

“THE SOOTHING INCANTATION.”

The author of this interesting narrative is a doctor of medicine, practicing in Tehran, Persia. He received his medical training in America, and is to-day a very successful practitioner in his own country. ED.

HOJI MIRZA ABDOLLAH was a wise minister and overseer to the powerful Hussain Khan, the Amir. He was also a pious Moslem. His jurisdiction lay over some one hundred villages of the Amir.

In time he became a patient of mine, all the more attached to me, because I had been the means of curing his eldest son of acute mania. We often talked together about spiritual matters. On one occasion he told me he could not understand why God in the Koran, the sacred book of the Moslems, swore by the fig tree and the olive, until he read the Bible, which told him that “His excellency Jesus” had frequented the Mount of Olives, when on earth, and used the fig tree as a type of Israel.

Alas! this good man, Hoji Mirza Abdollah, fell a victim to that fatal disease, cancer of the stomach. When he got disappointed with

my treatment, his friends called in other Hakims, or native doctors, whose treatments naturally were worse than nothing.

His end was approaching. His body was racked with pain, but his agony of mind was worse to bear. There he lay groaning, sighing and tossing about.

I prayed to God that I might see him again. The prayer was granted, for his wife and brother sent for me medically to correct a maltreatment of one of the Hakims.

What a sight met my gaze ! A sinner, "having no hope, and without God in the world" (Ephesians ii. 12). What an awful prospect was his, to take "a leap in the dark," a poor sinner soon to appear in the presence of a holy and righteous God, and to find out that after death comes the judgment, for we read, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Hebrews ix. 27).

In Islam there is no certainty, no assurance. Even the prophet Mohammad and the archangel Gabriel are both reported to have wept because the Koran teaches that at the end God may play a deceiving trick upon them, and after all their efforts consign them to hell. How degrading are such views of a God of love, or even of righteousness, a God, who is just and true in all His ways.

I found myself in the death chamber of my patient, the room full of fanatical Mohammedans. If I had attempted any open testimony to the gospel, his fanatical Moslem rela-

tives and friends would have burst into fierce rage. So I prayed in my heart, and took courage, and leaned close to his ear, and whispered, "Hoji, 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth . . . from ALL SIN'" (1 John i. 7), and then left. What more could I do ?

Two days later my friend died. Soon after his death his brother came to me saying, "Please, what was the soothing incantation, which you uttered in my brother's ear, for after that every murmur, sighing and tossing about ceased, and he went to sleep peacefully, and in the end he passed away without a struggle. Everyone is astonished with your charms and magic."

Was what I uttered in the dying man's ear "a soothing incantation" ? It was "soothing," but was it an "incantation"—a charm, magic ? Blessed be God, it was no "incantation" but a blessed reality, a truth coming from God's own word. We read, "The blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are : and when I see the blood, I will pass over you" (Exodus xii. 13). The Lord Jesus, the Saviour, "made peace through the blood of His cross" (Colossians i. 20).

Dear reader, the day of death will overtake you. That terrible time must come, and you must die. Are you ready ? Would you not like the comfort, that Hoji experienced, which exchanged his terror for calmness and peace and rest of soul ? "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL SIN" (1 John i. 7).

Think of the mercy of God, which even now has sent you this message of peace from an unexpected quarter.

You did not expect to be addressed by a Persian physician. As a Mohammedan I found peace in Persia through the blood of Jesus Christ, through that atoning sacrifice accepted by God on my behalf as satisfaction for my sins. Millions have passed into eternity peacefully, because, like myself, they saw by faith that the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, was the blessed Substitute on the cross, suffering and dying for our sins, and they trusted Him as Saviour. They knew that God was satisfied with the finished work and the shedding of blood on the cross, and that God raised the Saviour from the dead on the third day, thus expressing His satisfaction with the work His blessed Son did on the cross for guilty sinners.

So we read, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Again, I earnestly beg you to consider this important question. Is it not a wonderful fact that the blood of Jesus Christ is able to make a poor guilty sinner stand before God without the "conscience of sins" (Hebrews x. 2), and that those, who receive Him as Saviour, can worship God "without a cloud above" to darken the vision, and "without a spot within," to mar communion with the Father and the Son.

My dear reader, will you not trust the Saviour and receive a "purged conscience," as I have,

thank God? Do accept what the Mohammedan called "the soothing incantation," in reality the truth and power of God, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Do not neglect so great salvation.

Tehran, Persia.

MIRZA SA'EED.



THIRSTY SOULS.

THERE is one type of thirsty soul with which we are all too familiar, very much in evidence as a Bank holiday, or other festival occasion, draws to a close. The empty char-a-bancs and motor cars stand outside the roadside inns whilst the thirsty passengers regale themselves both copiously and unwisely within.

There is another type of thirsty soul which, one fears, is not so numerous in Britain as of old. Yet it exists, and such thirsty souls are to be found. They are to be discovered all over the world, and perhaps more commonly in lands where hitherto the light of the Gospel has not very clearly shone.

Latgalia is a district in Latvia, the small republic that before the war was a part of Russia. An earnest Colporteur or Bible-seller, named Meshak, works in those parts. We will listen to his story as he tells it to us.

"One day, I visited Zilupe, near the Russian frontier, on a market day. The crowd immediately closed around me, and a number

of atheists began to speak against the Bible. They even said I should be ordered to leave the place. Just then a young man pushed his way through the crowd, bought three Russian New Testaments for friends in his village, and said how he would like to have the whole Bible, but he had not enough money. He explained what a blessing an old copy of the New Testament had been to him. The crowd's attention was at once distracted from the atheists to the young man, and somebody suggested he should sell his coat. He took it off and held it up, but no one would buy it. However, the young fellow was determined to have the Bible if possible, and asked me where I was going next. 'To Brigovsk,' I replied. 'Then,' said he, 'you can hire my horse and cart, as you have eighteen kilometres to go.' I accepted his offer, and paid him with a Russian Bible at the end of the journey. He kissed the Bible, and returned in his cart reading it. I sat and watched the thirsty soul go away."

What about the Bible that is lying somewhere in your home? Is it a fact that you would not be sorry to exchange it for a few cigarettes or some paltry trifle, were it not that you have a bit of superstition about you and fear such an act might bring you "bad luck"? You would hardly part with the very coat you are wearing to obtain a Bible, if you did not possess one; would you?

And why not? Because you have no thirst of a spiritual sort. And why have you not this thirst? Because you have no sense of the relative value of things. You yearn for, and grasp at, the things that fade and pass

away. You ignore the things that really satisfy and abide for ever.

Yet the salvation of which the Bible speaks, the water of life, is still being offered to you. Take care that you do not find the offer withdrawn, and so you miss it for ever.

“Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord: and they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the Word of the Lord, and shall not find it” (Amos viii. 11, 12).

In those days there will be a **multitude** of thirsty souls, and nothing to quench their thirst. The Word of the Lord will be withdrawn from them, and no mere word of man will be of use.

And no word of man is of any use to-day to meet spiritual thirst. No! Not even the word of the greatest of men, the most scientific of men! Nothing but the Word of God.

You will find that out one day. A day is coming in your history when you will feel as the celebrated Dr. Chalmers did. As he lay on his death-bed he said, “Now give me a little bit of the naked Word of God to rest upon!”

Happy for you, my friend, if a little bit of the naked Word of God is there for you to rest upon, when you reach that solemn hour. We cannot guarantee that; so we will ensure that **at THIS moment** you shall have one such little bit presented to you.

Here it is :—

“Be it known unto you therefore . . . that through this Man [the Lord Jesus Christ] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins : and by Him all that believe are justified from all things ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Make that your own by faith, and you will be able to sing,

“My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.”

F. B. HOLE.



ADVERTISING.

NEVER was advertising more to the fore than at the present time. Firms of magnitude think nothing of paying £1,500 for a full front page of a widely read newspaper for one day.

Sometimes, not often, we come across an advertisement out of the common which raises very mixed feelings on the part of those who see it. The great majority see an advertisement for whisky, cigars, theatre, cinema, dances, horse racing, house property or drapery values, etc., and they raise no resentment in the mind.

But let a man lift his eye in bus or tram, and be faced with an advertisement of the kind we refer to, and often his brow darkens, and he mutters an angry comment, “Why cannot they keep such things to Church and Sunday ? ” Precious little would he see of it, if this were

so, for probably Sunday finds him golfing or motoring or lying in bed.

Thank God, this form of advertising reaps the reward for which it seeks.

A soldier riding in a tram in London was reading a newspaper when a blue light fell upon the page. Looking to see the cause, his eye met a text of Scripture printed on blue transparent glass :—

“Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap” (Galatians vi. 7).

His life had been wild and godless. The arrow of God’s Word penetrated his conscience. He felt it would be a very serious thing if he reaped what he had sown in a life of sinfulness. That night he cried to God for mercy and forgiveness, and was heard. God never refuses the cry of repentance.

A young lady was travelling in the tram on a **Sunday** to a worldly party, when the text met her gaze,

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

This led her to think, and God led her on step by step, till a month later she was led to trust the Saviour, and became a bright Christian.

Again a lady from Australia was riding in a bus. For twenty-five years she felt she ought to worship God, but wondered how a sinful creature, as she was, could be made fit to

worship a God of holiness. She lifted up her eyes, and the text met her gaze :—

“There is One Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus” (1 Timothy ii. 5).

She had never grasped the fact of such a Mediator. The text came as a great surprise. There are multitudes in the land, who know no more, alas ! than the covers of the Bible. This lady got home, opened her Bible to read the words that had startled her, found out the way to be right with God, and trusted the Lord Jesus, who had died on the cross so that He might be the righteous Mediator. She trusted Him as Saviour, and became a bright Christian.

Take these texts, and weigh them well. Are you prepared to reap what you have sowed ? Are you prepared to lose your soul for material gain ?

If not, then turn to the one and only Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ. With God is “abundance of grace,” and “the Gift of righteousness” through the merit of that Mediator (Romans v. 17).

He satisfied the claims of a thrice-holy God against sin, and set Him free to righteously bless the believing sinner. Will you not then trust this Saviour ? All your hope lies in Him. Without Him it must be the blackness of darkness for ever.

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

**PEACE MADE—PEACE PROCLAIMED—
PEACE POSSESSED.**

AT the close of the American Civil War, in one of the Northern camps, a company of Union soldiers were startled by the sudden appearance of a half-famished, haggard Confederate soldier in a ragged and dirty uniform. He piteously begged for food. He had become detached from his company, and had lost his way.

"Go and help yourself," was the answer of one of the group.

To this the man replied, "I dare not, for I would be taken and imprisoned."

"But the war is ended," was the reply, "Don't you know **peace is declared**, and you need not fear?"

Needless to say, the starving soldier soon availed himself of the **results** of peace and satisfied his hunger.

We read of the prodigal, "He began to be in want" (Luke xv. 14). Have you, dear reader, been brought to feel the insufficiency and poverty of all that the world has to offer? Everything here is inadequate to satisfy the craving of the soul. The sweetest thing on earth has within itself a germ of bitterness, for all under the sun is "vanity and vexation of spirit" (Ecclesiastes i. 14).

Has the question of your sins and soul's need ever brought you to the place where David was when he cried, "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me : my moisture is turned into

the drought of summer" (Psalm xxxii. 3, 4).

"Go and help yourself," was the word of the soldier to the famished confederate. "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest" (Matthew xi. 28), are the words of the Saviour. Thank God, peace has been made by the blood of His cross, and proclaimed by the Holy Spirit, to the ends of the earth, and the Word of salvation is sent to all who have ears to hear. Dear reader, your need is your title to claim the sinner's Saviour, and since "peace has been made" you may possess it to-day by simple faith in Christ.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

Professor Simpson, M.D., D.Sc., the man to whom the world owes much for his medical discoveries, in delivering his farewell address as President of the College of Physicians, said, "I do not know in what mood of pessimism I might be to-day, had it not been that before the dew of youth had dried off me, I made acquaintance with the sinless Son of Man, who is the Well-head of the stream that vitalizes all advancing civilization, and who claims to be the first and the last, the Living One, who was dead and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of death and the unseen. My experience compels me to own that claim."

"Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced side,
Welcome they all have been, none were denied.
Weary and laden they all have been blessed,
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest."

Why not trust Him as **your** Saviour to-day?

J. W. H. NICHOLS.

“KNOWN UNTO GOD.”

It was in the autumn of 1927 that a friend and I spent a few weeks together in Northern France. We had reached Dieppe, having arranged to cross to England the next day.

I had not visited Dieppe before, so with my friend I sallied forth to see something of the town and its antiquities. The beautiful old Gothic Church of St. Jacques, founded in the 13th Century, standing near the centre of the town, attracted our attention, and we noticed that the main doors were draped with black velvet, indicating the holding of a funeral service.

As we stood admiring the fine old fabric, the doors opened and the funeral procession was formed, the coffin being covered by the national flag, from which I judged that it was a soldier's funeral. Never having seen such I followed to the cemetery, where, however, there was little to impress. A very brief service took place and all was very quickly over. As I moved away, I presently found myself in the military section of the cemetery and made my way to the British portion. These graves are kept in beautiful order, each grave bearing its headstone with the name of the deceased soldier, and his regimental crest cut in the stone. I was very gratified to observe how well the British Government cares for the graves of our soldiers, who gave their lives for our country, and I learned that British gardeners are employed for the work.

Looking at various inscriptions I was presently arrested by a quite unusual one, set out as follows :—

*A Sailor of the
G R E A T W A R
Royal Navy
16th July, 1916*

Known unto God

An anchor stood at the head of the inscription and a cross at the foot.

It made a very powerful appeal to me as I read it, and I said to myself, "Surely this epitaph has in it a wonderful sermon!"

Who was this nameless sailor, and how did he meet his end? Was he a converted man, or was he one who had not given serious thought to his soul's need? I concluded that his dead body with nothing to identify it had probably been thrown up on the shore, and had been tenderly removed, and given a Christian burial by the British Army Authorities, but further than this, must perforce fall back on the words on the headstone, "Known unto God."

What a reminder of the omniscience of Him who knows every heart, and how each has

treated His message of grace as made known in the gospel of Christ! May I ask, then, my reader, "What is Christ to you?" Can you say, "Thank God, He is my Saviour?" Or is it that He is little more than a name to you?

But to return to the inscription, does it not set forth what a true Christian is? Is not the first symbol a reminder of the Christian's hope as "an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast," thus beautifully described in Hebrews vi. 19?

And does not the symbol of the Cross remind us that no such hope could be his, had not Christ on the cross "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18)?

Thus, then, the headstone on the unknown sailor's grave brings forcibly to our minds that through faith the believer is brought to know God in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and thereby possesses a hope like an anchor "sure and stedfast," that, whatever be the ups and downs of life, heaven shall be his eternal portion. That by grace he has been brought to know God and he is one of whom Scripture says, "The Lord knoweth them that are His" (2 Tim. ii. 19).

Yet, while it is true that "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. iv. 13), there is a sense in which those who miss salvation will be unknown—**unknown AS HIS**—hereafter to the Saviour, for when one asked Him, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" he replied, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall

not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord open unto us ; and He shall answer and say unto you, **I know ye not** whence ye are : then shall ye begin to say, We have caten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets. But He shall say, I tell you, **I know you not** whence ye are ; depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And behold, **there are last that shall be first, and there are first which shall be last**" (Luke xiii. 23-30).

How unspeakably solemn ! Reader, if still a stranger to God and His grace, may I beg of you to respond at once to the call, " Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace : thereby good shall come unto thee " (Job xxii. 21) ? " To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins " (Acts x. 43).

ARTHUR F. POLLOCK.



HOW A SOLDIER WAS SAVED !

WE were late in being relieved on Castle Guard as there had been some field manoeuvres. The cook of our company was

time-expired that morning, and had waited for myself and chum to go with him, and see him off by the train, which would carry him back again to civilian life. So, as soon as we had taken off our equipment, we went to the canteen together, dined, cleaned and dressed in walking-out order, leaving the barracks with our friend, Dean, for the railway Station.

We missed several trains, as we kept calling at places for a last drink together. Finally late in the evening we shook hands, saw him seated in the train, and bade him good-bye. My chum and I made for the barracks. We were both seriously under the influence of drink, and we consulted as we went along as to how we could manage to pass the sergeant of the Guard, and escape punishment. At last the Soldier's Home was suggested, and we went there to get soda water, or anything they could give us, or do for us, to stop the effects of the drink.

They were most kind and helpful, although we had never been there before, and after causing them a lot of trouble we were able to pass the guard, and reach our room without any charge hanging over our heads.

A week elapsed before I had the opportunity of going out again. In the meantime I had decided to call at the Soldiers' Home, and tender an apology for the trouble that I had caused them.

I was asked into the library, and after making my apology for what had occurred, the lady in charge said, "Shall we read a scripture together?"

I bluntly said, "You can, if you wish, but I shan't," as this turn of affairs was entirely foreign to my ideas.

So she read John x. While she read I was sincerely wishing myself outside. After completing the reading of the chapter she said, "Shall we pray?"

I replied, "You can if you like, I shan't."

As she knelt and prayed I read the titles of the books on the shelves. Then she shook hands with me, and hoped I would come again as they had nice Gospel Addresses in the evenings, but I made no promise, and had no intention of going there again.

Dear reader, do not think for one moment that the writer was a complete heathen. I was just an orthodox Churchman, was for six years a leading solo singer in a choir as a boy, was confirmed, and for several years was a regular communicant, but all the time unsaved, "without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world" (Ephesians ii. 12). I knew nothing of my need of a Saviour, or even the fact that I was a lost sinner.

It was about ten minutes walk from the Soldiers' Home to the barrack gates, and during those few minutes my needs came vividly before me. I knew that I was lost and guilty, and that if I died there and then, there was, and could be nothing else than an eternity in the depths of hell.

But, by the mercy of God, and (as I know it now) by the work of His Holy Spirit, those four verses of John x. 27-30, passed through my mind, and the fact came home to my soul that here was One who promised to give eternal

life to all who heard His voice, and followed Him, that His sheep should never perish, and none shall pluck them out of His mighty hand.

A clear issue was put before my soul as to whether I would continue as I had lived hitherto—liked by everyone, a friend to everyone except myself, and end in hell, or accept the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as my Saviour, and spend eternity with Him in the Glory.

Reader, it was a terrible struggle, but by the grace and mercy of God, I was given wisdom to decide for that One, who died that I might live, and who lives that I and all believers might have life more abundantly.

It is now upwards of forty-five years since this took place. In the barrack room I prayed by my cot for the first time, and the next morning everything seemed to me to have a fresh life in it.

Now having read this brief statement of the greatest event in my life—my soul's eternal salvation—may the Lord in His great mercy guide you to Himself, the One who will never leave you nor forsake you, neither can any pluck you out of His hand.

When one has plenty of money, so-called friends are never lacking, but when the pocket is empty the said friends soon depart, but here is One, who knows the worst about you and loves you the best, so much so that He died to save you, and have you as one of His companions for the few short years here, and then with Him for the ages of eternity.

Decide now to trust the Saviour and pass from death to life, from the power of Satan to God.

God bless you, and enable you to do this, and then we shall soon meet to be together, with Him, who has loved and does love us for ever.

G. A. TRAVIS.



THE POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

NEXT to the Bible itself, the greatest testimony to its wonderful power in our judgment, is found in the reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Bible, in whole or in part, has been translated into 700 different languages. The Bible is the most ancient book in the world. The Bible, as no other book does, penetrates into every part of the world. The Bible, though written by Jews and in Eastern lands is a universal book—a tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. The Bible to-day is the world's best seller.

A striking illustration of the power of the naked Word of God comes from South Africa. A Moslem, whom we will call Akhmim, visited that country, seeking as a Mahommedan missionary to win adherents to that faith. His first convert was a Dutchman. On accepting the new teaching, he drew his Bible out of his pocket in the presence of his teacher, saying, "I have no further use for the Bible now, so I am going to tear it up."

"Oh!" replied Akhmim, "don't do that; give the book to me," which he readily agreed to.

Little did the donor of the book, nor the one to whom it was given, dream what the

consequences would be. The Mahommedan missionary began to read the Bible. Little by little his eyes were opened, and eventually he and his wife were converted to God. He renounced Mahommedanism, and embraced Christianity. Not only so, but he sought out his Dutch convert, told him the result of reading the Bible, preached the Gospel to him, and he too was converted, and found out that "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Romans i. 16).

What a testimony to the Word of God! Said a heathen in alarm to a friend, "Don't read that book. It will hypnotise you. It will change your heart. You won't be able to resist its power once you have read it." What a testimony! Reader, have you read the Word of God attentively." Have you given God's inspired book a chance to speak to your soul?

Said a Colonel at a dinner party, "The Koran is better than the Bible." A Christian gentleman took up the challenge. "Permit me, colonel, to ask you two questions. Have you ever read the Bible through?" He admitted that he had not.

"My second question is, Have you ever seen the Koran, the Mahommedan's sacred book?" He admitted that he had not.

"Then, colonel, what is your opinion worth? You announce that a book, which you have never seen is better than a book you have never read through once."

The colonel was silenced and dumbfounded. Aye, and most of the opposition to the Bible comes from *ignorance*.

Have you given the Bible a chance to speak to your soul?

It is the one book in the world that changes lives. Hundreds of years old, centuries have come and gone, yet like a river it keeps its unabated freshness. It is not relegated to the shelves as an ancient curiosity, but is the world's best seller to-day with a living message to all mankind.

Will you not give the Bible a chance? Read it. It contains a vital message for you. It tells you of God, His love, His righteousness, His way of salvation for you. Will you not heed it?

Listen to one or two plain Scriptures that show plainly the way of eternal blessing.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from ALL sin" (1 John i. 7).

* * *

"To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43).

* * *

"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).

Friend, have you given the Bible a chance to speak to your soul?

A. J. POLLOCK.

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A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

My dear N—,

I was pleased to receive such a bright and lengthy letter from you, especially

as I know your physical weakness. It was interesting to read your account of nearly fifty years' work in the Sunday School.

Your reference to the quotation, "Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," brought to my mind an address given many years ago by an old friend.

To make the meaning of the text clear, the preacher related how in the older days in the east when a person went to the market to buy corn it was the custom for the buyer—not the seller—to fill the measure. In order to get as much as possible, he (or she) would take the measure, fill it with grain, press the grain down, then shake the measure to get the grain to settle more closely, then heap it up, press it down again, and then, in order to get a little more, would make indents by pressure from the fingers, filling up these little indents with more grains of corn, so that they would actually begin to trickle off. Hence, "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over" (Luke vi. 38).

The preacher applied the text as an illustration of the full measure of assurance given in the scriptures as to the forgiveness of sins, as for example, the following passages:—

"Be it **known** unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man [Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"In Whom we **have** redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7)

"Thou **hast** cast all my sins behind Thy back" (Isa. xxxviii. 17).

"Thou **wilt** cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 19).

"As far as the east is from the west, so far **hath** He removed our transgressions from us" (Ps. ciii. 12).

"Their sins and iniquities **will** I remember no more" (Heb. x. 17).

Surely, that, to a sin-sick, anxious soul, is "Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

Reverting to your letter, I hope, if it be the Lord's will, you may be soon restored to a measure of health and strength to complete your jubilee of Sunday School work. How appropriately the little hymn speaks of works: not to obtain salvation, "for by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians ii. 8, 9), but as fitting for those who are saved:—

"I cannot work my soul to save,
That work my Lord has done;
But I will work like any slave
In love to God's dear Son."

And we may rest assured that when the "Prize Day" comes, He who first spake those words will see to it that all service done for Him will be rewarded with "Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

But, remember salvation is all of grace, and not of works.

"We'll cast our crowns before Him,
And loud His grace extol;
Christ for our sins hath suffered—
Yes, Christ hath done it all."

THE GREAT EMANCIPATION.

YEARS ago there stood on a platform in England an aged negro minister. The contrast between his snow-white hair and black face made him a striking figure. He was a very old man, yet a keen memory enabled him effectively to tell his story.

Once he had been a little slave boy with slave parents, toiling beneath the West Indian sun, knowing the cruel lash of oppression. But he could remember one night of nights when a mighty sea of black faces was gathered around an open grave. It was the eve before the dawning of the Day of Freedom, which came as the result of the Emancipation Act passed by Great Britain in 1833, and the payment of £20,000,000 as a ransom for 700,000 slaves.

He could tell how strong men wept as the midnight hour drew near: how into the open grave were flung the hideous things that represented slavery—chains, shackles, whips. Then the midnight hour began to strike, and the sky was rent with shouting, "The monster is dying! The monster is dying!" As the last stroke of twelve was heard came the final triumphant shout, "The monster is DEAD!"

A never-to-be-forgotten moment that for the small negro boy! Had we been through a similar experience we should never forget it, and when but a short time ago the centenary of the event was celebrated we should have rejoiced indeed. Did you miss the centenary re-

joicings of 1933? Never mind! You may yet have rejoicings over an emancipation more personal and up-to-date.

What brought about the liberation of the negroes? It was an indirect result of the power of the Gospel. Even in 1772 negroes were sold in London. An auction bill of that year ran, "Six sacks of flour, three negro men, two negro boys, one negro girl." But thirty or forty years before the gigantic labours of George Whitfield, the Wesleys, and their friends had commenced, resulting in the conversion of uncounted thousands of souls. And this resulted in the stirring of innumerable consciences as to the iniquity of this dreadful business. The last letter that John Wesley wrote, on February 24th, 1791, was to Wilberforce, begging him to carry on his crusade against the slave trade.

When the power of the Gospel revived, the monster of slavery died. But the glory of the Gospel is seen in the way it directly grapples with the hideous monster of SIN.

SIN is the monster of monsters. The flag of freedom may be waving over our heads, and yet sin be holding strong men and fair women in servitude. Sin is drowning multitudes in sorrow, in misery, in perdition. Sin is filling our hospitals, our asylums, our cemeteries. Let the Old Book speak! "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth DEATH" (James i. 15).

Mark those words, **when it is finished!** The grip of the bulldog is proverbial for its persistency, but the grip of sin is a thousand times worse. And not only this, but it has all too frequently a smooth and silky touch, so that the victim hardly knows that he is being held

fast. Sin takes on a thousand pretty and seemingly harmless forms. It is all so pleasant, so attractive in an artful guise. The devil is a past master in the use of bait, but he never forgets the hook with its barbed tip. That is why the Bible speaks of being "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. iii. 13); and why the Apostle Paul had to confess, "Sin, taking occasion by the commandment, **deceived** me, and by it **slew** me" (Rom. vii. 11).

Is there an emancipation for you? There is but only in one way. A Redeemer there is—but only One. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6). If for all, then for you.

By the Gospel there is offered to you the forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit. Your sins being forgiven, you will be free from their guilt and penalty. The Holy Spirit being received, you will find freedom from the power of sin. This double emancipation is received by all that believe in Jesus Christ and bow to Him as their Lord. Bow to Him in faith, here and now. Seize the blessing before it slips away from you.

Then you will have a special emancipation celebration of your own, and find many other saved folk to rejoice with you, and join in singing :—

"Oh! happy day, that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

"IN A TIGHT CORNER."

MR. G——, after a brilliant career as a detective of international renown, spent the remainder of his days in seeking to serve his fellow men. He spent his time and money freely in helping on the well-being of the people in his neighbourhood. Among his many activities he became the unpaid superintendent of a well-known Sanatorium. During the War the Sanatorium was used as a convalescent home for wounded soldiers. One day passing through the ward, a group of soldiers arrested his attention. One of them was the spokesman of the rest. He said, "Sir, we want to ask you a question."

"Well, what is it?" enquired Mr. G——.

"We want to know if it is right to pray."

"Why don't you ask the parson? You know the chaplain attached to this institution."

"We don't want to ask the parson. We want to ask you."

Now Mr. G—— did not profess to be very religious. Beyond going to church, and taking the sacrament, he did not profess to be a militant Christian at all. Indeed you might rightly have described him as a man of the world. However he answered the question in the following manner :—

"Well, boys, when you were in the trenches, and the word was passed round that you had to go over the top, when the officer held his watch in his hand, and said, 'Three minutes,' 'two minutes,' 'one minute,' and as the seconds flew by, and you expected the whistle to sound

as the signal to go over the top, many of you never to return, what did you do?"

It was a very quiet sheepish-looking lot of men, who waited for the answer. Their spokesman replied, "We all prayed hard, sir."

"And," replied Mr. G——, "if you prayed to God when you were in a tight corner, you had better pray to Him always."

The answer was manly and wise and good. It was admirably put. Do you not, reader, think that Mr. G—— gave good advice? If so, are you prepared to follow it?

The tight corner comes to all of us in time, sometimes very unexpectedly. Is it not mean to be careless as to God's claims, to find no room for daily prayer in days of no stress, and turn to Him when at a time of special stress?

We may not all have the experience of going over the top to face the withering decimating gun fire of the enemy, but we must all die. Why put off preparation for this till the last moment? Are we sure we shall have time to pray at the last? Many a man has died without a moment's warning, been smashed in a motor accident, or dropped down dead, or, when the last moment has come, lain in a state of unconsciousness.

Friend, let us come to grips. Have you ever cried to God to save your never-dying soul? Have you ever prayed for the forgiveness of your sins? Remember God hears prayers. When the disciples, like to be drowned in the tempest, cried, "Lord, save us: we perish," He responded to their cry. When the Philippian gaoler was awakened by the earthquake and found himself in a tight corner, he

turned to God's servants with the earnest question, "What must I do to be saved?" Have you ever asked that question? If you do not, and pass into eternity a sinner in your sins with nothing but everlasting judgment before you, you will never forgive yourself for not asking it.

When the gaoler asked the question, "What must I do to be saved?" the clear and immediate answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

Having read these lines you will never have the excuse of saying that you do not know how to be saved. The words of our text are plain and simple. There is no ambiguity in them.

Put your trust in the Son of God, who in mighty love died on the cross of shame, taking the sinner's place and bearing the judgment of sin. Put your trust in Him, receive that work as done on your behalf, and salvation is yours on the unimpeachable authority of God's word. There is no mistake about it. Millions have tried it and proved it to be true.

May God deliver you from being in a tight corner, and unprepared.

A. J. POLLOCK.



IN THE POWER OF THE CURRENT.

SOMETIME ago the writer was staying at his native town of Whitby, well-known as a Seaside Resort. Perhaps you may have spent your holiday there and enjoyed the strong

sea air, the health-giving ozone and the bracing winds from the purple moors in the background.

If so, you will have wandered down the pier, maybe, on a calm summer evening, and watched the river Esk emptying itself into the North Sea. You will have seen the fishing boats roped to the pier side, rising and falling in the swell of the tide.

On this particular occasion, however, there had been very heavy rains in the distant hills, and the river was in spate and had overflowed its banks near the village of Ruswarp.

The fishermen anxiously watched it rushing along its course, and finally, as the tide was coming in and the water rising rapidly, they brought their boats to a safer position above the bridge, which joins one part of the old town to the other. Trees and pieces of wood were swept by in the grip of the raging current.

Most of the boats, however, were safely moored by the side of the old Fish Quay, but one trawler had been secured to pylons in mid-stream, braving the full brunt of this rushing torrent of water.

Naturally the two strongest ropes available were used to secure her fore and aft. Suddenly there was a loud report, then another, like two reports from a gun.

To the dismay of the owners they saw their ship, slowly and almost majestically, drifting in the power of the current down to the sea. It was impossible to stop her.

There was a deathly silence as the trawler came slowly nearer the bridge, but with a rush she was swept through, as if guided by an unseen pilot.

On reaching the river mouth the boat was driven back by the sea on to the rocks at the base of the towering cliffs, and was broken up by the fury and power of the stormy waves.

Friend, I ask you, are you like this helpless ship?

You ask, "What do you mean?"

In the Word of God we are told that there are only two kinds of people on this earth—unsaved sinners and saved sinners—sinners and saints.

To which class do you belong? Face the question squarely. Ask yourself this all-important question, a question that affects your ETERNITY. To which class do you belong?

We read:—

"Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air . . . and were by nature the children of WRATH, even as others" (Ephesians ii. 2, 3).

This is addressed to Christians, i.e., true believers, saved sinners. The Apostle says that what we have read characterized them before they were converted; before they accepted the LORD JESUS CHRIST as their SAVIOUR.

From the above you must see that unsaved sinners are under the power of Satan, the Prince of the power of the air. What will the end be—"Children of Wrath . . ."?

Yes, Judgment is coming. Are you drifting? Your only hope is to come to the Lord Jesus, and trust Him as your Saviour.

We read how the disciples were in a ship, storm-tossed and toiling in rowing, but when

Jesus came into the ship immediately the wind ceased and all was calm.

This is a little picture of your life and mine, without and with Jesus. If you accept the Lord Jesus into your heart and life—accept Him as your Saviour, believe He died for **you**—then there will be peace with God—a real calm in your heart.

Do not let the devil beguile you. See your sinful condition before a HOLY, RIGHTEOUS, SIN-HATING GOD, yet a loving God, who has found a ransom.

You can have peace in your soul, you can know your sins are forgiven now, as you read these words. You can know the Lord Jesus as YOUR SAVIOUR, know with assurance that if you die you would go to be with Christ in glory to enjoy eternal happiness.

By faith! That is the only way. Carefully meditate over the following Scriptures. Come to the feet of the Lord Jesus, confess your sins, and take Him as your Saviour—by simple faith.

“All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Romans iii. 23).

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

“Christ also suffered for us” (1 Peter i. 21).

“Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree . . . by whose stripes **ye** [that is, **all who believe**] were healed” (1 Peter i. 24).

“The Righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ **unto all and upon all them that believe**” (Romans iii. 22).

Do you believe?

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

YEAR after year is being added to the age of this world, now grown hoary in its sin.

The scenes, vicissitudes, changes, sorrows, trials, and pleasures come and go ; and, as all pass away, and the hours fly quickly by, and time glides swiftly on, we are brought nearer to **God's eternity**, rapidly approaching the moment when the reign of God's grace will be over ; when the glory of God will be enjoyed by those who have been washed from their sins in the **precious blood of Christ** ; and when "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power," will be the righteous punishment of all who "know not God, and that **obey not** the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thessalonians i. 8).

What realities are these ! Facts declared by the living God, and written by the pen of eternal truth. Glory **or** destruction, heaven **or** hell ; the presence of God **or** the lake of fire !

Men may ridicule, the proud infidel may reason, the devil-duped sceptic may question ; the world may vauntingly boast of its growth, its state, its civilization, its culture, its learning, its sciences, its morals, its improvements, and, thus occupied, delude itself into the false notion that all will be right ; that judgment, if it fall at all, is still in the far distance. But none of these things, no, neither the opinions of men, nor the thoughts nor traditions of the world, will ever alter **God's facts**. God has spoken, and this is enough, and plainly has He written,

"He that **believeth** not shall be **damned**" (Mark xvi. 16). Shall we dare to alter this?

And now, reader, gaze into God's Eternity, and let this question press itself home upon you, "**Am I saved for eternity?**" Whatever your class in society may be, whatever your creed or character, is it right with your soul for the future? Can **you** in the midst of this poor, transient scene, gaze across time's boundary, and, dwelling in thought upon eternal realities, say from the depths of a heart uplifted to the Blessed God, "**I shall spend eternity with the Son of God**, who loved me and gave Himself for me"?

If you have confided in His wondrous love, rested in His finished work, believed with simple childlike faith on His precious name, language such as this becomes your lips; but, if still a stranger to God, a rejecter of Christ, a despiser of grace, an unconverted Christless soul, such speech must be foreign to you, for each beat of your heart, each step you take through this world, is but bringing you nearer to an eternity to be spent **without** Christ and without hope. Yes, just as true as it is, as recorded in the Scriptures, that every believer in God's beloved Son will be in eternal glory, dwelling for ever in the scene of eternal light and love with Christ, and like Christ, so certain is it, upon the same authority, that every unbeliever will be through countless ages of eternity in the lake of fire.

Reader, how will it be with you? Human thought cannot grasp eternity, and no human pen can describe it. Every illustration of man is wholly inadequate to picture it. What is **time**?

Let us imagine ourselves on board a trans-Atlantic steamer in mid-ocean. We look over the vessel's side into the deep waters. We take a thread, and, suspending from it a small thimble, we lower it until it reaches the water. We draw it up, and we have a thimbleful of sea-water. This may represent **time** taken out of eternity's ocean. Oh ! how comparatively brief time is ! Is it a question of physical life ? The word which **endureth for ever** speaks of it thus, "As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more " (Psalm ciii. 15). Is it a question of the present order of things around us ? Listen, "The end of all things is at hand ;" (1 Peter iv. 7) but eternity is **for ever**, FOR EVER, FOR EVER !

With all the earnestness of a soul awakened to the unseen realities of that mighty, shoreless ocean that lies before each immortal soul, I challenge you with the question, "Where will you spend ETERNITY ?"

"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 " (Romans x. 9).

R. D. EDWARDS.

MY DEBT TO CHRIST.

THE following deeply interesting account of how a soul emerged from darkness and bewilderment into the light and joy of the knowledge of the Saviour is from the pen of

PRINCESS DESPINA KARADJA,

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Early Years.

In order to make intelligible what Christ means to me, it is necessary to give an outline of my life. I was born in London. My father, who was in the diplomatic service, was Greek, my mother Swedish. For many centuries, all the members of my father's family have belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church, one member having occupied the Patriarchal Throne of Constantinople, and all the others being staunch adherents of the Church which, to them,

was the bulwark against Islam, and the safeguard of the Greek race against the conquering Moslem Turk. Quite naturally, I was baptized into the Church of my fathers ; less naturally, I never attended its services, except on a few rare occasions.

My father died when I was a year old, and some time later, my mother returned, with her small son and daughter, to her native country, Sweden. Until the War broke out, we spent much time at our country place in Belgium, where also my father lies buried in the vault of the chapel in the grounds. At the age of fourteen I was sent to school in England, since when I have lived there permanently, except for frequent visits abroad.

As a small child I had a Christian nurse, and can still remember her whispered prayers at my bedside. From my seventh year, the grown-ups who came to our home were almost all spiritualists, or devotees of some similar modern cult, and as a child I frequently attended their séances and meetings. Those gatherings had no connection in my mind with God or worship, and as the years passed, a deep and silent longing grew for something above and beyond everything of which my world consisted. Sometimes, at my father's grave, I haltingly repeated some prayer heard at school, but as yet I was quite unconscious of the "still small voice."

When I came to school in England a new world opened before me, and I began to think independently. School prayers and regular church attendance satisfied an, as yet, unacknow-

ledged need, but left my heart cold. Having seen much that was unreal called "religion." I had grown suspicious of the word, and was on my guard against outside influences. What I childishly called my "search for truth" began, and I read everything I could. For some years I lived on "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," which became my one rule and standard, but did not satisfy the real needs of heart and soul. (How cold and impersonal the book seems to me now !)

During holidays, and after leaving school, constant pressure and frequent attempts to "convert" me to one or other of the modern cults, drove me further and further away from religion. Christian Scientists, Theosophists, and others, all tried to capture me, but strangely enough I met no one who spoke to me of Christ; nobody ever mentioned His name. I read the various books lent me, and returned them, unconverted, but the constant pressure awakened an increasing horror of all metaphysical speculation and fantastic theories, and in self-defence I withdrew into myself and surrounded myself with a wall of indifference and unbelief. I had read Nietzsche, Haeckel and others, and while yet in my 'teens imagined myself a complete agnostic. But, God be praised, He did not leave me there.

I was presented at Court, and "came out" like most of my friends, and for a time I loved the gaiety, the parties, the dancing; but soon the emptiness of the ordinary social round became apparent, and I began to read again. One day a young boy of my own age came

to say good-bye before returning to the Front. Having looked at the book on comparative religion which I was reading, and which was full of notes, he said: "Has it never seemed strange to you, that you, who think you have no religion, should be so interested in all things religious?" That question was strangely disturbing to the imagined security of my unbelief! My friend continued: "Don't you really **understand** what you are looking for?" . . . We had a talk, and as far as I remember he was the first person in my life who spoke to me personally of the Lord Jesus Christ. The talk made a deep impression on me, not least because that boy was killed shortly after his return to the Front.

After that talk my "search" became more conscious, though I was still very much on my guard against any influence which might get behind my defences and enslave my soul.

Soon afterwards, a great change came into my life, and circumstances caused me to live alone for some years. At that time also new personal contacts led me to attend regular church services, which were a tremendous help to me.

Looking back, I realise how the goodness and mercy of God have followed me throughout my life; how He has watched over me and protected me against influences which might so easily have led me away from Him for ever; how things, which at the time seemed difficult to understand or to bear, have been of deepest blessing; and how His love has overflowed towards me, even while I denied Him.

I praise Him and bless Him for His faithfulness, and for the forgiveness which has been mine, again and again.

Conversion..

One autumn day, I faced a crisis, which shook my faith in human nature, and in the fundamental rightness of things ; there seemed nothing left in which to believe. Hours of aimless walking brought no light, and utterly weary I drifted into a church whose doors stood open. The peace, the silence, the sombre vastness of the place filled me with awe and overwhelming loneliness. The world was so big, and I so small—everything in life was floating, floating—there was no fixed point in existence from which to take one's bearings, no firm ground on which to stand.

Hopeless, helpless, I sank to my knees, and from the depth of my heart rose its first real prayer : " O God, if there is a God, show me the way." From that wonderful hour I know that God answers prayer "above all that we ask or think." The answer came swiftly, unexpectedly. Suddenly I realised beyond any shadow of doubt, that I was kneeling not only in the presence of God, but before Christ, the Risen Lord. In the radiance of that Holy Presence I saw my own sinfulness, and was utterly broken. I accepted the forgiveness offered, and felt a great peace enter my innermost being. With that, too, a lifelong blindness fell from my eyes, and the great scriptural truths, which had been mere words to me, gradually became clear and full of meaning. The Fatherhood of God, and the divinity of the crucified

Saviour, the forgiveness of sins, and the new birth, the certainty of life eternal, and of salvation through the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ, in those hours became living realities in my life.

The Lord has said : " Before they call, I will answer ; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear " (Isaiah lxiv. 24) ; and I know that His words are true. I had sought guidance—and I found God. I had appealed to an unknown God—and Christ came to me. I had wanted consolation—and had been given the forgiveness of sins, and a new life in Christ Jesus. I had entered that church weary and alone—and left it radiant and buoyant, a new creature with my Saviour at my side for ever.

Rabboni, Master ! How can I name my debt ?

I woke to consciousness of my surroundings by being told that the church was to close for the night.

Days and nights of prayer, Bible reading and study followed. I could not bring myself to speak to anyone of what had happened, for the experiences of the " inner chamber " seemed too sacred to relate. Some time later I asked to be confirmed in the Swedish Evangelical-Lutheran Church, in which I had received much blessing. After a time of preparation this was done, and it seemed to me that I found a home on earth by becoming a real member of the visible Church of Christ.

His Debtor.

With the years experiences which overwhelmed me have deepened into whole-hearted

conviction, and my one desire has been to serve my Lord amongst my fellows, and try to help them to find Him as I have found Him.

In the person of the deeply Christian friend, Miss Ingibjörg Olafsson, who has shared my life for the past ten years, God has graciously given me the greatest possible help for the development of my spiritual life, and to her I owe more than words can express.

The Lord's dealings with me have been marvellous in my eyes ; He led me from the darkness of unbelief, and the sin of denial, into the light of knowledge, and unity with Himself ; and so, like the debtor to whom much was forgiven (Luke vii. 43), I love Him and bless Him for the great things He has done for me.

Since the wondrous day when the blessings of divine mercy and forgiveness were showered on my bowed head, and God in Christ revealed Himself to me, He has been the Living Christ to me ; more real than all things visible ; more vital than all things living. He has taught me all that I know of God ; in Him, God the Creator has become real and personal to me ; His suffering has made visible to me the wondrous love of God ; His atoning death, I know, has won for me salvation and life eternal. With humble thankfulness and adoration I acknowledge Him Lord of my life, Saviour, Redeemer and Guide.

“Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it.

Oh, could I only say what I have seen!

How could I tell ? Oh, how can ye receive it ?

How, till He bringeth you where I have been.”

AN APPEAL.

A SHORT time before writing this letter I was walking on the way to business, as is my wont, by the War Memorial in Birmingham on a cold and wintry morning. Seeing three unemployed men, looking chilled and hungry I had a chat with them. They first of all refused my advances, saying there was nothing in religion. One said the whole story of Christ was **fiction**. On the strength of a little help for their present needs their attitude changed, and still more so on being invited to a free tea for unemployed men, provided by some kind friends. Two of them came, and subsequently expressed their thanks in very appreciative terms for the evening's entertainment.

It may be that some of our readers, though not in need as these poor men, share the views expressed by one of them—that the message of Christ as Saviour is only a **fiction**. I would beg of such a few moments' consideration of certain things, which are not fiction, but present-day **incontestable facts**. Ponder these facts, I beg you, for behind them lies the one great **FACT** that matters most of all.

1. All over the world for centuries there have been wrought the noblest deeds of unselfishness and love between man and man, and indeed they are being displayed in our own day and generation. Millions so engaged declare plainly that the great motive power behind these deeds of kindness is the love of Christ.

It is not suggested that there are no other persons engaged in similar activities, who are actuated by different motives, but it **is** true that every day there are golden deeds accomplished, the authorship of which is reverently attributed to Christ—the fact of Christ.

2. There is in our midst a book—undeniably **a** book, not a collection of writings—the last part of which was written nearly 1,900 years ago, and yet it is the best-known book in the world. Its circulation every year exceeds that of every other volume by far, and goes on increasing. Last year **one** Society alone issued nearly **eleven million** copies.

It is read with delight by giants of intellect and humble peasants—Lord Kelvin, Sir Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday, Sir James Y. Simpson, William E. Gladstone, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and a host of others in the foremost ranks of genius have all revelled in its truths.

At the same time the reading of this Book works wonderful and beneficent changes in the lives of South Sea cannibals, African pigmies, Indian criminal tribesmen, and Patagonians of the lowest types of humanity. So great was the effect produced by the Gospel upon the last-named that it evoked the admiration of Charles Darwin, who at one time thought they were “the missing link.” So deeply was he impressed that he sent a subscription to the Missionary Society working among them. The Book is here, and it testifies to a fact—the fact of **CHRIST**!

3. There stands among you a man; he may not be a man, in your judgment, of much

worth, or inspired by very high and noble sentiments. But this man, such as he is, declares that all that is good and noble in him springs, directly or indirectly, from the love of Christ. This man is here, and he is too much alive to be conveniently shelved. You may assert that he is a fool, that he does not know what he is talking about, and is not worth listening to. The fact remains that, nevertheless, he continues to assert that the love of Christ is the main-spring of all that is good and pure in his life. You may contradict him, say he is mistaken, or that he is a lunatic, a fanatic, or worse, but he maintains his declaration nevertheless.

Some of his friends have been pleased to say that he is quite sensible about most things, but on **this** subject he is mad. Suppose it is granted that he is partly mentally deranged, it still remains true that he declares unswervingly that the inspiration of his life is Christ; and, furthermore, there are millions of others, now living, who say the same thing! That man is the writer of these lines, and he testifies to the fact—the fact of CHRIST!

Pay attention for a moment to that master of literature, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who writes of the Holy Scriptures: "Christ did not die for His cadences . . . and Englishmen who went to the stake did not die for these cadences . . ." These men were cheerful to die for the **meaning** of the Word and for its authorship—because it was spoken by CHRIST."

These are the plain facts of to-day, the living witnesses to the fact of Christ. Sit down before them and they will lead you, from the **fact**, to

the PERSON of Him who is both Saviour and Lord ; and in Him you will find rest of mind, joy of heart, and love imperishable. Our Lord said, "I am the light of the world : he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John viii. 12).

A. JACOB.



THE ONLY WAY.

"**DISTRESSED !**" So many conflicting views are put forth from pulpit, platform, and press, whom are we to believe ? How can we know the right way to Heaven ? or, are there different ways ?

When we contemplate a railway journey over a system with which we are not familiar, we do not consult the men in the street ; we do not even rely upon our friends ; but we go to the inquiry office at the principal station. There the courteous man in charge consults the official time-table, and directs us accordingly. We accept his word without question, and, in due course, board the train, assured that, if nothing happens, we will reach our destination. If we really wish to be absolutely certain as to the way to heaven, **and there is only one way**, we turn to the infallible Word of God. There we learn, (a) that we are sinners for "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 23) ; (b) that "the wages of sin is death" (Romans vi. 23) ; (c) that we can do nothing to earn a title to Heaven, for

it is "to him that worketh not" (Romans iv. 5.); (d) that the Lord Jesus did everything, bore the sins of all who believe in Him, shed His precious blood, satisfied all God's claims, met all the sinner's need; and on the cross said, "It is finished" (John xix. 30). Now (e) believing in Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," we are entitled to say: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans iv. 24, 25; v. 1).

So that owning your lost condition, admitting your inability to do anything for yourself; read, and read again, Romans iv. 24, 25, put yourself in the last verse, say in simplicity and in sincerity, "Lord, I believe," and the blessing of Romans v. 1, will be yours.

You may be told that this is old-fashioned and out-of-date. We think we are correct in saying that for sixty years "The Flying Scotsman" has left King's Cross for Edinburgh, and has left Edinburgh for King's Cross, at ten o'clock every morning. To do to-day what was done sixty years ago may seem old-fashioned, yet it is quite up-to-date. The traveller's need is the same to-day as it was sixty years ago, and it is met in the same way. Your need, and mine, is, and was, the same as those, who listened to the preaching nearly two thousand years ago, and the remedy is still the the same: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

W. BRAMWELL DICK.

AN ATHEIST'S WISH.

" IF there be any truth in the Bible, or any God, may my grave be infested with snakes."

These are the reputed words of an atheist, who died at the age of 82, and was buried in North Benton, Ohio, U.S.A., a village near the county line. Before his death, the atheist had a monument erected for himself. It is a life-sized statue in bronze, and he is depicted with a scroll in one hand with the inscription, "Universal Mental Library," and under his foot is a scroll representing the Bible, on which is the inscription, "Superstition."

On August 9th, two Cherry Creek young men, who went to the Chicago Exposition, determined to visit the cemetery and verify the truth of all the statements. After enquiry they found the cemetery and location of the monument. They had been informed that the gate was kept locked to shut out intruders. Although it was nearly 9 p.m. and very dark when they reached the cemetery, they climbed the high gate and finally found the grave. They had only a flash-light to guide them, but on careful examination of the grave, which had no grass upon it, they found it full of snake holes, and though it is said snakes do not come out at night, they found a small one on the side of the monument. They put it in a bottle, and brought it home. It was a small one about six or seven inches long.

Reports state that the relatives desire to move the body elsewhere, as so many go to see the grave, but authorities object, and the sexton says, "IT PREACHES MORE EFFECTIVE SERMONS THAN A GOOD MANY PREACHERS."

Those who attended the funeral of this atheist say that before the casket was lowered, there was a large snake removed from the grave. On October of 1932 a group of twenty visited the grave and asserted they saw three snakes on the grave. It is said these can frequently be seen.

"A mere coincidence," some one may say, and this may be so, but how often God rebukes the infidelity of man, proving that "HE IS." The fool, we are told, hath said in his heart, "No God," and the wish is father to the thought oftentimes, but in spite of man's proud boasting and professed scepticism there is innate in every one the sense of responsibility to a Supreme Being. The lower down in the scale of civilization the more this thought is degraded, until man worships the work of his own hands. The absurdity of it never seems to dawn upon the heathen mind.

What a blessed relief it is to turn to the Word of God, the book of divine revelation, where all is certain and full of assurance for those who believe it. "But without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that HE IS, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Hebrews xi. 6).

This blessed book reveals the mind of God and bears undeniable witness that the creature (created in the image of the Creator) has not glorified Him, that man is a sinner, and by his fall blighted God's fair creation. The Book too makes known God's character, "God is light." It reveals His heart for we read, "God is love." It brings to the reader glad tidings of great joy, unfolding the amazing mystery of incarnation—God manifest in flesh, and tells of a Saviour's love, blessedly proven in His life and death.

It tells of sin atoned for, God's throne, outraged by man's sin, vindicated, that God is satisfied and glorified, and that the Deliverer, now Conqueror over death and the grave, sits enthroned in heaven. The message it brings is, "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Reader, scepticism, agnosticism, and philosophy are poor substitutes, indeed, for the Word of God! Turn from these things, and "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils," (Isaiah ii. 22), receiving the blessed, unerring testimony of the Scriptures, and remember the words of the Apostle John, "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).

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

SUDDEN GLORY.

A SUDDEN sharp pain, and the late Sir Richard Thorne, K.C.B., the eminent scientist, knew as a physician that he had but a few minutes to live before death should supervene.

What did he do at such a juncture? Did he find himself unprepared, as alas so many do in similar circumstances? Was there time for any preparation? Before a clergyman or minister could have been summoned he would have passed away. Thank God, it was otherwise with the great doctor.

“What a blessed thing it is to have a Saviour!” were the words of deep content that fell from his lips when he realised his condition. With this happy assurance in a few minutes he breathed his last, and passed into the presence of his Saviour.

A hospital nurse said to me only yesterday: “When patients are dying that is not the time to speak to them about their souls. So often their bodily condition is too trying to allow any attention to anything else but their physical condition. Often they are unconscious and beyond the recognition of human speech. The sight of a dying person is inexpressively sad.”

But ten thousand times more sad it is when the soul is passing away unprepared and without the supreme consolation that Sir Richard had.

Friend, unknown reader, let me ask you earnestly, Are you prepared if the call came suddenly? Are you ready to pass into the presence

of your Creator? How will you answer as to your attitude to the Saviour, if you have neglected to trust Him as your Saviour?

You may be reading this short article in the open air with the sound of the singing birds in your ear, and the sight of beautiful flowers rejoicing your eyes, you may be in the heyday of youth and health. NOW is the time for you to settle this matter. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Corinthians vi. 2). Will you not settle it NOW? It will be settled one way or the other most assuredly, and it will be unspeakably terrible if it is settled the wrong way. Be wise like Sir Richard Thorne, and trust the blessed Saviour, who gave him such supreme comfort and assurance in his dying moments. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

A. J. POLLOCK.



LOST IN THE CATACOMBS.

IT was in the year 1789. A part of young officers, belonging to the French Army, visited the Catacombs in Rome. They were all avowed atheists, and enthusiastic followers of Voltaire and Rosseau.

Under the influence of strong drink, and bent on revelry, they had no mind for sober thought. What would have been awe-inspiring to the Christian was to them but an occasion for acts of ridicule and impiety. They caroused

in the sepulchral crypts, and sang their bacchanalian songs among the Christian dead.

One of the number, a cavalry officer, resolved to explore the remoter galleries. Presently he was lost in the labyrinth of intricate windings. His friends left him to his fate. And, realizing the seriousness of his position, he became greatly alarmed. He called out repeatedly for help, but received no answer. Groping blindly in the dark, he could feel nothing but rocky wall and mouldering bones. A thrill of dread ran through his frame. He realized he was **lost** !

His scepticism failed him in the hour of his peril. He could no longer scoff at death. And though he was apparently brave among his atheist friends, and used to say that he neither dreaded God nor devil, yet, on this occasion, he was stricken with indescribable fear.

Fortunately, he was rescued the next day. The impression that was made upon him, however, during the hours of his terrible imprisonment, occasioned him a long and serious illness. From this illness he recovered, and became a changed man. God had spoken to him. He had wrought in him a work of His own sovereign grace. And, seven years afterwards, when he was killed in the battle of Calabria, a copy of the Gospels was found next to his heart, as if he wished to leave on evidence, that the book, he once despised and ridiculed, was that to which he clung in his hour of danger and death.

"Fools make a mock at sin" (Prov. xiv. 9). It is part of their inexplicable folly. But when they have to face its penalty, all is changed. Jestings gives place to sober thought; arrogance, to brokenness of spirit; infidel reasoning, to the admission of solemn facts. No man can deny the existence of God, when he has to do with Him; despise or scoff at death, when he is dying; make light of judgment, when he has to face it. Ah! no, facts weigh upon men **then**, if they never did **before**.

The young officer was lost in the Catacombs. You, my reader, if you have not accepted Christ as your Saviour, are lost in your sins. To live without Christ is the greatest folly you can possibly commit; to die without Christ, is to seal your own doom of eternal woe.

Dark it must have been in the Catacombs, where the atheist spent those dread hours among the dead; darker still it will be in the "outer darkness," where there is everlasting "gnashing of teeth." Of this the Lord Jesus solemnly warns us. Will you turn to Him now, just where you are, and as you are? Will you confess Him gladly as your Lord and Saviour? "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" (Romans x. 9). How plain is God's plan of salvation! It is all in the acceptance of Christ as Saviour. This should be done NOW, for "NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Corinthians vi. 2).

ARE YOU READY ?

DICK was just the typical British tradesman, a skilled worker and perfectly dependable as an employé, but, with what is very often their failing, a good portion of his earnings spent in drink. He generally arrived home on Saturday night drunk, and spent the Sunday mornings in bed to get rid, as much as possible, of the after effects.

As a rule his little boy went up stairs to speak to him after breakfast, and ask him how he was. The little chap, five years old, went regularly to Sunday School, and paid attention to what was told him, with the result that one Sunday morning when speaking to his father, he said, "Dadda, the teacher read to us from the Bible last week, 'That no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God' (1 Cor. 6. 10), so, Dadda, you will never go to heaven."

This came as quite a shock to Dick, so he asked the boy to repeat what he said, and the little fellow said, "You will never go to heaven, Dadda, because the teacher read in the Bible, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," and the child turned and went downstairs.

The words went home. God is His great merey had blessing for the poor drunkard. His heart was stirred, and the words came to him with power, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." They were so persistent that he could not rest. He got up, dressed, and went down to breakfast, but did not want

to eat. He began to see that it was not only wasting hard-earned money, and injuring his health, and depriving his family of the benefit of the money so spent, but, and that was what took away his appetite, and caused deep concern, his soul's welfare was endangered for eternity. What could he do ? How could he avert the fact of being lost for ever ? If he gave up the drink what would his chums say, but it was better to face that, than to be **lost for ever**. He would try to keep clear of it, but again a tremendous difficulty and fear came before him. How could he be right with God even if he could manage to carry out his thoughts of improvement.

He asked his wife for a Bible, but she thought he was going out of his mind, and wondered what was the matter with him. However they turned to the New Testament to see if there was help to be got in that direction. Opening the book at Colossians i. they read on to verses 20, 21 and 22. They saw that though they were enemies to God and alienated from Him by wicked works (ver. 21), yet the Lord Jesus Christ by His death on the Cross had made peace for all those who believed on Him as their Saviour—all such were cleansed by His precious blood and were reconciled to God. He could surely save Dick and his wife, if they believed on the Lord. They believed, and passed from death unto life (1 John iii. 14).

For some ten years they lived, and walked as become those, who claim the Lord as their Saviour and Redeemer. The last Sunday that Dick was upon earth, after the preaching of

the Gospel in the evening, we were talking of the splendid time we had had, when he said, "Yes, this morning was, indeed, a foretaste of Heaven, and I have never enjoyed the Gospel as I did to-night," little knowing that before 10 a.m. the next morning he would be in the glory, and behold His Redeemer and see His face.

He was dressing a large casting on the Monday morning, but, the work of bolstering up had been done carelessly, and it slipped, falling on Dick, breaking his back and shoulder. The ambulance was got out at once. He was lifted in, and he asked for another workman (a Christian) to go with him, and on the way to the Hospital he was talking of soon being with the Lord. As the ambulance went in through the Hospital gates, his soul passed into the presence of His Lord.

Dear reader, if you met with a fatal accident as suddenly as my dear friend did, would your soul go to be with the Lord, having been cleansed from all sin by His precious blood and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light (Col. 1. 12), or banished from that holy presence for eternity? There is no place between. It is either with Him as redeemed by His precious blood, or with the Devil and his angels in outer darkness for ever.

Dear reader, may God bless you, and enable you to believe on the Lord, and live for Him, and be counted among His loved ones to-day for His beloved Son's sake.

"PREPARED"—ARE YOU?

HARRY R— was privileged to be brought up in a Christian home, and there, and at Sunday School, and the children's meeting he attended, learned of a Saviour who is mighty to save and to keep.

The Holy Spirit spoke to his young heart, and while still a child he accepted God's gift of salvation through faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary.

He delighted to sing of Jesus and His love, and was never ashamed to confess that he belonged to Christ.

Some years later he began in his spare time to preach the gospel in the Market Square and streets and courts of the town in which he then lived and was ever ready to labour for his Master.

He paid no heed to sneers, and was once heard to say, "I don't mind what people think of me." When thirty-three years old his life's work was ended for God called him Home, and as we think of the suddenness of that call we would tell our reader about it that he or she may, by the grace of God, be warned, while still in health and strength to "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos iv. 12).

While carrying a heavy suit-case he collapsed, and died almost immediately. Thus, within one short hour of leaving his home he was ushered into eternity.

For him this was truly sudden glory, and who would wish to rob him of the unutterable joy of so unexpectedly beholding the face of his blessed Lord and Saviour, and the realization that he would go "no more out."

But, dear reader, if such a summons had come to you, would you have been prepared to enter the presence of a holy, sin-hating God with joy?

If Harry had waited until on a death-bed to trust Jesus as his Saviour he would have missed the untold blessing of forgiveness of sins and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ—for he had less time to prepare than had the thief on the cross.

The text on a calendar for that eventful day was "Boast not thyself of to-morrow: for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Proverbs xxvii. 1), and underneath were these two lines

"It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear you through."

Those who mourned the loss of a son and a brother heard the voice of God and felt His sustaining power. They sorrow not as those who have no hope for they know that "**together**" they (and their loved one) shall "meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thessalonians iv. 13-18).

Have you heard this warning note, and if so won't you pay heed for Jesus said, "Surely. I come **quickly**" (Rev. xxii. 20), and He also said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37)?

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

IN a Norwegian village an old woman lay dead in her cottage. In her tightly clasped hand was a paper, which naturally attracted the attention of the relatives. Gently they released the fingers and removed the solitary piece of paper. Had we been asked to guess what earthly treasure she valued so highly, imagination might have supplied many suggestions.

Was it the picture of some loved one, gone before, to whom she hoped soon to be reunited? Was it a treasured letter, reminiscent of young and romantic days? Was it a sum of money earmarked for her funeral expenses? None of these human reminiscences were represented in that stray fragment of paper.

“Stray,” do you say? Was the old lady wandering in mind when she clung in the moment of passing to that stray piece of paper?

No, it was a priceless invitation, handed to her two years previously, urging her presence at a gathering, where she could truly hear something “to her advantage.”

The invitation was two years old. But the old lady had never taken advantage of the invitation, never realised its value, never acted

upon its kindly suggestion. Now on the confines of eternity, when the things of time diminish in importance and eternal things loom large, we ask, Did she suddenly discover the value of that piece of paper?

But what was it exactly? you ask. It was an earnest invitation to a gospel meeting, and the gist of the message to be preached was condensed into one verse of Scripture, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). It was a loving, definite bid on the part of a servant of Christ for that old woman's salvation ere it was too late. This gentleman had arranged the meeting, printed notices of time and date, got the notices delivered, invited a friend from England to conduct the services, and someone had given the invitation to the aged woman.

Others received similar invitations, accepted them, attended the services, and received blessing to their souls.

Two years later evidently the old lady thought of its significance. The occasion had passed for ever. She could no longer mix with the earnest listeners while God's gospel story was being unfolded, but the message in brief was still in her hands.

We would fain hope that her tenacity in grasping that printed message in her dying hand was but the reflection of the true value she set upon the message, interpreted to her soul by the Holy Spirit of God.

Like a drowning sailor missing the lifebelt and clinging to a floating spar, did she at last lay hold of that verse of Scripture? Did she believe on the Lord Jesus as her Saviour? Or

was she placing some superstitious value on that piece of paper as something religious? We can never know. We hope, indeed, to see her among the great multitude of the redeemed, a witness to the eternal verity of the words of our Lord, "Him that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out."

My reader, are you going to treat these lines that you are reading at this moment, as the old woman treated the invitation she received, neglecting its urgent present import, denying its claims on your attention, to awake perhaps, to the tragic discovery that its offer is no longer valid? Not everyone has a death-bed. Nowadays, according to current statistics, an increasing number of souls are ushered out of life in a moment of time, no time to review the situation or revise decisions.

The offer of God's salvation is valid now. You are faced with the opportunity to accept or reject. Take note, we beseech you, of the text, that was found tightly grasped in the dying hand of the old woman, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

E. M. POLLOCK.



"I KNOW THAT MEANS ME."

IN January of 1931 we left California to drive by car across the United States to New York, on the first lap of our long journey back to Africa. In the rear window of the car I had placed the text, "All have sinned, and come

short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 23). On over three thousand miles of highway we had a good audience, and used the opportunity to remind some of their need before God. It was interesting to note the attitude of those in cars passing us. Naturally their curiosity was aroused when too far away to read; so when near enough their curiosity made them read the words attentively. There were many cross looks as they passed us. Some peered into our car to see what queer people had put a text in their car window.

We stopped at a small town in Colorado, and as was my custom I entered a restuarant to get hot water to heat the baby's milk. A negro was standing idly by, and read the verse. I called out as I passed, "That means you, my friend." His reply is my reason for writing this account. Without a moment's hesitation he replied in his broad southern accent, "Ah's mighty glad to say that ah knows that that means me."

How good it is when the individual soul KNOWS that he is the man God is speaking to. To KNOW that God has told us the truth as to our state. It is easy to generalize, but it is more profitable for the reader's individual salvation not to generalize. To know in a broad way that all are sinners is of little value compared with what this coloured brother knew. He knew that he had sinned, and that he had come short of the glory of God. Such a soul is on God's ground. The blessing of salvation, of sins forgiven, is very near for the soul who truly knows this in his heart. The note of triumph and certainty in the man's

voice that day I have not forgotten. I was persuaded by it that he knew the blessedness of sins forgiven, that he was a brother in the Lord.

Then, too, for us Christians there is this lesson, that he was ready instantly for a bold testimony for the Lord. Unexpectedly reading a verse of Scripture, he at once confessed his individual position. He was glad, he said, to be reminded that he was a sinner. We may well rejoice, for it is sinners only who may taste salvation. The Lord Jesus came to seek sinners. Many of our fellow travellers on that long highway, as on life's highway, were angry when reminded that "all had sinned." But here was one of whom the opposite was the case. He was GLAD that he had discovered that this meant him, for he had found out how his sins could be forgiven.

How is it with the reader? Are you angry at being reminded that you have sinned, and come short of the glory of God, or are you glad? The Lord Jesus is the Saviour of sinners only. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS" (1 Timothy i. 15).

R. C. WOODHAMS M.D.



THE OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

THE late W. E. Gladstone used to say that the only remedy for humanity's many and varied ills was the old-fashioned story, found in an old-fashioned book, told in the old-fashioned way. The story is the Gospel; the book

is the Bible ; the way in which it is told is simplicity itself.

That the great statesman had clear insight into the affairs of men, no competent and impartial judge would ever deny. His competency to give a sound judgment rested on the fact that he was an honoured and able politician, who knew public life and needs thoroughly, and that he was a Christian, of high standing and gift, and well fitted to view the solution to every problem, not only from its temporal but permanent aspect. And, strange as it might seem, as he surveyed the world, and saw its great need, he did not advocate culture, legislation, social reform, but urged his fellow-men to believe and propagate the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The old-fashioned story has been preached for nearly two thousand years to different peoples in different countries and in different languages. It makes no distinction as to race, nationality or colour. Just as the sun sheds its light, and imparts its warmth and benefit to all, so it brings salvation and comfort to all. It is addressed to, and adapted to meet the needs of, "every creature under heaven." It is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth" (Romans i. 16.)

For the lost, it is salvation ; for the broken-hearted, it is a healing balm ; for the slave of sin, it is the proclamation of liberty ; for the desperate, it is the kindly light of hope ; for the dying, it is the pillow of comfort. In brief, it is God's message of love and grace to fallen man, and carries with it the best that His love can give, and does the most that His grace can accomplish. Now is there any-

thing in the whole world that can substitute this old-fashioned story ?

As regards the old-fashioned book in which this story is found, it has stood the test all down the ages. No other book can be compared with it. It is unique, and stands alone. This fact is acknowledged by the wisest men. When Sir Walter Scott, the great writer, was on his death-bed, he asked for the book. "Which book ?" was asked. "THE book," he answered. Among all books, it is **the** book, uniquely and singularly. Such is the Bible, the precious Word of God.

It has been in the fiery furnace of persecution, and has come out unscathed, much in the same way as the three Hebrew children came out of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace. It has been in the critic's den, and has come out intact, just as Daniel came out of the lion's den unhurt. No instrument, no craft, no design, no subtilty, no power, that has ever been employed against it has prevailed. Like the immovable rock that stands in the midst of the sea, and bears the brunt of wind and wave, so it has stood and borne the enemy's violence, the deceiver's malice, the infidel's scorn.

Across the seas, and over distant lands, it has gone on its heavenly mission. It has found its way into the king's palace, as well as the labourer's humble dwelling. It bears its message of peace and goodwill to all. The wise love it for its wisdom ; the illiterate, for its clear instruction ; the poor, for its comfort. Now we ask, is there anything in the whole world that can take the place of this old-fashioned book ?

The language in which the story is written is sublime for its simplicity and clearness. Its grace and beauty of expression are unparalleled. It descends to the child in its simplicity ; it ascends to the height of perfection, to the marvel of the most learned. It lends itself to translation more readily than any other language that has ever been written. It speaks to humanity at large, and not to any particular people. It is like the language of the Creation ; it speaks to all, and all understand it. It expresses ponderous truths in the most comprehensible terms. It allows of no superfluous words, no repetition, no redundancy, no ambiguity. It satisfies the honest inquirer ; dispels the clouds of the doubter ; instructs the simple ; and unfolds treasures to the wise and diligent.

It speaks in no ambiguous terms to the sinner, either as to the gravity of his sins, or as to the way to get rid of them. To every one that cries, "What must I do to be saved ?" it has the ready answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). And we may well ask, Where in the whole world could we get simpler and clearer language than that in which the old-fashioned story is told ?

Whether we look at the story, or the book in which it is found, or the language in which it is told, we see God in all. This is the whole secret of its perfection. It is the Gospel of God, of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Glad Tidings of our salvation. God is its Author ; Jesus Christ is its Subject ; our salvation is its object.

J. HOUSTON.

GOD IS SATISFIED, ARE YOU ?

“**A**RE you a sinner ?” inquired a Christian worker of one, who was awakened to concern about the salvation of her soul. “I am a worse sinner than any one I know, for I have made a profession, and I am not really converted.” How sad, yet how common ! Many in these days are mere professors, having a form of godliness without the power, a name to live, yet “dead in trespasses and sins.”

Seeing that conviction of sin had been produced by the Holy Spirit, the Christian worker sought to point the seeker to Christ and the work He accomplished at Calvary. The following is the substance of the conversation :

“Did Jesus on the Cross do **ENOUGH** to satisfy God’s justice on account of your sin ?”

“Oh ! I have not repented enough.”

“I did not ask anything about your repentance. I asked you if Christ had **SATISFIED** God’s justice for you ?”

“I don’t feel I love Him as I ought.”

“I did not ask anything about your love to Him. I asked if you thought Christ had satisfied God’s justice to you ?”

“I fear I have not the right kind of faith.”

“Three times over I have asked you a question about the Lord Jesus, and you have always told me something about yourself. Once more let me ask, Has Christ satisfied God’s justice for your sins ?”

“Why yes, of course He has.”

“Then **God is satisfied, and you are not.**”

The arrow was carried home in power. In a moment the anxious inquirer ceased thinking

of what she had done, felt, or experienced, and gazing by faith on the Saviour, she apprehended what the Lord Jesus Christ did and suffered for her, exclaiming, "O God, have mercy on me for not appreciating what Jesus did for me!"

Perhaps you, my dear reader, have had your eyes opened to see that by nature you are guilty, lost, and condemned, and long to know what to do to be saved. It may be that you are occupied with your feelings, good works, or law-keeping. Such a bridge does not reach to God, for the Scripture says: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool" (Proverbs xxviii. 26).

To put confidence in one's observance of the Law is equivalent to attempting to pass over a broken bridge, for the divine decree says: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James ii. 10). Man's incomplete obedience to the commandments fails to reach God. Only eternal loss can be expected from such a venture. "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Galatians iii. 10).

There is, however, one perfect Bridge across the chasm, which sin has made between God and man. That Bridge is the atoning work of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is no possibility of it ever breaking down. No enemy can dynamite it. The severest blasts of the Devil and his angels cannot shake it. It has successfully withstood all the ravages of time, and all the violence of men and demons.

Hear what the Word says: "There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man, Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. ii. 5-6). The difference between one's own works and the work of Christ, is, so to speak, the difference between a broken bridge and a perfect bridge over sin's chasm to a thrice-holy God. To which are you trusting? The Lord Jesus said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6).

"Oh! the love that drew salvation's plan
 Oh! the grace that brought it down to man;
 Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span
 At Calvary!"

N.Z.



WHAT IS ALL THIS NOISE ABOUT?

OUT of the darkness of the African night comes the incessant, monotonous throb of the tom-toms, the African drums. To English ears this noise is merely monotonous, seemingly quite harmless. To the African native, however, it is music, swaying his whole being, drawing him to the dance, driving him to fury, finally casting him down exhausted; and still we hear the same monotonous throb.

What is all this noise about? It means that the devil still holds his captives. It is the noise of a people without God, trying to be happy.

To the African ear such noises have their charms. To me they brought nought but pain.

I heard men, made in the image of God, making noises like the beasts, driving themselves on into exhaustion in a mad effort after joy.

What is all the noise about? Hush! awful thought. It is the noise of a people, who, having heard the gospel, have refused it, and are seeking to be happy without God.

Again the question rises, but in quite a different setting. In a slum district in a large city stands a band of young men heralding forth the glorious gospel, the good news of pardon and peace through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus. See written on their faces the joy of the Lord as their voices rise in unison, singing these wonderful words:—

“We have joyful news to tell
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!”

One of their number stands forth to explain this wonderful news, that through the atoning death of the Lord Jesus comes to this sin-sick world the offer of true rest, peace, and joy!! As he speaks there is flung from the pavement's edge the question: “What is all this noise about?”

As the Apostle Paul preached at Athens, long years ago, came a similar question. His words left three classes.

“Some mocked”—“What is all this noise about?”

“Others said, ‘We will hear thee again of this matter.’”

“Howbeit certain men . . . believed.”

Which of the three classes do you belong to?

AT THE LAST HOUR.

YEARS ago I was called in my professional capacity to a young man, who was suffering from acute peritonitis, brought on by throwing himself upon a snowbank to cool off after a wrestling match. His mother was a pious woman, but his father, a rank Universalist, who, together with an associate of the same mind, ever sought to discredit the teachings of the mother.

The young man had been carried home, where I found him suffering intense pain, and did all that I could for him for seven days. On the morning of the eighth day, while on my way to visit him, I met his brother, who exclaimed : "Hurry up, doctor, for a great change has come over John, and we fear the worst." So I hastened on, leaving the horse with the messenger at the door. Upon entering the room where the patient lay, I saw that, indeed, a great change had taken place, as he exclaimed in a somewhat wild way : "Good morning, doctor ; I am better, my pain is gone."

I sat down, and putting my fingers upon his pulse found it almost gone, and I saw his face was set. After a moment I rose, and passed into another room, where his mother was. She beckoned to me, and said : "Doctor, what is it ?" I answered : "He is dying."

The poor mother was deeply moved ; she wrung her hands in agony and exclaimed, " Oh ! what shall I do ? " I realized what pangs my answer brought to the mother's heart, but a soul with eternity at hand was in question, and I asked, " Mrs. T—, is John prepared to die ? "

" Oh ! doctor, I am afraid not," she answered " and there is no minister near here. Can't you talk with him ? "

Going back into the bedroom, I sat down by the young man. Again he repeated : " I'm better, doctor, ain't I ? "

" No, John, you are no better," I answered.

With a startled look he asked : " Am I worse ? "

" Yes," I said, " you **are** worse."

" Am I going to die ? "

" Yes, John."

With a sudden movement he grasped the coverlet, drew it up over his face for a moment, then threw it back, and said : " How long can I live ? "

" Perhaps about three hours, I answered ; and then added : " Now, John, if you must die, are you prepared ? "

" Oh ! no," he exclaimed excitedly, " I cannot die, you **must not** let me die."

" Oh ! John, I am sorry indeed, but you **are** going to die. Would you not like to make preparation **here and now** ? "

" I don't know how," he answered.

I stepped in the next room, and took his mother's Bible, and read to him the well-known verses :—" And as Moses lifted up the serpent

in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through Him might be saved " (John iii. 14-17).

He had followed earnestly with his eyes fixed upon me, and nodded as I finished each verse. Then he said, " God cannot lie, can He ? "

" No, John, He cannot. Can **you** believe ? "

" Yes," he said : " I must : I will believe." Then he said : " Pray for me, doctor."

Reader, you can imagine my feelings as I poured out my soul for this earnest seeker—this soul in such dire need. When I rose from my knees, he said : " Lift me up, I want to pray for myself."

The father and his Universalist friend stood on the opposite side of the bed listening to all this conversation. They lifted him to his knees, but such a pain seized him toward the heart, that, clasping his hand to his side, he gasped for breath, crying : " Lay me down." And, as they laid him back upon the bed, he exclaimed, " Into Thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit," and we thought he was going. But he broke into a delirium, and raved for an hour, throwing himself from side to side. He grasped a glass tumbler and threw it at the head of his father's Universalist friend, just missing it, and dashing it to pieces.

Presently he sank back upon his pillow, lying quiet for a while. Then, suddenly raising him-

self with a last effort into a sitting position, his hands outstretched heavenward, and his eyes looking up as if he saw the Lord, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "My great Redeemer!" He then sank back, and was gone.

Reader, our Redeemer can save to the uttermost all those who come to Him in faith—even at the last moment. But would you be willing in the face of the uncertainty of life to put off your own case until such a time? In the providence of God I came to this young man at the last moment to show him the way, and lead him to Christ, but oh! the awful risk of waiting till the last hour.

The Scriptures read: "Behold, **now** is the accepted time; behold, **now** is the day of salvation" (2 Corinthians vi. 2). Reader, will you trust Him **now**? Remember your last hour must come.

L.B.



PAGAN ENGLAND.

A HANDSOME young man of twenty-two arrived at a well-known seaside place, and took up his quarters in a comfortable hotel. As he strolled along the promenade he came across a band of earnest Christian workers, who were holding an open-air service. He listened, and something happened.

That something has happened in many centuries and in many countries. We read in the beautiful words of Scripture, "The wind

bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is BORN OF THE SPIRIT" (John iii. 8).

The young gentleman heard enough to make him anxious to know more. When he got to the hotel he startled the management by asking for a Bible. Alas ! to the shame of this land of ours the gentleman had not a Bible, nor had the management a Bible. Enquiry was made, and at last a Bible was procured from a humble member of the staff. ONE Bible discovered with difficulty in an hotel with a responsible management and a numerous staff ! We may well talk of Pagan England. Shame ! shame ! !

The gentleman got the loan of the Sacred Volume, and returned it on leaving the hotel at the end of three days. The maid, who lent the Bible, found a note in it, thanking her for the loan of it, and adding, "I have now purchased a Bible, and thank God I CAN NOW SAY THAT I AM SAVED."

What a wonderful three days that must have been as he earnestly searched the Book of God. We are reminded of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus when we read, "He was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink" (Acts ix. 9). What days of inward illumination they must have been, a great crisis in his history.

The gentleman learned that the way of blessing was simply and solely through accepting the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour. How simple, and yet how profound, and arresting !

Such verses as the following might well have been used to his blessing :

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, **thou shalt be saved**" (Romans x. 9).

"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).

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18).

Many more passages might be adduced, but we have given a sample from three inspired writers, setting forth plainly the only way of salvation.

We do not know the subsequent history of the gentleman. He has left the seaside town, but we are sure that the God, who gave him the desire to earnestly seek the way of salvation, and revealed it to him in the quiet of his own room, and brought him there to definite decision for Christ, can and will preserve him in the path that leads to heaven and home.

Reader, how do you stand in relation to this matter? No more important question could be asked you. How will you answer it? Your eternal destiny hangs on your reply.

There is no time for delay. Time hurries on, never ceasing, night or day, summer or winter, youth or old age. Life is uncertain. The strongest often go first. Disease lurks at every corner, and is carried on the wings of the east wind. Accidents occur, sudden deaths are all too common. Reader, we beseech you to face

the important question of your soul's salvation. "Behold NOW is the accepted time ; behold NOW is the day of salvation " (2 Cor. vi. 2). Decide now !

A. J. POLLOCK.



DOES IT LAST ?

WHEN elderly people say that they have just trusted the Lord and know that they are saved, some may remark, "Well, they are drawing near to the end of their journey and it is only right that they should prepare for the future."

When young folk make a similar confession, the question is sometimes raised, "Will it last?" When a person is converted in youth and continues to follow the Lord, through summer's sunshine and winter's blasts, for over half a century,—and the number of such is legion—there remains only one answer to the question and that is an emphatic "Yes."

The subject of this narrative lives in the north of England and is known to not a few readers of "The Gospel Messenger." We shall endeavour to give his testimony, as nearly as possible, in his own words. Here it is :

"I was eighteen years of age, wild, reckless, careless, steeped in sin, "having no hope, and without God in the world" (Ephesians ii. 12). I seemed to be going headlong to destruction. I was arrested, however, on my downward course by God's grace through my brother who was converted in a most remarkable way.

"An under-gamekeeper, he was about to cross a fence when he fell on his gun which was loaded at full-cock, the muzzle of which stuck in the ground. In an instant his past life seemed to come before him, and he said to himself, 'If the gun goes off, I am damned to all eternity.' At that moment conviction of sin was wrought, followed by 'repentance toward God, faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ' (Acts xx. 21), and he rose a saved man.

"Then," continues our friend, "his desire was for my blessing. We were bedmates. One night he stood at the bedside in silent prayer, which act seemed to convict me in the presence of God. Then he spoke to me about my soul's salvation, and urged upon me my need of a Saviour.

"Just then, a Christian friend invited me to a gospel meeting to be held in the district, and I went. As I entered the hall the audience was singing,

"We know there's a bright and glorious home
Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell;
BUT WILL YOU BE THERE, AND I?"

That question seemed to ring in my ears. Satan suggested, 'Don't go in. The service has commenced. The people will all stare at you.' I went in; the hall was crowded; the preacher was the late, beloved, Mr. J. Wilson Smith. He read Luke xv. and spoke beautifully about the lost sheep, and the lost piece of silver. When he traced the wanderings of the prodigal son, I thought how like myself. I seemed to cry out in the bitterness of my soul, 'Guilty, O Lord, save me for I am a lost sinner.' Then

tenderly the preacher spoke of the love of the Father. I seemed to put myself in the prodigal's place, and I longed that his reception should be mine. In conclusion, the preacher quoted the simple and solemn words from John iii. 36,

'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'

"How fervently I desired to be saved. After the preaching the speaker came to me and quickly noticed my deep soul-anxiety. He read to me that golden text, John v. 24,

'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life.'

" ' You have heard His Word ? ' said he. ' Yes. ' ' Do you believe God ? ' ' I do. ' ' Now read what follows. '

"I did so ; I believed, got the blessing, and went home rejoicing in God's salvation. I ran nearly all the two miles, and told my parents the good news. Next day I told those who had been my companions in sin. That meant a little persecution, but I thanked God and took courage.

"Never shall I forget January 28th, 1883, the night of my confession.

"A fortnight later I had the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper in the hall in which I was saved. A few months later there was a stream of blessing in the district,

and in not a few halls and farmhouses there still goes forth bright Gospel testimony."

There is no doubt about it, it lasts. The pleasures of the world do not last. These are "for a season" (Hebrews xi. 25). The so-called consolations of mere formalism do not last; but that which is bestowed upon every true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ—no matter what age or colour or creed, whether boasting of much morality or none at all, lasts, for He has said; "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me HATH EVER-LASTING LIFE" (John vi. 47.)

The writer though five years younger than the friend, whose spiritual experience is here outlined, is over four years older as to his soul's salvation, for the day of days in his history was November 11th 1878. Praise God—it lasts!

Is someone just on the point of tossing this aside and saying, "Rubbish!" Listen friend. If you refuse God's salvation, **you** will have something that will last, and last for ever. What is that? "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but THE WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM" (John iii. 36). The issue is in your hand: everlasting life or everlasting wrath. We beg of you, choose the former, and, with us and millions more, prove that it lasts.

"Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee;
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God, sent free,
TAKE salvation—
TAKE it NOW and happy be."

W. BRAMWELL DICK.

THE WARNING UNHEEDED.

THE disaster, which overtook some cities in the vicinity of Los Angeles, California, some-time ago, did not come without warning. For three days a haze had gathered in the sky, and hung over the fair city of Long Beach; then at five p.m. on March 10th, 1933 the earthquake came. This was preceded by a low rumbling sound, then ten cities, towns, and villages lay in partial ruin.

In the city of Long Beach, the proprietor of a drug store, frightened by the catastrophe, left his store and was running into the street when his clerk caught him and implored him to stay inside, warning him of the risk he was taking. He angrily pulled himself away, and continued to run when a mass of falling debris felled him to the ground, instantly killing him. Warned, but the warning unheeded, he lost his life in the vain attempt to save it.

How frequently we are reminded of the uncertainty and transient character of everything here. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not" (Job xxxiii. 14). Surely such happenings are His voice to men, for He "is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter iii. 9).

This poor world is doomed, the rumblings of coming judgment are apparent to faith, and soon the judgments of a sin-hating God will overtake those who live in God-forgetfulness and sin. Do not angrily turn away from one who would fain arrest your footsteps, and lead you to a place of safety. Your eternal weal or woe is at stake and soon you must leave behind

forever the world for which you are risking your soul. You may die unforgiven, unsaved, but you will not die unloved, "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).

The bitterest drop in the cup of woe, and that which will be the cause of endless remorse, will be the remembrance by the sinner that the love of God was trampled upon, the Christ of God spurned, and the Spirit's striving refused, while friends and perhaps relatives prayed and pleaded in vain.

Will you not, my reader, at this very moment consider your eternal future, and turn to God in your need and guilt? "If any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light" (Job xxxiii. 27, 28). "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Hebrews iv. 7).

"Room for Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Hasten now His word obey,
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter, while you may."

J. W. H. NICHOLS.

A FORTUNE—BUT TOO LATE !

MISS MINNIE GOMMAN left London for Paris in her youth to seek a fortune in that gay capital of fashion and pleasure. For thirty years she worked in a famous dress-making establishment, designing splendid gowns and frocks.

She became old. The fortune she sought never came. She was poor. She had no friends, and lived alone in one room in an obscure Paris suburb.

But when day after day she failed to be seen by her neighbours, the police broke into her room. They were greeted by the sight of her dead body. Beside her, unopened on the floor, lay a letter from a lawyer, informing her that she had inherited a legacy of £8,000. The letter had arrived too late.

One cannot help feeling the poignancy of the situation. The old woman, toiling for a lifetime seeking a fortune, living for years in isolation and poverty, dying just as the news reached her, never knew what she had missed, for the letter lay unopened on the floor.

But is there not a far, far sadder case than this, a case, alas ! multiplied a million times over ? it may be **your own case**. We refer to the matter of the soul's salvation from the penalty attaching to sin. Here is the Bible with news infinitely more important than the lawyer's letter telling of a legacy of £8,000 ;

and yet, maybe, it lies unopened and unheeded. The newspaper, with its ephemeral news, is diligently read; the novel consumes the midnight oil very often; but the Bible, oh, the pity of it! the one Book God has given to men, the one Book with news of redeeming love, and yet neglected! Passing strange!

Even if the old woman had opened her letter and received the legacy and found ease and comfort in her old age, she could not have enjoyed her legacy for long.

But the matter we would bring before you is one that concerns ETERNITY. Is it possible that men and women can be so blind as to neglect the Bible, the one Book that tells them authoritatively concerning sin, redemption, the way of salvation, that lifts the veil concerning the world to come? Alas! alas! that it is so. The indifference that has set in is something to be seriously alarmed about.

It is like the ease of a sick man, who has suddenly lost the awful pain that has made his life intolerable, thinking that he is better, telling the doctor with glee that he will soon be well. The doctor knows that the sudden freedom from pain is the worst of symptoms, that the end is near and nothing can save his patient. Is not the awful indifference of multitudes like this, but infinitely worse, with eternal consequences?

How many there are who have no concern whatever about their immortal souls. Oh! the unutterable sadness of it. They die, maybe, with a Bible in the house, but utterly ignorant of its contents. They might have been saved

and gone to heaven through the Saviour's precious blood, but preferred to live for the fleeting moments of time, for self, for wealth, for ambition, for pleasure, for the gratification of lust and sin, and DIED—died without Christ, died without hope, died in their sins. Oh! the sadness, the unutterable sadness, of such a scene. And yet it happens every day in your vicinity, and our concern is that it may not happen to you.

A young man, brought up in a godly home, but who had disregarded his early training and had gone in for a life of pleasure and sin, lay in a hospital bed recovering from an operation.

In the next bed lay a patient, who, alas, was not destined to leave the hospital alive. As he lay dying, he was heard to moan out again and again, "I'm dying. Oh! what must I do to be saved?" Again and again the question of questions rang out as the grey shadows of death were gathering round that hospital bed. So he died with this question on his lips. We know not what passed between his soul and God in the solemn hours of departing from this life, but the effect on the young man in the next bed was to thoroughly arouse him as to his sinful course. When he was discharged from the hospital it was to live a changed life, changed by the grace of God.

What is the answer to the dying man's cry, "What must I do to be saved?" We read it in the Word of God: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). If there were no other verse in the Bible that verse is enough to show to you the

only way of salvation. Take that way now, and eternal blessing is yours. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time ; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

A. J. POLLOCK.



THE IRON FURNACE.

IN Pennsylvania, less than twenty miles from Valley Forge, there is an Iron Furnace first built in 1737. Men of renown, both in national and religious life, have been there. It is stated that General Washington was entertained two days by the owner of the furnace during the winter of 1777-78. Benjamin Franklin visited the place on many occasions, and the first Franklin stove was cast there.

George Whitefield preached the gospel to the iron workers, Mrs. Grace, the owner, standing by him as the workers threatened violence to his person. Mrs. Grace was converted through the power of the Word of God at this time.

After her husband's death it is said that Franklin desired to marry her, but on account of the difference in their religious views she refused. At the time of his death, in Philadelphia, he called Mrs. Grace to his bedside, and to her expressed faith, which she hoped was real.

As these reports come to us down a long series of years, the facts at the time may differ ;

but this we know, that to wait until death calls before we have repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, is utter folly, however wise men may be in this world. That God in His great love can save at the last moment we know. That often there is neither time nor desire to be saved at death is also known and stated in the Scriptures. Christ died to deliver men from the iron furnace of sin (See Deuteronomy 4. 20 : Jeremiah 11. 4). "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 23). "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Corinthians vi. 2) and we are thankful for faith, which gives us power to face the realities of eternity.

Over the furnace as it now stands, have been printed the words,

ETERNITY WHERE ?

May it not be with the one, who reads this, an eternity in the iron furnace of despair, but rather in the glory of God's presence provided through the death and resurrection of Jesus, God's beloved Son. To small or great ; to men of renown, or men of no special importance in the world's estimate, there is only one way to be in God's House forever. This is through faith in the precious blood of Christ shed on Calvary's Cross. As He Himself said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me" (John xii. 32). Your responsibility is to come to Christ, owning Him as Lord, for He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). "The

blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18).

T. FAWCETT.



NIGHT AND DARKNESS.

SOME time ago a fine passenger steamship left the port of San Francisco bound for Los Angeles. It was night time, and a thick blanket of fog clung like a pall to the coast. All, however, seemed well, and the passengers slept in fancied security, though in the midst of peril. Suddenly, without warning, a big oil-tanker ran her down, and within a few moments **over seventy persons found a watery grave.** NIGHT AND DARKNESS caused the calamity. It might, perhaps, have been avoided had they halted and taken soundings. NEGLECT sent them to their doom. The world to-day, in **night and darkness**, speeds on its way, not thinking of impending judgment. The darkness increasing as light is refused, and sin, like an opiate, deadens the senses, until—alas! the last hope is gone, and eternal darkness, an eternal night, enshrouds it.

On the coast of Brittany, France, there is a long stretch of treacherous quicksands. Should a person, ignoring warning, venture beyond the

safety zone, and be unnoticed, the treacherous sands will claim its victim. He sinks to the ankles, tries to extricate himself, only to sink further. The sand is quickly to the knees. He frantically makes an effort to raise himself—but in vain. The sand draws him down until it reaches the waist. The victim bends forward endeavouring again, by supreme effort, to save himself, but alas! **he took a chance**, and is now powerless to retrieve his position. The sand reaches his shoulders; the victim shrieks, and cries agonizingly for a saviour, but no one is near to help, and with a last despairing cry he sinks to a fearful death. Horrible you say! Yes, but not to be compared with the anguish of a **lost soul**. Grace spurned, Christ refused, the day of salvation gone, the Christ-rejector must inevitably sink into an eternal hell.

But, thank God, you, my reader, are not yet beyond redemption point. God is still waiting in patient grace to bless and save. “**Now** is the accepted time; **behold** now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2). God is still ready to pardon, ready to save. The one who comes to Christ, in all his or her need, believing, is saved. “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved” (Romans x. 9).

The one who is thus saved belongs not to the NIGHT, but to the DAY. He is not of “darkness,” but is one of “the children of light.” For such the long dark night will soon be over, and the “Morning Star” will herald the approaching day. “I am the root

and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star," were the Saviour's words to the Apostle John (Rev. xxii. 16).

The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, to take His waiting people home, is the believer's "Blessed Hope." Then the whole company of the redeemed will be raptured away from the **darkness** and **night**, to the **light** and **joy** of eternal day.

"Now is our salvation [the coming of the Lord] nearer than when we believed," is the language of faith. Dear Reader, which would it be for you, if He came to-day? "With Christ, far better," or "without Christ, without hope?"

"Turn and believe this very hour.
Trust in the Saviour's love and power,
Then shall your final answer be
Saved through a long eternity."

May this be your happy portion!

J. W. H. NICHOLS.



A STRAW ON THE CURRENT.

IN the midst of a great and thriving city in the north of England, stood a church that for many generations had been the centre of the religious life of the place. Its blackened walls had echoed with the preachings of hundreds of sermons, urgent appeals, and serious warnings to the godless and the profane.

As the tide of commerce and industry rose higher and higher around it, as more and more

space was needed for the increasing traffic, and for the erection of great warehouses and factories, so the old church seemed more and more in the way. As the needs of the present grew more and more insistent, the less time there seemed to be for the things that belonged to the unseen world. The greater the throng in the street, the smaller was the congregation that met to hear the Word of God.

It became evident at last to the authorities that the church had outlived its usefulness. It was decided to pull it down, and use the site for something more in keeping with modern requirements.

As the demolition was going on, there arose close by, a magnificent building, the offices of a great insurance company, where people might insure their lives for the benefit of their friends, and their property against destruction by fire.

Note the character of the change that was going on ! Emblems of the claims of God and testimonies to His Word were being set aside, while that which spoke only of the virtues of economy and foresight in material things was taking their place.

This indicates one of the tendencies of the mind of men and women. The same thing is being done in many quarters, and in different ways ; that which is without the shadow of a doubt the question of the most capital importance for all to consider is being elbowed out of the way by things of much less importance.

It is the duty of every man to provide an honest living for himself and for those depen-

dent on him, to see that his family is brought up in health, happiness and comfort as far as he is able, but it is also of the most urgent importance that he should be able to look beyond the present, right on into **Eternity**, and know that all is well with his soul. He should know that, when home life, business and politics are things of the past, the long, long life beyond the grave is assured to him, because he has accepted the great salvation that is now freely offered to him by the Lord Jesus Christ.

The man, who neglects to insure his life, is regarded by many as lacking in the most elementary forethought, but he is ten thousand times more a fool if he does not ensure his eternal happiness by coming to the Saviour. It is pure madness to insure your house against fire and leave your soul exposed to the fierce wrath of a holy God. It is the utmost folly to consider your future up to the edge of the grave, and give no thought to what lies five minutes beyond. Will those few moments find you in the presence of the Son of God, who loved you so much as to give His life for you, or will it find you thrust out from His blessed presence to be for ever with the lost?

It must be one of these two things ; which is it to be ?

It is the easiest thing in the world to forget these things. The morning paper, the affairs of the day, the evening recreation, fill the mind, and day by day, month by month, year by year, the eyes are blinded, the ears deafened, the mind filled with the things of the present, while

that which is lasting and of the utmost importance is forgotten.

Will you, my friend, never realize this? It is not a fable, it is not a dream, it is the truth of the living God who cannot lie.

Could you but for a moment get a peep into the condition of that which lies beyond, you would not hesitate for a moment; you would sacrifice every other thing ere you missed the opportunity that is now being given to you to receive the gift of God which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

It does not need great and toilsome efforts to secure it, nor years of effort to earn it.

No, it is available for you here and now, freely and fully, for though “the wages of sin is death,” it is known that, “the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. vi. 23).

Then do not dally with the question, do not delay in accepting it, for you do not know what a day may bring forth. “NOW is the day of salvation.”

S. SCOTT.



“EXAMPLE” OR “SUBSTITUTE.”

AT the close of a service in Germantown, Pa. U.S.A., some time ago, a stranger accosted the late Dr. D. M. Stearns as follows: “I don’t like your preaching. I do not care for

the cross. I think that instead of preaching the death of Christ on the cross, it would be far better to preach Jesus, the Teacher and Example."

"Would you then be willing to follow Him, if I preach Christ, the Example?" replied Dr. Stearns.

"I would," said the stranger, "I will follow in His steps."

"Then," said Dr. Stearns, "let us take the first step. 'Who did no sin.' Can you take this step?"

The stranger looked confused. "No," he said, "I do sin, and I acknowledge it."

"Well, then," said Dr. Stearns, "your first need of Christ is not as an Example, but as a SAVIOUR."

And this is EVERY man's need. (See Rom. iii. 23-26.)

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6).

The believer in Christ can gladly sing:—

"I am not told to labour
To put away my sin;
So foolish, weak and helpless,
I never could begin.
But blessed truth—I know it!
Though ruined by this fall,
Christ for my soul hath suffered,
Yes, Christ has done it all."

EXTRACTED.

TREASURE TROVE.

“**W**ILLIAM Phipps, the son of a poor English settler in the State of Maine, left caring for his father's sheep to apprentice himself to a ship's carpenter. In 1673 he married a wife who was able to set him up in business, but soon after he determined to “follow the sea.” Hearing some sailors talking of a Spanish ship which had been cast away on the Bahama coast with much treasure of silver and gold, Phipps sank his little fortune to purchase a ship which took him to the spot, where, however, he did not fish up sufficient treasure to pay expenses. But he heard of a far bigger Spanish treasure-ship which had been cast away upon the Porto de la Plata. “**That ship,**” said Phipps, “**I will have!**” Yet old people treated this wreck as half legendary.

“Bent on his purpose, Phipps went to London, and after much difficulty and promise of Spanish gold, succeeded in getting the ear of King James II, who made him captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying 18 guns and 95 men. He cruised about for nearly two years in the West Indies, but failed to find the place he sought. His men did not believe as he did

in the sunken Spanish treasure. They rebelled against him, and wanted him to turn pirate, but he refused.

“At last he was forced to return, without gold, and with only one hopeful report to lessen his shame of failure. He had met an old mariner who had told him how to reach the very spot of the wreck. It was, he said, on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from the Porto de la Plata.

“The King refused further help, but some noblemen aided Phipps to fit out a ship. At La Plata he himself worked as carpenter to build a large boat, as he dared not take his vessel over the sunken rocks. Procuring some Indians and other skilful divers, they rowed over on so smooth a sea that they could look down into its depth, yet they beheld nothing of the expected treasure. But at the bottom of the sea they saw a bright piece of seaweed growing, and to test one of the divers an English sailor bade him pluck that shrub. Up came the man holding it, breathless and exhausted. Whilst plucking it he had found some Spanish guns—they were on the very spot of the sunken treasure! Phipps could scarcely believe it, till the diver produced a great wedge of silver—then he saw all his toil rewarded, and shouted for joy!

“The divers worked with a will, and bit by bit they brought up the treasure—gold and silver—covered up and crusted with sand and salt. Captain Phipps became a Knight and Governor of Massachusetts, with a fortune of £20,000, and his descendants became noblemen in Great

Britain. He had laboured for "the meat which perisheth."

Wonderful words fell from the lips of the Lord Jesus when He said, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you" (John vi. 27). William Phipps strove hard for the meat that perisheth. He was finally successful, earned honours and titles, and a fortune, established a family of note, and—**left it all!** A few years and he went out of the world as he came into it. "For we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out" (1 Timothy vi. 7). Were his struggles worth while?

Alas! there are multitudes striving for the meat that perisheth, the riches that take wings and fly away, and forgetting the "meat which endureth unto everlasting life." How can that meat be ours?

Our Lord tells us to **labour** for it, and yet He says He is willing to **give** it to us. Wherein then lies the labour? If it is a gift, we are forbidden by the fact that it is a gift, to labour for it, as if to earn it. How then do we labour?

We believe it lies in the awful indifference of man's sinful heart to these realities. If men are to receive this gift, there must be the labour to work through this deadly indifference. For it is evident that only one conscious of his great need that will desire this meat.

The multitude had flocked after Christ on the other side of the lake, following on His

great miracle of feeding five thousand people with five loaves and two small fishes. Seeing they were striving for the meat that perisheth, our Lord gave them this good advice. When they asked Him, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" He replied, "This is the work of God, **that ye BELIEVE on Him whom He has sent**" (John vi. 29).

How then do you get this gift? By **BELIEVING**. "The wages of sin is death; but the **GIFT of God** is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans vi. 23). The gift is offered you—a gift won by the incarnation and atoning death of the Son of God, offered without price or money, offered now on the authority of God's Word. Will you receive this gift in simple faith? Miss it and you will find "the wages of sin is **DEATH**."

A. J. POLLOCK.



REVOLUTIONIZED !

THE average brigand is a lawless and blood-thirsty fellow—an altogether unpleasing specimen of humanity. The Chinese variety is by no means below the average in unpleasantness. Indeed he excels in bloodthirsty cruelty. Yet a power exists that can completely revolutionize even the worst of them.

One night, not long ago, two hundred brigands suddenly visited a city where lived and

laboured a Christian missionary and his wife. They signalized their arrival by shooting down a number of poor children playing in the streets, just to show they meant to be masters and to stand no nonsense! They proceeded to pillage a temple close to the missionaries' house, and they proclaimed martial law.

This meant, of course, that no evangelistic service could be held that evening. The missionaries could not go out, and no one could come into their chapel. However, they were not daunted, and being people of considerable resource they simply opened up and invited the brigands in. They started by playing a few hymn tunes. In came the ruffians and filled the place. The hymn-playing finished the missionary opened one of the Gospels and read to these men the whole story of the sufferings and death of Christ. He just took the Word as it is, read it without comment, and said, "If you come back to-morrow night, I will read this again."

The following night the same thing happened, and it went on through the week. Each night the place was filled with these lawless men. As the week drew to its end the missionary became conscious that something was happening in the hearts of some of them, so he ventured to make an appeal. He said, "If any of you men want to accept Christ as your personal Saviour, I ask you to make an open confession by kneeling down right out here."

Hearing this, no less than thirteen men rose up, their eyes streaming with tears. They came right out and knelt down. These were men

who used to murder their enemies, and even go so far as to cut out their hearts and eat them ! Before they left the missionary announced that the next morning he would start a Bible Class.

Next day he was awakened at 4.30 a.m. by someone outside his house. Going out he found his Bible Class waiting for him, each man holding out his money for his Bible. Not only were those thirteen soundly converted and wholly changed, but many other brigands were also brought to Christ, and renounced their lawless ways. They were not merely reformed. They were wholly and permanently revolutionized.

There is a good bit of talk about revolution in these days—the kind of political revolution that more or less turns men into brigands without any mercy. But this is the kind of revolution that is needed, turning men, even brigands into monuments of mercy—the mercy of God—and making them each into a small fountain of mercy to other folk.

Do you approve of our saying this ? Probably you do. But have you yet experienced for yourself the revolutionizing power of the Gospel?

But do I need it ? you may reply. And the answer is, Yes, you do. The Chinese brigand lawlessly smites poor humankind. You are civilized and respectable : you have not done that. But what about God, to whom you are responsible, and before whose judgment bar you must stand ? Have you not been lawless in regard to Him ? What regard have you for His Word ? It is fashionable entirely to neglect

the Bible, if not to ridicule and deny it, smiting it with the words of your mouth. Have you followed the multitude in this evil?

You may claim that you are religious. Plenty of folk claimed that when our Lord was on earth. Yet to them He said, "The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you" (Matt. xxi. 31). And why so? Because being great sinners, these knew in their heart of hearts that they were all wrong, and finally they sought the Lord. They were diseased, **and they knew it**. They sought the great Physician, and were healed.

Now **you** may be healed. **You** may yet enter the kingdom. Only you must bear in mind the Saviour's words, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). You cannot go in without this great change. He put the same truth in another way when He said, "Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). Take care that you do not miss being converted. If you miss that you miss everything; even though you are a nominal Christian, far removed from the barbarous heathenism of the Chinese.

For you as for them the only way of salvation is this: "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). Take that way of salvation **at once**, and experience the Gospel revolution for yourself.

F. B. HOLE.

THE DEITY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

DID it ever strike us as a remarkable and deplorable fact that immediately following upon the words of Christ, "I and My Father are one" (John x. 30), it is recorded "Then the Jews took up stones again to stone Him?" With what indignation did the self-righteous Jews repudiate the suggestion that their God, the mighty God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, could have any connection with this insignificant Jesus of Nazareth, as they considered Him.

We pity the Jews for their spiritual blindness, and for their obstinacy in refusing to acknowledge Christ as their promised Messiah, and we do so rightly. But let us not be forgetful of extending our prayerful pity to the multitudes of professed Christians to-day, who adopt precisely the same attitude towards our Saviour. In what circle of society, high or low, can the faithful follower of the Lord declare in this year of grace that Christ, the Christ of Gethsemane and Calvary, the Christ who bore shame and spitting, the Christ who uttered the solemn words, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matthew xxiii. 33)—that He is one with the God of infinite glory and love, that He is indeed God, without raising a host of hostile critics who figuratively, if not literally, take up stones to stone Him. In this cultivated and intellectual age we seem to have developed such a refined, religious taste that the doctrine of redemption by the blood of Christ is considered by many as revolting and

barbaric. Let us beware that in the madness of our pride we do not "crucify to ourselves the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame" (Hebrews vi. 6).

As Dr. A. T. Pierson has said :—"It is at the peril of our faith that we put on the Blood the stigma of reproach. The Blood stain is upon every page of Scripture. The Blood is the scarlet line on which all the promises and prophecies like pearls are strung."

There are some, who rather inconsistently concede that Christ was God before coming to earth, and that He assumed His Godhead again on His Ascension, but deny that He was anything more than a perfect man while "He went about doing good" (Acts x. 38) in this world. Jesus Himself finally refuted such an error by declaring that He was God, when He said to the carping Jews, "**Before Abraham was I AM**" (John viii. 58).

Even in the time of His humiliation, "despised and rejected of men" (Isaiah liii. 3), He was one with the Father, saying, "I and the Father **are one**" (John x. 30). He was and is God from eternity to eternity.

The true believer finds pleasure in affirming the Deity of Christ. He readily and joyfully believes that his Redeemer was God, equal with the Father. That fact was amply attested at Jordan by the voice from heaven affirming, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matthew iii. 17). And when He was the Sin-bearer at Calvary He was forsaken by God, and cried out in bitterest agony, "My

God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matthew xxvii. 46). Yes, even at that dread hour, Christ was one with the Father, and unless He were, He would have been overwhelmed by the penalty due to sin long before the work of redemption was accomplished. Thank God, He completed that work, crying with a loud voice, "It is finished" (John xix. 30). Christ's Deity is the foundation of the believer's faith, his source of comfort in sorrow and trouble, and his song of praise in times of uplifting. The believer rejoices not only because Christ is one with the Father, but because he himself is at one with the Father through Christ. He has become an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ (Romans viii. 17), so that the wealth of empires is trivial compared with this inheritance.

How secure does that person feel, who realizes that his salvation has been wrought out by the omnipotent Jehovah, and that the entire resources of Father, Son and Holy Spirit are at his disposal!

Reader, is your God the Christ of Calvary, or do you follow the multitude, who hold only vague notions about a distant Deity whom they claim to be solely a God of love and pity?

If the latter, let your beliefs be corrected by bearing in mind that sin is so abominable in the sight of a holy God that He cannot pardon a single sinner except on the ground of the death of His own beloved Son.

Consider how criminal it is to adopt an attitude of indifference to One who passed

through inconceivable sufferings in order that the wellsprings of eternal life might be opened up to such as you.

Unspeakably great will be your loss, and tremendous your punishment, if you fail to respond to the Prince of life, who sends out to you the precious words, which are at once an invitation and a challenge, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37).

Remember that every drop of the fountain of eternal life is purchased by the blood of a Divine Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). There is no other way.

J.S.F.



WHAT WILL IT PROFIT?

IT has been asked, Suppose you owned a bank; and that your bank swallowed up all the other banks in the world, what would it profit? You would certainly be fabulously rich, but how long could you keep your wealth?

Suppose you were the possessor of these riches the very day you were born, and lived to be a hundred years old, what would it profit? Job of old cried out, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither" (chapter i. 21).

We have to do with eternity. We must not leave that out of our reckoning. Alas! millions

do. Do you? It is worse than folly. Life is but a brief moment—life's fitful dream is soon over, and then—!

It is pitiful to see men striving for wealth, fame and the like, grow old in the striving, enjoy the fruits of their labours for a very few brief years, and even then often to them in the end their gains are but empty husks, and Dead Sea apples, attractive in appearance, but only filling the mouth with ashes, and bitter disappointment.

How different is the joyous assurance of the Psalmist, "Thou wilt shew me the path of life : in Thy presence is fulness of joy, at 'Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11). These are worth having.

And the testimony of the true Christian is that Christ gives joys to the believer that the world knows nothing about, joys that a death-bed can only deepen and expand.

My reader, go in for that which really profits.

"When the gain thou hast hoarded
Is slipping from thy grasp,
When thou standest needy and alone,
When thy cold hand no longer the wonted
props can clasp,
Oh! who will listen to thy moan?
There is One, the Friend of the friendless,
Jesus, Jesus saith, Come unto Me,
Still mercy's blood-stained lintel thy door of
hope may be,
Oh! sinner, Jesus died for thee."

P.

“THEY DID NOT EMPLOY EXPERIENCED GUIDES.”

A TRAGEDY on the Alps had occurred. A party of tourists had attempted to climb the Matterhorn, roped and well equipped, but alas! their dead bodies were found. M. Seiler, a well-known hotel keeper, who is familiar to hundreds of British Alpinists at Zermatt, expressed himself as to the fatal accident in the following words:—

“There is no doubt that the tragedy was due to the fact that the climbers did not employ experienced guides. In the old days no one thought of climbing the Matterhorn without guides. But the new generation have their ideas. **THEY THINK THEY CAN DO WITHOUT EXPERIENCE.**”

Is this not true in connection with matters of far greater importance? These climbers by their bold folly cut short their lives. But had they lived the allotted span of life the time would have come for them to quit this life. The accident was indeed regrettable. It at most anticipated by a few years what comes to all.

But in the matter of the soul, a mistake made is of eternal consequence. And yet how many are taking exactly the course of these misguided Alpinists? They think **THEIR** opinions are sufficient in the most important decision a man or woman can come to. Is there no reliable guide in such matters?

In Switzerland there are Guide Books and Guides. The former are most useful, describing the best way to tackle the difficulties of the climb decided upon. The latter are indeed necessary for safety. Have we any counterpart to this in the spiritual sphere? Surely! We have a Guide Book, the Bible, the inspired Scriptures of divine truth. Do you, my reader, study it carefully to learn the safe route to heaven? Or are you fool enough to rely upon your own ideas? We are told in God's Word that salvation is "NOT OF WORKS, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians iii. 9). That rules out the way of your efforts for salvation. We are told that "The GIFT of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans vi. 23). This is in keeping with the first Scripture, for a gift would not be a gift, if it were earned or worked for.

Then further, have we a GUIDE? Surely! Did not our Lord say, "I am THE WAY, and the truth and the life," adding "no man cometh unto the Father, BUT BY ME" (John xiv. 6)? You must come to the Lord, and trust Him as your personal Saviour. There is no other way. The Apostle Peter stated this before the rulers of the people and the elders of Israel, "Neither is there salvation in any other," referring to the Lord Jesus; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

And why is there only one way and only one Person for salvation? Because there was none other, who was God and Man, great enough and good enough, to perform the mighty work of redemption on the cross. He is the only Saviour. His work on the cross alone procures salvation for the sinner.

Why then not trust Him this moment? It is recorded of an experienced guide on the Alps, that he stretched forth his hand across a crevasse, a wide crack in the ice, to assist a timid lady to jump over safely. She hesitated. He said sternly "Madame, this hand never lost a climber." She took the hand and in a moment was safely across the yawning abyss.

Does not the Lord give the assurance to all, who trust Him, "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28)? Pluck up your courage, anxious friend. Hear the Saviour's own words, "Him that cometh to Me I will IN NO WISE cast out" (John vi. 37). Trust Him as you read these lines. Receive the gift of God in faith, and read your title clear to mansions in the skies, on the authority of God's Word.

A. J. POLLOCK



"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

THE following incident, told in an old tract without the writer's name, fell into my hands some time ago, and being such a signal instance of the power of the gospel to revolutionize and transform the life, it is given verbatim in the words of the writer, who, we are persuaded, desired only that through the perusal of the story, others may be brought to rejoice in the Saviour and exalt His precious Name.

"Many years ago," says the writer of the tract, "I wanted to go as a missionary to foreign parts, but my way seemed hedged up, and after a few

years I went to live on the Pacific coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived, and this was my chance for missionary work.

“I heard of a man over the hills who was dying of tuberculosis. ‘He is so vile,’ they said, ‘no one can stand it to stay with him, so the boys place some food by him and leave him for twenty-four hours. They’ll find him dead some day, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess.’

“The pity of it haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for days to get some one to go and see if he needed anyone to give him better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed at his indifference, the thought came to me, ‘Why, here is missionary work, if you want it!’ I’ll not tell you how I weighed the probable usefulness or uselessness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It was not the kind of work I wanted!

“At last one day I went over the hills to the little cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and, up in a corner on some straw and some blankets, I saw the dying man. **Sin** had left its awful marks upon his face, and if I had not heard he could not move I would have hastily retreated.

“As my shadow fell across the room, he looked up and greeted me with a terrible oath.

“ ‘Don’t speak so, friend,’ I said.

“ ‘I ain’t your friend,’ he said, ‘I never had any friends and don’t want any now!’

“I reached out at arms length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back in the doorway, asked him, hoping to find a tender spot in his heart, if he remembered his mother—but he cursed her.

“I then asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her, I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with an oath, and said, ‘That’s all a lie, nobody ever died for anybody else.’”

“The next day I went again, and every day for two weeks, but he never showed the gratitude a dog would show. At the end of that time, I said, ‘I’m not going any more,’ and when putting my little boys to bed, I didn’t pray for the miner as I had done. My little Charlie noticed it and said, ‘Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man.’

“ ‘No,’ I answered with a sigh.

“ ‘Has God given him up, Mamma?’ he asked. That night I could not sleep. The man dying and so vile, with no one to care. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but as I did so, I was overwhelmed by the sense of how defective had been my prayers. I had had no faith, not really fully caring, beyond a half-hearted sentiment. Oh! the shame of it, the shame of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, and cried to God for a glimpse of the worth of human soul.

“That night I knew my Lord as I had never known Him before. Next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never known before.

“I had waited other days until afternoon when the shadows were on the hill-side; but this day as soon as my boys had gone to school, I started—not to see ‘that vile wretch,’ but to win a human soul. As I passed by a neighbour’s house, she said, ‘I’ll go with you over the hills, I guess.’ I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I. She took her

little girl with her and as we reached the cabin door she said, 'I'll wait here, you'll hurry, won't you?'

"I do not know what I expected of the man, but he greeted me with an awful oath. It did not hurt me as it did before, for I was behind Christ, I could bear what struck Him first.

"While I was changing his basin of water and towel—a thing I had done each day, and which he used but never thanked me for, a clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird's note. 'What's that?' he asked. 'It's a little girl outside waiting for me.'

" 'Would you mind letting her in?' he asked in a tone of voice totally different to any I had heard from him before.

"Stepping to the door, I beckoned her and said, 'Come and see the sick man, Mamie.' She shrank back as she saw his face and said, 'I'se afraid,' but I said, 'Poor sick man, can't get up and he wants you.'

"She stood near him with her face framed in golden curls, her eyes tender and pitiful, and in her hand some wild flowers she had gathered from the sage brush. She said, 'I sorry for you, sick man, will 'ou have a posy?' .He laid his thin, bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child and said, 'I had a little girl once, her name was Mamie—and she died. She cared for me, nobody else did. Guess I'd have been different if she hadn't died, I've hated everybody since.'

"I knew I had the key to the man's heart and thoughts came quickly, born of that midnight prayer. 'When I spoke of your mother and wife

you cursed them, and I know now that they were not good women, or you would not have done it.’

“ ‘Good women! Oh, you don’t know nothing about women of that kind. You can’t think what they was!’

“ ‘Well, if your little girl had lived and grew up with them, she might have been just like them. You wouldn’t have liked to see her live for that, would you?’

“ ‘He hadn’t thought of that, and his great eyes looked off for a minute, and then came his answer: ‘NO, NO, NO. I’d kill her first, I’m glad she died!’

“ ‘Reaching out and taking the poor wasted hand I said, ‘The dear Lord didn’t want her to be like them. He loved her better than you did, and took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. To-day she is waiting for you. Don’t you want to see her again?’

“ ‘Oh, I’d be willing to be burned alive a thousand times over if I could only see my little girl again.’

“ ‘Oh! friends, you know the blessed story I had to tell that poor dying sinner! His face grew ashy pale as I talked with him, and he threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Then clutching me he said, ‘What was that you said, woman, the other day, about telling someone out of sight?’

“ ‘It’s praying to God, I tell Him what I want.’

“ ‘Pray now, pray quick, tell Him I want my little gal again. Tell Him anything you want to.’

“ ‘I dropped upon my knees and prayed for the man, who had lost his little girl and wanted to see her again. Heaven seemed open and there stood

One with the nail prints in His hands and wound in His side.

“Mamie slipped away, but the man kept repeating, ‘Tell Him more, tell Him everything; but, oh! you don’t know.’

“Then he poured out such a torrent of confession, that I could not have borne, but for the One who was close to me, reaching out His hand to a lost soul. It was three days before the poor tired soul turned from everything to Him, the ‘Mighty to Save.’ He lived for weeks as if God would shew how real was the change. I had been telling him, one day, about a meeting, and he said, ‘I never went to one of them things, I’d like to go to a meeting.’

“So we planned a meeting, and the boys from the mine came over the hill and filled the room. ‘Now boys,’ he said, ‘get down on your knees, while she tells about the Man who died for me.’ I tried to tell the simple story of the cross, and after a while he said, ‘Oh, boys, you don’t half believe it or you’d cry, you couldn’t help it. Boys, raise me up, I’d like to tell it once.’ So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and his coughing, as well as I remember, this is what he said: ‘Boys, you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries all the dirt off, and leaves the gold behind? Well, the blood of the Lord Jesus, she tells about, went over me, just like that, and carried off about everything. Oh! boys, can’t you love Him?’

“Some days after, I saw the end was near, and as I left him said, ‘What shall I say to-night, Jack?’

“ ‘Just “goodnight” he said, and when we meet again, I’ll say, “good-morning” UP THERE!’

"The next day the door was closed. I found two of the boys sitting silently beside a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet, and I looked at the face, which had at last regained somewhat the image of God.

" 'I wish you could have seen him when he went,' said one. 'He brightened up about midnight, and said smiling, 'Boys, I'm going. Tell her I'm going to see the Man who died for me—I'm going to see Mamie.' And he was gone.' "

What but the 'Old, old story' can work a miracle like this? **Reformation** is of no avail. **Regeneration** is an absolute necessity for a complete reversal like this, from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God. "Ye **must** be born again" (John iii. 7), were the Lord's words to Nicodemus! A new life must be imparted, with its new aspirations and desires, and this alike for the religious, upright, moral person, as well as the prodigal and profligate. Indeed, nothing else avails. A new nature, which hates the evil, and loves the good, constitutes a true Christian, all else is useless.

Reformation may correct habits, and make us more desirable citizens, friends, relations, but the inward man remains unchanged. My reader, has this mighty change ever taken place in your life? Are you born again? Can you say, like the apostle Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day"? (2 Timothy i. 12). Is Paul's Saviour yours? If not, will you to-day "Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near"? He has said: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). "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”
(Romans x. 9).

J. W. H. NICHOLS



**“WISE FOR TIME,
FOOLISH FOR ETERNITY.”**

THE ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully : and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ? And he said, This will I do : I will pull down my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But GOD said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee : then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided ? (Luke xii. 16-20).

Read this carefully, then ask yourself if it applies to you. Do you lean upon riches ? Do you desire to secure money at any cost ; and leave God out ? Does the stroke of a pen in some sweepstake or coupon competition satisfy you rather than dependence upon God ? If so, then the answer may be the same to you as given to the rich man, who left GOD out of his reckonings,

“Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided ?”

"Where will you spend eternity?
This question comes to YOU and ME!
Tell me, what shall YOUR answer be—
Where will YOU spend eternity?"

After all, there is only ONE worthy to be in all your reckonings, One who can more than satisfy.

HE is the LORD JESUS, who died to secure your trust, your affections; HE wants them. The Apostle Paul said of HIM, "HE loved me, and gave HIMSELF for me" (Gal. ii. 20). Wonder of wonders! Praise HIM. Will you not trust Him as your Saviour?

The contrast to the case of the rich farmer will be found in Luke xxiii. verses 39 to 43. We read of one who was "FOOLISH for TIME but WISE for ETERNITY."

"And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If Thou be CHRIST, save Thyself and us. But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear GOD, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this Man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto JESUS, LORD, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And JESUS said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with ME in paradise."

Very foolish indeed was he for time. He was a malefactor, suffering the penalty of his misdeeds, so much so, that he must die, and that, the awful death of being crucified.

The other malefactor (for there were two) railed upon the LORD, and with others, religious and otherwise, mocked HIM, saying,

"If Thou be CHRIST, save THYSELF, and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear GOD, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we indeed justly."

Oh! I think, dear friends, this malefactor must have heard JESUS saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." His heart was touched, his eyes were opened to see in HIM, the Saviour, The CHRIST, The King of Glory. He saw how hopeless was his own case, but everything to be secured or gained in that Crucified Saviour. Wise indeed for eternity. He cried,

"LORD remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom." And JESUS said unto him, "Verily, I say unto Thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Oh! what eternal riches for that great sinner. JESUS spake the word, that was enough.

It, too, will be enough in your case if you will but look to the once crucified but now glorified Saviour and trust Him.

Don't delay.

"Turn and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power!
Then shall your joyous answer be—
Saved through a long eternity!"

Don't forget there were **two** thieves. One went to Paradise to be with the Lord JESUS. The other missed the blessing. You must spend ETERNITY with either the one or the other. In plain solemn language this means either HEAVEN or HELL. Which wilt thou choose? Which wilt thou lose, this life or the Life to be?

N.O.W.

WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG TO?

BISHOP T—— was much in request at religious and philanthropic gatherings. His genial presence, and interesting and powerful addresses, were always acceptable.

Moreover the Bishop, being a very earnest servant of Christ, made it a subject of earnest prayer that he might say something on these occasions that would be the means of eternal blessing to his hearers.

On one occasion he was invited to the annual dinner of "The Guild of Master Carpenters" in London. At the close of the dinner The Master Carpenter rose to propose a toast, and the Bishop was asked to reply. His heart went up at once in earnest prayer that he might say the right thing.

When he rose, he said, "I have been thinking that the old world was saved by a carpenter," referring to Noah and the building of the Ark. "I have been thinking too," he went on, "that the whole world can be saved by a Carpenter, for the people said of Jesus, 'Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?' (Mark vi. 3), but God said, 'This is My beloved Son: hear Him' (Luke ix. 35).

Then for five minutes the Bishop gave a straight plain gospel message. At its close there was a dead silence, and then came a burst of applause.

At the close a gentleman came up and said, "I have been coming to these dinners for thirty years, and I never heard anything like this before." Another said, "I don't believe in Jesus Christ." The Bishop replied, "Then I am sorry for you." The gentleman enquired, "Why are you sorry for me?" The answer came, "'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him'" (1 Corinthians ii. 14). Then he went away discomfited. A third gentleman came up, evidently about the three score years and ten, asking him to return with him in his motor car.

He did so, and before they parted the old gentleman had made the great decision, and accepted the Lord Jesus as His personal Saviour.

I have written down this interesting narrative for I should like the matter not to rest where it does, but to be revived and passed on. May the question of YOUR salvation become a very vital one. There were three classes represented as the result of the Bishop's address. (1) The interested hearer, who apparently went no further. (2) The opposed hearer, who had no interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. (3) The anxious hearer, who felt the message had a real voice to him. He went so far as to invite the Bishop to personal conversation on the matter, and it led to a definite link with the Saviour to the saving of his soul for all eternity.

May I ask, Which of these three classes do you belong to? To read this article, and to say it is interesting, and to do no more than that, does not really help matters. May you be one who will not rest till you can say, "I am saved by the grace of God, and on the ground of the atoning

merits of the death of the Lord Jesus on the cross.” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31), are the plain words of Scripture.

A. J. POLLOCK



TEN ATHEISTS AND—GOD!

I WAS brought up on a little island near the coast of Holland. I had a good home. We were a very happy family of seven boys and one girl, I being the youngest boy. But ours was a godless home. My father and mother were atheists. They were high-principled people, but sternly set against religion.

When I was twenty-one I left home to go to Holland to study law. Before leaving my mother said to me that I was to aim high. I was determined to “make myself.” She impressed on me what we had been taught, that only what we could see was real, that if there was a spiritual world it was subservient to the material, and that the God that some people talked about was only in their imagination. She filled me with the determination to oppose religion in whatever form I might meet it. Till then I had not read the Bible, heard the Gospel or even heard a prayer. I loved my mother very much and was determined to obey her.

But there was always an unsatisfied feeling in my heart. I wanted joy. It was not pleasure I craved. I knew that, if plunged into the rivers of pleasures as I saw them, I would dash myself to pieces on the cruel rocks at the bottom. There

was a still small voice, but I did not understand. If only some one had spoken to me then. But no one ever did.

We had one sister, our "Queen." She was very beautiful, and we boys almost idolized her. She had lived a sheltered life, and was jealously guarded against evil, especially the "evil of religion." She became engaged to a fine young man, a military officer. The time for the wedding drew near, and great preparations were made. A big dancing party had also been arranged, to which a hundred and fifty guests were invited. I went home for the wedding.

Two Days before the Wedding

Two days before the wedding my sister was walking out in the street with a friend when they saw an announcement that some services were being held in a hall. She inquired who these people were, and was told that they were called Salvationists who had come from England and brought a new religion with them. She thereupon decided to enter the hall, and she sat through the service as one transfixed. For the first time in her life she heard of the love of God and the sacrifice of Jesus. She heard of God's plan to forgive sin. At the close her friend urged her to go home, but she refused. A strange light shone in her eyes as she went forward and asked the speaker if what she had said was really true.

"Yes," the Army captain replied, "and true for you if you will believe it."

My sister knelt down and with all her heart believed it, and surrendered to God.

She went home very happy and told mother. It was a terrible blow to her, but she thought my sister would soon get over it. The next morning

the Salvation Army captain called. I watched through the window. I could not understand it. I watched the face of the woman as she talked to my mother, who met all her advances with icy answers. She said she regretted that her daughter had been "caught," but that that was the end of their influence. I saw the earnestness on the captain's face, the light in her eyes; I knew she had something we did not possess. And I envied her.

My sister was like an angel. No argument could shake her faith. The wedding day came. I remember looking down on the carriages as they swept up to our house (a wedding is a very great event in Holland) and I was longing for joy, but found it not, even in the gay preparing for the party.

The wedding ceremony was performed, and my sister looked very lovely in her bridal robes. There was an unearthly light on her face, as if she were living in another world. The dance party was opened; she stayed only a little and then, accompanied by one of the bridesmaids, went upstairs. In a short time an alarm was sent through the house, and we all crowded to the upper floor.

There she lay, the bride of a few hours, her life-blood staining her bridal dress. She had had a hæmorrhage of the lungs; we could see that her hours were numbered. But God left her with us till the next day, so that she could speak to us about what had become so precious to her. Mother was very hard and unbelieving, and did not even relent when the last moments came. My sister said to her, "Oh, mother, if you fight against God, you and I can never meet again. I am going to heaven where every one is in har-

mony and loves each other and God. If you resist God you cannot come to that place."

We all gathered to see her die. We faced eternity on that Good Friday. God sometimes speaks in a still small voice, and sometimes in a voice of thunder. In this latter way He spoke to us. This awful sorrow shook our foundations. We could not help her, and she passed from us.

The whole town was moved. As the funeral procession passed, blinds were drawn and shops closed all along the way. We were well known. The people talked in hushed tones of the young bride that lay in bridal robes in her coffin.

My mother was overcome with grief. For a time she lost control of her mind, and thought my sister was still a little child, and she went through the house searching everywhere for her and calling her baby names. The doctor said the only hope was a complete change. My father hurriedly engaged a nurse, not waiting to enquire if she were "religious" or not. Under the guiding hand of God a Christian nurse was engaged. This woman set herself steadily to seek healing for both the weary mind and the sick soul.

At the end of a year my mother returned, restored in mind, and a changed woman. As she came into the room I saw the same look in her eyes that I had seen in the Army captain's when she had come to visit my sister. Mother laid a Bible on the table and said:

"I am fifty years old, and I have just found out that I have built my life wrongly. I have shut out God. But I am starting now to live right. And I am going to pray till every one of my family is converted. I am going to make it the business of my life to win you one by one to God. I believe God will allow me to live to see you

each converted. When any of you feel yourselves even a little interested in God you will know that He is answering my constant prayers for you." She then knelt down and prayed for us all.

I Hear My First Sermon

We were all bitterly opposed to her religion. She went on her way believingly and prayerfully. One day she asked me to go to Church with her. I loved her too much to refuse. That was the first time in my life I had entered a church or heard the Gospel preached. I myself had often given addresses on atheism. I made up my mind I would not listen to the preacher. Said I to myself: "How can that man believe what he preaches?" I found, after a while, that I was **compelled** to listen, and I was strangely moved by his words. My whole being seemed to be influenced, and I was strangely impelled to yield and believe. But I pulled myself up sharply and repulsed the influence. "This is man's imagination," I said; "I will have nothing to do with it."

I was strangely unhappy. I was still seeking joy and finding it not. I listened to talks on character culture; I searched into science; strove to reach heights of education; tried to find happiness in helping the poor, yet I failed to find what I was seeking. I know now it is not giving—it is receiving, receiving new life from God.

I heard of a minister who was called "modern," and I visited him. I explained my search after joy, and he told me I was taking life too seriously—said I needed amusement, invited me to dinner, and said we would have some games later. I was disappointed.

I spent nine months of misery. One day I was so sick of the search for satisfaction, life

seemed such a burden, that I determined to end it. I went to the beach, and, without telling anyone (it would appear accidental), I got into my bathing suit and swam as far out to sea as I could. My strength gave out, and, before sinking into unconsciousness, looking up to the heavens, I cried, "If there is a God, I hate you. You took my sister away."

But someone had noticed my swimming so far out, and help was sent. When I became conscious I found myself staring at the wall paper in my own room. It was a keen disappointment. I thought I had finished with life.

When I recovered I left home one afternoon and walked and walked into the woods. Hour after hour I walked, struggling with misery. I did not return home till two in the morning. I passed my mother's door. The light was still burning. We always went in to kiss her good night. But I could not face her. She heard me pass, and guessed I was having a struggle. Although not strong, she got up and knelt in an agony, wrestling in prayers for me. She prayed until her strength was spent. But at five she had the assurance that her prayers for me were answered.

I could not sleep, I could not rest in my room. The unrest and struggle brought me eventually to my knees, and in absolute desperation I yielded myself to God. In a strange yet blessedly real way He revealed Himself to me. Oh! the peace—and the happiness! It was heaven!

When I went down to breakfast the next morning my mother met me with beaming face. I wanted to tell her, but she said, "I know it, my son."

"Oh, mother, the joy of it all!" I said.

And she responded quietly, "Yes! And the duty!" I did not then understand. I do now.

I tell my Father of my "Foolishness"

My father was opposed more and more sternly to God, and met my advances unmoved. I felt myself burning with a desire to do all I possibly could to undo the past, and to spread the good tidings of great joy. Although I had studied much for the law and was almost through with my studies, I could not go on with that. I must be a missionary. I told my father of my intention. He was a good father, and had made provision for me to get on in the world. I was almost ready to take the place he had hoped I would take. He thought my new plan was absolute waste of life. How could anyone make success of another line when so equipped for one, and having spent so much time preparing? And the thought of this "religion" was awful to him.

He very plainly told me he could not abide such foolishness and would give me one day to think over the matter; I was then, in a word, to give my answer. I could not alter my decision. My father made it clear that I would be banished absolutely from the home—he would have one son less. I came to give him my answer. I wished to soften the blow by explaining. I felt so sorry for him. But he sternly asked for the one word. When I gave it, I had to go—at once.

Only God and myself know what the next two years meant to me. To work one's way through college was unheard of in my country—it was not done. I was cut off entirely from home. Part of my punishment and the planning to turn me from my course was to forbid my mother to write to me. My letters were returned unopened. But we had made a compact that we would pray. How I

prayed for father! In the street, at my studies, always everywhere, I besought God to save my father. I struggled with poverty—from two rooms to one room, from one to a garret, from three meals a day to two and less.

Then, after two years, my father came to see me. Oh! the change! At sixty-eight years of age his proud, atheistic heart was broken down, and he received Jesus as his Saviour like a little child.

And my brothers were all saved. One by one, as my mother said they would, they came to Christ.

(EXTRACTED)



FORTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

FORTY-FOUR years old, and she had never seen the inside of a Bible! Would you, my reader, think such a thing possible in our so-called Christian England. Yet, it was true of a dear woman living in one of the large cities in the North of England. She was deaf and dumb, and with her husband had been invited to a New Year's party given by a friend of the writer to these sorely afflicted people. The feast was spread, the guests were assembled, the host said a few words of welcome and all sat down to a real feast.

A few games enlivened the proceedings, and then a preacher spoke, with the aid of an interpreter, on the gift of God, which is eternal life. On the following Lord's Day at the Deaf and Dumb Gospel meeting this woman with her

husband appeared. Something had drawn them to the place where more of that blessed story could be heard. What had taken them there?

Listen to the woman's own words. It was the wealth of the feast, together with the happy faces of the deaf and dumb Christians, and there was no charge for the party. In fact, it was the first time in all her forty-four years' experience that she had received something from a stranger without paying for it. At that gospel meeting she heard for the first time in her life that the Lord Jesus Christ died upon the Cross, and that He died for her, and that if she believed what God had said that she would be saved. In a very short time both she and her husband believed the message, and accepted God's salvation.

The writer, shortly afterwards having occasion to visit them in their little room, noticed over the bed a crucifix. Not only were these dear souls deaf and dumb, but they were born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith. The woman then asked if it was right to have a crucifix. The writer then asked the question, "What is the reason of your having it?"

"Oh!" said the woman, "it is to remind me of Jesus, who died for me."

"But," replied the writer, "where is Jesus now?"

"He has gone into Heaven," replied the woman.

"Yes, that is quite true, so that image upon that piece of wood is not true. It is a **living** Christ that you want to remember."

"Yes," she replied. So the writer suggested that instead of a crucifix an empty box might be put there.

“Why?” she asked again.

“Because the tomb is empty, and the One who died upon the cross, is not there, but ascended into the brightness of the Father’s glory. Down came the crucifix, and into the fire went. Two years have elapsed since that woman and her husband first believed Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. What has happened? They both have been baptised, and every Lord’s Day morning they remember that blessed Saviour, not with crucifixes, or even empty tombs, but, like the disciples of old, they gather with the saints to break bread.

What about you, reader? You have the blessings of speech and hearing. Perhaps you have been brought up in a Christian home. You have heard the gospel preached many times. Have you taken the step that these poor, darkened souls took? Have you seen yourself, as they saw themselves, lost, ruined and hell-deserving? Have you, like them accepted the salvation that God so freely offers? If not, why not take five minutes and consider these things? “O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!” wrote one of old (Deuteronomy xxxii. 29). Will you not be wise?

B. G. DICKINSON.