

THE
GOSPEL MESSENGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
ALGERNON J. POLLOCK.

Vol. XLI.

EDINBURGH:
"GOSPEL MESSENGER" OFFICE, Bristo Place.

1926.

THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

THE FOUNDATION THAT STANDS.

A DANISH professor, Hergaard by name, was known years ago as one of the leaders of scientific atheism in that country, but he is known as such no longer. A few years back he issued a second edition of one of his books, and in its preface this is what he wrote:—

“It is with a feeling of deepest regret that I think upon the day when I began the writing of this book; for I did not at that time realize what sorrows would be mine. Through the leadings of my life, in its sufferings and pain, my soul has been shaken, and the foundation upon which I believed that I could build has been crushed. With a sincere faith in the glory of science, I believed that I had found a safe resting-place for all contingencies. I have been torn out of this illusion. For when the tempest came, and my knowledge was wrapped in sorrow, the strands of science were separated like thread. Then I grasped the help which many had grasped—I sought and found peace by faith in God. Since that time, to be sure, I have not relinquished science, but I have given it another place in my life. When darkness covers the inner sight, and every hope seems to fail, then, according to my firm conviction, there is only one anchoring ground: the simple, but living Christian faith. Happy is he who does not permit himself to be driven to extremes, but who drops anchor in time upon safe ground.”

What a pathetic story must lie behind these telling words! The professor's scientific foundation could not stand the weight of the sorrows and sufferings of life, but crushed beneath them. He

found that he had been cherishing an illusion. But on the other hand, how great the mercy that awakened him out of his dreams in time for him to find another foundation, that does not collapse, on which to build—a foundation which is sure for eternity. As he himself says, changing the figure, "Happy is he . . . who drops anchor in time upon safe ground."

The all-important question is, what is going to happen when the test comes? The house stands in apparent security while the fine weather lasts, but presently the rain descends, the floods come and the winds blow, and beat upon the house, and then is revealed whether it is built upon the rock or the sand.

Is your spiritual house going to stand or fall when the test comes? You hardly know perhaps. The test not having yet come you have hardly thought about it. Well, be assured the test will come; It arrives sometimes slowly and with comparative gentleness by means of sickness, sorrow, disillusionment, and the like; sometimes it falls upon one with terrible suddenness and severity, when death unexpectedly looms up ahead. How often the house falls then! The house falls because the foundation collapses.

The question therefore comes to this, on what are you resting for eternity? There is only one foundation which is really rock. There are many which are nothing but sand. In our days, human knowledge is being carried forward by leaps and bounds, and science, often falsely so-called, is

being tremendously developed. Consequently, science is being turned into a little god, and a false god at that, and multitudes are bowing down and worshipping it. They turn from God that they may believe science; they distrust God's Word that they may trust man's word.

What is the foundation on which you build for eternity? Is it upon the simple, but living Christian faith; in short, upon Christ? There is no other that will stand the test. Seeing that sooner or later you must face your sins and the death and judgment which they entail, nothing will avail you but the precious blood of Christ. The foundation that will stand is found in "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, . . . This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. *Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved*" (Acts iv. 10-12).

Build on that foundation, on that stone, and you are right for eternity. Happy indeed is the one who finds a safe resting-place for all contingences in CHRIST.

F. B. HOLE.

"WILLIAM."

HE was a short, active-looking man when we first saw him. His manners and address were engaging, his eyes were small, but

they shone with intelligence when he was debating upon some of his special topics.

His natural cuteness made William a difficult man to deal with when he challenged a public speaker, for he rarely risked anything in his wordy battles, but chose some well proved point of advantage when he made his attacks, and he usually succeeded in turning the laugh of the listeners against the speaker.

As a rule, he launched his sceptical questions when the younger and more inexperienced men were speaking, and in this he was not always fair; but one day he attacked a city solicitor, who had been a well-known adept with the boxing gloves. Knowing that it had cost Mr. R—— a good deal to follow the Lord, he demanded in a sharp, offensive manner, "Tell me *one thing* that Christianity has done for you?"

"*One thing*," rejoined Mr. R——, "I could tell you hundreds, along with peace of mind, rest of heart, and a clear conscience, but I'll tell you *one thing* it has done for you!"

"What's that?" snapped William.

"It has saved you many a good thrashing!" said the solicitor. The laugh was against him this time and William never forgot that. He had often spoken offensively, and had it not been for the restraining grace of "God Mr. R—— could have thrashed him easily.

William was considered the boldest and most able infidel in the city, but his armour was pierced

that day. He nevertheless continued his stubborn fights against the faith.

An earnest young man was telling a large crowd one evening what the Saviour had done for him, urging those who listened to also prove the saving power of Christ. Just then, William, with a brisk step came up to the outskirts of the gathering. Seizing his opportunity, he tartly exclaimed, "Speaker, tell us a book in the Bible where neither the name of the Lord nor of God is mentioned?"

The dear young fellow was floored instantly, and the people laughed when the infidel gave him another blow, as he exclaimed further, "What good can men like you do if you can't answer the first question an enquirer asks?"

However, an older preacher pinned William afterwards, holding him firmly till the issue was decided. He told the infidel of the mean advantage he often took in trying to upset young believers, who had not yet learned where all the books in the inspired volume were, much less what was in them; and that he did evil work by endeavouring to stop them in winning others from the broad road of corruption and sin by inviting them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"But," he continued, "you want to know a book in the Bible where neither the name of the Lord nor of God is mentioned! Tell us, if you can, *why* they are not mentioned in the book of *Esther*?"

The infidel struggled and squirmed, and made many cloudy suggestions, but he was beaten on his own ground.

Following this up, the servant of Christ pressed for a private interview with William, for he knew that he was far from being at ease in his boasted infidel notions. With some difficulty he got William's promise to come to his house one night. There was special prayer made to God in regard to this interview. The servant of the Lord was very desirous that their talk should be of a quiet and rational character. William excelled in short, sharp, witty sayings, which were not always reliable or even truthful. As it was supper-time, they sat down to partake of food before approaching the great subject they had met to speak of.

"I always thank God for my meals! You will not object to my doing so this evening?" said the believer. The infidel bowed his head without any remark, and God was thanked for the food on the table, and also for the Bread of life provided in Christ for the souls of men. A strange silence followed. At last it was noticeable that William was in distress.

"You are taking nothing!" said his host.

Jumping up from his chair, William exclaimed, "I'm utterly miserable! I feel as if God is persecuting me!" They then both left the table, and seating themselves one each side of the fire, forgot all about the meal, and proceeded to converse.

"From what you have said there is a God after all ! but He is not persecuting you, rather is He pursuing you to bring you to Himself," said the believer.

"I can't talk about the matter to-night," he replied; "I'm not myself ! I feel I'm all wrong !"

They spoke of various things, but William would not give battle in the cause of infidelity. His armour wherein he had trusted was gone, and his boasted powers had forsaken him; but with tears every now and then coursing down his cheeks, he talked gently and rationally.

The fact is, the faith which had acknowledged God as the Giver of the necessary mercies for our bodies, and Christ the Bread of life, had completely disarmed him. He had discovered himself in the presence of the living God, and he was undone before Him. Human argument was unnecessary. After a helpful conversation together they parted.

William forsook the cause for which he had fought zealously, and returned to be its champion no more. He wisely, like many another since, gave up a sinful, foolish, and degrading struggle. Many lessons, however, had to be learned in the quiet and more retired life which he then sought. The weight of his sins was a heavy burden upon his awakened conscience. The sense of his own inherent sinfulness was very bitter to his soul. The scorn of old sceptical friends was as

nothing compared to his dread of the wrath of a holy God, whose great name he had so often blasphemed. William was a broken sinner before Him.

The light, however, began to dawn upon the darkness of his distressed soul. It was glad tidings indeed to him when he understood the truth of the gospel. He rejoiced as he saw that the God against whom he had sinned so grievously, had been fully satisfied by the atoning work of Christ for the believer's sins; and that after our Lord Jesus Christ had died for him, God had raised Him from among the dead for his justification, so that he was justly cleared from all charge. Gladness filled his heart now he had received the Saviour God had provided for sinners. Not only was his infidelity gone—and not only were his sins gone in the work of Christ on the cross, and from his conscience, too—not only was the darkness and distress gone from his soul—but now the light of God was his, peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ was his portion, and true joy in a living personal Saviour made William one of the happiest of men.

We have described what he was like when we first saw him. The last time was when the writer was leaving his office on a Saturday at the close of the week's business. A kindly touch upon his arm caused him to turn round and gaze enquiringly at the pleasant, happy countenance of an elderly-looking man.

"Don't you know me?" he enquired with a smile.

It was William! So entirely different was he, that it was difficult to recognize him at first sight. We shook hands heartily, and spoke together of our wonderful Saviour and Lord. Then, as we were parting, there was a look in his eyes which words fail to describe, as from those lips which so often had denied His existence—we heard, oh! so tenderly and so earnestly—"God bless you!"

Reader, has God blessed you? If not, it is because you have refused the blessing, for He waits to bless every needy sinner, who will come in "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21).

v.

HOW AN EAVESDROPPER WAS BLESSED!

IT does not often happen that one finds a man mixed up with pugilism, horse-racing, etc., and at the same time an ardent teetotalter and temperance advocate.

But Charles B.— was both. He was comfortably off, but lived in a house too big for his needs, so he sub-let part of it to a very respectable but illiterate working man.

The lodger was, however, a far different kind of man from any that he had ever had to do with before, for he rarely went out after his work was finished, or found pleasure in what is usually considered suitable to those of his class.

But a still more curious thing was, that during each evening he spent at home, strange sounds—low, muffled mutterings—were heard, coming from the lodger's room, sounds as if he were giving secret instructions to someone else. But this could not be, for there was no one else in the room, and moreover, his door was partly open, so that there could be no thought of secrecy.

It was all such a puzzle to Charles B—— that he determined to find out what it meant.

So he crept quietly upstairs one evening, when these sounds were to be heard, and hid himself behind the partly open door.

He saw that the occupant was reading aloud from a book that lay on the table in front of him.

The reading was laboured and slow, indeed, he spelled most of the words. The first words he caught after taking his place were these:—"God so l-o-v-e-d the w-o-r-l-d that He gave His only b-e-g-o-t-t-e-n Son that w h-o-s-o-e-v-e-r b-e-l-i-e-v-e-t-h in Him should not p-e-r-i-s-h but have e-v-e-r-l a-s-t-i-n-g life." (John iii. 16).

Such words had never before reached his ears. The words, and the message they carried, were alike strange to him.

The sacred name of God, and that of His Son, had often passed his lips as oaths, but never before had he known that God was a God of love, and such love as to give the very Object of His affection for the world; or that there was such a gift as everlasting life.

Without saying a word to anyone he crept downstairs again, and thought long and seriously on what he had heard so unexpectedly.

Night after night he took up his hiding to listen to these strange utterances, and day by day he became more and more interested in what he heard. His wife was not slow to notice his neglect of the things that had once filled his mind, and was not slow in asking him the meaning of it all.

She, too, was attracted by the fresh ideas that were being brought to their notice, so that together they boldly sought an explanation of it all from their lodger.

Gladly he unfolded to them the story of the love of God and the value of the all-atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. He showed the hatefulness of sin with which his hearers were so familiar and which they had committed so constantly. He explained clearly that before sin could be removed it was necessary that God's well-beloved Son should take the sinner's place and die in his stead. He was the gift of God, and each one that believes

in Him is assured by God's Word that he shall never perish, but have eternal life.

Husband and wife listened to the unfolding of the story of divine love, and before they left the room they both were delighted to own that they trusted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and rejoiced to know that salvation had indeed come to their house.

Charlie was not long in letting his old friends know of the grand discovery he had made, and of the new-found joy that was his. Needless to say, he at once withdrew from the circle of godless companions that once had been his chief pleasure, and without hesitation boldly proclaimed the new theme which had been truly "gospel" to him.

Not long after, he found that he had a measure of ability to speak in public, and found a constant pleasure in telling out at the street corners the wonderful love of His Saviour, the Great Deliverer from sin, from Satan, and from the power of death.

If, my dear friend, you have not found this Saviour, turn to the third chapter of the Gospel of John, and read it all carefully and thoughtfully, and may be, it will be used of the Holy Spirit to open your eyes to the great truths that are therein onshrined.

CONFIRMED BUT NOT CONVERTED.

SHE was an elderly, decent, hard-working woman. We asked her if she was a Christian.

She replied, "Yes, for many years."

"And how did it come about?" we further enquired.

"Oh! I was confirmed, and take the sacrament."

"Yes," we replied, "you can be confirmed and take the sacrament, and *not* be a Christian."

"But my name is on the register, and so I'm all right."

"Yes," we responded, "your name may be registered on the books of a church on earth, and yet *not* inscribed on the books in heaven. You may be all that you say you are, and *not* be a Christian. Multitudes all over the country are like you—confirmed and registered, but not converted."

Alas! alas! our words seemed to convey no meaning to her, and when she attended our Gospel preaching, and Genesis i. was announced, she actually did not know where to look for the first chapter in the Bible. And this in so-called Christian England! And this after sitting for thirty years under a clergyman and taking the sacrament—as dark as a heathen as to the Gospel of the grace of God! What a rude awakening such will have! Is the reader one such?

Listen to the words of Holy Writ concerning the Lord's Supper, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body" (1 Cor. xi. 29).

Forms, ceremonies, ritual, never yet saved a soul. Nothing short of conversion will do—conversion, not confirmation, redemption, not ritual, alone will meet the desperate case of the sinner.

The woman we met, though taking again and again for years the bread, speaking of the body of Christ, and the cup speaking of His blood shed for sinners, had apparently not the faintest knowledge of what the Lord's Supper signifies. She rested on a form, a ceremony, an ordinance, and unless she wakes up to her need of conversion and of a Saviour, what hope is there for her?

My reader, are you right for eternity? Are you safe on the Rock of Ages? Are you really trusting the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour? Are you converted? Without which, the Saviour said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall NOT enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). The language is plain enough. There is no mistaking its meaning. Make no mistake here for eternal issues are at stake.

"I'VE GOT A NEW WIFE!"

IT was the squire, who said he had got a new wife. As a matter of fact, however, the new wife of whom he spoke so happily was his first and only wife, whom he had married many years before, but so great a change came into her life that he often remarked, with a laugh of real joy, "I've got a new wife!"

He had been a great horseman in his younger days, and his sideboard was crowded with silver cups and other prizes. Nevertheless, even in the days of his greatest success he always longed for something different. Feeling he was not right with God, an increasing soul-hunger and thirst after righteousness possessed him. He often wondered at the peace and assurance which a pious relative of his had, and also at the true joy which she found in reading the inspired Book of God. When he asked her concerning these things, she quietly said, "It is because our Lord Jesus Christ is my Saviour. It will be the same with you when you are saved."

The squire knew his relative was right, but he had a wholesome abhorrence of anything like the hollow, worldly profession of religion which he was constantly in contact with. "I must have the true thing or nothing

at all," he said to himself. Hearing that a sound preacher of the Gospel of the grace of God was in the district, he went to hear him, and with the simplicity of a little child he accepted the Saviour that God had provided, and soon proved the truth of his relation's words.

Moreover, the works of faith followed his acceptance of Christ, for he provided a place for the preaching of the Word to his neighbours, quite close to the hall in which he lived.

His wife, who was a refined lady of strict religious temperament, had shown a proud interest in her husband's "horsey" attainments. She found special pleasure when his name appeared in public print as the winner of prize after prize; and though she was more particular as to the society she moved amongst than her husband, yet she was even keener for the success of his enterprises than he was himself.

But now that he had found true happiness in our Lord Jesus Christ, and in His service, all was different. At first she expressed surprise. Then she asked him if he did not think he was carrying the matter too far. Afterwards, she settled down into a chilly contempt for the whole thing, and even showed a spirit of hostility to his kindly endeavours to bring the blessings of the

Gospel to those who were in need round about him. But though she coldly shunned the work of divine grace and mercy near her own beautiful home, she continued in her strict attention to formal, religious observances.

A gentleman from the nearest city came to preach at the squire's pressing invitation. He slept at the hall each night, and caught an early train when he returned to business in the morning. The squire took breakfast with him and often drove him to the station. When he met the lady of the house she treated him with civility, but no more.

During these visits the work of saving grace affected her home surroundings. Among others, her favourite maid, found peace with God, and, like that of the squire, her new-found happiness could not be gainsaid. The lady herself, however, continued to show an apparent indifference, and remained away from the meetings.

One afternoon, when the servant of Christ had arrived earlier than usual to make some calls, he met the squire's wife in the drive. She bowed politely, and when kindly and earnestly asked if she would come the following evening to an address on the presence and work of the Holy Spirit, she surprised him by consenting to do so. The short conversation which followed confirmed a

previous impression of the preacher's, that she sincerely believed in the Lord Jesus, but through defective teaching was a stranger to settled peace with God.

A greater surprise, however, awaited the visitor. One morning, for the first time, the lady of the house sat at breakfast with him, and the squire for the first time did not appear. Whatever did it mean?

"I am so thankful,"—she said hesitatingly and shyly—"to have this opportunity of speaking with you alone. I prayed earnestly last night that my husband might sleep on, so that I could do so, and my prayer is answered."

A silence followed. The servant of the Lord then told her what his impression was as to her spiritual state.

She replied, "That is correct. Many years ago I accepted Christ as my own Saviour, and with bowed head I sang at that time,

'Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;'

but though I have always looked back to that time as the beginning of my faith in Christ yet I have never known true peace with God, and doubts often assail my soul."

The visitor pointed out that peace was made upon the cross by the atoning work of our Lord Jesus Christ,—it was made in

regard to the believer's sins when He took our place and bore our judgment—and God was so completely satisfied that He raised Him from among the dead for the believer's justification. The believer consequently has peace with God.

"That is very clear," the lady replied, "but I often wonder if I am really accepted by God."

"You have no doubt that the Lord Jesus took your place under judgment when He bore your sins on the cross?" he asked.

"None at all," she answered.

"Nor have you any doubt that He is now in heaven?"

"None," she responded.

"He is there in all the everlasting favour of God, and the believer is accepted in Him!" he said.

"Does God's Holy Word tell us that?" she enquired.

Pointing to Ephesians i. 6, 7, he emphasized those wonderful words—"ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED, IN WHOM WE HAVE REDEMPTION," and added, "We have *peace* through His work, and *acceptance* in Him where He is!"

All her doubts disappeared. Religious formalities gave place to vital realities. The spiritual activities which interested her husband became of absorbing interest to her.

She became a most welcome visitor among those whose humble homes were near her own. To the needy and anxious she carried the mercy and grace of God. Bible readings were arranged too for their help.

The squire overslept two hours that morning ! He could not explain it at first. But he often told the story afterwards, with the joy of the Lord filling his heart ; adding, with a glad ring in his voice, " I'VE GOT A NEW WIFE ! "

V.

HOW A JEW IN PERSIA WAS BLESSED.

I CALLED to say good-bye to a Hebrew Christian, who was about to leave Teheran, Persia, where I live. I there met his brother, who had not openly confessed the name of the despised Nazarene, and I spoke to him of the day that is soon coming when the New Covenant shall be established with the Jews and Israel, and what a great future lies before that nation. I urged upon him what a pity it was that he did not own the name of the Saviour now, and enter into the blessings of the New Covenant.

I say he had not *openly* confessed the Lord, yet he was a *secret* believer, as was shown, as he told me his touching story.

"Years ago," said he, "when living at Hamadan, I was invited to the house of my brother-in-law to spend the night. Hanging on the wall I found a picture of Jesus wearing a crown of thorns, and the bleeding marks of the nails in His hands.

"I said to my host, 'Please take that picture away. I hate it and Him too.'

"He replied, 'Why should I remove it? He was a Jew and He has a great name. Who knows but that perhaps our fathers were wrong in rejecting Him.'

"'Please don't speak like that,' said I, 'either remove the picture or cover it up. I hate to see Him.'

"My host still refused to cover it up. A mixture of thoughts was fighting within me. Every time I gazed on the picture seemed to make the spots of blood and the look of the wonderful Person represented by the picture, speak afresh to my soul. I went to bed, but had little sleep. I oft repeated to myself, 'Perhaps Jesus that suffered there was after all the suffering Messiah of whom I have read and heard.'

"In the morning I did not go to the Synagogue. My custom was to go every morning, but unrefreshed I went to the market. As I was on my way to the market, a youth of eighteen or twenty—a Mohammedan—came along with a heavy club in his

hand. A young Jew was passing by when, without any warning, the young Mohammedan knocked him down, rendering him partly unconscious.

“ My heart burned within me with indignation, and I said to the young Mohammedan, ‘ Why did you inflict such a blow on the poor, innocent fellow ? What has he done to deserve it ? ’ The young Mohammedan answered, ‘ Is he not a Jew ? ’ as if that were sufficient reason for his brutal conduct.

“ While endeavouring to restore the victim of this outrage to full consciousness, the picture came vividly before me. Volumes of thought poured through my mind. After the lad came to, and I had sent him on his way, I felt that I could go no further. I took out my handkerchief, spread it out on the dust, bowed and worshipped God. I prayed, ‘ O God, I own that we have sinned, and our fathers did a great sin in condemning the holy and innocent Jesus. O God, forgive me my sin.’

“ Ever since that moment *I LOVE Jesus.*”

Is this not an example of true repentance of an Israelite, and a sample of how the whole nation will repent in the coming day, as foretold by the prophet Zechariah, when he wrote centuries ago, “ They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for

His only Son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born."

Reader, you may be a Gentile and not a Jew. Do you know that you are more guilty than the Jew? They rejected their Messiah "in ignorance," and have paid heavily for it, but what about you? Living in a so-called Christian land, with an open Bible, with so much preaching of the cross, possibly blessed with Christian parents, yet you reject "so great salvation."

What a patient God to have waited so long! Remember, the day of grace will soon be ended, and the hour of God's righteous wrath will come. "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, *and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ*" (2 Thess. i. 7, 8).

The writer was a fanatic and a devoted Mohammedan. But God had pity on my soul. When I saw my awful state as a sinner, worthy of eternal and righteous torment in the lake of fire, and when by faith, through reading "the oracles of God," as given to the Jews and come down to us through the Jews, when I saw how the Saviour of mankind had bled and died, a Substitute for me, and how God had raised

Him up from the dead and given Him glory,
I found peace, perfect peace.

It was forty-five years ago since the Good Shepherd found me. Not one moment have I ever regretted my having trusted the Lord. In spite of my shameful failures and sins I have found Him and His love unchanged.

Dear reader, try Him, trust Him as your Saviour. As an honest man with a fearful disease tries a good physician and his medicines, so try the Lord Jesus and the remedy of the Gospel.

You will find Him an efficient Saviour. You have seen many pictures of the *outward* agony of the cross, you have heard of His *internal* soul-anguish when "He . . . made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21).

Bow to Him, own your sin, trust Him as your Saviour as I have done, and as that Jew did, and "thou shalt be saved."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31), are the words of Scripture.

WHY QUEEN VICTORIA STOOD!

WHEN Queen Victoria was young, she was present at a performance of the oratorio—the Messiah. Her court ladies informed her that it was not etiquette for the Queen to rise.

When, however, the performers came to the Hallelujah chorus, which Handel drew from the passage in Revelation xix., where the Lord is seen coming out of heaven, having “on His vesture and on His thigh written KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS” (verse 16), the young Queen rose to her feet with tears in her eyes, trembling.

Exalted as was her position, Queen over dominions on which the sun never sets, she thus showed her homage to the KING OF KINGS. She hereby acknowledged two things, if her act was heartfelt and intelligent, which we are assured it was.

First, she acknowledged that the Lord Jesus was alive. She did not rise in homage to a *dead* Christ. A dead Christ would have been no Christ at all. A Christ, who had died, and failed to rise again, would have been conquered by death, held a victim in its cold and strenuous embrace, and not have been, what He is, the Conqueror over death. We are assured that Queen Victoria bowed before a *living* Christ, One who has atoned for sin, and was exalted “a Prince and a Saviour” (Acts v. 31).

Second, she acknowledged His lordship. And well she might. With all the profound respect due to royalty, and Scripture says, "Honour the king" (1 Peter ii. 17), the Queen would come, as the meanest subject in her realm, to Christ, as Saviour, and trust Him and His atoning death for salvation. There is only one way. There is no royal road to salvation. And Queen Victoria, we are assured, trod the way the dying thief trod, and the way that every poor sinner has trodden since that day, feeling their need—the way of repentance and simple faith. There is no other way.

We can understand how the whole assembly at the performance would rise when the magnificent Hallelujah Chorus was reached, but alas ! with many it would be done because it was the custom, because it was fashionable, because it was homage to Handel's marvellous genius, and would signify nothing vital or heartfelt or eternal.

But with the youthful Queen we are assured it was far different. Her whole subsequent career bears out our belief. Are we not all familiar with the picture in which the Queen hands to a dusky monarch the Bible as the secret of England's greatness, and did she not love to read the Bible in the cottages round her Balmoral home ?

One thing is clear, if she confessed Jesus as her Lord, as we believe she did in rising to her feet in the way we have described; if she believed that God raised Him from the dead, as we believe she did, for she would not have risen at the name of a dead Christ, but of a *living* Saviour in heaven, *she was eternally saved*. Hallelujah !

We have God's Word for that. We read, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*" (Rom. x. 9).

Reader, are you saved? You may be, and it is your own fault if you are not. Remember, if not saved, you are lost, but, thank, God, not lost for ever. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW, is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

THE EDITOR.

"WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN."

A LADY from America visiting these shores, was residing during the beautiful summer months at a bracing seaside resort on the north-east coast.

Not far from her place of residence a large tent was erected, and meetings were held in it nightly for the preaching of the Gospel of the grace of God. She often

looked at the tent and read the notices of the meetings, but, though she had a desire to attend, she did not go because no one known to her went to hear the preaching, and a feeling of reticence kept her away.

One day she was enjoying the beautiful sunshine as she sat gazing out on the calm, blue ocean, when she thought, "If I only really knew I was saved and accepted by God, what true peace and happiness would be mine; but there is always the feeling present with me that I am not right and my sins are still unforgiven. I wonder if they preach the true Gospel in that tent!"

To her great delight, about that time, some of the friends she had made told her they were going to the preaching in the tent on the Lord's Day. She asked if she might accompany them, and they were glad indeed to take her.

At the close of the meeting she was introduced to the speaker, a business gentleman, who, in his spare time, sought to make known to others the wonderful riches of God's saving grace. He was asked to take tea with her during the week at the house of a friend.

"I do hope you will come," said the lady. "I am sure you could help me and I would like to have a talk with you! What

you have said to-night has given me fresh hope ! I'm an American ! Some call me a Yankee ! But I have been seeking peace with God for many years, and I am still without it."

There was a happy gathering around the large tea table. The servant of Christ was seated next to our friend from America to her great pleasure. He hoped to get an opportunity of speaking quietly with her after tea, but so earnest was the lady, that she began to question him regarding her soul's difficulties while the meal was proceeding. One after the other of these difficulties was met from the inspired volume—the Bible—which lay open upon the table between them. This was a new experience for her. She had heard the popular preachers of America, and some also in England, but she had been seeking peace through what they said, rather than through what God's Word said. She knew that we could and ought to be saved, but she could not see how, though she had sought after it.

All at once, the secret of her darkness (in regard to God's salvation became evident. The servant of the Lord was showing her the words of the apostle Paul—" *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved* " (Acts xvi. 31)—when she remarked, " But Paul had a wonderful experience when he

was saved ! He saw a light above the brightness of the sun ! I have had no experience like that ! ”

Perceiving her mistake, the preacher quickly replied, “ Why should God given *you* some wonderful experience ? He chose to reach Paul in that way—he was to be an apostle—but His normal way is to offer salvation by the Gospel, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and the work which He accomplished at Calvary. *You* have no right to expect God to make an exception of *you* ! You are only asked to “ BELIEVE ” like others have done ! ”

Her interest was intense, and all sitting at the table were likewise greatly interested. Throwing herself back in her chair, she exclaimed to everybody's astonishment, “ *Well ! Well ! What a fool I've been !* ” Then, sitting up, and looking round at those present, she said, “ Thank God, that ever I came here. I see my great mistake now. I've thought too much about myself, instead of humbly believing God's Word.”

Turning a beaming countenance to the preacher, she continued, “ I've been very foolish, but it is all clear now, and how very simple ! Thank you for helping me ! I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I see that salvation is through Him alone.”

The words of the first verse of Romans v. were indeed true of her—being “justified by faith” she had “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The true peace and happiness which her heart had longed for, and which she had religiously sought after, were now hers simply through believing. And the more she learned of the work of Christ upon the cross, and of His resurrection from among the dead for her justification, the deeper did her peace and joy become. Soon, too, she saw that God was satisfied with the Lord Jesus and with what He had done on the cross, and her own satisfaction in Him and His work consequently increased.

Many, like herself, were sorry when she had to pay a prolonged visit to relatives at a town some distance away, before sailing for America. It looked as if they would meet no more, till they gathered around their Saviour in heaven. But to their great joy she returned to be with them again the following Lord’s Day, and this was done week after week till the final farewell came.

Often when she was explaining to others how simple God’s way of salvation is, she would remark, “And just think, I never saw it myself till a few weeks ago ! *What a fool I’ve been !* But it is all plain now !”

Tender and affectionate "Good-byes" were said when she left, and that sweet verse was sung,

*"Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful Centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed."*

V.

"ARE YOU A CHILD OF GOD?"

SHE said she did not by any means resent the question. Nay, rather she welcomed it, and fancied that her title to this designation could not be gainsaid. Reared in a religious home, her father (my maternal grandfather) was a staunch Scotch Episcopalian. The necessity of the New Birth did not appear to have been a strong feature of his theology, however careful as he was to rear his numerous family in that moral atmosphere consistent with the tenets of his faith.

This brief sketch of her early home will give the reader some idea of the circle in which my aunt (the subject of this narrative) moved ere she went from under the family roof to find here way in life.

Her elder sister, who had taken up residence in the town of P——, had her under her care for a brief period. Shortly before this she had been converted to God, and naturally was anxious that her younger sister should also receive the blessing she prized so highly. To this end a place was found for her in a Bible class, taught by an earnest Christian lady.

One Sunday afternoon, just before they had finished for the day, the teacher ventured to put the question standing at the head of this paper:—"Are you a child of God?"—to the girl at the top of the class. Her reply was a polite "No." To the second in the class the same question was proposed, and the same answer returned. One after another was interrogated in similar fashion, and either audibly or by the shake of the head, each maiden in turn disclaimed the appellation—all except Aunt D——.

She was simply staggered before her turn came—but nothing like she was after—and could not conjecture how she had come to find herself in such disreputable company. "Can no one here return Yes! to the teacher's enquiry," was her soliloquy, "when it devolves upon me to answer I shall have something different to say."

At last she had her opportunity. "Are you a child of God?" queried the teacher,

and without hesitation, out came the confident assertion before the whole class, "Yes, I'm a child of God ! "

"I am pleased to hear it. *When* did you become a child of God ? " the teacher further enquired.

Her reply was on the tip of her tongue. "I was made a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven *at my baptism*," returned the scholar with a triumphant gesture.

Her cocksure attitude was to be speedily overthrown, however. Her kind teacher's sorrowful look and plaintive air spoke out her full heart as she quietly murmured, "O ! my girl, I am so sorry. I know where you have received your instruction. Do you not know that you need to be born again ? "

It fell upon her like a thunderbolt. She was absolutely nonplussed. All her calculations were upset in one moment. Little more was said, but she kept turning it over in her mind—"I need to be born again."

Shall it be needful for us to confront our readers with the Saviour's brief, but highly significant, word to Nicodemus: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" ? (John iii. 7).

How can this mighty operation be achieved ? It is God's sovereign act, and cannot take place apart from the Word and

Spirit of God. In the simplest possible terms Peter, in his first epistle (chapter i., verses 23-25) lets us into the secret: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever . . . And this is the Word, which by the Gospel, is preached unto you." Such is authoritative !

If the same result accrues to you as came to pass in the history of him who came to Jesus by night, as also in the experience of this guileless Scotch lassie, you will have reason to bless God for all eternity that you have been confronted with such a question as, at all events, so completely changed her outlook as regards her relationship with God.

The word was not lost upon her, for speedily she sought the Saviour as a convicted sinner, laying no claim to kindred with the people of God through the waters of baptism, but rather on the ground, which, having received the imprimatur of the Spirit of God, is indeed unassailable:—"For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26).

For sixty years at least she lived after the memorable disillusionment she experienced at the Sunday class; a worthy witness to the truth of the Gospel she received in its artless simplicity just on the threshold of life. Not

once, but often, have we heard her, with beaming countenance, recite the story of her trial of strength with Miss——, which led to such momentous results.

It was during the late war she was called home to Glory. We saw her before her decease, as her earthly tabernacle-house was being taken gently down, and found her rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. When the end came, at the service in the house, before we laid her body to rest in the quiet churchyard by the sea, almost within a stone's throw of the building where, for the first time, she heard with such startling effect—"Ye must be born again," we sang that hymn:—

*"Asleep through Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Where powerless is the last of foes."*

Yes, she sleeps soundly in Jesus—saved through the precious blood—to waken on the Resurrection morning.

My reader, once more—"Are you a child of God?"

JOHN R. STEPHEN.

AN IMPOSSIBLE DILEMMA.

IN one of the large American cities a team of horses got out of hand, and were dashing headlong down the streets, when a judge, who was on his way to his office, sprang into the roadway, caught hold of the driving rein of one of the horses, dragged the horse back, brought the runaway team to a standstill, and probably saved the driver from sudden death.

Some years later, this very man was on trial for murder. The evidence was overwhelming, and the jury passed a verdict of guilty.

Before passing sentence the judge asked the prisoner, "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"Your Honour," began the prisoner and stopped.

"Speak on," said the judge.

"Your Honour,— " but again no words escaped the prisoner's lips.

"You must not take the time of the court; have you anything to say?" repeated the judge.

"Your Honour," replied the prisoner, making a great effort, "I don't think you remember who I am! You must remember me! Don't you remember that one morning, as I came through the streets with a runaway team, you bravely stopped the horses and saved my life?"

The court was silent as the prisoner, with tense look and agonized voice, sobbed out, "Your Honour, in God's name, be merciful."

The judge, his face blanched and drawn, looked at him. With trembling lips he said, "Yes, I do remember you now; that day I was your saviour; to-day I am your judge, and I must do my duty," and he passed sentence of death on the wretched man.

Who would care to be in the shoes of that poor murderer, but we pen these lines to warn you that perchance you are in imminent danger of even deadlier peril than this man found himself in. This man was under the sentence of death—so are you, for we read, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Eze. xviii. 20). You have sinned. We all have sinned.

The murderer might know exactly how many days before the execution should take place. You may have many years to live, but the principle is exactly the same, and are you ready for the summons when it comes?

This poor murderer made acquaintance with this gentleman, first as saviour and then as judge. But you must make acquaintance with the Lord Jesus either as

Saviour OR Judge.

Which shall it be?

The poor murderer cried out in heart-breaking tones, "Your Honour, in God's name, be merciful," and he could not respond. If you will cry out, "O God, be merciful," you will find that He is waiting to be merciful, that He sits on a mercy-seat, a throne of grace, and that on the ground of your faith in the Lord Jesus as a personal Saviour He can righteously show mercy. How beautifully simple is the answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

But if you die unsaved, you will be raised in your sins and judged in your sins, and He who died for you, and would so willingly have been your Saviour, will then be your Judge, and there can be no more mercy then. At that day it shall be said, "They were judged every man according to their works," and we read that, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 13, 15).

May God grant that you make the acquaintance of the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour, and never have to stand before Him as Judge, at the great white throne.

The issue lies in your own decision.

HOW A RUSSIAN COUNT WAS TWICE SAVED.

IT was winter. I was at that time Master of Ceremonies at the court of H.M. the Emperor of Russia, Alexander II. I was young, made much of by the world, and at the same time, diligent in my official duties.

One evening, absorbed by music, of which I was passionately fond, for I sang with enthusiasm in the drawing rooms of the aristocrats, I perceived with alarm that I had scarcely time to go home to change into my uniform and to go to the palace.

I decided, in order to save time, to cross the canal on the ice to avoid a circuitous route by the bridge, Anitschkoff. It was cold, a piercing wind blew and scattered the snow. I was barely six feet from the shore when I sank into the water.

The ice had been broken to allow women to do their washing, but the snow had covered it up so well that there was no sign of it. My cries for help in this perilous position did not stop the passers by. They paid no attention, and I could not save myself.

I was sinking deeper and deeper. One of them, noticing my tall, fashionable hat, and that I was struggling in anguish, said loud enough for me to hear; "He is drunk. The

quicker he disappears and perishes the better."

Then a woman saw me, but instead of procuring assistance, she screamed and disappeared. My position became more and more terrible. At last, a cab-driver, touched by my peril, approached the place where I was disappearing in the water and called to me with a loud voice, "Seize the rope that I throw you quickly."

What a relief to me to see at last this kind man, who wished to save me. I took him at his word without hesitation, and when the rope, which served as bridle for his horse, was thrown to me, I did not stop to ask myself if it might break. I had faith that it would be the means of my salvation.

"Hold fast!" cried the kind man.

I eagerly seized the rope as the one means of salvation, and thus escaped from the terrible position in which I was; I was saved from death. Well, all I had to do was to take hold of the rope. Drawn out of the water, and finding myself on the bank, I could testify with full assurance that I was saved—not partly saved, but completely so. The one who saved me from physical death was a simple cab-man, an *isvostschi*, as we call them in Russia. There is no need to add how great my gratitude to him was, nor what a pleasure it was to prove it to him.

You will understand, my reader, why this incident, which has been to me a living parable, is to me unforgettable.

One often uses the word *almost*, as to many things, but if I had been almost saved, nothing would have been found but my mortal remains under the ice. Either one is entirely saved or not saved at all.

At that time, my soul was not saved, I was not yet converted, not yet a child of God, but some time afterwards, I laid hold of Christ as a rope of salvation, I passed from death unto life. The Lord Jesus has become *my personal Saviour*, and I have been able, since then, to testify that *I am saved*. What an immense difference there is between believing that Jesus Christ is *a* Saviour for all and knowing Him as *my* own personal Saviour !

To be saved He must be known in this personal way. Religion will not save us, the church cannot save us; none but the Lord Jesus alone, who bore our sins on the cross, who has redeemed us from the curse of sin. "Neither is there salvation in any other" (Acts iv. 12), and the Lord Himself says to the one who comes to Him as a *lost sinner*: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

I can testify that there is no happiness to compare with that of being a child of God,

of belonging to Christ. The judgment that I deserved fell upon my Saviour. *He has redeemed me once and for all.* He was crucified for me, and won for me upon the cross *eternal life.* Glory be to His Name !

COUNT MODESTE DE KORFF,
[*Translated from the French.*]

"ON THE ROCK."

IT was about 7.0 a.m. when a communication reached me on our telegraph line !

The words ran thus:—" *Good morning ! It is settled now ! I have got on the Rock !* "

Although the message was specially for myself, another friend on our circuit, not far away, picked it up also, and he, too, rejoiced that morning, for he well knew what was meant by the young man who sent it.

Indeed, for fifty miles, those words which conveyed such good news to us might have been heard by others along our line. Some perhaps would wonder ! Some probably would understand ! Others would give no heed !

Often the writer had conversed with the sender regarding the important question of his eternal welfare, and I knew he was somewhat concerned as to the matter. He

desired to discover the true and sure foundation of God, so that he might securely rest his soul upon it, and not upon some flimsy superstition, doctrine or dogma of man's making.

During the night, before he called me up on the telegraph, he had happily founded his faith upon Christ, the Rock of Ages, and that explained his early morning message.

Even in ordinary matters, we must see that the foundation of a structure is right, as well as the building itself, if we are to expect the work to stand the inevitable tests of time. That is simply a question of proper precaution; and surely in the matter of our soul's eternal well-being we do well, like our young friend, to make sure that we are resting on God's secure foundation alone.

A few years ago, in the little town of W—, where I then lived, a contractor undertook to construct a sewer over the river, which was at that time little more than ankle deep. Nevertheless, some of the more thoughtful in the township warned the contractor that the structure would not stand the strain in a time of flood. The work itself was not imperfect, but they foresaw that the rushing waters would undermine the foundation and carry away the piers. The contractor heeded not, but only laughed! yet, so it came to pass when the flood came,

the heavy piping, and that also upon which it rested, gave way before the resistless tide, which swept all before it.

A wise man and a foolish man are vividly portrayed in Matthew vii. 24-27. We are there told that the first is the one who hears the words of the Lord Jesus and doeth them, and the second is he who hears, but doeth them not. The wise is likened to him who built his house upon a rock, so that no wind or storm could overthrow it. On the other hand, the foolish is likened to him who built his house upon the sand, and when the storm came, and the floods arose, and the wind beat upon it, the building gave way and fell !

It is easily understood, therefore, why we rejoiced to receive the early morning message from our dear young friend G. B——.

He had attended a Gospel meeting the night before, and the preacher had shown the security of those who rested their faith on our Lord Jesus Christ alone. He pointed out that God's holy claims against the sinner had all been righteously met by the work of Christ upon the cross, and that His blood, shed there, cleanseth us from every sin. Everyone, therefore, who believes on Him is saved with a present and everlasting salvation. G. B——. went home from the

preaching that night still undecided, but before the light of another day broke over the earth he found peace for his precious soul by simply trusting the Son of God.

I thanked God when his welcome words came,—“*It is settled now ! I have got on the Rock !*” It was a “*good morning*” indeed !

Has the light of the eternal salvation of God broken in upon the soul of the reader yet ? Can he say like Samuel Rutherford—

*“ On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand ” ?*

R. STEWART.

THE ROYAL PASSWORD.

AN officer had occasion to take an order outside the Camp in time of war.

Giving the password to the sentry, he was stopped. “No—that’s not the password for to-day, and if I did my duty I should shoot you, but I know your voice, Captain, so I know there’s some mistake.”

Back went the officer to the general’s tent. “Yes,” said the general, pointing to the crowded tables of dispatches, etc., “my head is so full—I made a mistake.” He then gave him the right password.

“Pass on,” said the sentry.

When the officer had executed his order, he came back and pulled up opposite the sentry.

"Tom," he said, "you or I may hear our name on the *Royal Roll Call* to-morrow. Have you got the right password, Tom?"

Tom looked up with a smile. "Why, yes, Captain, you gave me the right password years ago at our Bible Class, and I've kept it in my heart ever since."

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

Tom answered, "He that believeth on the Son [of God] *HATH EVERLASTING LIFE*" (John iii. 36).

That passport comes from Headquarters and there is no mistake about it. Trust it.

ANON.

TOO LATE.

SOME years ago, a Frenchman was walking in an agitated manner, backward and forward, on the quay of a seaport town.

A friend asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "I have let that vessel go down with a large consignment of goods, and have not insured them. I am a ruined man."

He had always received his goods safely, and had grown careless as to insuring them, with this sad result.

We can sympathize with this Frenchman's terrible position, but there is something infinitely worse. What must be the awful terror of a lost soul, who discovers *too late* that his last hope of salvation has gone for ever, and to recall how often he has heard the following and similar Scriptures: "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1). To realize that he had put off decision for the Lord till too late—that he had intended to be saved, and did not mean to be lost, or left behind at the coming of the Lord—that he thought he had plenty of time yet, and after all, had slipped through from time to eternity *lost*, AND LOST FOR EVER, will be a terrible reflection.

My unconverted friend, take warning by the man who did not insure his goods, and make sure of *your* eternal blessing at once.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near" (Isa. lx. 6).

THAT HYMN MUST GO.

THE Presbyterian Churches in Scotland are much exercised as to a suggestion to revise their "*Church Hymnary*," and considerable controversy has been caused by the proposed elimination of certain well-known hymns. Interest has centred chiefly on the old favourites, reminiscent of stirring revival times, such as:—

*"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."*

This is objected to by the revisers, not because of any scriptural defect, but because it is considered highly objectionable that in this enlightened, cultured age, there should be any allusion to that which is considered a relic of bygone days—the Blood of Jesus.

Another hymn objected to has for its refrain:—

*"Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."*

A well-known Scottish minister has said that it is proposed to give us a bloodless hymnary, and has hinted that that means a bloodless Gospel.

The question of the Hymnary does not concern us so far as this article is concerned. We desire, however, to ask a few questions, because the issue involved is by no means confined to Presbyterianism.

(1) Was it ever true that

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His [God's] Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7)?

It was.

How do we know?

(a) Because the Word of God says so.

(b) Because it was personally experienced by true believers after that precious blood had been shed.

The apostle Peter wrote:—"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST" (1 Peter i. 18, 19).

The apostle John wrote:—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in HIS OWN BLOOD" (Rev. i. 5).

The apostle Paul wrote:—"In whom [Christ] we have redemption THROUGH HIS BLOOD, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 77).

(c) Because we learn that the song of the mighty, numberless company in heaven shall be: "Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast

slain, and hast redeemed us to God BY THY BLOOD, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation " (Rev. v. 9).

(2) Is it true to-day, in this present year of grace, that " THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, His [God's] Son, cleanseth us from all sin " (1 John i. 7) ?

It is.

How do we know ?

Because there is a great cloud of witnesses in this land, in heathen lands, in all parts of the world, in every grade of society, ranging from those who were ultra-religious to those who were on the devil's scrap-heap, and they all testify that when they believed this glorious message, then, and not till then; they had the divine assurance that their sins were forgiven, their consciences were purged, their souls were saved. Their hearts were made profoundly happy, because they were made right with God, and they had what the former beloved Editor of "*The Gospel Messenger*" called:—" A title without a flaw, and a prospect without a cloud." A title to the glory of God, and the prospect of soon entering it.

Then, and not till then, had they joy and peace, and they are not going to cease praising God for it, singing of it, and speaking of it, not for all the hymn book revisers on earth. Their forefathers died for the main-

tenance of this great fact, and they desire, by the grace of God, to live for the promulgation of it.

(3) We would ask a question of the revisers, and those who agree with them, and that is:—

What do you propose to substitute for God's remedy?

If He has declared that:—

“Without shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. ix. 22), and you object to that, what have you to offer in its place? After all, what does it matter what any man proposes? God is God. It is against Him that we have sinned. He might have banished us from His presence for ever on that account. Instead of that, He has devised means whereby He might judge the sin, yet save the sinner. He alone could decide how that should be done. Obviously the plan must be in perfect consistency with His righteous character. How much all this meant for Him!

If, on the one hand, His love was to be satisfied, and if on the other hand, His righteousness was to be satisfied, a tremendous price must be paid.

Listen! “For God so loved the world, that HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, that whosoever believeth in Him should not

perish, but have everlasting life " (John iii. 16).

Listen ! " The blood of Jesus Christ, His [God's] Son, cleanseth us from all sin " (1 John i. 7), spite of what the hymn book revisers say. And yet men, who to-day are paid for preaching this, have cut it out of their sermons, and now wish to prevent their congregations singing about it.

(4) We have one more question to ask these gentlemen. What has your bloodless preaching produced ? Has it reached the drunkard and the profligate, whether in the city slum or the luxurious mansion ? Has it raised the fallen ? Has it satisfied the craving of the heart for that indefinable something ? Has it given to you, ye preachers, peace with God and a sure hope for eternity ?

Reader, *you* may not be a church member, a chapel attender, a meeting goer, or you may be. Your concerns may be social, industrial, political, or otherwise, but—

You have God to meet.

You have a soul to be saved or lost.

You have an eternity to spend somewhere.

We call upon you to pause and consider. We also beg of you not to be deceived by the sophistries of men, whoever they may be, but take your direction from the Word of God.

The sin question you have got to face sooner or later. Till that is settled you can have no peace, and you must be a stranger to divine joy. If it is not settled in this life, yours will be a lost eternity.

Do you ask—"What shall I do?" Do what David did. Turn to God and say, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." Pray as David prayed, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psalm li. 4, 7), and the answer will come: "Your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake" (1 John ii. 12), because "The blood of Jesus Christ, His [God's] Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Believe it now and sing:—

*"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free."*

W. BRAMWELL DICK.

HOW SIR ROBERT WAS CONVERTED.

THERE has just passed away to his eternal rest, a distinguished servant of the Crown—Sir Robert Edwin Matheson, P.C., L.L.D., Registrar-General for Ireland, and one of the most brilliant holders of that high office.

But what was of infinitely more importance was that he was a humble believer on the Lord Jesus Christ.

A winter scene in the Wicklow Mountains is reminiscient of his zeal. At the close of a Gospel service in a farm-house, this eminent man was seen bareheaded in the open air, pleading with intense earnestness with some young people to decide for Christ as their Saviour.

It was late, and a friend said, "Sir Robert, you will lose the train from Greystones."

"I don't mind," he replied. "I will walk to Bray" (which he did).

Again he was warned, "You will lose the Bray train."

He replied, "I don't mind, I will walk to Kingstown."

He was in earnest, and rightly so. In his own case in comparison to eternal realities, it mattered little that he held such an exalted position. The eternal was more to him than the transient. Heavenly blessing weighed more with him than earthly glory. Wise man !

It was the knowledge of this that led him to be so much in earnest with these young folks, probably country lads and lasses connected with the land, but their souls were precious.

Sir Robert's conversion occurred as follows. He was travelling in Scotland with his father, when they had to wait for some time at a country station.

The young man entered a churchyard to while away the time. Led by curiosity he removed some weeds from a gravestone and read:

"Here lies the body of Robert Matheson."

The coincidence set the young man thinking. What if it had been *his* body lying beneath the grass, where would his soul have been? The train of thought led to his conversion. He trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and was not only saved himself, but anxious, as we have seen, for the salvation of others.

Unsaved reader, we are really anxious for *your* salvation. Will you not be anxious about your own salvation?

Alas! *our* anxiety will not save you. *You must be anxious for yourself.* You must trust the Lord Jesus for yourself. He is the only Saviour, and He said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Will you not come, and that just now?

THE EDITOR.

FAST TRAVELLING.

ONE of the passengers on an express from the north was by no means pleased as he found himself being carried at a tremendous speed further and further south.

Others on the train might be delighted that they were rapidly making such good progress on their journey, but he was far from feeling comfortable, and with good reason as we shall see.

A postcard from Edinburgh that same morning had asked him to meet a friend, who was travelling from Scotland to the South of England. This he did. The wife of the traveller from the north stepped out of the carriage saying, "You take my seat, and talk with my husband, while I walk along the platform and get some fresh air."

At once the two friends entered into earnest conversation, and hardly heeded the sudden bang of the shutting of the carriage door, and the sounding of the whistle; but when the train moved off, the one whose wife was out on the platform jumped up, and he was so anxiously waving to his wife, that he succeeded in frustrating any chance of his friend getting out of the train.

"Ah, well," he said, in a tone of resignation, "I'll get out at the next station, hurry back, and tell your wife to follow by the

next train ! ” Instead of slowing up, however, as it neared the next town, with increasing speed the train dashed past, hastening them on and on, far down through the country ! He was *an unwilling traveller !* and though he explained the mistake to a railway official at the station where he alighted, he had to *pay the fare*, for he was told he had no right in the Company’s train without a ticket.

At his office they wondered where he had disappeared ! At his house, they wondered why he was not in at mealtime as usual ! Explaining to them afterwards, he said, “ Like many another, hastening onward to Eternity, I was *an unwilling traveller !* and yet had to *pay the fare thereof !* ”

That exactly illustrates and expresses the truth. Fast travelling, yes, very fast travelling marks the present age ! The great majority like it ! The exhilaration, the spice of excitement, the dash and the dazzle—withstanding the fact that they enervate and shorten life—are relished by many—especially by the younger portion of humanity.

But some are awakened to the fact that they are on the wrong track !—that a sinful world is travelling away from God and departing swiftly from all that makes up true happiness ! They realize that the downward

rush is fraught with awful danger, and that the price which is being paid in morals, health, and otherwise, is beyond estimate. They are *unwilling travellers*—but they are travellers on the wrong road all the same ! They *pay the fare thereof*, and the enormous cost appalls them ! They are frightened as they become more and more conscious of the degradation and ruin into which they are being plunged.

“ I am sowing the wind, and I shall reap the whirlwind ! ” exclaimed one of the votaries of a God-forgetting world ; “ but I *dare* not stop ! I *dare* not stop ! ” she added. This lady was being carried along by the world’s express to eternity. It was fast travelling truly for her.

Another was helped from this train by a faithful maid. This lady of fashion was a stranger to God’s love made known in Christ ; her devoted help was a true believer on the Son of God, the Saviour. Returning home late from a night of pleasure, the lady found her maid waiting up for her. Glancing at the book she was reading her eye caught the word “ ETERNITY.” It became printed on her mind. During the night she tossed and tossed and was troubled. The maid came to her side. In those silent hours the two conversed earnestly, with this result, that the lady left the world’s express, and

came as a needy sinner to the Lord Jesus Christ; and she soon learned the truth of the Saviour's words concerning those who belong to Him—"They are not of the world even as I am not of the world!" (John xvii. 16).

The hearts of many are failing them for fear to-day, as they see the cataclysm, so vividly depicted in the book of Revelation, drawing near; but why not obey the Gospel, and owning the sinfulness and need which the awakened soul feels, come to the Saviour whom God has provided? There is salvation in Him.

God, who is rich in mercy, has intervened in this sinful world's history! He has no pleasure in the way of the wicked, nevertheless, He so loved the world that He gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and those who trust in Him shall never perish.

Moreover, Christ willingly died for our sins. He was buried, but He rose again the third day. Exalted to the right hand of God He is Lord of all, and the Word of God proclaims, "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). Quit the world's express, and take God's way of salvation. Don't delay! v.

"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY."

THE "*Sunday at Home*" invited its readers to send in a list of twenty hymns in order of merit according to the idea of each sender. The well-known hymn,

*"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"*

came in twelfth on the list.

The way in which it came to be written may not be widely known. Its author was William Cowper (1731-1800), son of a clergyman. His mother died when he was six years old to his great and enduring loss.

He was admitted to the Bar at twenty-three, but at the early age of thirty-five deep depression and acute melancholia settled upon him, which continued more or less throughout his life, relieved by some bright, lucid intervals. For the last twenty years of his life he lived at Olney, next door to John Newton, the author of the hymn beginning,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

In one of his bright intervals, seven years after this depression had settled upon him, he was used to the conversion of his brother John as he lay on his death-bed. His brother died a triumphant death, a contrast to that of Cowper's himself, who died with his mind clouded by mental distress, refusing all

words of comfort, speaking of his unutterable despair, and regarding himself as eternally lost.

The hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

was written when under strong suicidal mania. He had many times attempted to take his life, thinking as John Newton tells us, that God was calling him to sacrifice himself. He hired a post-chaise to take him down to a certain spot by the river Ouse, intending to drown himself. The driver, however, was unable to find the spot, and consequently Cowper had to return home.

Reason returned to him, and realizing God's merciful intervention, and how wonderfully he had been preserved from the sin of suicide, he sat down and wrote this beautiful hymn.

His last poem, "*The Castaway*," describes a man, who fell overboard, and, after many struggles, was overwhelmed by the waves and lost. Contrasting that man's position with his own he said,

"But I beneath a rougher sea,

O'erwhelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

But what was the poet's end? He died, as we have said, in deepest despair of mind, believing himself to be eternally lost.

After his death, however, **one** wrote who saw his body, "With the composure and calmness of the face there was mingled a look of holy surprise."

Was it as death ensued that the darkness of mind was suddenly lifted, and he perceived his entrance into a blissful world? We believe it was so. His own verse gives the secret both of doubt and distress of soul on the one hand, and of assurance and peace on the other:—

*"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."*

In the case of William Cowper mental affliction is sufficient to explain his condition of mind. Not mere doubts and fears, agonizing as they are when in connection with eternal issues, but utter despair was his sad condition.

Would that Cowper could have sung the following words, written by a life-long invalid:—

*"I see the glory from the cross,
Like morning's crimson ray,
Touch from afar earth's night of sin,
And bright'ning into day:
I see, like sunshine everywhere,
God's goodness, mercy, grace:
And for the rest, I trust His love
Until I see His face."*

Though this was the case, did a faithful God throw off His weak child, who had trusted the Saviour and the authority of His holy Word? Ten thousand times assuredly not. Evidently salvation did not depend on his feelings, but on his simple faith in Christ, though alas! obscured by his mental condition.

But it is not to detain your attention with Cowper's extraordinary case, but to help those who are in doubt and fears as to their soul's salvation that we pen these lines. Take Cowper's own lines:—

*“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain.”*

Unbelief is always blind. Faith always exclaims, “I see.” There is the blind unbelief that refuses Christ and His claims altogether. Sad, sad beyond words is this. May God grant that this is not your condition.

But there are many, whose need of salvation has led them to trust the Lord Jesus as a personal Saviour, and yet they cannot say they are saved, and if sometimes they are on the mountain top, and can claim the assurance of faith, often they are in the valley of depression, and are filled with doubts and fears.

From whence arises this condition of mind? The answer is very simple, "Blind unbelief," and it is "sure to err and scan His work in vain." For instance, we spoke to a married lady "only two days ago. I enquired if she was saved. Her answer was one that tens of thousands would give, "I hope so."

I said to her, "If I asked you if you were married, you would not say, 'I hope so.' Why say, 'I hope so' in this far more important and eternal matter?"

I went on, "Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then look at this verse, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' (Acts xvi. 31). YOU believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and this verse says that such are saved. On the authority of this verse can you say that you ARE saved?"

"Yes, I can," she replied, as the light entered her soul, "I see that clearly."

Faith always exclaims, "I see."

Unbelief as to God's Word in her case, doubtless through ignorance, led to her doubts and fears, but when she found out that,

*"God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain,"*

she found "*joy and peace IN BELIEV-
ING*" (Rom. xv. 13). It is, in short, taking (1) the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour that saves the soul, and (2) believing God's Word simply that banishes doubts and fears, and gives "*joy and peace IN BELIEVING.*"

Reader, have you that joy and peace? God means it for you. The terms by which it is received are simple indeed. It is only your fault if you do not enjoy it. Christ is preached as the Saviour of mankind, and you may believe on Him, and His own word is "sure and stedfast."

"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). May this assurance be yours!

THE EDITOR.

WAS GOD UNKIND?

SOME years ago I rented a house in the North of London, paying the rent quarterly to the landlord, who called regularly for it.

But the day came when my landlord was too ill to come, so I had to call upon him in order to pay the rent. Strict business being attended to we engaged in general conversation.

The old man was some seventy years of age, and had been a very healthy man all his life, and had never known what it was to be severely ill.

He took to his new experience very badly. With tears running down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "I do not know what I have done that God should punish me like this."

I, however, put the matter in a new light. I told him how favoured he had been with such uninterrupted good health during a long life. How good God was in giving him time to think of that which he had hitherto neglected, even the question of where he was going to spend eternity.

I reminded him that he might have been cut down without a moment's warning, and ushered into eternity unprepared, nor could he have good ground of complaint if it had been so, seeing he had a long life in which to think of these things.

I pointed out "the kindness and love of God" (Titus iii. 4), in thus reminding him by this serious illness of his approaching end, and of the "long-suffering of God to

usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all [including himself] should come to repentance " (2 Peter iii. 9).

Thank God, the truth began to dawn upon him, and this way of looking at it began to drive out of his mind the hard, bitter thoughts of God he was cherishing.

Thus he was prepared to listen further, and to meditate on God's great love in giving His only Son to die for guilty sinners, and in the end he was led to put his faith in the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour.

His heart was filled then with God's goodness in thus pardoning a long life of neglect in receiving him and giving him forgiveness of sins on the ground of the atoning work of Christ. How true it is that "the goodness of God leadeth . . . to repentance" (Rom. ii. 4).

My reader, have you, like my landlord, been receiving and enjoying for long years God's many daily benefits without any thought of your real state as a sinner in His sight? Remember, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23).

If so, may He in mercy lead you to seriously consider this. "The goodness of God" has been fully expressed in and through the gift and atoning death of His

own Son on the cross, and "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

Be entreated then to turn to and trust the Saviour, who still says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37), lest you should be like one "that being often reprovèd hardeneth his neck [who] shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1).

God grant that you may hear His voice in time.

J. ROBERTSON.

WHERE ARE WE IN THE WAYS OF GOD?

BETWEEN
THE FIRST COMING
and
THE SECOND COMING
of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A truly momentous interval !

His first coming was in grace ! The Scripture says, "Now once in the end of the world [or the end of those ages in which man was on trial] hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26). This surely was a work of infinite grace, behind which was the infinite love, which had undertaken to solve the question of sin in our Lord Jesus Christ appearing to

put it away "by the sacrifice of Himself" !

The far-reaching effects of this work are stated in Col. i. 20-22, in those wonderful words: "And having made peace by the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven."

How mighty is that work which has secured, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace" (Luke ii. 14)—the present application of which is so blessedly declared for every believing soul, "And you that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and un-reproveable in His sight" (Col. i. 21, 22). The Book of Truth speaks the truth, and gives us to know "the grace of God in truth" (Col. i. 6).

What a wonderful interval this is in the ways of God, in which we are brought to see how all blessing proclaimed to-day has relation to heaven itself ! It is heaven's interlude ! But all God's "works are done in truth" (Psa. xxxiii. 4), and in order that we may find our individual portion in this blessing we have the declaration for our hearts and consciences, "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after

this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation " (Heb. ix. 28).

God's appointment of death and judgment is affirmed, for He is " A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is He " (Deut. xxxii. 4), in order to bring out the other side that all men will not suffer such penalties, because, " Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and to them that look for Him [assured that the work of His love in dying for them has effected their salvation] shall He appear the second time without sin [which was settled at His first coming] unto salvation " (Heb. ix. 28).

This implies the conscience and heart taking account, in repentance and faith, of the Saviour's love in His intervention in infinite grace, to bear the sins of those who have come to rely on Him alone for salvation !

Whose sins has He borne ? The sins of the repentant malefactor ? The sins of Mary Magdalene ? The sins of Simon Peter (who denied Him with oaths and curses) ? who afterwards wrote this testimony of His grace, " Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree " (1 Peter ii. 24). The sins of Saul of Tarsus (at whose feet the

men who stoned Stephen to death, laid down their clothes), who speaks of himself as being "the chief of sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15)?

Yes, emphatically yes ! But what avails these testimonies if *you* cannot say, in faith, "*Christ bore MY sins*"? It is only thus we come to have a personal soul-saving interest in the atoning death of our Lord Jesus Christ !

In the midst of the uncertainty of life, and in view of the speedy return of the Lord Jesus, which will close this day of heavenly grace and infinite mercy, it behoves us to hearken to the solemn question, which comes in all love to our souls, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3).

*"If you could see Christ standing here to-night—
His thorn-crowned head and pierced hands
could ;
Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's
own light,
And hear Him say, 'It was for you, for you,'
Would you believe and Jesus receive,
If He were standing here?"*

THE LEVER AND THE FULCRUM.

IN the year 1887 a few Christian soldiers, stationed in Chakrata on the Himalaya Mountains, obtained leave to build a small hut in which to hold their prayer meetings, the erection of which at first seemed an insignificant matter, but eventually it proved a difficult and dangerous task.

In the first place, the rocky ground had to be practically cut out of the side of the mountains to form the site. A deep ditch had to be made all round the site in order to carry off the torrential rains which ran down the hill during the monsoons. The stones wherewith the walls were built had to be carried up or down to the site, and oftentimes just as a desirable stone was almost landed it slipped out of hand and went bumping down to the bottom of the mountain.

Stampedes often occurred amongst the amateur builders by the sudden appearance of centipedes, scorpions and snakes, when disturbed in their nests by the removal of the rocks.

But our greatest trouble arose just when and where we least desired or expected it. We had almost finished the very difficult task of excavating for our foundation, which

had to be fairly deep, when we discovered a huge rock just where we intended the door to be. At first it seemed quite small, but the deeper we dug the bigger it was found to be, till at last we seriously considered giving up that site altogether.

Just then, however, a friend came on the scene, who loved the brethren, and who, on becoming acquainted with our difficulty, said, "I'll soon get rid of that rock for you !"

So off he went up the hill and presently returned with a large iron crow-bar, which he called a "lever." Plunging the flat end of the lever as far as he could under the rock, he leaned on the other end and pressed with all his might. But the huge rock did not move a hairsbreadth; in fact, the only thing that seemed to move was the soft earth on which the lower part of the lever rested.

Our friend, with a wise shake of his head, said, "I shall have to get a *solid* fulcrum on which to rest my lever before I shall be able to move *that* rock !" So off he went again, and this time returned with a face beaming with confidence, on his shoulder was a short, thick piece of iron, which he called a "fulcrum." Placing this fulcrum just where the soft earth had given way under the pressure of the lever, he once

more pressed heavily on the other end of the lever, and very soon, to our joy, we saw the huge rock, not only come out of the place in which it had been so deeply and firmly embedded, but hurled clean over the precipice.

It was gone † out of *sight* and out of *mind*, as far as being an obstacle to building our hut was concerned. Of course, we thanked our friend, and soon after our hut was completed, and our first meeting was devoted to giving God our heartfelt thanks for carrying us through all our difficulties and dangers.

But in addition to learning a very useful lesson that day from a *material* point of view, I was taught a still more valuable lesson from a *spiritual* point of view. It reminded me of a time when I first tried to draw nigh to God, but found that huge obstacle of my sins lying "at the door" (Gen. iv. 7). And the more I tried to get rid of that "intolerable burden," the bigger it seemed to grow, till at last I felt like giving up all hopes of ever passing through those "pearly gates" into heaven, as "nought that defileth could ever enter there."

Indeed, it was with heartfelt sincerity that I often sang those lines in the church choir—

*"Weary of earth; and laden with my sin;
I look at heaven and long to enter in:
But there no evil thing may find a home."*

I could get no further; those three lines exactly described my feelings, and I could never venture to sing the fourth line—

*"And yet I hear a voice that bids ME
come!"*

That voice, I was convinced, could never bid a sinner like *me* "come." I was not only "without God" and "without Christ," but "without *hope*."

But just then, a Friend who *loved* me appeared on the scene. That Friend was God Himself. And He was anxious to have me in His presence. But He was prevented from gratifying the love of His heart, for He, too, found *sin*—my sin—lying "at the door," and being a *holy* God He could not have me in His presence with *one* sin upon me, for He is "of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity" (Hab. i. 13).

But it may be asked, was not His *love* sufficient in itself to remove that load of sin? No, no more than the desire of our friend was sufficient in itself to remove that rock.

But surely His combined *love* and *power* could enable Him to get rid of it? No, no

more than the combined desire and lever of our friend could enable him to move that rock.

Just as our friend needed a *solid* fulcrum on which to rest his lever to enable him to hurl that rock over the precipice, and thus accomplish his desire to help us, so God needed a *righteous* fulcrum on which to rest the lever of His *love and power*, whereby He could hurl the heavy load of my sins out of His sight and mind for ever.

That solid, righteous fulcrum He has found IN THE CROSS, for there Christ *bore* my sins (1 Peter ii. 24), there He *suffered* for my sins (1 Peter iii. 18), and there He *died* for my sins (1 Cor. xv. 3). And on the *solid* ground of the atoning death of His Son on Calvary's cross, God has been enabled by His mighty *power* to hurl my sins out of His sight and mind for ever, and thus gratify His *love* and have me in His own presence for ever. Sin no longer lies "at the door," for now I can sing—

*"My sins—oh! the bliss of this glorious
thought!"*

*My sins—not in part, but the whole,
Were nailed TO THE CROSS, and I
bear them no more!*

*Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O
my soul!"*

Reader, can you say as much? You can, if you will only trust the Saviour now.

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

T. C. MACCORMACK.

THE ONLY WAY OF BLESSING.

AN Indian and a white man became Christians. No sooner was the gospel explained to the Indian than he accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and passed into the knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins. The white man, on the contrary, found great difficulty in receiving the gospel and finding peace.

One day the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness, and you immediately found peace?"

The Indian replied, "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough,' and you refuse the offer; but the prince comes along and offers me the coat. I look at my old blanket, and I throw it away and take his offer. You, sir," continued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness,

you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteousness; but I have nothing, and when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I simply take it."

How true is this difference in ten thousands of cases. So many think themselves good enough for heaven. They think decent, clean lives, attending a place of worship, doing a good turn to a neighbour, helping all good causes, suffice for their eternal blessing. The gospel falls upon their ears, but their ears are dull. Self-complacency is a deadly opiate. Their fancied self-righteousness threatens to be their destruction. They have no sense of need, and this only makes their condition a thousand times worse.

If one such should read these lines I pray you to wake out of your sleep. You are a poor, needy sinner on the way to everlasting ruin, and you need the gospel. The gospel is the only message that can bless your soul for eternity.

Learn the *true* nature of your self-righteousness. Isaiah, the prophet, found it out, when he wrote, "All our righteousnesses are *as FILTHY RAGS*" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

Come in your true condition to the Saviour. Come in the worn-out blanket of your sin, and take the spotless robe of divine

righteousness. The father cried to his servants, when the prodigal son returned, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him" (Luke xv. 22).

This robe of divine righteousness was procured by the atoning death of the Lord had by faith, and without it you are eternally undone.

Oh ! see to it that you do not miss eternal blessing. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

THE EDITOR.

"AT GOSPEL PRICE."

THAT was the answer I received to an enquiry made regarding a little job I desired a friend to execute for me.

Having asked what price he would do the work for, he replied—" *At Gospel price!*" Jesus, and by that alone, and can only be

To show what he meant by those words, he quoted, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price !" (Isa. lv. 1).

He also explained that seeing the work was for the spread of the Word of God, he would esteem it a privilege to be allowed to do it free.

How few understand to-day what "Gospel price" is! "Freely ye have received, *freely give!*" (Matt. x. 8), said the Lord Jesus. Again, the last gospel invitation in the Bible says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*" (Rev. xxii. 17). And of those who believe we read, They are "*justified freely*" (Rom. iii. 24). Therefore, the words quoted above eloquently proclaim to us what Isaiah's beautiful language means, when it says, "Buy . . . without money and without price!"

The apostle Paul wrote: "This is a faithful saying . . . Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners!" He did all the work that salvation might be free, yes, free for the chief of sinners, as Paul styled himself. Again the apostle wrote, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). The Lord Jesus is now raised from among the dead, and He is seated upon the throne in heaven. He is the exalted Saviour.

Those, who receive in faith the good tidings of the gospel of God, *at gospel price*,

can consequently say,—in the language of Romans v. 1,—“Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

*“ Oh, ‘PEACE WITH GOD,’ thou dost my
bosom fill;
Nought of my own—to Christ I owe it all,
Who wept, who bled, who died on
Calvary’s tree,
Who bore the stroke of judgment due to
me
And freed my feet and hands!—my
tongue shall tell
The grace of Him who doeth all things
well.”*

It is only necessary to look away from self and self-efforts to Christ and His finished work to obtain that which God desires us to have. Then, like one of old, the soul will exclaim, “Salvation is of the Lord ! ” (Jonah ii. 9).

Let any anxious reader, therefore, abandon all thought of obtaining, by any doings of his own, that which is offered “freely” in the gospel. Let him give up all thought of personal merit, religious endeavours, works of righteousness, and, simply accept God’s salvation at “Gospel price,” for we are told in Ephesians ii. 9, it is “NOT OF WORKS LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST ! ”

R. STEWART.

THE MIGHTY DELIVERER.

"There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city: yet no man remembered that same poor man" (Eccl. ix. 14, 15).

THE little city with few men within doubtless refers to this world with its inhabitants. The great king is, without doubt, Satan, the Prince and God of this world, an enemy of tireless activity, who is the head of a vast host of demons, and whose sole desire is to beguile and deceive the inhabitants of this world.

At the creation of man he entered into the serpent, and beguiling Eve by his subtilty, secured the downfall of Adam, and through him of the race, and the entrance of sin into the world. Here, then, it was that the great enemy of our souls launched the attack which had such disastrous result for man, because through it, "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12).

Yet, blessed and most wonderful truth, that though the whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, "God so loved the world

that He gave His only begotten Son." There was thus found in it a poor, wise man, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

But only at infinite cost was the mighty deliverance obtained; for it cost the Son of God, Himself, His own life, His most precious blood.

Then look away to Him who is seated at the right hand of the majesty on high, a mighty Deliverer, the Lord Jesus, the only Saviour.

May it not be said of you as those of old—"Yet no man remembered that same poor man." Is it nothing to you that deliverance has been procured for whosoever will? There are none whom He is not able to save, none whom He is not able to keep eternally. Hear the voice of the Son of God: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Will you not come? God grant it.

H. PARKINSON.

"ALL SAFE."

IT was on Monday afternoon, May 10th, 1926, during the great strike, that the "*Flying Scotsman*" was wrecked in a coal-mining district as it was proceeding southward.

The catastrophe took place just one mile south of Cramlington, Northumberland, and one of the passengers wired shortly after to a lawyer in Scotland,—"*All Safe!*" He had been the guest of the lawyer for the week-end, having travelled north by the same train on the Saturday to preach the Word of God on the Lord's Day.

One of the L. & N.E.R. officials, a Christian man, had kindly told the preacher of the perils attending the journey of the well-known express, but having a message of peace to proclaim in a world of strife—the "glad tidings of great joy" in a world of sorrow and gloom—the news of salvation where some were bent on wanton destruction—he travelled northward with the Word of life.

The danger zones were safely passed. Nor did heavy showers of sharp stones do little more than uselessly smash the glass windows, while iron and sharpened steel missiles fell harmlessly at the feet of passengers, or of those in charge of the train. The progress was slow. Often the express was stopped, for closed crossing-gates had

to be opened, or, where deemed needful, smashed apart by the engine itself. On reaching his destination, the servant of Christ wired to his dear wife, "*Preserved safely, none injured, thank God.*"

Having observed the care and ability of those in charge of the "*Flying Scotsman*," he had no misgiving in being a passenger again for the journey south. He remarked, "All deserve the fullest praise." Moreover, his confidence was in the One who is above all—"the Preserver of all men"—the God of his salvation.

One, who had preached Christ to multitudes in his life-time, was asked when he was dying, if he had any misgivings in trusting the Saviour then. "No!" he replied, "if I had a million souls I could trust them all to Him!"

Among the last words quoted to the passenger on the Scotch express, before leaving, were some Scriptures from a calendar that morning: "Fear not, I am with thee"—"I am with thee to deliver thee"—"I am with you alway."

Everything went well till Cramlington was reached, and even then some interference, which caused the slowing down of the train, was so mercifully over-ruled, that, instead of scores of passengers being killed outright, not one single life was lost.

While proceeding carefully, the part was reached where the wreckers had done their dastardly work, and the great engine left the rails. Soon it overturned, carrying with it the first coach, while the next, in which the preacher was, canted the other way, and so steadied the others behind. All were preserved from injury except that in the front coach a gentleman's ankle was hurt.

Kept in perfect peace amidst the crashings of the derailed wheels, the cracking and splintering of wood, the falling of luggage, and the flying of broken glass, without even a scratch, the preacher was soon freed from the compartment where he was imprisoned. After lending what aid he could, and reaching home before the news of the wreck of the "*Flying Scotsman*" was made known, he wired to his host in Scotland—"ALL SAFE, THANK GOD !"

Having often told others that the Lord Jesus Christ was an all-the-way-home Saviour, little did he expect to experience such an illustration of that grand truth. There is, however, this difference. The train, which carried its hundreds of passengers safely was at last wrecked. But Christ can never know any breakdown or wrecking. All power in heaven and earth is given into His hands, and having passed through the atoning sufferings of Calvary, and risen

triumphant from the tomb, He is the exalted Saviour at God's right hand, so that it can be confidently said of those who trust in Him, "ALL SAFE."

When sitting quietly at home with his family these lines came to the servant of Christ:—

*"What shall it be, when dangers all are
past,
And led by Thee,
We reach our home—the Father's house
at last,
To dwell with Thee?
How loud the chorus which we then shall
raise,
And sing for ever to Thee, in Thy praise."*

The Saviour could say to the Father as to those who believed on Him, "Not one of them is lost!" and the day is nearing when "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied" (Isa. liii. 11). He said of His own, "They shall never perish" (John x. 28).

Can the reader not trust this wonderful and worthy Saviour? Let him do so now, and he shall prove that the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, is able to save him and to preserve him all along life's journey till the heavenly home is reached.

A CAR CONDUCTOR'S MISTAKE.

A CHRISTIAN friend relates the following incident:—

“ Travelling in a Melbourne tram-car I offered a Gospel tract to the conductor, who refused it saying, ‘ I have no time for these things,’ and, as if desiring to close all further discussion on the point added, ‘ I think the Bible is an obscene book, and is not fit to be read in the family.’ ”

“ To this I replied in substance as follows: ‘ I have just arrived from England in the *S. S. Himalaya*. Whilst I was on the voyage I observed that the captain had a small cabin under the Bridge in which he kept his charts. Had you been there you would have seen a chart of the voyage tacked to a board, and on it here and there were shown black dots of various sizes and in different places. What were those dots for, think you ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I suppose they would represent islands and rocks and sunken reefs to be met with on their route,’ was the reply. ”

“ ‘ I presume that you know that these marks were placed there so that the Captain might run his vessel against them.’ ”

“ ‘ Nothing of the kind,’ exclaimed the conductor somewhat warmly. ‘ They were marked on the chart so that the captain might avoid them.’ ”

“ ‘You are right,’ said the Christian friend. The Bible is God’s chart, and here and there on its pages are marked rocks and shoals on which some ancient mariners on the sea of life have come sadly to grief, and in some cases have made shipwreck of their lives. Sad indeed as those records are, such as the sins of Noah, Lot, David, and others, but did God record them in order that others might be encouraged to do the same, or are they placed there as warnings that we should steer clear of these dangers, lest we should come to similar disaster ? ’

“ ‘ I see it all now,’ said the conductor. ‘ I have an infidel lodging with me who has instilled these things into my mind, and when I get home I shall have it out with him.’ Thus the conductor got his eyes open to these foolish ideas.”

It is true that some portions of the Scriptures may be read publicly, and others are to be pondered in private, but “ All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness ” (2 Tim. iii. 16).

Suppose the lives of these cavillers were faithfully recorded, do you think that they would be fit for their families to read ? Some parts of them might perhaps be read in public, but there are parts that, sad as

they may be, they themselves might profit from, if they reviewed them, as one day they must, in the light of the presence of God. Then will come to light "every secret thing whether it be good, or whether it be evil" (Ecc. xii. 14). Thank God, He *now* assures us, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9).

Some time ago we heard of a London City Missionary, who was accosted by one of this stamp of infidels, when David and his sin became the subject of his criticism. As he finished his attack, in a very triumphant tone he said, "And this was supposed to be a man after God's own heart !"

When he had finished, the missionary quietly said, "Next time you tell that sad story will you kindly tell the whole of it ?"

"I have told the whole of it ?" rejoined the infidel.

"No," said the missionary, "you have not."

"What have I omitted ?"

"You have omitted David's own account of the end of it. I'll read it to you:" and opening His Bible he began to read Psalm li. 1-4, "'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness . . wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and

cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.' Again, referring to the same thing in Psalm xxxii. 4, he says, 'Day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me . . . I acknowledged my sin unto Thee,' and then he adds, 'And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' What a wonderful finish that was to such a sad story, but you left that part out! Next time you tell them the story of David's sin, tell them how bitterly he repented before God, and how graciously God forgave him all. It may be that some of your hearers will be secretly troubled about sins in their own lives, and it will encourage them to do as David did, and they, too, will get God's pardon."

Usually infidelity of this type is but an effort to silence the outcries of a guilty conscience, though it actually does nothing of the kind.

It leaves the grave question of their sins untouched, and consequently their conscience unrelieved.

God Himself suggests a more excellent way. He says, "'Come now, and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool'" (Isa. i. 18).

He says in effect, "Come and talk this matter out with Me this very day. I will lift sin's burden from your conscience, and remove sin's crimson stain from your soul." "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Never mind the other man's sins. Look not into his life, for "Every one of us shall give account of *himself* to God" (Rom. xiv. 12). Look over your own shoulder, and back upon your own life, and though you may find sins that blaze up like bonfires in your memory, yet remember, David could say of God that, "There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared" (Psa. cxxx. 4), and the cleansing virtue in the precious blood of Christ still avails for you.

*"Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow."*

Be wise. Secure God's forgiveness while mercy lingers and longsuffering love waits to be gracious. Be sure of this, if you don't get God's forgiveness you will never get your own: that is, you will never forgive yourself, and more than that, you will have all eternity to regret it.

A WEALTHY SOCIALIST'S FEARS.

A REMARKABLE dread of old age is revealed in the will, which has just been proved, of a wealthy socialist, who died aged sixty-six." Such were the newspaper remarks upon the tragedy hidden in a will from which the following is extracted:—

"I have not been ill, neither did I absent myself for even one day from my work, but was abstemious in all things, with one hour's physical exercise every morning, a bachelor, but I reached the sixty-sixth year. But, alas! notwithstanding all the abstemiousness and physical culture, the accursed old age has arrived, all its bitterness following slowly, slowly. Hence to me is agreeable the abrupt end, the passing away, and thus I descend to the grave relieved from the awful struggle of life and odious old age and its awful consequences for me."

Thus does youth and activity give place to age and feebleness. Who can stay the hand of time, which, as an ever-rolling stream bears all its sons away?

The world's philosophy admits the case, but offers no solution.

"The moving finger writes, and haying writ

*Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."*

The Word of God alone gives the truth, for Scripture says, "It is APPOINTED

unto men once to die " (Heb. ix. 27), and mark the fact, all the power of the universe is behind the appointment to compel YOU to keep it, unless through simple faith in God's Son and His atoning death, you obtain the forgiveness of sins, in which case your happy privilege will be to wait for " His Son from heaven " (1 Thess. i. 10).

But how different from the wealthy socialist's end was the case of a dear Christian who, in the prime of life, was suddenly stricken down by a fatal illness. Standing at the open grave, attending the funeral of a friend, little did he realize that in just one week his loved ones would be standing round his grave. But so it proved. He was taken ill on returning home, and the alarming symptoms developed very rapidly; the doctor was called and declared that there was no hope.

With breaking heart his wife gave him the doctor's report. " John," she said, " do you know that in a few hours you will be with the Lord ? " and the dying man replied, " That *will* be glorious."

What could give such assurance in view of death ! Ah ! he knew the Saviour had died in his stead, and to fall asleep was but to pass into the presence of the Lord and to see His face. That made the prospect

glorious, and before he passed away he sang that hymn,

" Jesus hath done all things well."

Dear reader, dare you sit down and think of death and the judgment that follows it? If you would have peace in view of that, think of the Saviour's death, believe in His atoning work, accept Him as YOUR Saviour, and God's Word says, " 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 judgment, but is passed from death unto life " (John v. 24).

" Hark ! the voice of Jesus calling—

' Come, ye laden, come to Me;

I have rest and peace to offer,

Rest, thou labouring one, for thee;

Take salvation—

Take it NOW and happy be.' "

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

TOM'S TWO PHYSICIANS.

OUR train had just pulled up at a countryside railway station in Australia when a young man entered, and seating himself by my side began quietly to hum the tune of a hymn as the train moved off.

I thought to myself, "If he hums that tune through as many times as there are verses in the hymn, I shall conclude that he is following the words in his mind. I listened, and four times over he went through his tune, that being the length of the hymn. Just then, a fellow-passenger began to hand round to the occupants of the carriage some Gospel tracts, and this young man, noting the title of the one given to him, said, "May I pass this on when I have done with it?" "Certainly," was the reply.

Observing the title, I said to him, "Do you know the meaning of that—the real meaning in your *heart* and *experience*?"

"Yes, thank God, I do."

"How did that come about?"

"Do you see that farm building away through the gum trees? That is where I come from. I have been there for some time now. My first boss was a Christian man, who was greatly concerned about us fellows. He had Gospel meetings every week for us, but I could not be bothered with the thing. I liked my beer, my pipe

and cards, but I just hated what the boss was so keen about. Thus things went on until I found that a strange complaint was affecting me so that I could not get through my work as I used to do.

“ At last the boss saw that something was amiss, and he said, ‘ Tom, you put the horse in the buggy, and drive down, and see the doctor. You are not right. Let him thoroughly overhaul you.’

“ Now, I thought, it is all up with me. The doctor will examine me, and he will probably say, ‘ Young man, you have not long to live.’ The boss will turn me off, and then I shall be done. I put the horse in and drove off. The doctor lived ten miles away, and I did not hurry the old horse a bit the first five miles, I can tell you. I got talking to myself in this way. ‘ Look here, Tom, you are in a bad way. Probably you will get bad news from the doctor, and if you’ve got to die you’ll just wish you were a Christian. But then, Tom, if the doctor says you are all right you won’t want to be a Christian, will you ? ’

“ As I got working it backwards and forwards in my mind, I saw there was only one thing for it, and that was to give myself right up to the Lord Jesus Christ *before I got to the doctor*, and knew what my future might be. So I pulled up by the road-side,

and jumped out, and got down behind the buggy on the grass, and said—'Lord Jesus, its no use my going on any longer like this. I am all wrong. I am a big sinner. I am lost, and I know it; but I want Thee, Lord Jesus, to take me just *here* and *now*. Oh ! take me as I am,' and the Lord did so. I trusted Him just then and there as my own personal Saviour.

"I jumped into the buggy, and didn't I go joyfully forward on the road the other five miles ! I did not care what might happen now.

"Going along, the Lord seemed to talk to me, as if He were sitting by my side. He seemed to say, 'Tom, you are Mine now. I want to use you as my messenger to others, but I want you to give up taking any kind of strong drink, for I don't like My servants to touch it. It is a bad example to others.' 'Lord,' I said, 'I will never touch it again.' 'And the pipe, Tom; I just want you to give it up *for My sake*.' Away went my pipe, pouch, and tobacco into the road, for I really felt that the Lord was claiming me altogether.

"I got to the doctor, and he made a close examination of me, and said, 'Young man, I can put you right if you will attend to my instructions. You must give up all alcoholic drink, for it is bad for your complaint.'

“ ‘ I have given it up already.’

“ ‘ And then you must try and do without tobacco smoking.’

“ ‘ Well, doctor, that’s given’ up, too.’

“ ‘ You will be all right then, if you are careful, young man.’

“ ‘ Thank you, doctor, but oh ! I seem to feel all right now. I got put right on the road before I came here.’

“ ‘ Then why did you come to see me ? ’

“ ‘ The fact is, doctor, I met another Physician while on the way to you.’

“ ‘ Another Doctor ! What do you mean ? There is no other doctor within forty miles of me. What is his name ? ’

“ Reverently, and with tears coursing down my cheeks, for I could not keep them back, I said, ‘ His name is Jesus—the Lord Jesus Christ, doctor,’ and then I told him all that happened. He took my hand and said, ‘ Young man, I wish I could say the same as you can, but I cannot. Still, I feel that you have helped me, and I thank you for it. You will be all right ere long in every way.’

“ That is how it all came about, and I have been praising God ever since, and I am now glad to help on the Lord’s work on the farm in any way I can.”



Such is Tom’s simple story ; and we are

glad to reproduce it for the encouragement of others, yourself included, dear reader.

There is nothing more urgent and necessary than to be quite honest with yourself and the Lord Jesus. He has pledged His word that He will receive any one and every one who comes to Him in repentance and faith, as Tom, this young Australian farmer evidently did. Hear His own sweet words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Will *you* come? Delays are dangerous. Come now, and then you can gladly and truthfully sing our happy song:—

*"Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me, with all my sin,
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him, I'll enter in."*

ARTHUR CUTTING.

"THIS IS THE WORK OF GOD."

THE preacher of the Gospel in the course of his address proceeded to press home the truth of the Scripture,

"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).

He pointed out also, that the work of Christ on the cross was the ground of the believer's blessing; and that His resurrection from among the dead secured the believer's justification.

Toward the close of his remarks the speaker guarded what he had said by explaining that when we were told in James ii. 24, "By works a man is justified, and not by faith only," this in no wise contradicted Romans iii. 28—"A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." nor Romans iv. 2—"If Abraham were justified by works, he hath whereof to glory; but not before God."

Those last two words give the key—"before God,"—faith alone justifies us in *God's sight*, through the death and resurrection of Christ. James on the other hand, looks for justification in *man's sight*: he therefore says, "*Show me thy faith.*" Pre-supposing the faith which God sees, he looks for the works of faith, which man sees; for the works of which James speaks are the evidence of the faith of which Paul speaks. Works without faith are called, "*Dead works,*" so "faith without works is dead also" (James ii. 26). Faith, therefore, comes first and bears fruit in the works of *faith*.

Urging his hearers to come in faith to the Saviour, the servant of Christ warned them that they could not, by any doings of theirs, make God indebted to save them, for all have sinned against Him.

Again, said the preacher, it is written of those who have received Christ, "NOT BY WORKS of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy HE SAVED US" (Titus iii. 5). Seeing, therefore, they were debarred from salvation by their own works it would be well to accept God's way of salvation, and believe on the One He had sent, for "*This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent!*" (John vi. 29).

*

*

*

The address was over, but several lingered behind to question the preacher. One who had been relying on his own works for salvation was most earnest in his enquiries. We will designate him the Ritualist.

RITUALIST.—Where does it say in the Bible that *religious* works are *dead works*?

PREACHER.—In Hebrews ix. 14, it is said, the blood of Christ purges the conscience from "*dead works*" to serve the living God.

RITUALIST.—Why should the Bible speak of them as *dead* works ?

PREACHER.—Because they are done before salvation has been received,—before life in Christ Jesus is possessed.

RITUALIST.—But does it not say we are to work for salvation somewhere in the Word of God ?

PREACHER.—Certainly not ! Christ obtained eternal salvation for the believer through His redeeming work. It is well, however, to know what the Bible does say to those who have that salvation. In Philippians ii. 12, it tells them to work it "*out*," for God works "*in*," "both to will and to do of His good pleasure." That is very different to working "*for*" salvation. Is it not ?

RITUALIST.—Yes, that is very clear. I wish I knew the Word of God better. I reverence it, but I do not seem to know its teaching as I ought to. What you explained about faith justifying before God in Romans, and works before men in James, has helped me ; but is there not something said about works of righteousness ?

PREACHER.—Titus iii. 5, speaks of them ; only to show, however, that salvation is not of these, but of God's mercy. Again, it is said in Isaiah lxiv. 6, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Moreover, the

Gospel of God declares, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth" (Rom. x. 4).

RITUALIST.—But surely you don't mean we are not to keep the law? I regularly pray for my heart to be inclined to keep it.

PREACHER.—If you pray that, it proves that your heart inclines otherwise. Those who are saved and sealed by the Spirit are not under law, but they fulfil the righteousness of the law as they "walk . . . after the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 4). We are distinctly told, however, "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20). The law shows where the sinner is wrong, but it cannot put him right. Grace saves the one who believes, and the Spirit gives him power to walk so as to please God. It is written of such, "We are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom. vi. 14).

RITUALIST.—Might that not lead to laxity of conduct?

PREACHER.—Just the opposite. Indeed, that same verse emphatically says, "Sin shall NOT have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

RITUALIST.—I understand then, we are shut up to faith in the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, for the blessing?

PREACHER.—That is right. Salvation, righteousness, and eternal life are ours through faith in Him. They are ours, though there may be much for us to learn concerning them, but they are ours nevertheless, in Him. Indeed, it is written, "Ye are complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10).

RITUALIST.—I see things quite differently now. Works have been my object instead of Christ. It is good to see that the work of God is to believe on Him.

PREACHER.—Yes, we receive all in faith. "The flesh profiteth nothing."

After the preacher and the enquirer, *ritualist no longer*, had thanked God together for giving His beloved Son, that eternal life might be theirs through faith in Him, they shook hands heartily; and looking back, the enquirer exclaimed, as his countenance beamed with new-found joy, "*This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent,*" as they parted.

Reader, have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Herein lies your only hope.

V.

HAVE YOU GOT A BIBLE?

IT was in the high mountains of Upper Savoy. We were ascending a lofty mountain one morning, after leaving a town where we had been evangelizing.

Suddenly we heard loud cries of, " Stop ! Stop ! " coming from behind. We did so, and beheld a man driving as if for his life, coming from the direction of the place we had left.

I only wish my readers who, perhaps, have become somewhat indifferent in these matters, could have seen that man spring from his cart, his eyes ablaze, his arm extended, as with choking utterance he cried,

" HAVE YOU GOT A BIBLE ? "

It appeared that he had arrived at his home in the town where we had enjoyed a time of spiritual power and blessing. He had heard the joyful news, and immediately set off in the hope of overtaking us. Our answer calmed his nerves: " Yes, we have a ton of them." And when he got the longed-and-prayed-for treasure, oh ! how he fondled and kissed it, casting up his eyes to heaven in sheer gratitude to God. The scene was pentecostal in its force. Then came our earnest query:—

" TELL US ALL ABOUT IT."

Many years before, a lady passing through the town had given him a Bible. It had become his dearest earthly treasure. " Yes," he said, " every night I read it for two hours before going to bed ; even in the time of harvest. And then, alas ! three

years ago, my house was burnt, and with it my precious Bible. And every day since then I have prayed God to send me another," and pressing it again to his bosom he cried in a broken voice, " Grace à Dieu ! la voici ! " [Thank God ! here it is !]

Our hearts were bowed in praise.

How does your practical appreciation of the Bible compare with his? Has it brought to us the good news of salvation? May God be pleased to revive His gracious work in our hearts, and then thrust us out, and send us forth in the Spirit's power with the Word of His grace.

*"Go and tell them ! go and tell them !
How the Saviour bled and died ;
How He rose in glorious triumph !
Go and preach the Crucified.
Millions now await the story—
Millions who have never known
Of the joy, and peace, and glory
Found in Jesus Christ alone."*

ONE MISTAKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IN a recent International Typewriting Contest for the Championship of the world a thrilling scene was provided, especially by the two principal contestants — Mr. Tangora and Mr. Hossfield.

To see these experts striking eleven keys every second for 3,600 seconds—to watch their keenness, every power of mind and hand stretched to its utmost limit, till the hour expiring left them spent and exhausted—was indeed a thrilling sight.

Two hours passed while their work was checked to decide which should be the champion, but they ran each other so very close, that a re-check was made with the greatest care. At 2.0 a.m. the result was declared. Tangora had won by the margin of $\frac{8}{60}$ th of a word. One mistake more out of the 41,140 times Tangora struck the keyboard and the championship would have been lost, one mistake less on the part of Hossfield and he would have been acclaimed the champion.

How much depended upon such an extremely narrow margin. To be so near and yet to have missed the coveted Championship must have been very galling to the loser.

May we not wisely use this incident to arrest your attention and ask *you* a very

serious question? Are you not, if an unbeliever in Christ, making a great mistake in neglecting the gospel of the grace of God? It is remarkable that the word "mistake" does not once occur in the Bible, but the word "sin" occurs about 500 times. The Bible calls a spade a spade, and we are thankful for its directness of speech.

We cannot call a mistake in the Typewriting Contest a sin, but we can surely call the neglecting of the Gospel a very grievous sin. Are you guilty of this sin—a sin, maybe extending to many years, a sin of each moment of your existence whilst an unbeliever?

Think of the death of Christ. If what the Bible claims is true, and we believe the Bible to be true from cover to cover, what a tremendous claim it makes. Did the Son of God die for you? Can you, in the presence of such divine love remain an unbeliever, and not be guilty of the blackest sin?

If God had to forsake His well-beloved Son, and pour upon Him all the judgment due to sin, when He took the sinner's place, what can be the portion of those who, in addition to the sins of commission and omission of a lifetime, add to the multitude of them the crowning sin of omission, viz., the neglect of God's only way of salvation?

We may well ask the question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3). Scripture itself answers the question. "If they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth [viz., Moses in the giving of the law from Sinai], much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. xii. 25).

What a terrible doom lies before the Christ-rejector? May that never be your portion. The issue lies in your hands.

THE EDITOR.

JUST IN TIME.

IT was much impressed on my mind that I should visit, at the earliest opportunity, J. S——, who was lying seriously ill in The London Hospital.

On Sunday morning I went to the hospital, but the hall porter told me that visitors were not admitted at that hour. I explained the urgency of my visit. Going into his office he drew from under his desk a large-sized slate, and finding my friend's name thereon, he passed me in. He told me it was called the "danger slate." Only the names of patients, who were very ill, and nearing their end, were put on it, and he had authority to admit the relatives of such at any time.

I went in, and sat down at J. S——'s bedside, and though very weak and gasping for breath, he showed how glad he was to see me. I had known him some years, and also knew his mother, who walked in the fear of God and longed to see her son saved from going down the broad road with heedless companions.

He could only bear a very brief visit, so going straight to the point I repeated softly two or three times, those choice words from Romans v. 6, "For when we were yet WITHOUT STRENGTH . . . CHRIST DIED for the UNGODLY."

He said, "Yes, I've been *ungodly*." He seemed to take in that he had spent his whole life on the broad road, regardless of God. As he only spoke of the last word, "UNGODLY," I said, "But the Scripture says also, that we are "WITHOUT STRENGTH."

He pondered, but seemed not to lay hold of the meaning of these words. Just at this point his nurse drew near, and I said to him, "Suppose nurse told you to lift the patient from the adjoining bed, and carry him through that door into the next ward, could you do it?"

He answered, "Ah ! I could not do it."

The Holy Spirit used these simple words and enabled the poor man in his weakness to grasp what it was to be "*without strength*,"

as far as obtaining his soul's salvation was concerned. Speaking slowly and clearly, I said, "For such helpless ones as we are, with no strength, and ungodly, CHRIST DIED."

He gradually took in the wonderful and precious message straight from the Saviour, and we are sure there was joy in heaven that Sunday morning over this repenting sinner (Luke xv. 7), and joy on earth in the heart of his widowed and praying mother.

When leaving the hospital I felt sad at the thought of the numbers of men and women who leave the incomparably important matter of turning to God till the end of their lives; they know not what they miss. God offers them a present, perfect salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, a present joy unspeakable and full of glory, and for the sake of a few passing hours of so-called pleasure, they run the awful risk of being "suddenly . . . destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1), and of sinking into a lost eternity, in outer darkness.

Some people profess conversion on a sick bed and when they recover it is manifested that it has been only profession. There has been no true heart-repentance towards God, which must come before there will be true faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for those who were sinners, ungodly, without strength, enemies.

"Come NOW . . . saith the Lord " (Isa. i. 18), and you will be IN TIME.

*"Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly:
Be in time !"*

J. ROBERTSON.

HOW GOD USED A DENSE FOG

IT was one of the coldest and foggiest nights that we Southerners had ever experienced. The 8.20 p.m. train was slowly steaming out of the station on its way to an ancient university town.

Instead of starting at the due time, we had left at 9.45 p.m., and were not surprised to find on our arrival that the hands of the station clock pointed to the midnight hour.

Scarcely a soul was on the platform save the ticket-collector and a Christian friend of mine: and it is in connection with the former of these two men that I am telling this story in the hope that it may prove a blessing to many a reader.

The saying that, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," was to be proved again that night, as the following conversation will show.

"Well ! old man, how are you ? " said my friend, as I gave my ticket to the man whom I had often seen in days gone by, but had never realized that he was to be another trophy of God's grace.

"What, you don't mean to say you've been waiting for me for two hours in this weather, and at such a time of night ? " I asked.

"Oh ! yes, I have," he replied, and God has given to me one of the grandest opportunities of my life—but wait a minute—I'll tell you all about it."

While we were piling overcoats and rugs over us I suddenly remembered I had a copy of "*Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment*" left in my pocket, and hastily pulling it out I gave it to my friend for him to pass on to the ticket man.

"He was delighted to have it," said my friend, "and I know he will read it right through. And now I'll tell you about him.

"Your train, of course, was two hours late, and it seems that God has allowed this dense fog to-night for one great purpose at any rate. As the station was practically deserted I was enabled in the course of the two hours to extract the following story from the ticket collector.

"Although he appeared to be quite a happy and cheerful man, yet for the last

four years his life had been, in a word, misery.

"Not once, nor twice, but many times he had intended to throw himself on the line before a passing train, and so hasten his end; but an unseen Hand prevented him.

"At another period the thought struck him that he had some grave disease——.

"Just when he was telling me this, I interrupted him, 'Ah, yes,' I said, 'you have a disease, but not the one of which you are thinking,' and I began to tell him of the 'Great Physician,' of the One of whom it was written:—

'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised (Luke iv. 18).'

"The man was drinking it in. 'For years,' he said, 'I have been keeping up my spirits by means of tonics, but at last you have told me of the right remedy.'"

Before we left the station the ticket collector had made up his mind that he would "have it out" with God that night, and so settle the great question of his soul's

salvation before he laid his head upon his pillow.

When we arrived at the hoûse we were greeted by a cheery fire and supper, but before retiring for bed we commended our railway friend to our gracious Father in heaven, and earnestly prayed that God would save his soul that night.

My delight may be better imagined than described when, a day or two later, I received the following letter from my friend,—

“ Dear C—,

Praise the Lord—the little ticket-collector at the station has come through. He has trusted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. I saw him to-day. Just praise God, and pray for him that he may have grace to go on and to witness.”

My reader, will you, if unsaved, be encouraged to come to the Lord in the same way as this dear man did? The Lord says, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. ‘37). Will you come?

It is *your* blessing we desire in narrating this story of God’s grace.

COLIN T. SMITH.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

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

BUT

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

THE LORD JESUS SAID:—

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

The Apostle Paul, when narrating his conversion before King Agrippa, explained the absolute necessity that sinners should

"REPENT AND TURN TO GOD" (Acts xxvi. 20).

The apostle John testified that

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth . . . from ALL SIN" (1 John i. 7).

You can do nothing to save yourself, nor do you need to do so, for the Lord Jesus, as He died on the cross, cried, with a loud voice,

"IT IS FINISHED."

Yes, the work of atonement was gloriously completed. How simple then it is.

Just

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be SAVED" (Acts xvi. 31).

Take God at His word, and everlasting blessing is yours, but remember that He has also said,

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. vi. 3).

In this solemn warning from God, you are told not to trifle with Him, or He may harden your heart, and your eyes and ears be shut to the Gospel message.

The Bible tells us that Christ may come at any moment. Christians everywhere are waiting for His return. He may come at this very moment, so make no delay, lest He come, and taking His people to heaven, leave you behind for judgment.

A. F. SETON POLLOCK.

"SUDDENLY . . . DESTROYED."

SOME years ago, during a smallpox epidemic, a friend of mine was matron of an isolation camp, consisting of a series of canvas tents on a large common.

One of the patients, an old man, who had led a very wicked life, and whose language and general behaviour were trying in the extreme, professed to be an infidel. He was

most ungrateful for all that was done for him. He knew, too, that he could not recover.

One day the doctor and matron were standing near, while two nurses were seeking to make him comfortable. He was vociferously cursing and swearing, when he suddenly rolled over and—*died*. The doctor was so upset that he sat down and wept. The whole staff were quite unnerved.

Terrible indeed for such a wretch to pass out of time into eternity, so hurriedly, so unprepared. Terrible indeed for those who witnessed his end. Alas ! it is no isolated case.

What is the use of narrating this case ? you may ask. We reply, It is well to face realities, however unpleasant and unpalatable they may be. If only the narration of this sad, sad case may make you think seriously of your' own condition before God, we shall be amply rewarded.

Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation " (2 Cor. vi. 2), but remember, " He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy " (Prov. xxix. 1).

"A SPLENDID IMPOSSIBILITY."

IT was at the close of one of those "Limp Sydney days," proverbial among the people of the Commonwealth, that a young Australian strolled leisurely into a Bible and Tract Depot in that city, as though the hot and humid atmosphere had robbed him of his usual energy.

His ostensible object was to purchase a book, though he could not exactly say what kind. Putting a few questions to him, it became evident that his desire for a book was considerably outweighed by another and a deeper one. There was a double object in his visit, and he had a story to tell.

At first our questions were answered quite casually, and with an apparent indifference. Presently a question of a more personal character was put, that drew from him the remark—"I think this living the Christian life may be all right as an ideal, but I have come to the conclusion that it is a splendid impossibility.

"You have come to that conclusion, have you? How did you arrive at that?" we asked. "You surely have been giving these matters some consideration. Do you mind giving us a little more detail?"

His careless air had now gone, and he began to speak with considerable emotion, his eyes now and again being suffused with tears. Occasionally there would be a tone

of bitterness and reproach in his words, that he should have been so evidently misled, and thus so sorely disappointed, in spite of the genuineness of his desire to be right.

Briefly his story was this. He had attended some popular revival services, during which, conviction that he was not right with God deepened upon him; but what was he to do?

Presently, the usual "appeal for decisions" was made, and among those who stood up at that invitation was our young friend, when some would-be helper asked him if he really wanted to "live a different life," he very sincerely replied in the affirmative. "Then why not decide for Christ now, and here?" he was asked.

Earnestly he replied, "I will," though he knew nothing of what it really meant. Accordingly, he was numbered among those who had "come to a decision."

He continued, "The feelings I had that night soon passed, but I was determined to stick to my resolution to do my best 'to live the Christian life,' as it is called; but now it all seems to be a hollow sham, and I a fool for ever attempting it, for I am more wretched to-day than I ever was, and I am going to *give it all up*."

He had clearly reached a crisis in his life, but it became evident that it was another

case of "Man's extremity" proving to be "God's opportunity."

We may be certain that Satan was not going to give him up, without a struggle, and so he lost no time in taking advantage of his disappointment.

Aggressive young infidels had plied him, and cornered him with their specious and flippant arguments, and assured him that the whole thing was nothing more than religious emotion which would soon pass off. "Now," he said, "I feel that they are nearer the mark than I have been."

"What did you expect your decision for Christ was going to do for you, in the way of getting right with God?" we asked.

"Oh! well; I thought that by doing this God would forgive me, and I could begin again with a clean slate."

"Have you got a clean slate now?"

"Oh! no, indeed!"

"Of course, you have not. If God's forgiveness or, as you term it, 'A clean slate,' could be obtained by your living a different life, then the death of Christ was not necessary. Sin is a more serious matter than that. Sin carries with it the sentence of death. 'Death [is] passed upon all men, for that all have sinned' (Rom. v. 12). Good resolutions for the future will never lift that sentence from you. 'But God com-

mendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us' (Rom. v. 8)."

This is alas ! no isolated case, and it may be typical of your own, dear reader. If this is so, then by way of illustration let us change the scene from an Evangelistic meeting to a Criminal court.

Suppose you are standing before the Judge, having just been sentenced to death. Asking for permission to speak you say, "My Lord, I wish to say that I am exceedingly sorry for my past, and I have decided to alter my life for the future, and I will earnestly endeavour to live a good life."

What would the Judge say, think you ? Something like this, surely, "Your resolution for the future cannot lift from you the sentence of death under which you stand. Practically you have no future, for when you step down from that dock the world will be no more for you. You had only one life, and that life is gone—forfeited by your crime."

"Oh ! " you say, "surely my case is not parallel with that ?"

"Alas ! dear reader, it is exactly that. Sin is not the trifle that men think it is. It may be an ugly word in the Bible, but it is also an ugly fact in your history that carries with it a still more ugly sentence—

Death ! "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Eze. xviii. 20). God has graciously stayed the execution of that sentence to give you space for repentance. "The Lord . . . is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that *all should come to repentance*" (2 Peter iii. 9).

"But am I not to decide *for Christ*?" you ask.

Certainly: but your first decision must be *against yourself*: that is, you must turn to God with contrition, and own that His sentence is justly resting on you, and that no alteration of your future life can lift that sentence. That is what God means by coming to repentance, and that is just *the* decision that thrills heaven, and fills the heart of God with joy. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv. 10).

Now comes your "*decision for Christ*": that is, you decide to abandon all your own efforts, and simply and fully trust in Christ and His finished work—His precious blood, which alone can cleanse you from all your sins, and make you right with God. With all the earnestness we are capable of we would urge you to lose no time, dear reader, make that great decision and secure that blessing to-day. Loiter and you may lose it for ever.

ARTHUR CUTTING.

"I'M TOO WICKED TO BE SAVED."

THE above words were spoken to a servant of Christ by, a miner. His past history had been so full of misdemeanour, his life was so disfigured with dark blots, and his character so notoriously bad, that he had come to this conclusion concerning himself, he was too far gone for God to have anything whatever to do with, unless it were to punish him for his sins, therefore he said, "*I'm too wicked to be saved.*"

A work of divine grace was proceeding in the district where Bob lived—for that is the familiar name by which his friends called him. Some of these had been won from the paths of sin and folly to trust in and follow the Saviour. They had forsaken the broad road which leads to destruction, and were now treading the narrow road which leads to life eternal. One of these said to the preacher, "Speak to our Bob to-morrow night. He has promised to come to the meeting, and we are praying to God to save him. You'll see him sitting beside me."

It was very easy to distinguish Bob from the others, although the hall was crowded with eager listeners. He sat with his head bowed during the address, and tears started from his eyes at the close when he heard

some of his friends singing so heartily and so happily,

"Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine."

As he was leaving, he held out his hand to the speaker and said, "I've enjoyed the meeting, Mister. It was good to be here, and I'll come again, but I'm too wicked to be saved."

"Then you are the first I have met," responded the Lord's servant. "I have never found one before too bad to be saved, and the Bible tells us in Acts x., through the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, *"who-soever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."*

Moving away as he was speaking, Bob exclaimed, "Thank you! thank you for your words! but you don't know me, I'm too wicked to be saved."

Among the earliest comers Bob took his seat in the gathering the next night. He listened very intently, and his eyes were fixed on the preacher this time. The address showed from the Word of God that He had sent His Son into the world to save sinners, and that His saving grace overabounded where sin abounded, also that He could now righteously forgive and save the sinner who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, because Christ had died for his sins upon the cross, and had been raised again

from among the dead for his justification; therefore, the grace of God could justly bless *anyone* who came to the Saviour.

After the meeting was over, Bob lingered behind. He was waiting for an opportunity to speak to the servant of Christ, and when he saw him disengaged he walked up to him and said, "I see the light now, thank God." Then, bursting into tears, he put his big hands upon the preacher's shoulder and, resting his head upon his hands, he sobbed out, "*God's grace is greater than my wickedness!*"

"That is true," said the preacher: "and it is to the praise of His saving grace when one who has sinned against Him is forgiven through the atoning blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Looking up at the preacher he exclaimed, "It is wonderful! 'Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine.'"

He then shook hands with his dear friends who had prayed for him, a few of whom were waiting to accompany him home. They were anxious as to his wife. She was an industrious, handsome woman, but he had treated her far from well. She received the news of her husband's conversion coldly, and said in effect, "He has had his innings. It will be my turn now." It did not last long, however. Bob bore everything

meekly, and prayed earnestly that God would save her.

One evening, when the meeting was going on, a strong and striking female figure came quickly into the hall. There were only a few vacant seats and they were near the front, so she walked firmly forward and sat in one of them. A smile of pleasure, which she could not see, passed across several faces, and a low whisper, which she could not hear, said, "It's Bob's wife. May God save her to-night." He did so, and she became a greater help than ever to her changed husband.

As for Bob, he continued to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Both his enemies and his friends were at peace with him. A great love for the truth led him to read the inspired Book of God with increasing zest and interest. Some feared he would become too "booky," but the wholesome teaching of God's Word produced a practical believer as well as an intelligent one. It was good to talk with him and his dear wife about the work of the Lord and the Word of God.

Bob was not too wicked to be saved after all ! and he became a living witness to the fact that God's grace is greater than our wickedness ! Has that grace saved

the reader yet? Through the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ, those who believe on Him are forgiven and saved righteously.

v.

"IT'S ALL IN THE BLOOD."

A MAN in the prime of life lay on his couch. Suddenly laid aside by sickness, from an active business life, and from a place of prominence in the church of which he was an esteemed member and office-bearer, he had leisure time given to him to think. Never before, in the days of health and religious effort, had he considered his own personal condition in the sight of God, or where he would go when earthly life was past.

On the Lord's Day afternoon, a friend called to see him, and in course of conversation he said to the sick merchant, "I have more than once been at the very gate of death, and I cannot describe what peace I enjoyed at the prospect of meeting God, simply trusting in the precious blood of the the Lord Jesus Christ as my only plea, my only title."

The sick man raised himself on his elbow and said—"I have been thinking about the same matter a good deal of late. I feel I have not been sufficiently zealous in religion to enable me to say I can look into the future as you do. I would give all that I possessed if I could."

"Religion is not a title to heaven, dear sir," replied the Christian visitor. "Religion never gave anybody peace with God, or a title to His presence. *The blood of Jesus Christ ALONE can do that.*"

The sick man seemed bewildered. He had been accustomed to think that religion was the very best thing in the world, and that when people spoke of "conversion," "salvation," and "cleansing by the blood of Christ," they simply expressed in that way, and according to their own peculiar creed, the same thing as he called "religion." His friend saw his perplexity, and in order to take full advantage of it, to bring before him the Gospel of God's salvation, he said—"May I read you a short portion of the Bible?" to which he received a glad consent. The portion chosen was the twelfth chapter of Exodus, in which an account of the Passover, the sprinkling of the blood, and the safety of the firstborn are given.

Commenting briefly on the verses, he said—
“It was the blood shed and sprinkled, the blood trusted, and it alone, that gave safety to all within the houses that night. All under the shelter of the blood were safe, all outside it, no matter what their character, were doomed to judgment.” There was a solemn silence in the room as he finished reading, a silence which the visitor felt unwilling to break, as it seemed to him that God was working deep conviction by His Spirit through the Word, in the soul of him who lay at his side.

Sitting up, the sick man stretched forth his hand, and grasping the hand of the visitor, said slowly, with great emotion—“It’s all in the blood. I see it now, as I never did before. I have been trusting to *my* religion, and *my OWN* righteousness, but now I see clearly that *my only title* to salvation is in the blood of Christ.”

Can you say as much, reader?

(*Extracted*).

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN'S DOUBLE DELIVERANCE.

WHEN Nicholas I. ascended the throne as Emperor of Russia he was faced with a dangerous widespread conspiracy in which many of his leading nobles were involved. Many guilty noblemen were imprisoned, and many suspected but innocent noblemen likewise.

One particular nobleman so seized was innocent. Of a specially fiery nature he bitterly resented his imprisonment. He raved like a madman, cursing God and the Emperor. After some days a minister sought to calm him, but without effect, and the Bible he left the nobleman flung with rage and contempt to the far end of his cell.

As day succeeded day, the awful solitude of solitary confinement began to tell on the unfortunate man. He picked up the Bible in despair, hoping thus to distract his thoughts, and opened it at random. But, if he opened it at random, surely it was no odd coincidence, but the guiding of a divine hand that led his eye to rest on the words:—

*“Call upon Me in the day of
trouble: I will deliver thee”*
(Psalm l. 15).

What a voice to him ! He was infinitely struck by the words he read, but pride led him to refuse to accept the invitation of God to call upon Him. It was a day of trouble indeed, but pride and resentment kept him from yielding.

The next day he again opened the sacred volume. His mind became interested. He read largely and committed whole chapters to memory.

At last the story of Divine love touched his heart. He learned for the first time the tale of the cross—how unjustly Christ was condemned to die, and yet willingly He went to the cross in order to make atonement for sin, and to enable God righteously to offer pardon, forgiveness, salvation, to the repentant believing sinner.

Longing to be delivered from an unjust imprisonment, he found the very circumstances of it were used of God to acquaint him of a deliverance from something infinitely worse—even from the doom of his sins in an eternal hell. Reader, have you experienced such a deliverance? You need it. We all need it. Better far never have been born than miss it.

Peace and contentment now filled the nobleman's heart, taking the place of anger and rage. He wrote on the eve of his expected execution a long letter to his aunt and sister, breathing the spirit of content and happiness, and assurance as to his future.

Madame Dubois, at one time a missionary to New York prisons, was visiting these relatives when the letter arrived. His trial had taken place, unable to prove his innocence, he had been condemned to die.

The day of his execution arrived, and when his prison door opened he expected the

executioner and attendants to carry out the sentence of the court. Judge of his surprise when, lo ! the emperor himself stood at the door.

It appears a conspirator's letter had been intercepted, which clearly proved the innocence of this nobleman. The emperor apologized for his unjust imprisonment, bestowed upon him a general's commission and a magnificent castle, and ordered his immediate release.

Meanwhile his relatives were mourning for him as dead.

What amazement on their part when he suddenly entered the crape-hung salon of his mansion, where the ladies were pacing backwards and forwards in bitter tears.

What a story he had to tell of a double deliverance, and how the first verse that had caught his eye—

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee”—

had been gloriously experienced in his own life; firstly and pre-eminently, in connection with his soul's eternal salvation, secondly in deliverance from prison and death.

The nobleman has since passed to his eternal rest, but he has left behind the legacy of a fruitful Christian life. He built a hospital for the sick and friendless, and in other ways was used of God in the blessing of others.

He blessed God to his dying day that circumstances had forced him to the perusal

of God's Word. If these circumstances had not arisen he doubtless would have continued as he had hitherto been—careless and indifferent.

Readers, let this narrative lead you to the study of the sacred Word, and may it prove to you what it did to the Russian nobleman. We plead with you to be in earnest over this matter. You will soon be done with this passing scene, and where will you spend eternity? Christ died to save you. If you do not accept Him as your Saviour nothing stands between you and the punishment of your sins. Be in earnest. Be prompt. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

THE EDITOR.

PAINT, PUTTY AND PLASTER.

"**T**HESE premises will be converted to meet the requirements of an incoming tenant." Such was the announcement painted on a board in the front of an old building, that had stood unoccupied for a long time.

It had fallen into a very dilapidated state, the brick-front was grey and weather-beaten, the wood-work decayed, and the iron-work rusty. Everything about the place was dirty and dismal in the extreme.

But one day an impending change was evident. It was being "converted to suit a

tenant." The bricks were being covered with plaster, and the wood and iron scraped and painted. In a few days the whole aspect was changed. There was a bright coloured shop front, ornamented with what looked like granite and marble pillars, which were of course only painted imitations. All the wood was made to look like mahogany or oak, the doors appeared to be polished walnut, while the interior was decorated in white and gold.

The old place was not recognizable in its new guise, and yet it was not essentially altered. Its walls, windows, roof, doors and foundations remained the same, and although the exterior was more beautiful and imposing it was only because the defects had been covered; they were not removed.

This is not a faulty picture of thousands of men and women. They grow old and grey without having been born again, without being converted. They rely on being highly respectable, paying their way, being good citizens and friendly neighbours. They attend a place of worship regularly, contribute to their religious society, to foreign missions and every "good cause."

And I hear some one say, "Pray, what more can a man do? Has he not done all that was expected of him? He lives a good, clean, honest life, he helps his neighbours, and goes to a place of worship. Is not that sufficient?"

No. In itself it is not sufficient. There must be a vital change in his nature before a man can be fit for God. He must possess a nature that is suited to Him, and that can only be obtained by being "converted." Not converted like the old shop, for that was not converted at all. It was only "Renovated" and renovation is no substitute for conversion.

Scripture speaks of the great change that makes a man acceptable to God in many ways. We read of being "Born again," "Receiving the Word," "Coming to Christ," "Being Saved," "Trusting in Christ," "Believing on Christ," but never once do we read of Renovation, Reformation or Resolution.

God does not reform, He re-constructs. He does not restore men's failures. Adam broke down miserably and beyond recovery, and he has never been set up again.

God began anew in the person of His own Son, and to prove to all creation that He would not and could not fail, the Lord Jesus was tested in every possible way, by Satan, by man, and lastly by God Himself. This final test was the most terrible and severe. In the midst of His inexpressible sufferings on the cross as the Sin-Bearer He was forsaken by the God whom He loved, and who loved Him. He had to cry in the midst of His many sorrows, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46).

But His love to His God and to men carried Him through it all, through being made sin, and through the death that was a cursed one. But in all this He glorified His Father and His God, wherefore, "God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name" (Phil. ii. 9). Thus He has proved His superiority to every trial, and has become the One through whom God is now blessing the sinner.

It is by coming to Him, who is the One whom God presents as the Saviour, coming to Him, turning from yourself, and your own works, whether they be good in your estimate or otherwise, finding Him sufficient to meet your need as a sinner—this turning to Him is "Conversion."

The answer is, however, expressed in other ways, for God in His grace comes down to our level, and puts the grand truth from different points of view. Thus in John v. 24 we read, "He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Is not that clear enough? Then again, "Neither is there salvation in any other [only in the Lord Jesus] for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

The Apostle Paul could say to the Philippian jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi.

31). The Lord Jesus Himself said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

Does not this really amount to your putting every bit of trust in the One whom God has trusted to do the work of redemption, and who has borne all His judgment against sin, and who is the great Saviour, able and willing to save all who come to Him?

If you have not done so, but are trusting to your outward appearance, and to your morality as seen by the world, you are relying merely on paint, putty and plaster, instead of trusting the blessed Lord Jesus Christ—God's tried and trusted Saviour for men.

Be wise and build on that immovable foundation which is laid, Jesus Christ, and he that believeth in Him shall not be confounded.

S. SCOTT.

A TROPHY OF GRACE.

ROBERT — was of exemplary character and was well known in one of the villages of Northumberland. But illness came, and the otherwise strong man was laid aside in what proved to be a blessing in disguise, both to himself and his devoted wife, although he only lived some nine months.

It was during a visit of two Christians that Robert — became a new man: that his soul passed from death unto life—eternal life—through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

One of the visitors was reading a portion of Scripture to the sick man, and on his ceasing, the other said, "I would like to tell you a story:—There was a docker who lived in the Midlands: but he was characterized by swearing and blaspheming, and could scarcely open his mouth without uttering an oath. His language often distressed many; but he had an accident, and was badly crushed: he was taken to an Infirmary, and whilst the doctors were seeking to alleviate his sufferings, his language was so profane as to disturb and perplex both the doctors and nurses.

"The next morning a godly clergyman called, who was accustomed to visit the Institution, and asked the nurse in charge whether any new cases had been admitted.

"‘Yes, sir,’ she said, ‘there is one, but this man has so distressed us with his language that I think you had better not see him.’

"‘Will you please take me to him?’ the clergyman asked. When he reached the patient, he intimated how sorry he was to see him in such a position and added: ‘But I have a message from God to you—It seems as though a golden chain was reaching down from heaven to your bed, and at the end of the chain appears, as it were, a golden cross

bar, and from the bar hang these words: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John iii. 16); and below are other words, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37),' and with a few more words he left him.

"About midnight the man called the night nurse to his bedside and said, 'Nurse, I feel I am sinking, and I wish to thank you for your kindness,' and then he added, 'will you tell that parson chap who called this morning that I thank him for the words he spoke, which have been blessed to my soul, and I am going home to God.' "

As this story fell on the ears of R—— the truth seemed to enter his heart and conscience, and bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "I will trust Christ: I will trust Him!" What thanksgiving filled the hearts of the visitors as they joined in prayer for and with this newly born soul.

For nine months this dear man bore a bright testimony, in the midst of extreme bodily suffering, to the saving and sustaining power of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many a time, his wife said, when he would ask her to lift him to an easier position, he would say, "I cannot tell how it is that whilst I am suffering such pain in my body, my soul is so full of joy, and I can only think of the sufferings of my blessed Saviour as being infinitely more than mine."

Again, she would say in thankfulness: "It has been like heaven on earth, in this house since my husband took ill; and I have been wonderfully sustained in looking after him." Friends came from distances, and others in the neighbourhood visited him; but in quietness and confidence he witnessed to the Saviour's grace to him, and spoke of his being ready to go. No doubts perplexed him as he rested on the Saviour's word and finished work of Calvary: his last feebly expressed utterance as he entered into rest being, "Praise the Lord!"

Friend, how is it with you? The Gospel message still stands good, and you may yet prove the reality of the Word of God's grace: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts xvi. 30).

D. R. HUNTLY.

THE SAILOR'S ANSWER.

I MET Harris only once. It was on the S/S "*Boston City*." He was what they call a "first tripper." Lack of work in England had forced the lad to sign up. As it was his first trip the roughness of the men and the hard work made it severe for him.

I had been giving out Gospel papers to his shipmates and was talking to one of them when he was called away. This left

me alone with Harris. He was busily engaged reading one of the leaflets known as "*Messenger of Peace.*" I stood watching him for a time. Suddenly he looked up and saw me. Then he spoke.

"I've been all through this experience," he said.

"What," I answered, "are you truly a Christian? Are you really saved?"

"Yes," he replied, and then went on to tell me of the noble work done by a servant of the Lord in his home town in England. He seemed quite real about it.

I decided to test him, however. "Tell me," I asked, "if you are truly saved, what makes you sure of it?" His answer I shall never forget. It came back with wonderful swiftness and earnestness. Looking at me straight in the face he said, "THE WORD, SIR." Ah! this is it. "THE WORD." Yes, *the Word OF GOD* makes men certain. Harris had gone through "The Penitent Form," "Open Confession of Christ," "Baptism," and "Joining the Church," but to make SURE OF SALVATION he was not looking to these but to *God's Word*. Reader, heed the lesson. The Holy Scriptures make wise unto Salvation. God's Word is a Rock. STAND ON IT.