eternity with Him in glory.

Is there anything you could wish for better than this ? Any desire that can for a moment compare with it ? What are fame, money, pleasure, power, in comparison with this ?

Reader, this best of blessings, this boon of heaven may be *yours*. You have but to flee, sin-laden and weary, to the feet of JESUS. He will welcome and save you, and fill your heart with heaven's joys. Has He not promised : "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ?"

“Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and ruined by the Fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.”

H. P. BARKER.

THE DYING SCIENTIST.

DR. D — was called to the bedside of a dying scientist. Seldom had he seen a finer looking man, nor felt a kinder grasp than he gave him.

Seated by his bedside, he said, "Sir, you seem very ill."

Without a trace of hesitation or apparent concern he replied, "Yes, I am going to die."

"Have you the consolation of religion to comfort you?" the doctor enquired.

The sad reply was given: "I do not believe in the Bible, nor the religion it teaches. Nature is the altar at which I have worshipped: she has been my guide and teacher."

"You speak of nature as a guide?" the doctor remarked interrogatively.

The sick man replied, "Yes; she is infallible."

Looking into his beautiful blue eyes, the doctor said to him, "I, too, profess to have been educated in the same school; is it not strange that receiving our instruction from the same teacher, we should arrive at opposite conclusions? Certainly one of us has *misinterpreted*, or the teacher has deceived us."

He replied, "It is not in the teacher."

The doctor answered, "The mistake then is in me or you. Now is it worth while to compare opinions? If I have misinterpreted I know that

I have done it honestly, and desire to be corrected."

By this time his gaze was fixed on his interrogator's face with an intensity that bespoke more than ordinary interest, as the doctor asked him, "In all your researches have you ever found a creature whose nature was opposed to its appetite?"

After a moment's thought he replied, "No; such a creature cannot exist. With a carnivorous stomach and an herbivorous appetite, it could only live until it starved to death, and propagation would be impossible."

"Are there any exceptions to this law?" asked the doctor.

His reply was, "No; none in the animal or vegetable world."

The doctor said, "You think you are going to die?"

"Yes."

"And that death will terminate your existence?"

"Yes."

"Now answer me," said the doctor, "have you not an appetite for something you have not got?"

"Yes," replied the dying man, "I want to live."

"How long do you want to live?" enquired the doctor.

"I can't tell you?" was his vague reply.

The doctor said, "You must look to the utmost limits of desire and tell me where it is."

With deep feeling he replied, "I can't."

“May I assist you?” asked the doctor.

“Yes.”

“Suppose you could now be assured that you shall live until an insect, by carrying away a grain of sand every thousand years, should remove the earth, would you *then* be satisfied with life?”

The dying man’s honest reply was “No.”

“Do you know anything that would meet the demands of your nature?” the doctor enquired.

In great bewilderment, he replied, “No.”

“And yet you say that everything in nature teaches there must be. Now I am not going to say that my Bible is true, or its religion true, but would this meet the demand of your appetite?” and the doctor quoted the words of the Lord Jesus: “*I am the living Bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this Bread, he shall LIVE FOR EVER.*” (John vi. 51).

The dying man’s eyes flashed fire as he said; “Yes, it would, I have misinterpreted nature.”

He then asked the doctor to read the Bible and pray with him. He stayed with the dying man till late at night and he testified *that wonderful was the change*. He never saw him alive again.

Does not this conversation lay bare the root of things? In the heart of every man there is the desire for a life that will never end. It has been said that all over the world, whether among the civilized races or among the lowest of the heathen, who have never heard the gospel nor seen a Bible there is the belief in a life beyond the grave. Charles Darwin announced that he had come

across some heathen people, so depraved and low, that they were without this belief, but missionaries who subsequently laboured among them, with greater opportunities of getting to know them, than were afforded to Mr. Darwin, testified that they had this belief.

Who put that belief in the human heart? We answer, God. And why did He put that belief? Surely it was that men might prepare for the great change that death brings.

What is death? Scripture tells us, "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23). It is terrible, unnatural, dreaded, however much it may be camouflaged by terms or softened by its accompaniments.

And what comes *after* death? "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this* THE JUDGMENT" (Heb. ix. 27).

And what is the judgment? "*This is the second death.* And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15).

How then, if death and judgment and the second death lie before the guilty sinner, can we talk about eternal life? We quoted half a verse just now. For answer let us quote it in full: "For the wages of sin is death; *but THE GIFT OF GOD is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" (Rom. vi. 23).

Note two things: (1) Eternal life is a gift; (2) It is through the Lord Jesus. Hence follow two things; (1) It cannot be earned or obtained by

merit. (2) There is only *one* channel through which it can be appropriated.

Why is it put in this way? The fact is we are sinners and death is the penalty of sin, so Christ must die and meet the penalty of sin, if God can be *righteously* set free to offer the gift of eternal life. Spiritual life comes through the death of Christ, and in no other way.

Do you come in repentance to God and receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and through them receive the pardon of your sins? If you do, the gift of eternal life is yours—not merely an endless life but a life in communion with God and in His presence and sharing His delights for ever.

There is nothing between eternal life and the second death. Which do you look forward to? Do not rest till you know Christ as your Saviour, and then, "He that believeth on the Son **HATH everlasting life.**" (John iii. 36). Remember, it is not of merit. No turning over a new leaf, no amount of religious observance can merit it. It is a GIFT—a gift of pure sovereign grace. Will you accept it on the terms and through the channel which Scripture states?

Remember, time is fleeting fast away. Pleasures last but a moment. Death is very busy. Eternity draws near. You have only one soul to be saved or lost. Pay heed to these things, we beseech you. God's Word says, "Behold, **NOW** is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2).

THE EDITOR.

WARNING VOICES.

IT is related by M. Constance, the French statesman and author, that he knew a sailor, who was once on board a vessel with a passenger, who had frequently made the same voyage.

This passenger pointed out to the captain a rock hidden beneath the waves, but he would not listen. The man insisted, and his urgency causing uneasiness amongst the other passengers, the captain, under the plea that the man's presence incited to mutiny, had him thrown into the sea. This energetic measure put an end to all remonstrance. Perfect unanimity reigned on board, *until*—suddenly the vessel struck upon the rock.

Ah! they had drowned the giver of the warning voice, **BUT THE ROCK REMAINED.**

Suddenly I was startled in my bed by the cry:—**FIRE, FIRE.** The fire-alarm had disturbed my sleep, but it was to save me from being burned alive.

But, oh, listen! Warning voices are heard to-day in the gospel, telling loudly of hidden rocks whereby souls may founder and perish for all eternity.

The captain of human thought and reasonings has not exactly drowned and silenced the Giver of these voices yet. Despite his strong desire to do so—as the wrecker fiendishly seeks to extinguish the kindly rays of the warning beacon—these voices are urgent. They warn the mariner on

life's treacherous sea. To slight them is but to foolishly rush on to everlasting destruction.

God hath spoken, and still speaks to-day in no uncertain sound. His word—like a beacon—warns of danger, while it points to Jesus, as a Harbour of refuge.

Better never to have heard the warning, than to hear it and despise it. Better never to have been born—and if born, to have been strangled at the dawn of life—than to neglect it. “How shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation.” (Heb. ii. 3).

But listen again. The warning voice sounds this time not from heaven, nor from earth, but from hell. Do not come into this place of torment is its agonising burden. He, who thus speaks, lived once upon earth and enjoyed its pleasures. Now in hell he prays and pleads for one drop of water. This is denied him. He, who was once clothed in purple and fine linen, is now wrapped in a winding sheet of fire. He, who neglected his own soul, is warning others. How terrible.

Ah ! sinner, what a fate will be yours, if you neglect God's great salvation ! What are you going to do ? Heed the warning voice, and thus, like me, escape from the danger not of an earthly, but of an eternal fire. Do not be like the cruel captain, and drown the pleading voice, and rush on to the eternal horrors of the second death—the lake of fire. These are not “cunningly devised fables.” They are coming realities, verities of the living God.

The voice of God now proclaims salvation through the precious blood of Christ. "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." (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"In simple faith His word believe,
And His abundant grace receive ;
No love like His the heart can fill,
Oh ! come to Him, ' whoever will.' "

W. NEWMAN.

SALVATION FOR SINNERS.

MANY rejectors of Christ seem to be under an impression that the Lord Jesus died for the *righteous* only. Yet the Word of God plainly tells us that He "came *not* to call the righteous but SINNERS to repentance." (Luke v. 32). If men were "righteous" where is the need of repentance? The apostle Paul tells us, "There is no difference, for *all* have sinned." (Rom iii. 22, 23). Did Paul not call himself "the chief of sinners," and was not the salvation of Christ enough for him? Christ came to save *all*—not a select few—not those who never did any wrong. As many as believe in Him are saved, but those who reject Him must perish for ever. Scripture is plain on that point.

There are some who feel they are not fit for such a pure sinless Saviour. Why doubt any more as to whether Christ will receive you? He Him-

self declares that His salvation is for *sinner*s. Did He bleed on Calvary for the righteous? No! for *all*, for "*all* have sinned." Come to Him just as you are, an ungodly sinner, and He will receive you, nay, He will welcome you with joy. "And him that cometh to *Me*, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) Full assurance of acceptance, although we are *unworthy*. This is what makes the Gospel the means of salvation for the "lowest of the low"—those whose sins cannot be numbered. What a Gospel! What grace for sinners!

Believing on Christ, we may well sing:—

JUST AS I AM, *without one plea,*
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee:
O Lamb of God, I come.

F. G. JOYCE.

HATH—HATH—HATH.

AT an out-of-the-way country village in Cumberland Mr. C—, a well-known preacher of the gospel, was holding forth the word of life in the village schoolroom. One of the villagers who attended the meetings was the wife of an ungodly and careless man, who never thought of his soul's deep need.

One Sunday afternoon the preacher had been dilating on the certainty of the knowledge of salvation. During his discourse he laid emphasis on the word *hath* by repeating it over several

times in succession in the hearing of his audience. He reminded them that it occurs several times in the Bible, and the Spirit of God often used it in shewing those who honestly believe on the Lord Jesus Christ that they *have* everlasting life, and that God who has said it really means what He says.

For instance we read, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know* that ye *have* eternal life." (1 John v. 13). But he said there are others equally as plain:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24). And, again, Jesus said:—"He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life" (John vi. 47).

These and other texts were quoted to show that the weakest believer on Christ possesses eternal life. The villager's wife, who was listening to every word, soon began to learn that although she was a decent, upright and respectable person, she had no assurance of salvation. She became thoroughly awakened to a sense of her need, and went home, but could not rest, and finally in her distress, she sent a message asking the preacher to kindly call round and see her, which he did.

He found her in her cottage home, which she always kept beautifully clean and tidy. She confessed how unhappy she had been for several days, and asked, if there was any hope for her?

Mr. C—— at once assured her there was, for the Lord Jesus can save “to the uttermost” all who “come unto God by Him” (Heb. vii. 25). He explained to her the gospel. First, how God had declared: “The soul that sinneth, it shall die” (Ezek. xviii. 4). Secondly, how that Christ went to the cross, and there suffered the penalty and the punishment due to our sins, and died that we might have life. He suffered “the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God” (1 Pet. iii. 18). And that if we only would but believe on Him we might be sure that we have everlasting life, for the word of God says, He that believeth *hath*, so that it is clear that the believer is in possession of everlasting life, and is at once a child of God. “To them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name” (John i. 12).

“Oh! Mr. C——” she said, “it is that word *hath* that has been running through my mind all the time. I could not sleep for it. I thought I could hear you repeating the words, ‘He that believeth *hath, hath, hath* everlasting life.’ Then have I only to believe what God says,” she enquired? Mr. C—— assured her that that was all she had to do.

Mr. C—— left her, praying that the light of His truth might come into her dark soul. After Mr. C—— left, she went into the adjoining room where she knelt down and said, “Now Lord, if Thou sayest I have everlasting life I’ll believe it.” When speaking of this afterwards she said, “I

committed myself to Christ and I thought I heard His gentle voice saying, ‘Woman, thy sins are all forgiven, thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace’” (See Luke vii. 47, 50).

“Oh! Mr. C——,” she added, “it was that word, *hath*, that did it. It brought peace and blessing to my soul. *Hath*, HATH, everlasting life.”

It was soon evident that the Spirit of God had done the work in her soul. The villagers saw the change and many of them wished, only they were too proud to admit it, that they possessed the peace which she so much enjoyed, all brought about by simply taking God at His Word. Are you saved? If not, why not, seeing it is so plain. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, do it now, and, God’s Word for it, you have everlasting life.

“O, wand’ring souls, why will ye roam
Away from God, away from home?
He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still:
Oh! come to Him, ‘whoever will.’”

J. W.

“UNTIL THE CURTAIN DROPS.”

IT was a bright Sunday afternoon in the month of August when a train drew up at the railway station of Conway in North Wales. As it came to a standstill, it brought a specially engaged saloon carriage immediately opposite to where we were standing.

It was at once evident that the occupants of this saloon were a party of theatricals, travelling to the place of their next appointment.

The first thought that flashed into our mind was, Do these young people ever get a chance of hearing the gospel? Perhaps some of them are the children of praying parents, and the very next “appointment” to which they are unconsciously travelling may be *death* itself, for “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.” (Heb. ix. 27).

Instinctively we felt in our pockets for a few gospel books, but alas! could only find one.

There was no time to lose, so quickly mounting the step of the carriage, we said, “Ladies and gentlemen! We hoped to have been able to give you each a little book to read on your journey, but we are sorry to find that we have only one; but you are welcome to it. Who will have it?”

Promptly a young man stepped forward, and said, “I’ll have it, sir.” He took it, and, instantly raising his hat, stood in the middle of the car,

and with dramatic voice, and low bow, made in true theatrical style, said, "Ladies and gentlemen! public reading!" This was greeted with an all-round titter.

Turning to the little book, he paused; but after a momentary hesitation, he read the title, "Soul-Exchange." Here he made another significant little halt, as though memory were at work, and then he proceeded to read. Let us reproduce as far as our memory will serve, the gist of part of what he read that day.

Think of him as he read, "Give me your soul, and I'll give you drink, says Satan. 'Done' says the drunkard, and for strong drink he barterers his precious soul.

"Give me your soul, and I'll give you the theatre, the races and the cards, with jolly company. 'Done' says the pleasure lover, and for the theatre, the race course, the card table, and boon companions he barterers his precious soul."

These words, sprung upon them so suddenly and unexpectedly, seemed to grip every one of them, reader and listeners alike. We shall not readily forget the almost magical effect of those few words on that gay company. The reader himself, for the moment, forgot his dramatic art, and for the rest, laughter had given place to serious looks, and frivolity to sober listening. God only knows the sequel to that "public reading."

As the train drew slowly away from the

platform we could not help lifting our heart with thankfulness to God, not only for making our one little book go round the whole company, but for allowing us to witness what we had that day; and we prayed that this evident “arrest” might lead to “conviction,” and conviction to a sound and solid conversion of some of that gay party.

“Why tell us all this?” you may say. “We are not theatricals, and we have no links with that frivolous crowd.”

Ah! that is where you make a mistake, dear friend. Between you and them are many links of strong and striking resemblance.

Like them, you, too, have a soul. Their foe, Satan, is your foe. He has the same dark design against you as against them, and we would fain put you on your guard. His ways may differ, his tactics may change, but his object is always the same, and that the soul’s eternal and irretrievable ruin. Oh! be warned.

“Give me your soul” says he, “and you shall *please yourself*, and get full measure of this world’s pleasure.” How very nice!

“A short life and a merry one for me,” said a gay and thoughtless young man the other day. “Well, yes,” was the reply, “you will certainly get a short life if you don’t get a merry one.” “But,” he persisted, “I believe what the old song says, ‘Life is but a pleasant dream.’” “Yes, that may be true too, but don’t forget, after every dream comes a waking. *What about the waking?*”

It was just a small piece of newspaper picked up from the street, but it was large enough to contain a brief but very significant critique of a theatrical play that was attracting large crowds at the time.

It ran thus :—"The Governor [the title of the Play] has a power that holds the audience spell-bound, *until the curtain drops.*"

Yes, thought we, this is also true, alas! of another Governor. Satan the god and prince of this age appears to have a similar power, and for a similar time,—'*until the curtain drops*' on the drama of this short life, even if it has been a merry one. There his power ends and the waking begins.

In Luke xvi. 22, 23, the Lord Jesus supplies us with the solemn sequel. With faithful hand He draws aside the fallen curtain, and says "The rich man . . . died, and was buried; and *in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.*" Thus ends the "pleasant dream" of the short and merry life of the pleasure-loving and God-forgetting. *A lost soul, a fixed gulf, and a never-ending hell!*

*"Awake! Awake! O sinner wake,
And count the fearful cost
Of trifling with thy precious soul,
Until that soul be lost.
Awake! Awake! and turn to God,
Believe on Christ and live,
Awake from thy slumber,
Thy fleeting days number,
Awake! O sinner wake!"*

The atoning work, the precious blood of that Holy Sufferer on Calvary, is surely enough to proclaim the value He puts on that soul, that men would exchange for a trifle.

Lift up your eyes, and “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world” (John i. 29). Behold, *now* is the accepted time; *behold*, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2). Hear Him say once again, “Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God and there is none else” (Isa. xlv. 22).

Trifle no longer, for

*Fast to its close speeds the day of God's grace,
Then will begin thy despair,
Hopeless despair, endless despair !
Lose not thy soul for earth's vanities lighter than
air.*

ARTHUR CUTTING.

“WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH IT?”

ON one occasion the late Lord Fisher was requested by a friend to secure an appointment in the Royal Navy for his son. The father, of course, said all that he could for the boy, pointing out that he was a very good lad, very affectionate, and a general favourite with his friends and relations.

After listening to this sort of thing for a while the patience of the Admiral became exhausted, and he replied somewhat tartly, "And what has *that* to do with it? what we want, sir, are sailors, sailors, not boys who are kind to their grannies."

The only qualification, that carried any weight with him, was that the applicant had a passion for the sea, that he would be a sailor and nothing else, and that the breath of the sea was in his nostrils. Other qualifications were of no value.

Boys might be good and lovable, but that would not secure their admission to the Navy as long as Lord Fisher had anything to do with it.

Kindness to relatives has no relation to the ability required to weather the hurricanes of the tropics, or to bring a vessel safely off a lee shore, or to navigate her through fog, and shoal, and hidden rocks.

He who had been through every grade of the service knew the essential qualifications for success, and he rightly insisted on those conditions being fulfilled.

And does not every right-minded person agree with his attitude?

But when the matter of the soul's salvation is under consideration, men reason quite differently. They argue as if they thought that God's attention could be diverted from their sins by bringing forward issues that have no bearing on the question, just as a child, who is about to be punished for telling an untruth, might seek to

draw his father's attention to the pictures on the wall.

Men have to account to a righteous and a holy God for their doings here, for their lives of sin and forgetfulness of Him, and for their indifference to His claims, and they seem to think that they can divert His holy eye from their iniquities by drawing attention to the fact that they are good citizens, or go to church, or are kind to their neighbours.

No! this is the wrong sort of qualification. It has nothing to do with the question of getting to heaven.

Be assured, that no mere goodness of heart, kindness of disposition or even religiousness will secure a title to heaven, any more than it would to the British navy.

What then are the terms on which one may enter heaven?

If it be the desire of God that men should be happy with Him for ever, is it not to be expected that He would speak clearly on the subject?

Have His terms been left simply as a matter of opinion or of doubt?

If there be one who can both grant and refuse entrance, is there not some authoritative declaration on the subject?

And if there be, is it not the most elementary wisdom to attend to what *He* has to say?

You would do so in the common affairs of daily life, why not then when your eternal happiness is at stake?

It is a matter of deepest thankfulness that there is a thoroughly reliable authority, which speaks with absolute and perfect knowledge of the subject, *viz.*, the inspired Word of God.

We read, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you." (Isa. lix. 8).

Again, the Lord Jesus Himself says:—"Ye . . . shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come." (John viii. 21).

Thus it is evident from the Word of God, that the real question at stake, is one of SINS and not of good works.

It is sins that *keep out* the sinner, not good works that *get him into heaven*, and unless you can in some way get rid of those sins you will be for ever separated from God and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

Happily we have not far to seek for further instruction as to how sins can be, or rather have been satisfactorily dealt with.

In Acts xiii. 38, it states that "Through this man [the Lord Jesus Christ] is preached unto you the FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

In 1 John i. 7, we read, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."

Again, Acts iii. 19, says:—"Repent . . . and be converted, that your SINS MAY BE BLOTTED OUT."

From these and other scriptures it is clear that the only way in which sins can be dealt with is by

the atoning work of God's Son, and that the only part of the sinner is to turn to Him and seek the forgiveness that is offered in His name. By so doing, you have the assurance by God Himself that they are blotted out as a thick cloud.

From the moment that you trust the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour you will know the favour of God, the smile of His face, and have the divine assurance that heaven and all its joys are yours. How clear are the Saviour's own words:—
“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.”
(John v. 24).

But the Word of God goes further. It gives us a glimpse of what goes on in heaven. Rev. v. 9, records the song of those who are there. Note well every word of that celestial utterance. Addressing the Lord they sing, “Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain . . . and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.”

Again, we read of a great company surrounding the Lamb in heaven, and when an angel is asked who they are, the answer is, “These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God.” (Rev. vii. 14, 15).

There is thus no possibility of mistake. We have the threefold testimony of God Himself, of the Lord Himself, and of the heavenly saints.

Such as accept this, the only way of salvation

know without stint the love of God, the delight of the companionship of the Lord Jesus, the continuous unfolding of the grace that led Him to die and suffer, that they might be with Him in His own house for ever.

He is the theme of the songs of the redeemed, and all who are there will be content that He should have all the praise.

What *they* have done, or been, or suffered, will find no place there, for the song is what Christ is, has done, and has suffered, and they will be but too happy to do aught but to bask in the sunshine of His eternal love and favour.

Reader will you be there? That will be only if you take common ground with them? Do so now. Trust that only Saviour.

S. SCOTT.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TESTIMONY TO THE GOSPEL.

THE Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's career as a politician and Prime Minister, is too well known to render it necessary to more than mention his name.

A man of great ability, a scholar of Oxford University, a man of affairs with the vast experience of ripened old age, his testimony commands respect. He said: "If I am asked

what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point to something which in a well-known hymn is called, ‘The old, old Story,’ told in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.”

It is touching to behold the aged statesman, the overpowering masterful personality of his generation, turning to a child’s hymn in order to express what was deepest in his heart.

*“Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God’s remedy for sin.”*

Yes, it is the knowledge of God’s wonderful redemption that sustains the believer in Christ as he passes through this world of sadness and trial. Child’s hymn as it is, its very simplicity, its earnest tone, are what appeal to strong men, and render the hymn a work of genius.

Again we read :

*“Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave,
Remember! I’m the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.”*

Well was it that “Jesus and His love” formed the pillow for the heart of the aged statesman.

There is a deathless charm about that story. How it suits the sinner. The most lustrous jewel in the Saviour's crown is redemption. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth . . . from all sin." (1 John i. 7). That was the one object of His death, viz., to make atonement for sin.

Thus God can *righteously* offer salvation to every poor sinner, who will simply put their trust in the Saviour of His providing.

"Neither is their salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12).

See that you do not miss this blessing, dear reader.

It is related of George Whitfield when preaching to a crowded congregation in America, and wishing to emphasize the freeness of God's salvation, that he said, "It is as easy to obtain God's salvation as for me to catch this fly," and suiting the action to the words he made a grab at a fly that had settled on the preaching desk.

On opening his hand he found that the fly had escaped him. "Ah!" he said, "friends, it is easy to obtain salvation, *it is easier to miss it.*"

My reader, I tremble that YOU should miss the blessing. Make sure of it, here and now, I beseech you.

THE EDITOR.
