

GOSPEL LIGHT.

HOW AN IRISH GENTLEMAN WAS CONVERTED.

TWELVE years ago I was a lover of gaiety; fond to excess of hunting and shooting; addicted to almost everything that young men of the present day delight in. Until I came to Ireland I was, in my religious views, rather High Church, and used to like the beautiful chanting of the Temple Church and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and though I did not fast on a Friday, like some of my family, I had a certain respect for those who did, and felt sure that on account of it they would have a better chance of heaven than I would. I used to say a short prayer morning and evening, go to church generally twice of a Sunday and almost always on saints' days, and occasionally taught in the local Sunday School.

Once I had a very severe illness, and was almost at the point of death; but I felt calm and happy, and almost sorry when they told me I was sure to get well. This, I must own, sobered me a good deal; and for a long time after this I tried to be good, read a portion of my Bible every day, and added a long prayer out of a book to my usual short one. I had, too, dreamy, romantic thoughts about

God, and used to indulge in pleasant reveries concerning heaven.

But, alas! as I got stronger the old tastes came back. A nice clever hunt was too good an opportunity to be missed. The tailor took my measure for a new scarlet coat; the gun was looked over and got into order; and the old saying was true of me, "When Satan was sick," etc. And thus time wore on.

As you know, I married; and then a neat phaeton and comfortable house and garden, with choice standard roses, etc., had to be attended to, and, I am afraid, like many others, I was decently religious on the Sunday, but careless all the week. However, I had family prayers every morning, with the help of a book, and sang at the harmonium in church, and indeed took some pains to improve the singing.

All this time God was watching me, and, I believe, had marked me for His own.

At length I heard of a gentleman in the County Kerry (whom I had known well as a most clever and agreeable, but apparently godless, man) addressing meetings on religious subjects; and more than this, that a cousin of my own had become by this means impressed, and was addressing meetings of a similar nature.

All this sounded very strange, for both of them, when I had lived amongst them, had

HOW AN IRISH GENTLEMAN WAS CONVERTED. 3

been men completely of the world; and we had passed our time together in riding, boating, and the like pursuits. A vague curiosity, therefore, came over me to know what all this was about, and a strange, unaccountable feeling, half of interest, half of dread, lest I too should become in time in like manner influenced.

I was most comfortable and happy as I was, and did not like to be disturbed; for I felt that that kind of thing must cut at the root of all my then joys and interests. And yet I felt, too, that they had got something that I had not, and I'd like to know something more about it.

I was not long to be doomed to disappointment. My cousin wrote, proposing a visit. I met him at the cross-roads in my dogcart, and as we drove along I could not help thinking to myself, Why does not he, who is so religious, speak on religious subjects, and not on ordinary topics as of old? and so uncomfortable I became on this score that at last I said, "Why don't you tell me something about the Revival?"

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, "have *you* got everlasting life?"

"No," I said; "no, I wish I had, and then I'd have no more of this routine of prayers that so wearies me."

For a moment he paused, and then said,

quite solemnly, "Prayer is a joy to me now, and not a routine, for I am saved."

"Oh," I said, "surely that's presumption to say you are saved *now*; perhaps you may be when you die, but surely you are wrong to say you are saved now."

"No," he said; "God says, 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life.' I do believe on the Son, and therefore I believe what God says, that I *have* everlasting life, and thus I know that I am saved."

Well, by this time we had reached the house, and, between preparations for dinner, etc., much of our conversation passed off my mind; but I know my impression was that in saying he was saved he was thinking a great deal too much of himself.

After dinner, he asked whether I would have any objection to get a few people together in the carpenter's shop (a large, suitable room), for he would like to give them an address.

"Oh," I said, "by all means, if you think it would do them any good."

The appointed evening came, and as we drove in, he kept telling me "There'll be great blessing to-night."

"Well," I said, "we'll see."

Many came together, and he sang a hymn, and then prayed extempore, and afterwards spoke, giving, as far as I remember, a slight sketch of Bible history, and then impressed

HOW AN IRISH GENTLEMAN WAS CONVERTED. 5

upon us his favourite text : “ He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life.”

The meeting ended, and I asked, “ Where was the blessing ? ”

“ Wait till to-morrow night,” was the reply.

To-morrow came. In the morning we had rashly put a pair of half-trained horses into the carriage, and they ran away with us with fearful rapidity for more than a mile, and when they stopped from sheer exhaustion, I know the impression on my mind was that God had sent me this to stop me on my headlong course to hell ; for I then began to feel I was UNSAVED.

The evening came. A young man spoke first. He had had deep religious convictions for some time before, and he said one word that went to my very heart : “ Many of you, I doubt not, are religious, respectable, moral, but perhaps, as I was once, you are not ready to meet your God.”

“ Oh,” I said to myself, “ that’s just my case,” and I thought, “ Surely those words must have reached every soul in the room as they did mine.”

That night I asked no more, “ Where was the blessing ? ” I felt it had come, and come to me.

For some days I was restless and uneasy. I could not go to a flower show that I had

intended to, for I felt the solemn question of my soul's salvation was unsettled. I tried to read my Bible, but could not understand it. I tried to pray, but utterly broke down. I had no rest, for I did not know God's Christ. My convictions of the necessity of *knowing* one was saved deepened, and one night I resolved to pray till my mind was at ease; and I prayed a long time, and again and again; aye, and with tears, too.

I went to bed exhausted, and in the morning woke at ease and happy, I knew not well why. And yet I thought there must be a reason, and then I remembered the oft-repeated text, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 36). *I believe on the Son, therefore I have everlasting life, for God had said so.*

Oh! the joy of that happy, happy day. I knew God had had mercy on me, a poor, vile sinner. Was there ever anyone so bad as I? I knew He loved me. I knew that Jesus loved me, that He died for me, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin. Oh! I was so thankful; but then next day I was unhappy again, and the next, and the next; for I didn't *feel* I was saved. And then at last, there came a dear, kind letter by the post to say, "If you look for feelings, you are like the Jew that looked for a sign, and never got one. Surely, the simple evidence of the written word is

HOW AN IRISH GENTLEMAN WAS CONVERTED. 7

enough for you : ' He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life.' "

And now once more I was at rest. " Oh ! " I said, " he that believeth *hath* ; I believe, and I *have* eternal life.' How can I doubt now ? God has said it, that blessed God that sent His Son to die for me. Why should I doubt His word ? I do believe it ; I rejoice in the fact that everlasting life is mine.

Ten years have rolled away since then, and I have never ceased to know, and through His changeless mercy never will, that Christ has saved my soul from hell, and given me an inalienable title to pass eternity with Him in glory.

D. T. G.

A lady told us that, while cultivating morality in herself, and seeking as much of the quiet, respectable pleasures of life as she wished, her conscience was aroused and her heart bowed down before God by those words of Scripture : " She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth " (1 Tim. v. 6). " Is it possible," said she within herself, " that I, who am so moral, so virtuous, so careful in my ways, can be dead, dead before God ? " The thought gave her no rest until, by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, she obtained life, resurrection life, everlasting life, in Him, the Son of God.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

THE careless world asks this question; sleeping, sleeping on; arousing itself, it may be, at the cry of warning for a moment, and then sinking back into its dark death slumber. The sea and the waves are roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking for those things that are coming on the earth!

Watchman, what of the night?

Perhaps an answer from the Word at this season of the year may be seasonable, to any that have ears to hear.

The Lord Jesus divided the period between His rejection by the Jews as the Messiah and His coming again to take His Kingdom into four watches as of the night. He said to His disciples before His crucifixion: "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the Master cometh, *at even*, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, *Watch*" (Mark xiii. 34-37).

He takes the figure of the night, divided by the Jews into four watches (the first the even, from 6 to 9; the second the midnight,

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? 9

from 9 to 12; the third the cock-crowing, from 12 to 3; and the fourth the morning, from 3 to 6 a.m.), to figure the present period.

Jesus was the light of the world; He came into it, but was cast out of it. That was the beginning of the night. The disciples were not to know the hour of the Lord's return, but were to watch. Reader, if this is so, and they were commanded to watch THEN, how much more should you and I NOW!

But is there any part of the Word of God whereby we may find out what is the present hour of the night? I believe there is. In the parable of the Ten Virgins we find that at *midnight* there was a cry made: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him" (Matt. xxv.).

Reader, have you heard of late years the cry of the Lord's coming sounding in your ears? Then be sure the midnight watch is past, and there remains but the cock-crowing and the morning watches when the Lord may come? At the beginning of the nineteenth century the cry began, and it has sounded louder and louder ever since. The wise and the foolish virgins, that is, the professors of Christendom, are waking up, to see if they are ready for the approaching Bridegroom!

But another thing! The Lord says, "I am . . . the bright and morning star" (Rev. xxii. 16).

Reader, when does the morning star arise?

You answer: Before the sun.

We find, by astronomical calculations, that the morning star sometimes rises before the sun as much as 4 hours and 20 minutes, so that say the sun rises at 6 a.m., the end of the morning watch; the star would then rise at 1.40 a.m. If the sun rose at 4 a.m., this hour would only be 2 hours and 20 minutes previous.

Now, my reader, if we have sure proof that the midnight hour is past, oh how close are we to the coming of the Lord! It may be delayed, just like the morning star might rise 3 hours, 2 hours, or 1 hour before the sun; but come it will; and I ask you, my reader, Are you ready?

Jesus is the Sun of Righteousness, and He will display Himself in that character when He returns to the earth, burning up the wicked like stubble, and rising with healing in His wings to restore the remnant of Israel (Malachi iv.). But before that day when He shall judge the world in righteousness, He will rise as the Morning Star, for His Bride, the heavenly Church. He will descend into the air, the dead in Christ will be raised, the living saints changed, and all caught away to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17).

Before another year is out, this wonderful

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? 11

event may have taken place! And oh, how wonderful! If it was wonderful for the Lord to rise as Man out from among the dead, whilst the rest of the dead were left behind; how wonderful for all the saints, from Abel downwards, to be raised in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye! "The rest of the dead lived not again till the thousand years were expired. This is the first resurrection" (Rev. xx. 4, 5).

But if this is so wonderful and blessed for the saved, oh, how dreadful to be left behind unsaved for judgment when the Lord comes! We read, "They that were ready went in with Him to the marriage; and the door was shut" (Matt. xxv. 10). The foolish virgins, the mere professors, were left outside for judgment, to hear the withering words, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

In Egypt, on the passover night, there was not a house where there was not one of the Egyptians dead. But how dreadful for the unsaved to find, one morning, that some saved husband had been taken away to glory from some unsaved wife or child, and they left behind to a strong delusion to believe a lie! (2 Thess ii. 11).

Yes, dear unsaved reader, if you reject Christ now, and resist the Holy Spirit, when Christ comes it will be all over with you! What is the dark picture after that, during

the short interval between the rising of the Morning Star and shining out of the Sun of Righteousness?

Listen! "Then shall that Wicked One be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming: even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion to believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. ii. 8-10).

Thus all hope will be past for the wicked rejecter of Christ in that day; he will be handed over to this strong delusion, to be destroyed with Antichrist, at the time of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. Oh, my reader, flee to Christ NOW; whilst His blood cries for mercy! for *then* it will be unmitigated judgment. _____

A. P. C.

We must come as sinners to God, because we are sinners; and we can only come in virtue of the cross of Christ, which, while it was the fruit of God's love, puts away the sins of which we are guilty, and at the same time satisfies fully the claims of God's holiness.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

ONE morning the late Dr. F—— received a letter from a friend, stating that a neighbour of his, an intelligent man, but professedly a sceptic, was apparently very near his end; and, though he refused to see any other Christian visitor, was willing, he could scarcely say wishful, to see Dr. F——, whom he had seen and once heard, and whom he thought a sincere man.

He went, as requested, and on entering the chamber of this apparently dying sceptic, he beheld the attenuated form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once most painful and incurable.

Dr. F—— made some kind inquiries respecting his disease, and, after suggesting some means calculated to soothe his pain, alluded to the sufferings of Christ, who died for us, and gave Himself a ransom for sinners; who, equal with the Father, and one with Him, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that through His blood we might have peace with God.

Hearing this, the dying man said, “Sir, I don’t believe that. I wish I could, as my dear wife does: she believes all you say.”

“Well,” said Dr. F——, “but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere. Now

what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ? ”

“ Why,” said he, very inarticulately, “ I believe that such a man once lived, and that He was a very good, sincere man; but that is all.”

It was a principle with Dr. F——, when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make it a position from which to argue with them. This mode he adopted in the present case, and said, “ You believe that Christ was a good man, a sincere man; now, do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others, or a sincere man use language which must mislead? ”

“ Certainly not,” said he.

“ Then how do you reconcile your admission that He was a good man with His saying to the Jews, ‘ I and My Father are one ’? When the Jews took up stones to kill Him, because He made Himself equal with the Father, He did not undeceive them, but used language confirmatory of His Godhead; and He further said, ‘ My sheep hear My voice; and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life ’ (John x. 27-31). How could any mere man say, ‘ I give unto them eternal life? ’ Could any angel even, however exalted——”

“ Stop! ” cried the dying man, with an

excited voice. "Stop, sir; I never saw this before; a new light breaks in upon me; stop, sir!"

Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a countenance lighted up with a sort of preternatural expression, he fixed his eyes intently upon Dr. F——, and after a short, but most solemn pause, he exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his face, "Sir, you are a messenger of mercy, sent by God Himself to save my soul. Yes, Christ is God, and He died to save sinners; yes, even me."

His feelings were so excited as to be almost too much for the wasted body; and Dr. F—— was so powerfully affected as to be only able to conclude the interview with prayer, and a promise to renew his visit next day, referring him before he left to some suitable portions of Scripture on which to rest his faith and hope.

The next day he found him propped up in bed, literally "a new man," with all the eagerness of a hungry man seeking to be fed with the bread of life, and yet, with all the simplicity of a child, trusting in the promises of God, which are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

He candidly confessed that though he had rejected the gospel as unworthy of credit, he had never before read it: a painful

fact, which, however, is not unfrequently found to be the case with infidel objectors.

The mind of the dying man seized upon each successive truth, as it was unfolded to his view, with a readiness indescribable. He seemed almost to forget the severe sufferings of his body in the absorbing impression left upon his mind by the great and glorious facts of the gospel. The more clearly he perceived the certainty that Jesus was a Divine Person, the more overwhelming was his sense of His condescension and love. He spoke as though he felt that on such a Saviour his confidence could not be misplaced; and in proportion as his bodily frame decayed, his faith triumphed.

He gave his eldest child a copy of the New Testament, with all the passages marked by his own hand which had been especially useful to him in the way of instruction or consolation, and he desired her, as the last request of her dying father, to read it daily, never to part with it, but to make its blessed contents her guide through life, that they might prove her comfort in death.

He lived but a brief space longer to enjoy the light which had been by the Spirit of God caused to shine upon his heart. And then he departed, bearing an affecting testimony to the fact that "great," in its power of relieving the conscience, of removing the dread of condemnation, and of inspiring a holy con-

fidence in prospect of eternity, "is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16).

OVER-LUGGAGE.

A SHORT time ago I was waiting at the Stoke Station, when I overheard a violent dispute about a gentleman's over-luggage. The owner of the luggage evidently wished to defraud the company; and an officer was very properly refusing to allow him to proceed until the amount was paid.

I felt pleased with the manly conduct of the officer, a tall Irishman; and after the noise had subsided, I entered into the following conversation with him. I said, "Then I suppose the passenger cannot go on unless the over-luggage is paid to the full. How much is it?"

"Seven and sixpence," was the reply; "and it would not be right for me to take less than the full amount."

"Very true," I replied; "but if a friend were to pay the full amount, would you hinder him then?"

"Oh dear no, sir! should I not be very glad to see him go along?"

"And the porters all along the line, do you think they would stop him?"

“ Oh, not at all, sir; he would be as welcome to travel on as though he had paid every farthing himself.”

“ Well now,” I said, “ suppose you and I were about to take a journey to-day, say from this world to the next, what about the over-luggage: I mean our sins? If put on the scale of divine justice, do you really think you would pass? ”

“ Well now, sir,” he said, “ that is what often troubles me when I come to think of dying. I goes to church, you know, sir, on Sundays, but still I fear my sins would be too heavy for me to pass on to heaven.”

“ Then what have you towards paying the over-luggage? ”

“ Oh, sir, I have nothing at all, for I am a sinner.”

“ Let me, then,” I said, “ tell you what Another has done. When God weighed our sins on the scale of divine justice, such was the weight, that the lever went higher and higher, until the price demanded was the Son of God. And blessed is it that I can tell you that God spared not His own Son: ‘ 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.’ Now, just as it would not be right for you to let the passenger pass on until his over-luggage is paid to the full; neither would it

be righteous if God were to allow the sinner to pass on to heaven until his sins were met to the full. But then, also, just as it is perfectly right to allow the passenger to pass on when his over-luggage has been paid by another, how much more *is God perfectly righteous* in receiving the sinner, the awful weight of whose sins has been met by the death of Jesus Christ, His only beloved Son! The amount claimed by divine justice has been paid to the full. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Yes, and then if called upon to take your journey to-day, you may look at the cross, and pass on to glory."

My train moved on. The man thanked me for the conversation; and God only knows whether I shall meet him among the redeemed above.

Well, reader, what about your over-luggage? Sinner you are, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." If God were to let you feel the real weight of only one of your sins, it would sink you in everlasting despair. Yet, strange as it may appear, I find many of my fellow-travellers who seem to think that God is far more indifferent about our sins than the railway officer was about the over-luggage. They know they are sinners, yet with some of them, sin is a very light matter; and yet they expect to get

to heaven somehow. They think that if they begin to reform *some day*, and do the best they can, all will be right at last. Reader, if this is your state of mind, you are not far from the lake of fire.

Sometimes I meet with persons in the very opposite state of mind from this. I will tell you of one case. I was riding to Tetbury Station in the omnibus. My fellow-traveller was a young person who appeared distressed in mind. After some conversation, I enquired the state of her soul. I shall never forget her reply. "*It is no use*; I have tried so often to give up my sins and the world, and serve God; and I have failed every time. I only keep adding to the weight of my sins. I have given up the attempt."

As she said these words tears rolled down her face.

I said, "I am glad to hear you say so."

She appeared greatly surprised, and wished for an explanation. I read to her Mark ii. 1-5. I told her that the one sick of the palsy had TO BE LET DOWN in his entire helplessness to the very floor at the feet of Jesus. It was then, but not till then, he heard those precious words of Jesus, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

She had made this mistake; she had tried to climb a little higher by her best endeavours. There must be this letting down; and God had by every failure let her down a little lower;

and now, as she was helpless at the feet of Jesus, I was glad to be able to set forth a full and eternal salvation through Him.

She said she had never seen it in that way. Her mother, on seeing us enter the omnibus, had retired to pray that God would use that opportunity for the conversion of her child. How little did I think that in a few days she was to return to her mother's house to die! I passed through the same town seven months afterwards. I found her on her dying bed, but she had indeed found peace through the precious blood of Christ. The visits of a Christian had been blessed to her soul. To-day she is with the Lord.

The cross of Christ meets both the states of mind referred to above. Are you careless about sin? Look at the cross; in it God says it is impossible for Him to be indifferent about sin. Is your soul burdened with sin? Do you feel like the person with his over-luggage, that with your sins you must pass on to the presence of God? Oh, how overwhelming is the weight and guilt of sin; still pressing the soul down, down, down! Yet, however much we may feel its weight, it is only at the cross of Jesus that we can really learn what sin is.

The cross of Christ was the scale of divine justice on which sin was weighed to the utmost. God there laid its utmost weight on Jesus. "The Lord hath laid on Him the

iniquity of us all " (Isa. liii. 6). The thought of it made Him, even the Son of man, sweat as it were great drops of blood. Oh, dwell on the solemn hour of the cross, when His soul was made an offering for sin! Blessed Jesus! in that hour of darkness, Thou didst endure the full weight, the utmost curse of sin! Pass on, my soul, pass on; the ransom is fully paid; it is finished. The price of thy fearful over-luggage is paid; fully, divinely paid; paid to the utmost. Jesus is risen: thou art justified. God, who laid thy sins on Jesus, has justified thee. Pass on. The same Jesus is coming again shortly to receive thee to Himself.

Reader, nothing can discharge thy over-burdened soul but the cross of Christ. Thy best works can help thee no more in this matter than thy greatest sins.

Believer, why doubt? Pass on with holy confidence. God is divinely and eternally righteous in justifying thee from all sin, and receiving thee to glory.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. vi. 14).
c. s.

The moment that the grace of God in Christ Jesus is received by faith there is complete salvation to the soul, a full deliverance from sin and all its consequences.

“WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN!”

“I FOUND peace at the meeting last evening,” said a young woman, “while you were comparing the various foundations people try to rest on with the foundation of God. I saw plainly the foundation I had been trying to rest on ever since I first saw my sinful condition was just this: putting my earnest resolution to lead a godly life, together with my feelings of deep sorrow, and bringing that to God as recommendation. I would not have owned that even to myself; but when I saw *the foundation of God*, the deepest and most secret recesses of my evil heart were made evident to myself. When I saw the foundation of God, that ‘eternal redemption’ which Christ on the cross obtained for us, I scarcely knew what to do with myself for joy. All the way home, after the meeting, I could but repeat to myself, ‘Oh, what a fool, what a fool I have been! always trying to do or *to feel some great thing*, instead of just believing what Jesus has done, and what my sins made Him feel on the cross.’ ”

Feelings seem to be the stumbling-block of many now. The unconverted build upon them, and so do the converted; whereas neither of these are right; and until both the converted and unconverted get their salvation based on what God looks on as the basis of their salvation, they cannot be of the same

mind as God, and consequently can enjoy no peace.

God looks on the blood of Christ as forming the basis of the foundation upon which He can now justify an ungodly man; and you, dear reader, must look upon it too in the same light and way that God looks at it. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you," He said to the Israelites, and He says the same now: "In whom we have redemption through His blood." God has looked on the blood, "the precious blood" of Christ, and it is precious in His sight, as an eternal atonement for sins.

Can you look at it as such? If so, you have the mind of God on that great subject, and perfect should be your peace.

"I do *believe*; but I don't *feel* that peace."

But you are justified *by believing*. As a man said to me the other day, "I was unhappy for a long time; but I read that verse, 'Abraham believed God, and IT was counted to him for righteousness.' When I saw the word IT, I was satisfied" (Rom. iv. 22).

"That is to say, your simply believing what God told you, was counted to you for righteousness."

"Yes; I am counted righteous, though I am not righteous, because I believe in God's word about Christ having died for my sins, and risen again for my justification."

DOUBTS REMOVED.

CALLING on S. to-day, I observed that he did not look so bright as usual, and soon the cause discovered itself. "Do you know," he said, "I sometimes think I am deceiving myself, and that I am not a child of God at all; for when I was converted, ten years ago, in the time of the Revival, I *felt* such a load of sins taken off me, and then I was so happy; but I have not at all the same feeling now. So perhaps, after all, I am self-deceived."

I saw at once that the fault here was self-occupation, looking *in* instead of "looking *off* unto Jesus"; and therefore I said, "Well, dear S., I am not surprised at what you say, for it is the natural result of basing your acceptance with God on your *experience*, and not on what *He* says in His Word. I passed at one time through the same experience, and therefore I can feel for you. I used, shortly after my conversion, to have at times great sensations of joy, which were soon followed by feelings of depression, and while these latter continued I was of course miserable. But what gave me perfect peace was the ceasing to take account of my own feelings *altogether*, and beginning to rest calmly and quietly upon what God says in His word about Christ, who was delivered for my offences, and raised

again for my justification (Rom. iv. 25); and I reasoned with myself thus: 'If Christ has indeed been delivered for my offences, there is no necessity for me to be delivered for them, for God is too just to demand payment over again for a debt already discharged; and if He has been raised again for my justification, no one can ever lay anything to my charge, for His resurrection has set me down righteous in the presence of God. By His death and resurrection my sins were put away, and I am constituted righteous before God. I stand before God righteous as Christ is righteous.' I believe this, and therefore, however much my feelings may change, I never doubt that I have peace with God."

"Well, Mr. —, I see quite what you mean, and I'm sure it's very happy for *you*; but how am I to know that He died for *me*?"

"Oh," I said, "that is easily discovered. Look at Rom. v. 6, where it says, 'Christ died for the *ungodly*,' and verse 8, where He died (it says) for 'sinners.' Satan could never yet persuade me that I was neither a 'sinner' nor 'ungodly,' and therefore I always have the assurance of God's Word that He died for *me*; and putting two and two together, if He died for me, I know that God is satisfied, and therefore not a shadow of a doubt as to my acceptance ever crosses my mind. I am enabled to 'joy in God' through Him, by

whom I have received this wondrous reconciliation (Rom. v. 11).

“Well, Mr. —, I think I must not doubt any more; I see I must cease to be occupied with myself, and enter more into what God has *done* for me and what Christ *is* to me.”

D. T. G.

“GOD LOVES ME.”

MANY persons entirely mistake the gospel. They imagine that God is now demanding something of them, that they have something to *do* in order to be saved. At least, they think they must love God. They do not see that the gospel is the very opposite to this; that it is a declaration of God's love to man, and that God in it brings to them, just as they are, everything that they need for present peace and eternal blessing, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

There is nothing for the sinner to *do*; first, because he cannot do anything acceptable to God (“they that are in the flesh cannot please God,” Rom. viii. 8); and, secondly, because Jesus has done it all. He by Himself purged our sins. He finished the work which the Father gave Him to do. He “is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth” (Rom. x. 4). The vail is rent, the way into the holiest is made, Jesus has gone

into heaven itself by His own blood, and now He appears in the presence of God for us, so that the sinner can come at once, through the sacrifice of Christ, into God's presence.

This God has done. His love has effected this. The Holy Spirit has come down to witness to the infinite perfection of the sacrifice of Christ, and of His everlasting priesthood. These glad tidings the gospel makes known; it tells out the way in which God's wondrous mercy has met man's need, and the posture of patience and long-suffering He takes towards this guilty world.

It is natural to man's proud heart to imagine that he must do something for salvation. The Philippian jailer thought so. Under a sense of need and danger he cried out to Paul and Silas, "Sirs, what must I *do* to be saved?"

But he was soon told that he had nothing to do. The answer was, "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." In other words, "Trust in One who has done everything to save you." This is God's way of saving sinners, and there is salvation in no other.

When the heart perceives that God Himself is the sinner's Saviour, through Jesus, his faith and hope are then in God. A friend lately said, "When I considered the words, 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the

Father, He *hath declared Him* ’—and thus saw God in Christ, the sinner’s Saviour, I could rest in God at once; all my fears vanished.”

The thought that we must love God to be saved, instead of being saved solely because God loves us, clings most tenaciously to fallen nature; but nothing short of seeing God’s love to us in the cross of Christ, even when we were dead in sins, can give peace. Another gentleman, after living in sin for many years, in companionship with many others, heard that the ringleader of the party was converted. All were sorry to lose such a jovial friend, and marvelled that he could be such a fool as to be religious. Still he was very decided, and went to his old associates one by one to speak to them of the salvation he had found in a crucified Saviour.

There was one, however, that he passed over. It was this very gentleman of whom I am speaking; and he felt it much. This led him to reflect, and soon he began to realise the unsatisfying character of the pleasures of sin, and to feel that he, too, had a soul. He read his Bible, but could get no comfort. He thought that he had something to *do*, and that he never accomplished what he wished. One day, however, he met his old friend, who said to him, “Do you ever read your Bible?”

“Yes, I do,” he replied; “but I cannot get comfort out of it; *I cannot love God.*”

"No," said his friend, "nor could I; but the blessed truth is, that *God loves me*," and then wished him good morning.

"God loves me," "God loves me," thought the gentleman to himself; what can he mean? But before he reached home that day, the thought of God having given His only begotten Son to die on the cross to save sinners flashed upon his soul with divine, living light. "Now," thought he, "I see it. I see now that God loves *me as a sinner*. Yes, God so loves me as to save me"; and his whole soul was filled with joy and peace. So it is, as the apostle John declares: "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." This enables us to love and serve God; for "we love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 10, 19). It is here the heart finds real joy, gathers up strength for service, and gives glory to God.

"He *saw me* ruined in the fall,
And *loved me* notwithstanding all;
He *saved me* from my low estate,
His lovingkindness, oh, how great!"

H. H. S.

By the Cross the way was opened for God to bless man according to the infinite preciousness of the blood of Christ.

“ I HAVE MY TICKET.”

I WAS passing Worcester Station the other day when a young man entered my carriage. As he sat down I took out my ticket, and showed it to him, saying, “ Young man, I have my ticket.”

“ Yes, sir,” he replied, “ I see you have it.”

I said further, “ I do not hope to have it some time. I have not now to ask for one, or wish I had a ticket : I have it ; that is a certainty. Just so, also, I have salvation. I do not hope I may be saved ; I have not to ask now to be saved ; I have salvation. Through God’s unspeakable mercy I am saved.”

The young man looked at me with astonishment, and said, “ Well, this is very strange : I could have got to Birmingham for about half the fare by the other line ; but somehow I could not book that way. Something said I must come by this train, and I felt I must get into this carriage. Now I’ll tell you : there is a man works in the same shop with me, and he says the same thing you say. He says he has eternal life ; and, mind you, he not only says so, but everything he does shows he has. Bless you ! he has no fear of death at all ; and when he has any trouble, this having eternal life makes him so quiet and happy, that I cannot help feeling that he has got something that I have not, do you see ?

And no matter how we chaff him at the shop, we cannot touch him, for he has *eternal life*. He tells us he has found eternal life by reading and believing the Bible. For myself I must tell you, I used to read Tom Paine and Voltaire; but somehow when I got reading at night, I said, 'Tom Paine, thou canst not give me eternal life'; and I felt so miserable I banged the book on the floor."

As he said these words, he suited the words by action, with great earnestness, and then putting his hand in his side pocket, he brought out a beautiful edition of a pocket Bible, and said, "I have now got the book that makes known eternal life, but I cannot say that I have eternal life. I want to FEEL that I have it."

I said to him, "When the clerk laid your ticket on the window-board this morning, did you say I must FEEL that I have it before I take it, or did you first take it and then feel that you had it?"

"Oh," he said, "I see now how simple it is! I must first receive salvation, and then I shall feel that I have it."

I dare say many a reader of this paper has the very same difficulty that this person had. Instead of believing the word of God, in His glad tidings of pardon and life through Jesus Christ, you look and look within, wishful to find some unknown amount of feelings in

which you may rest, or at least on which you may base a hope of being saved. Thus you stand at the window, waiting for feeling, and all the while refusing the grace of God. Now what do you want to feel?

“ Why,” perhaps you say, “ I must feel very sorry for my sins; and I must feel that I have forsaken them; and I must feel that now I love God. I have often tried to feel all this; but I have always failed. And yet I must feel all this before I can be saved, must I not? ”

No, my friend; if these feelings were God's conditions of salvation, not one soul would be saved. Now let us look in the New Testament, and see. I cannot find one place where it says, If you feel sorry for your sins, you shall be saved. The answer to the jailer's question, “ What must I do to be saved? ” was not, “ Be or feel sorry for thy sins, and thou shalt be saved.” Nothing of the kind. Paul pointed him to a very different object than himself, or his feelings, even to Jesus. He said, “ *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* ” And that same hour “ *He rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.* ”

On another occasion (Acts viii.), as Philip preached Jesus to the eunuch, and set forth the great sacrifice for sins, the eunuch said, “ See, here is water, what doth hinder me to

be baptized?" Did he reply, "If thou feelest sufficiently sorry for thy sins"? Was this the condition? Were his feelings needed to add to the atoning value of the blood of Jesus? Oh, no! Nothing but faith was needed to connect him with Jesus, or to warrant his showing forth that union in death and resurrection, by baptism. He was at once baptized, "and he went on his way REJOICING."

The apostle Paul does not say, "'The gospel which I preached unto you, by which also ye are saved,' was that you should feel this or that." No, he says, "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures."

Now, my reader, if there were no barriers then to exclude the sinner from Christ, why should you put your feelings now as a perpetual hindrance to your receiving Christ as YOUR entire Saviour? Then Jesus and the resurrection was preached; never human feeling, never amendment, resolutions, or sorrow for sin, as conditions of God's free GIFT—ETERNAL LIFE.

The gospel finds man blind as to God's character of love, and morally dead in sin. It reveals God in the blessed Jesus. God is love. The cross, ah! there the sinner sees the good-

ness of God, the infinite love of God : what a sight ! This, and this alone, leads to repentance, or, as the word in the Greek always means, a change of mind. When Jesus, saving from the curse of sin by the death of the cross, is revealed to the soul, there is then that change of mind toward God. It is only as I gaze on the cross of Christ that I can either learn or feel what sin is. Blessed Jesus ! Thy precious blood both cleanseth me from the guilt, and delivers me from the power of sin ! If I look back at my feelings or my doings, all is failure and sin ; and hence, if these have aught to do with my salvation, all is darkness and uncertainty. But looking at the cross of Christ my Lord, I find no failure. “ It is finished.” With all my coldness, and unworthiness, and sin, I do believe ; and hence I can say, I am saved. “ The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin ” (1 John i. 7).

My reader, if you have been brought to give up all dependence on self, your feelings, your sorrows, or your tears, then hear the words of Jesus. He says, “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life ” (John v. 24). Again, He says, “ MY SHEEP HEAR My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me ; and

I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 27, 28).

Think of those words: "eternal life"; "hath everlasting life"; "shall never perish"; "neither shall any pluck them out of My hand."

Is this your present and eternal portion? Then can you say, "Worthy is the Lamb," and, "I have eternal life." Do not rest satisfied with a mere hope of being saved. It will not do to tell the collector you hope you have a ticket.

The believer has redemption through the blood of Christ, and his hope is the coming of the Lord.

CHARLES STANLEY.

Substitution is as certain a truth as Scripture can afford; that is, one Person standing in another's place, bearing his sins in His own body on the tree, bruised for them instead of the guilty, who is healed by the Other taking the stripes; for "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6).

"I'VE BEEN A RARE FOOL!"

IT was a fine summer's day when I was told that a youth in a neighbouring town was dying of consumption. I took an early opportunity of visiting him.

I found him seated by a table. A pillow was laid upon it; and, with his arms folded and his head resting upon them, he thought his breathing was easier in that position.

On my entrance he looked up. Disease had made sad inroads in a countenance once handsome and intelligent. My attention was arrested by an indescribable expression about his eyes; there was a bold, self-willed character before me.

I addressed him somewhat abruptly: "You are very ill, my lad, and with little prospect of ever getting better."

His reply was, "You are plain spoken, at any rate."

I paused for a moment, when I added, "Do you know, in the event of your death, where you will go?"

He immediately answered, "I expect, to heaven."

I asked him the grounds of his confidence.

He gave me them readily: "I never injured anybody. I have always done right between man and man; and the master I worked for would give me a character any day."

His eyes kindled as he spoke, and he looked a sort of defiance.

After a short pause I proceeded to urge him for further reasons for his hopes. He gave them pretty fully; but they were briefly summed up in the fact that he had injured no one, neither stolen nor lied, and he did not know why he should fear.

I scrutinized his features, and there was unbending decision of purpose. I rose from my seat, as if taking my leave, and said to him, "My poor lad, I am very sorry for you; for though there is unspeakable comfort in the gospel, blessed joy for those interested in it; yet it is not for such as you."

He said to me angrily, "What do you mean?"

I replied, "The Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; and, from your own account, you are not one. You are seeking to stand before God in the strength of your own character, and it will utterly fail you. If you were honest and true-hearted, you would admit that your conscience accuses you; and that to stifle its cries you are seeking to prop up a character for goodness, which, so far from serving you, will only shut you out of the blessing the gospel propounds. *As a sinner* God presents mercy and forgiveness to you through faith in Jesus. *As having*

“ I’VE BEEN A RARE FOOL ! ”

39

nothing to fear, what want you with the Saviour? My poor lad,” I proceeded, “ hide not your necessity from yourself; you cannot from God. Be open and honest; unburden your heart. Seek to tell the worst you know about yourself; spread it all out before Him, and plead that for such as you really are Christ died.”

As I spoke his countenance lighted up with intelligence. He had evidently understood my meaning. He stretched out his hand, and exclaimed with some energy, “ I’ve been a rare fool! You have letten t’leet into me. (You have let the light into me.) Now leave me alone a bit, and be sure and come again soon.”

I left him with confidence and hope. His case *then* called for sympathy and prayer; before long, for thanksgiving and praise. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God was revealed to him in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. iv. 6). His conscience was purged through faith in the blood shed upon the cross (Rom. iii. 25). He saw himself a lost sinner; God gave him to see that Jesus died for such.

Poor fellow! the little time he was spared was hallowed indeed. He spoke of his Saviour with raptures; of his great need of Him, and of the grace that found him. I saw him one morning after a restless night. He was sitting on his bed gasping for breath; yet his spirit

was tranquil and calm. "*I know,*" he said, "*Jesus died for me.*"

Shortly afterwards he was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8).

JOHN WILLANS.

LOST! SO DARK, AND WANTING WATER.

IT was about four o'clock one dark, wet autumn morning, and before the midnight lamp had been put out, that a man just recovering from the effects of excessive drinking alarmed the house by knocking violently at the back and then at the front door.

Upon being asked who was there, he replied, "I am lost; I have lost my way. Can you direct me?"

Having been told the way, he cried out, "But it is so dark, and I want a drink of water."

What a striking picture of a poor sinner who has drowned his senses, and wasted his time of grace, in the vain pursuit of this poor world's empty pleasures! Waking up in eternity, like the rich man in Luke xvi., he finds he is for ever lost in the blackness of darkness, and he asks for a drop of water, for he is tormented in the lake of fire. But, thank

LOST! SO DARK, AND WANTING WATER. 41

God, *you* have a body out of the grave, and a soul out of hell.

Have you found out that you are lost? If you have, I affectionately direct you to that blessed Saviour who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Oh, trust Him! for blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord. But trust Him *now*; to-morrow may be for ever too late. He is the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep. Just come to His outstretched arms, and heaven shall hear Him say of you, "Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep which was lost" (Luke xv. 6).

Have you found out the terribleness of being in the darkness of unbelief? If you have, oh, then look to Him who went into awful darkness on the cross when bearing our sins, and the wrath of God against them; that you, through believing in Him, might be led by the love of God out of darkness into His marvellous light; take your leave of the darkness for ever, and find your home in the light of God's presence for eternity.

Are you thirsting for the "water of life"? Have you found out that the pleasures of the world cannot satisfy the thirst of the needy soul? If so, then listen to Him who is so tenderly and lovingly saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vi. 37). The invitation is world-wide,

for it is, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). Oh, drink, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ; then the thirst of your precious soul shall be everlastingly satisfied, and you will be able by the grace of God to say, to His glory, "I was *lost*; but I am *found*. I was in *darkness*; but now I am *light* in the Lord. I was a poor, thirsty *sinner*, but now I am a rejoicingly satisfied *saint*."

Turn to God, and praise Him for what He has done for your soul, and tell others the good news; and may God use you to the salvation of many precious souls, and to Him be all the glory for ever!

H. M. H.

"LET GO THE TWIG."

I WISH I could relate to you, as it was once told to me, an account of a lady in Scotland, and of the way in which her doubts and anguish of soul were removed. It was during a revival, in which several persons known to this lady had been brought to Christ. Among the rest, a particular friend of hers had been converted.

Feeling some measure of concern herself, she went to a servant of Christ who was labouring in the place, and told him she was unhappy.

He replied that he was glad to hear it.

Astonished at this, and somewhat offended also, she told the minister what efforts she had made to obtain salvation; how she had read and prayed, but still seemed as far from peace as ever.

He told her that it was not by anything she could do, but by what Christ had long since done and finished on the cross, that she was to be saved.

All seemed dark and mysterious to her, and she left; resolving, however, to call on her friend, who had recently been converted. She did so, and asked her what she had done to obtain the peace of which she spoke.

“Done! I have done nothing! It is by what Christ has done that I have found peace with God.”

The lady replied that this was what the minister had just been telling her, but that she could not understand it.

She went home with her distress greatly increased; and, shutting herself up in her room, she fell on her knees, resolving that she would never rise till her soul found rest and peace.

How long her agony continued I could not say; but nature became quite exhausted, and she sank to slumber.

While thus asleep, she dreamed that she was falling over a frightful precipice, but caught hold of a single twig which

overhung the abyss beneath. By this she hung, crying aloud for help.

Then a voice from below, which she knew to be the voice of Jesus, bade her let go the twig, and He would receive and save her.

"Lord, save me!" she cried.

But the voice again answered, "Let go the twig."

She felt as though she dare not leave hold, but continued crying, "Lord, save me!"

At last, the One below, whose voice she heard, but whom she did not see, said, in the most tender, solemn tones, "*I cannot save you, unless you let go the twig!*"

Self-desperate, she let it go, fell into the arms of Jesus, and the joy of finding herself there awoke her.

The lesson taught her by her dream was not lost upon her. She perceived that Jesus was worthy of all her trust, and that not only did she need no twig of self-dependence, but that it was holding to the twig that kept her away from Christ. She let all go, and found Jesus all-sufficient.

"Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts iv. 12; xiii. 38, 39).

W. T.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION.

IT was towards the end of the year 1864 we were informed by telegram of the sudden illness and expected death of a dear sister then residing in France. What added to our grief was that the beloved one, with her husband and family, were without Christ, unconverted.

Two of our family went over to her at once, and found the medical opinion very unfavourable. The disease was of such a nature that it must end in death, and he thought soon. Many were the prayers sent up to God by vast numbers of the Lord's people on behalf of this sick one that she might be brought to a saving knowledge of Christ ere taken from us. A special interest seemed taken in her, and her family knew that she had often been under conviction of sin, and had tried to stifle it, more (we believed) from fear of what an open confession might entail than anything else; as she often afterwards told us, she felt herself a sinner, saw hell open before her, and felt truly miserable. She also told us she had tried by prayers and ordinances and sacraments to obtain peace, without getting it. How true, God has *no* plea-

sure in sacrifices and offerings for sin—nothing but the blood of Christ (Heb. ix. and x).

So far was prayer answered that in a fortnight after she was taken ill she was enabled to be brought to London by steamer, and although it seemed to threaten a storm in some parts of England, the sea in crossing was a perfect calm, a great thing for her. On arrival, the very best advice was procured, the first doctors in London consulted; but one after another only told the same sad story that her days were numbered.

Dr. A——, the family physician, was more sanguine than the others. He attended her to the last, and used every means to prolong life, when the disease could not be stayed. Prayer was offered up for her unceasingly, and the Word of God, especially the Epistle to the Hebrews, was read and explained to her by her sister A——.

This greatly cleared the way as showing the dear sufferer that all earthly priesthood was completely done away with, that all believers in our Lord Jesus Christ are priests, and that Christ is the only High Priest. That all *earthly* temples and sanctuaries are done away with, and that God seeks those to worship who worship in Spirit and in Truth, *His* presence making the sanctuary. Also it was explained to her that the Word says, "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life," so that

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION. 47

we ought to know *here* whether we have it or not.

She listened to and grasped at the Word, saying, "Go on, read more," and oh, praise and thanksgiving to our God and Father of mercies! before long she was brought to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus. She found peace while reading 1 John v. 9-12:—

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God, which He hath testified of His Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

She said it went with a pang to her heart that she was making God a liar, believing man's word (a human priest) instead of God's Word.

Our hearts were full of praise and thanksgiving to our God for His marvellous love to us and to her, she seemed so clear and decided, believing simply that Christ died for her, and that he that believeth hath everlasting life.

She said it was wonderful that six sisters should meet in heaven! Her next thought,

and ours, too, was the confession of this to her husband, who was so kind in attending to her bodily wants, but was still in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Lord might well have said, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" but we were, and she too, fearful of the consequences of a confession; but prayer went up, and one night, when very ill, that passage in Romans x. 9, 10, pressed so on her conscience, until she felt constrained to send for her husband and tell him all—that she was now converted and had found peace and happiness through simply believing in Jesus Christ for salvation.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 9, 10).

He had remarked before that his wife looked as though a load were off her mind, he could not account for it; but when she told him, soon after, he said to one, "Well, I do not care what she calls herself, so long as she is happy." He very kindly used to read the Bible to her at her express wish.

(To be continued.)

“WHAT MUST I DO FIRST?”

SO thoroughly is the thought engrafted in the human mind that salvation is on the ground of our works, that it is not an uncommon thing to find persons suddenly aroused to the sense of the terrible mistake they have been under for years, in supposing that they would ultimately obtain salvation on the predominance of their good works over the bad.

Some time ago a person said to the writer, “I thought, sir, till lately, that I had a great deal to do; but now I see it is all done for me.”

She saw that Jesus, by His death upon the cross, had saved her. She therefore had peace with God at once, rest of conscience, because she saw that God had settled the question of sin for her in Christ.

Lately we heard of a person, who was awakened to the need of salvation, making the enquiry, “What must I do first?”

It is natural to us all to think so highly of ourselves as to judge that we are competent to work out a righteousness for ourselves sufficiently pure to merit salvation. But the GOSPEL speaks of an *already accomplished* work for the salvation of sinners in the cross of Christ; yes, for helpless, sinful persons at enmity with God, whose minds are not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

This is how Scripture puts it. So that God is not now improving man in the flesh, mending up what sin has done, but He publishes the fact that He has accomplished salvation for the lost, that He gives eternal life to whosoever *believes* on the Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore if a person says, "What must I do first?" our answer is, You have nothing to do; for "Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago."

Bow, then, to God's verdict, that you are guilty before Him, that you cannot make yourself fit for His holy presence, that you are by nature a child of wrath, and by practice a great transgressor in His sight. I say, bow to God's truth about yourself. You will then see that you are weak, sinful, *lost*; yes, LOST! incurably bad, and LOST! and also that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to save the LOST, and that He did accomplish eternal redemption for all those who believe on His name.

The question, then, is not what you must do first; but, Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you trusted Him as your Saviour? Can you, do you, rest in His finished work upon the cross for your eternal salvation? Have you received as truth God's word which testifies to the all-cleansing power of the blood of the cross, and that tells you that you are *now*, yes, NOW, justified by His

blood on believing? that by Christ "all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses"? (Acts xiii. 39).

If so, you *have* peace with God, you *are* His child, you *desire*, from grateful love, to serve and honour Christ, and when He comes you *will be* caught up to meet Him in the air, and be with Him and like Him for ever (1 Thes. iv. 16-18).

H. H. S.

THE TUNNEL AND THE PASS.

WE were about to start from S—— the other day by the Great Western, when the guard unlocked the door of the compartment in which I was seated, and let in four working men, with their wallets and tools, travelling by a railway pass to G——.

At one of the stations our tickets were demanded for inspection, and to be notched by the officials. The guard's whistle was then replied to by the engine-driver, and on the train went.

When we were outside the station, I moved nearer my companions and said, "You are travelling by a railway pass, are you not?"

"Yes," they answered.

I asked if the pass would carry them to the end of their journey.

“Yes.”

Then I remarked on the value of *another* kind of pass, viâ the cross and the sepulchre of Christ, out of this world into another, out of time into eternity, a pass from here to yonder, where Christ is crowned with glory and honour, “at the right hand of God.” Had either of them got *this* in their possession?

We had just come out of a long and dark tunnel, and not having any lights in our carriage, it seemed unusually dark and dreary. This led me to comment on the further importance of such a pass, the purchase of Christ’s atoning blood, and the free *gift* of God to a poor sinner, which would be acknowledged all the way along, and be found by the traveller of the greatest value when going through the dark tunnel of death and the grave, which was ahead of them. Could they look through, and see the bright light at the other end of such a tunnel *as this*? Did they know that line which is opened up beyond it by the resurrection and ascension of Jesus, “a new and living way,” which leads up into the glory and the Father’s house? What a terminus!

One of the men said that he had “heard something of this sort,” and another said he “must go and learn about it.”

I replied, "You did not tell the clerk when he wrote out your pass, and put it into your hand this morning, that you must first go and learn how to read before you used it. On the contrary, you are presenting it *solely* on the authority of the Great Western Company, with all the assurance that attaches to the pass, from the fact of your having had nothing to do with the filling of it up. It is to frank you to the end of your journey, and whether you can read it or not has nothing to do with the matter. You produce the pass when required, and go forward; the inspector reads it."

"Quite true," said another of his companions; but he added, "We must go to a house of prayer, sir."

I replied, "Yes, but what for? Not *to get* your pass to the glory, but to praise Him through whose death it has been obtained. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts xvi. 31). *Faith in Him* puts it into your hand. You will then find how necessary prayer is for your daily walk as 'a new creature' in Christ" (Gal. vi. 15).

Do you ask where you must go for this through ticket? Listen! You need not leave your seats in search of schoolmaster, minister or priest; for "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt *be saved*" (Rom. x. 9).

Upon this one of the men said, "I see what it means. 'Tis just like my wife, when she has put my supper upon the table against I come home; 'tis for me to eat it."

Another, who had sat quietly in the corner, objected to this free grace of the gospel to the unconverted, and turned on me, saying "he liked people to be consistent," which led me to demand in what respect I had been inconsistent.

In a loud voice he answered, "A man must *have* life before he can believe. What is the use of speaking to dead men?"

I quoted to him, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* on Him should not perish, but have everlasting *life*" (John iii. 16) Turning from him to the others, I continued, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 16), pressing it upon their acceptance as a word for *themselves*, and for *to-day*.

Again the objector said, "A man must have life before he can believe. How can he act life? Can a dead man hear?"

I reminded him I had not said to his companions that they were to act life, for the obvious reason there must be life before they could do so, and show it outwardly. Could he not distinguish between the Spirit working

by the word in a sinner, in order to *quicken to life*, through faith in Christ, and the possession of life, that the actings proper to one who is "born of God" might be manifested? Would he shake a man's confidence in the living God by throwing a doubt into his mind as to the finished work of Christ for the one who believes? In reply to his question whether a dead man can hear; this was no business of mine. Reasoning as a man I should say, No; but knowing the power of God in Christ my answer would be, Yes; for I believe in Him who "quickeneth the dead," and "calleth things that are not as though they were" (Rom. iv. 17).

In my turn I asked this man what were the "glad tidings" *he* had to present to his fellows, seeing he objected to mine.

One of his companions took up the question, asking, "What harm has the gentleman done by telling us that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners?"

I encouraged this man to accept "the faithful saying," and put it to the proof, as he had done the company's pass to-day. What is the right use of these scriptures, if that which had been made was the wrong one? For whom were they intended, if not for sinners?

On leaving the carriage I shook them by the hand, telling the objector I had a word for him about the actings of this new life, as *he*

professed to have it. Paul says, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death: for to me to live is Christ" (Phil. i. 20, 21). If he would take no less an example than Christ for the actings of life, he would find this to be a searching and humbling, though *blessed* occupation. And so we parted.

How is it with my reader? Dare you try your own merit as the pass-word? or is it in the value of that *only* "name given under heaven whereby we must be saved"? (Acts iv. 12). Are you waiting for more confidence from some good actions, or for deeper repentance as to your bad ones?

It does not appear that the elder brother in Luke xv. ever got into the father's house: "he was angry, and would not go in." *Self-righteousness* kept him out: "Neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment." He would not enter on the same footing as the prodigal, but upbraided the grace of a father's heart, which triumphed over the returned wanderer.

Is my reader *outside* the Father's house like the elder brother, relying upon his good deeds? or *inside* it like the prodigal, notwithstanding his bad ones; knowing that Christ in love to you made them His own upon the cross, and put them away for ever by His sufferings and death in your stead?

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION.

II.

HER anxiety for the children now became great. She spoke to her nurse and to M—— (a servant who had been with her for years), told them that when death came nothing but Christ could satisfy. His blood alone gave her peace—no prayers, no forms, no churches, no priests, and that no absolution of man was of any effect—Christ and Christ alone, and they must let *all* go and cling to Him.

She said to her sister M——, “How *can* you walk about, and see souls trusting to churches, and prayers, and forms, without telling them what a precious Christ you have? Oh, what a precious Saviour He is! and you are told to confess with your mouth—how can you keep it? Oh, do speak for Christ!”

Another time she said, “Christ never turned an anxious soul away yet. Oh, no, He is waiting to receive; how precious a Saviour! I remember when I arrived in England from abroad” (three years before her illness), “A—— W—— spoke to me about my soul. I was cut to the heart, and could have cried all day, but my proud heart would not let me say much to him. How that precious, precious Jesus has followed me, and has striven with me, and I have striven against Him, and He would not leave me!

What wondrous love! I don't deserve it, I can't believe it."

Then she said, "I am filled with happiness; it is joy, it is peace, it is Christ!" As these words came out she was quite exhausted. She then said to another sister, J——, "Can you be quiet when Christ says you are to confess with your mouth?" and then sent a message to C—— (a brother-in-law) to say Christ alone would serve him at death, to lose no time in coming to Him; she asked us to be sure and tell her mother-in-law that she died in the true faith, which is Christ and Him alone, no forms, no churches, no priests, *no man*, none but Christ; tell her "she ought to confess to her sons that she *knows* that she is saved, and that no forms will save them; nothing but Christ and His precious blood. We want nothing else at death, and nothing else before, but Christ and His Word, no church (so-called). Oh, the freedom! the freedom of getting out of bondage! What freedom Christ is! Why don't all see it?"

She was very weak and quite exhausted after each sentence. She lingered altogether about eleven months, and we may well say they were months of great mercies amidst all her sufferings. . . . Our hopes were often buoyed up with the idea that after all the dear one might be spared to us, as at times she gained strength and appetite; but

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION. 59

she never anticipated perfect recovery. . . . So little did she expect this, that at a later period, when the nurse she brought over was obliged to leave, she said, "I may not live to require another."

During these eleven months she was visited by some Christians, who broke bread with her in remembrance of the Lord's dying love; this she greatly enjoyed. She often said she only cared to see those Christians who spoke to her of Christ; some she named as not caring to see a second time, as they did not speak much of Jesus.

We were summoned to town on the 9th of September, 1865, and found her near her end, but truly happy in Christ.

On seeing A—— she said: "I am just like that little hymn:—

‘ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.’

What could I do if I were obliged to bring anything of my own? *There is nothing but clinging to Christ.*"

A—— said, "the best of us, after almost a whole life of service, can bring nothing, can only say, 'Mercy from first to last.'"

She replied, "The only thing that troubles me is my not having spoken more of Christ to the unconverted" (few have to reproach them-

selves less on this point than she, for she spoke to nearly all she saw).

On being asked if she was rejoicing in hope, she said, "Oh! yes, each time I am brought lower I am happier, Christ is more precious to me. I have had temptations, but they are all gone now."

She also said: "I could not think why I did not die when I was first converted, but now I see it—it's because I know Christ better now. At first I was just happy and rejoicing because my sins were forgiven, but now I am more drawn to Christ—know Him better."

It reminded me of the difference in 1 John i. 12, 13. Little children know their sins forgiven—fathers know Him who was from the beginning—for surely she had made rapid strides in the heavenly race in ten months.

She seemed to long for the Lord's coming; not that she feared death, but loved the idea of all meeting again. She had been rather troubled at hearing a Christian say she feared death, and said she determined to ask every believer she met if they feared it, and was greatly pleased with the answer of one of her sisters, A—— S——: "Fear death? No! I never think of *death*! It is only God's messenger sent to usher me into His blissful presence."

(To be continued.)

“'TIS LIKE A MIRACLE.”

“O H, joy, joy! The glorious work is done. I am passed from death unto life, from the power of Satan unto God. 'Tis like a miracle, *so sudden; I know it now.* I am saved, and safe for ever. I have peace, perfect peace; 'I have a peace, and 'tis *calm as a river.*' 'Twas like a door in my soul *suddenly* opened; I *instantly* saw, I *knew; I believed.* I was blind, now I see.

“I praise God for His great mercy in letting me see; *me as I am,* and *He as He is,* and *Christ,* the Saviour of sinners, such as I; and for bringing me out of *darkness* into *light,* out of such *agony of soul,* which felt as if it would really kill me. I did not know that I should ever be out of it, and I am brought out *suddenly* of this into such glorious *light* and *peace.* A peace that passeth all understanding, so safe in Christ. A peace and rest for ever. What *you* have *said* to me, what *you* have *written* to me, has done it all. If I had been told the way and *suddenness* of it, as of any other person, I don't know how I could have believed it.

“I *must* tell you how it was.

“In the morning, after reading your last letter again, I had walked out into the flower-garden; but I *saw nothing there.* I looked up to the sky, and that awful solemnity came over me, stronger than ever. I stood still;

why I know not. My mind was turned inward to thoughts of God. I must have looked down again, from what followed. The *next instant* will ever be stamped upon my heart. *All I know is*, I looked up; that is, *I lifted up my eyelids*, so I must have been looking down. The *instant* I lifted up my eyelids, *just as quick*, like a door in my soul was suddenly opened, an *instantaneous light* came over me; I *saw*, I *knew* I was saved! I was at peace! Oh, such a peace! such a peace I never knew before! And, most strange, at the next instant words seemed put in my mouth. I know not where they are from. I said, 'How safe; how calm, how satisfied the soul that clings to Thee!'

"Those words expressed it. I immediately walked into the house, wondering what had been done to me. I kept repeating those words, 'So *safe*, so *calm*, so *satisfied*, the soul that clings to Thee.'

 And now I can say,

"Accepted I am,
In the once offered Lamb;
It is God who Himself had devised the plan."

"Am I saved? I could not have thought anyone could now be saved so *suddenly*. Are you not surprised at what I say, after all the agonies of my soul I have been troubling you with? Was there ever such a *sudden* change

from darkness to light, taking *Jesus instantly* to my soul, knowing that He died on the cross for *my* sins?

“ Your words and your letters have been blessed to me. I read them again now. You have done it; God has done it. I have now, as you told me, ‘let go *every* twig.’ Your ‘Prayer’ has been answered. I have read it so often; many, many times a day. It was a feeling also when I lifted up my eyes; I *felt* I was saved, as *well* as *knew* it. Your last papers with your note, so beautifully clear it is to me, so suited to my need; this note, both your notes have done it.

“ What you wrote about faith has done me good. Was that wrong when I *felt* I was saved, as *well* as *knew* it? But I trust to no feeling now; I *know* it; I have the ‘*receipt*.’ That tract, *Faith or Feeling—which? Can’t it be both?* I care for *nothing* now but the knowledge of Christ. I never can thank you sufficiently, or give you but a faint idea of my gratitude for all your teaching and advice. It is all *your doing*, through God, from first to last. You have been the means of saving my soul and bringing me to perfect peace, ‘so *safe*, so *calm*, so *satisfied*.’ I am, I am a changed being indeed. What you have said to me in your addresses, and what you have written to me, have done it all; and the books have been a great help also. I do noth-

ing all day but read them; many thanks for them. *Am I saved?* is one. You said prayer *would* be answered, it is answered for me!

“Your eternally obliged and grateful Friend,
“ M.F.H.”

The writer of the above letter is absent from the body, and at home with the Lord. I therefore feel perfectly free in publishing it, and my object in doing so is, first, to encourage those who, like the writer of the remarkable letter that they have read, may have known what it is to be long troubled about their condition as lost sinners in the presence of a holy God. “Sorrow may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.” You may and must have your night of sorrow; that is, repentance towards God; but joy shall be yours on the morning of your faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. “Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost” (Rom. xv. 13).

My second object in giving publicity to this letter is, that the reader may see that *salvation is sudden*. How long was the Lord in saving the penitent thief? the three thousand at Pentecost? or Saul of Tarsus? In the Acts of the Apostles thousands of conversions are recorded, and all instantaneous. Salvation is God's work. It is immediate, and it is

eternal : “ I know that, whatsoever God doeth, *it shall be for ever*: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before Him ” (Eccles. iii. 14).

My third and last reason for printing my late friend's letter is, that the reader may see that God wishes His children to know that they are saved, to thank Him for it, and to tell others about it. God says, “ These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; *that ye may know* that ye have eternal life ” (1 John v. 13); and those who have received and believed this letter can humbly but confidently say, “ *We know* that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren ” (1 John iii. 14).

I pray God greatly to bless this letter to anxious souls, and give them by His grace to say with the writer of it, “ Oh, joy ! joy ! the glorious work is done ! I am passed from death unto life, from the power of Satan unto God.”

H.M.H.

Whatever educational or religious advantages you may have, until you have a new life, a new nature, by being born of God through faith in Christ Jesus, YOU CANNOT PLEASE GOD.

FAITH OR FEELINGS.

“**I** F I could only *feel* it,” as a young officer said to me, when I pressed on him that enough had been done on the cross to save his soul.

“But,” I said, “you have not got to *feel* it, but *believe* it. You may be *saved* without *feeling*. I *believed* in Christ for about a fortnight before I knew that I was *saved*: I might have known it at *once*, only I was waiting to *feel* saved. At last I said, Well, if I don’t *feel* saved until I find myself in heaven, still I’ll rest solely on *the Word of God*. God has said in that Word, ‘He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life’ (John iii. 36). I *know* that now I do believe in Christ. I *used* to trust in my *prayers*, or *something* that I could do *myself*; but I don’t trust in *anything* now except Christ, and His work on the cross, for my salvation; *therefore* I have everlasting life. God says I have.

“Then Satan whispered, ‘Do you *feel* you have everlasting life?’ I could not say I felt it. ‘*Then you cannot have it,*’ whispered that arch-liar! I remembered, ‘IT IS WRITTEN,’ ‘He that *believeth* on the Son *HATH* everlasting life.’ I *knew* that I really *believed* in Christ; *THEREFORE* I had everlasting life, whether I *felt* it or not. God said I had, and I surely must be right in *believing Him*, despite every feeling.

“ I think then the devil left me (for a time); but I found I was safe, not because I *felt* it, but because of *God's* word, which is unchangeable. I did not (as it so happened) feel joy or peace until *long afterwards*.”

“ I declare I believe you are right,” said the young man, who had been listening with the greatest attention; “ I have all along been thinking that I had to bring good *feelings* to God before I could be saved.”

Reader, the devil has been misleading souls for nearly six thousand years; so he is an experienced foe, and not to be overcome except by the *sword* of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Take care that he is not misleading you, tempting you to “ *trust in feelings*, instead of Christ,” or to “ *wait to feel*,” when you should “ *believe and be saved*.”

Feelings are changeable things at the best, like the quicksilver in the barometer, sometimes *up*, sometimes *down*. Mark how that officer was kept from salvation by waiting for “ *FEELINGS* ”; Satan tempting him to bring *them* to God, instead of simply relying on the blood of Jesus, *in the condition in which he then was*.

What are you doing, dear reader? Are you one who *believes* in Jesus, yet cannot *feel saved*? If you really trust in Jesus, there is ground for your enjoying *perfect peace of*

mind at all times, since God “raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory, that your *faith* and *hope* might be *in* God” (not your feelings); and that, “being justified by faith” (not feelings), you should “have peace with God” (1 Peter i. 21; Rom. v. 1). Let me ask you, When “the offering of the body of Jesus Christ” has been given and accepted by God as an all-sufficient sacrifice for sins, is it not just of Him to justify you, a believer in Jesus? And does He not also delight in doing so?

You say, “I am sure He does, for I know He *Himself* has given the blood to make an atonement for the soul, and ‘the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin’; but I don’t *feel* that I am *justified*, therefore sometimes I think I *cannot* be” (1 John i. 7).

But God says, “All that believe ARE justified from all things.” And it is a suggestion of the devil, that because you do not *feel* justified upon believing, therefore you cannot be justified.

Dear friend, Satan deceived me for a long time in this way; so I thank God for allowing me to expose his snares to others. I have rested now for upwards of four years *simply* on *the blood of Christ* as the atonement for my sins, and on *the Word of God* instead of my feelings, as the ground

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION. 69

of my security. Where is there sounder ground? Is it to be found in the state of my feelings? No; the more Satan would tempt me to look to my feelings as the ground of my security, the more I see him the *peace-disturber* of my soul. If you simply believe in *Jesus* as *your* Saviour, and His blood as having made a *complete* atonement for all your sins, you are warranted in KNOWING that you *are, through faith*, justified by Him from all things, whether you *feel* it or not, *just because* GOD has *said you are*. Hear His word, and be at peace with God; for "by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39).

T.W.T.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION.

III.

A FEW days after she said, "Not a bit of fear, no fear, perfect love casteth out fear; no fear, not a bit."

On repeating a passage of the Word to her she replied: "Yes, it's all very sure. I can look death in the face without any fear. I am weary, weary, but it will be all right when we get up there; no trouble, no heat, no pain. Jesus will take care of me, I know."

On being reminded how near we were to Jesus, she said: "Oh, yes, quite true, the

Lord thought us so part of Himself that He said to Saul, 'Why persecutest thou Me?' Oh, yes, that is precious."

September 16th, she was very ill; we thought it her last day here. She spoke to all around, warned M—— (the servant) about her soul again, charged her to meet her in glory, told her she never would unless she came to Christ. "You must believe He died for you, M——, for your sins."

Then to her nurse: "Am I to meet *you* there? Do you believe in Jesus?"

"I hope so, ma'am."

"No," she said, "it won't do to hope. **I know.** Do you believe you are a sinner? Yes, all have sinned. Then if a sinner, Jesus died for you. Do you really believe it? He that believeth hath everlasting life."

Then she asked her doctor if he would meet her. She spoke also of her brother (J——) who was abroad, wondered if he would be saved, and his wife, and said how Satan occupied him with his business and the world. "It will all be of no use when he comes to die. When he comes to be like me, nothing will do *then* but Christ. Oh, how vain everything else appears, nothing will do for a death-bed but Christ!"

"Oh, how vain all the world is when death comes!" Then to her sister A——: "Don't let me ever see you shed another tear about

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION. 71

your husband; his soul will be saved. I have prayed and thought much of him, and Jesus says yes! Don't you trouble any more." Then, as if she had a glimpse of glory, she said: "He has a mother there, and a sister; and his mother's prayers will be answered, and he'll be there. I see it all as plainly as if I were seated up there, and he there, too. He loves the world now, does he not? How strange Satan should be able to occupy people's minds with different things to keep them off Christ! but he'll be saved; it will come all at once." Then, as if talking with the Lord, she pleaded so earnestly for his soul to be saved. Then said: "Yes, it will be all right. Jesus says, whatever we ask we shall have. Tell him I thought of him, I prayed for him, and that nothing but Christ will do on a death-bed."

Then turning to a Christian present, she said: "Don't you ever fear death. When it comes Jesus will be with you, don't fear it. He is with me and will be with you." At another time she said: "*Hush!* Jesus is all round."

She told her sister M—— that her gift was to awaken souls, or, as she expressed it, to make them feel uncomfortable. "Yes, M——, years ago *you* sent me those lines:—

‘Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling’;

and I used to make up my mind not to read it, but felt obliged to take it out of my pocket when alone, and read it over and over, and used to feel so *miserable*. You used to go on at me and make me feel uncomfortable. I have prayed that I might go to sleep and waken on Jesu's bosom, but it's not the time yet." She thought it so wonderful she should be saved, said she never cared for Jesus, and to think of having *such* a place!

A—— said, "Yes, God loves His Son so much, that's why He gives us such a place."

At another time she said: "Did you say it was death? It's not death, death is the beginning of everlasting life to the believer—it's *very sure*. All is real rubbish down here when we get one glimpse of glory."

A—— said, "Yes, Paul said *all* was dung and dross compared with Christ."

She was very thirsty and to her sister M—— she said: "I don't think anyone can enter into what our Lord felt when He said, '*I thirst.*'"

(*To be concluded.*)

No training, educating, or reforming of the nature we have from Adam can ever make it acceptable to God, or bring the soul home in peace to Him; but "if any man be in Christ, it is A NEW CREATION."

“DECEIVING HIS OWN SOUL.”

I REMEMBER once speaking to a man who professed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet it was evident to me that, notwithstanding his moral habits, he did not know Him. It turned out that he had been accustomed to attend chapel regularly, to hear sermons, and receive them as true, taking for granted all that the preacher said, *but never getting beyond the man* he listened to, never once receiving the word as “NOT the word of man, but as it is in truth THE WORD OF GOD, which effectually worketh in them that believe” (1 Thess. ii. 13).

Well do I recall his astonishment and alarm when the distinction and the danger were pointed out to him. He confessed at once that for years he had been deceiving his own soul. “I thought,” said he, “I was a Christian, but I now see that I have never heard the VOICE OF THE SON OF GOD. I see it is possible to hear sermons, and even to receive them in a certain sort of way, yet not to *hear Christ, nor receive HIM.*”

Grace would not let him perish in this delusion; he was saved; but his religious history is a warning to all who, like him, may be resting on the minister and his sermons, instead of CHRIST AND HIS WORD. “He that heareth MY WORD, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life” (John v. 24).

SAVED AT LAST.

AT the close of the year 1862, a servant of Christ, while labouring in the gospel in a rural village, heard late in the evening that an old man was dying, and he went to visit him.

On the way he met some persons, who assured him that it would be useless to go, as the man was lying in a state of unconsciousness from paralysis, and that he had been speechless and wandering in his mind for some time previously.

On arriving at the house the old man's daughter-in-law said, "He will not know you, sir."

"He cannot hear you," added her husband; "yet I should like you to see him."

Believing in the grace of God, and the power of His word, he resolved to do so, and on ascending to the chamber found the dying man as described, namely, in a complete state of unconsciousness; his eyes were closed, and the only indication of life was that he continued to breathe.

The case did indeed appear most hopeless. Nevertheless, the visitor approached the bedside, and, trusting in the Lord, began to address what appeared to be an all but inanimate form.

He had not spoken half-a-dozen words before the aged sinner opened his eyes, and

fixed them on the face of the speaker, who observed, that although fast glazing in death, there was a gleam of intelligence in them, which soon assumed an expression of unutterable anxiety.

Whether paralysis had affected his entire frame, or the near approach of death deprived him of all power to move, it was impossible to say; but it was evident that the poor man could not so much as turn his head, or move a limb. There he lay, utterly, hopelessly helpless.

What could such a one do to be saved? NOTHING, absolutely *nothing*. Speechless, deaf, paralysed, dying, and but a moment before senseless, nothing but the sovereign, glorious grace of God, that snatches the brand from the burning, could avail him. A case more decidedly manifesting the utter helplessness of the sinner to take any part, however small, in effecting or bringing about his own salvation, it would be hard to find.

Setting before him the all-sufficiency of the blood of Christ to save the sinner, and the terrible sin of rejecting the grace of God, the preacher sought to exercise the conscience of the dying man as to his own condition, and especially the sinfulness of being content to live nearly four-score years in the world without Christ, *rejecting Him daily* for nearly eighty years.

The earnest gaze of the listener convinced the preacher that he was understood, and, persuaded that the Lord would bless the word, he left, promising to visit him again.

Two days afterwards, namely, on Christmas Day, being in the same village, he called the second time.

"He hasn't spoken a word since you were here last," said one.

"And doesn't take any notice, or seem to know any of us," said another.

Several of his grown-up children had assembled in the house, expecting that every moment would be his last. They were all children of God, and it was a solemn thing to think that the father of so many believers in the Lord Jesus Christ should go down to the grave unsaved, or at best that they should part from him in the distressing uncertainty which, notwithstanding the morality of his life and general conduct, they felt respecting him. For well did they know that mere morality, even though accompanied by a profession of religion, can save no man.

On ascending the stairs, the visitor found the old man in the same condition as before. Lifting up his heart to the Lord, he began again to set Christ before him, and again did he observe with thankfulness that hearing and consciousness were restored, and that the dying man fixed his eyes earnestly upon him.

and listened intently to every word. Then turning to prayer, the servant of the Lord besought his gracious God to enable the dying man to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, to pluck him as a brand from the burning, and to *restore him his speech*, that he might say whether he was saved or not, and, if saved, give a testimony, though with his last breath, to the wondrous grace of God.

Rising from his knees he then went straight to the bedside, and spoke as follows: "Well, you have heard what I have asked the Lord to do. Now tell me, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin?"

His glazing eyes were fixed upon the speaker's face, his head and body seemed immovable, but there was, for a moment or two, a working of the muscles of the throat, browned by many long years' exposure to sun and wind in the fields, which his hard hands would till no more. His lips trembled, and then suddenly, for the first time since stricken with paralysis, some days before, he spoke. A firm, decided "Yes!" was the answer he gave to the important question put to him.

"Are you *saved*?"

"I am." It was with difficulty he spoke, and it seemed to cost him immense effort.

"Are you QUITE SURE that you are saved through Christ, and Christ alone?"

“Yes!” And there was an emphasis in that *yes* not to be mistaken.

“Do you really believe that Jesus died for *you*, and His blood HAS put away your sins?”

“Yes, I do”; and his earnest gaze added confirmation to the husky tones of his dying words.

“Thank God!” whispered his son, who stood beside him; and then being anxious to ascertain that he was fully conscious of all he was saying, he asked, “Do you know who this is that is speaking to you, father?”

The old man replied in the affirmative.

“Have you ever heard him preach?”

Again he gave an affirmative answer.

“Where?” asked the son.

The old man's eyes turned to the opposite window, to signify that it was in the open-air; in fact, just opposite the house in which he then lay.

“Bless the Lord! he *does* know what he is saying,” exclaimed the young man; who, had his faith been more active, might have understood that the Lord would not have given back his speech to the dying man so evidently in direct answer to prayer, merely to mock us with unconscious words.

In this village some persons had long gone about telling the poor ignorant people that they could not know they were saved till the judgment day. The dying testimony of this

aged man was therefore doubly valuable. He died the next day, but from the moment that the interview above given terminated, he never spoke another word; as if the Lord would make it manifest that his speech was given him for a special purpose, by almighty power in answer to prayer.

Dear reader, are you a believer? If so, what encouragement you have in this simple narrative of facts to rest in that word of promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you. . . . Ask and ye SHALL receive, that your joy may be full" (John xvi. 23, 24). Have you unconverted relatives, friends, acquaintances? Use, in the energy of faith, the word of God and prayer. Walk in close communion with Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and, sooner or later, here or hereafter, you will surely see the blessed results.

Reader, are you yet unconverted? See what a gracious Saviour you are rejecting. He pitied the grey-haired man of four-score years, and snatched him from eternal ruin in his last hours. Let this exhibition of His grace win your heart to Him. He is as ready to save YOU. Beware how you despise His grace. GRACE DESPISED IS JUDGMENT INVITED.

J.L.K.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION.

(Concluded.)

From the 28th to the morning of the 30th M—— was the only sister there; her husband there also.

M—— sat up with her. Poor thing, from extreme restlessness she did not sleep at all. . . . She was suffering acute pain, and exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy on me," but immediately checked herself, saying, "I must not say that. Thou hast shown me unbounded mercy, yes, and love beyond my tongue can tell. All praise to Thy precious name, my Saviour. How sweet that name, *my* Saviour! More grace to bear it, I ask." . . .

The morning light came in, and all was peace. M—— said, "Are you glad to see the light, dear?" "Yes, for it's another night gone, and this can't last; I am quite at peace and rest. . . . Perfect peace flowed in, and joyful assurance. She said, "It is more than I could bear, Jesus has filled me," and that she saw Him waiting to receive her, and she longed to go; not a doubt, not a fear. "Oh," she said, "come, come, my Beloved; let me not be left any longer here, after such a sight! Oh, come, take me; the sight is too much; I am impatient now to go; a poor sinner, what unbounded love! all by simple faith in Thy

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION. 81

beloved Person. Not one I want now but Thee; not a doubt, not a fear. Heaven is where Thou art, 'tis true. Oh, such assurance is joyful."

The nurse said to her, "You have suffered greatly, but we all have our trials; mine have been great."

She replied: "Trials and sufferings not turned to good use are awful; the trial is sent in unbounded love and mercy to warn you, and you *reject* it, and you *can't* make a good use of trial without *first looking to Jesus*. Oh! don't talk to me of sufferings; the Lord has been loading me with blessings, unbounded love and mercy, O precious Jesus!"

Her husband used to read to her daily, but she was too weak now to hear a whole chapter. She lay all that day holding her sister M——'s hand, her voice very weak. She said little, but M—— could hear her carrying on communion with the Lord, saying, "Jesus, Jesus, oh, yes, oh, yes—I am Thine—Thou art mine, and nothing can divide us." She said to M——: "Oh, if you had had such a sight as I have, you would not wish to be here one moment longer. All that A—— S—— said to me is quite true; no fear, all is peace."

M—— asked if she might sit beside her that night.

She said, "I should like it, but your poor

body will be worn out. I would not let you, but that this is the last night here—this restlessness is all of death; my dizziness of eyes is all of death; we shall have our last night to ourselves; this is the last night ever I will require it.”

M—— replied, “ Dr. A—— said your pulse was stronger.”

“ Well,” she said, “ he would not tell an untruth, but he does not know. This is the last night here, and we will have our last night to ourselves, it is but a little time here; read to me a bit.”

M—— read different parts of the Bible, then read the hymn :—

“ Oh, patient, spotless One,
My heart in meekness train,
To take Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,
That I may rest obtain.

“ Jesus, Thou art enough,
The mind and heart to fill,
Thy life—to calm the anxious soul,
Thy love—its fear dispel.

“ Oh, fix my earnest gaze,
So, wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That with Thy beauty occupied,
I elsewhere none may see.”

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY'S CONVERSION. 83

The third verse she repeated after M——, saying, "Yes, Lord, fix *my* earnest gaze so wholly on Thee!"

Later in the evening M—— read the verse again to her, but she stopped her, saying, "I don't need that now," as much as to say, *My gaze is fixed!*

Dr. A—— came soon after, and said a great change had taken place, pulse much weaker. He was told the remark she had made, that that would be her last night.

He said, "How strange; quite true."

M—— told Dr. A—— of the sight she had of the Lord, and that she had said if we had had such a sight we would not wish to remain here.

He said, "Tell me it again," the tears falling. "Ah!" he said, "depend on it she had a sight worth dying to get."

Nurse asked M—— if she was afraid to stay with her sister alone at night.

"How can I be afraid, Jesus fills the room," was M——'s reply.

The doctor thought at times she was unconscious, but no, whenever the name of "Jesus" was mentioned she answered.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 30th she opened her large dark eyes wide on M—— and said, "M——, dear, I think you would like to hear me say once more that I am at perfect peace, have perfect assurance

through simple faith in the precious blood of Christ; me, a poor, unworthy sinner! It's not a nice thought having my head put underground, but I am happy; having Christ I have all."

Again she lay a long time without saying much, but extremely restless. She said, "Keep constant in prayer for the Lord to take me quickly, I am longing to go, but *this*, this is my trial to linger here—patience."

When her sister J—— arrived, and sat by her she said: "J——, dear, so glad to see you. I *am* sensible, dear." Perhaps she had heard some say she was unconscious. Again she looked up and said to J——, "Keep constant in prayer for the Lord to take me." She said little after that, but at times she was heard saying, "Yes, yes, precious Jesus, quite sure; yes, yes."

She quietly breathed out her last at 9.45 p.m. on Saturday, 30th September, 1865.

A. C. H.

What does a LOST sinner need? SALVATION! Not a *half*-salvation; not a *hope* of salvation; not a *doubtful* salvation; but a full, free, present, personal, perfect and everlasting salvation. This is what the sinner needs; this is what the gospel reveals; this is what the grace of God provides in Christ the Lord.

“ A MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT.”

TRAVELLING by rail one Saturday night, a Christian began to offer tracts to a number of young Volunteers in the same carriage. All received a tract, some laughingly, others with soberness. One young man, having read through one, asked for another. When he had finished reading this, he began to describe the day's review.

“ It was a most impressive sight, sir ; a fine sight for young Volunteers ! ” and with all the enthusiasm of youth he spoke of the evolutions, the effect on himself and others, etc., and wound up by relating how the commanding officer complimented them upon the soldier-like manner in which they had acquitted themselves.

The Christian listened till the young Volunteer had finished the narration. The train was then slackening speed to stop at the station where he was to alight.

“ You have told me,” he said, “ of a sight which you felt to be ‘ most impressive,’ though only the gathering of a few thousand men ; but there is a sight far, far more impressive than the one of which you have spoken, which you and I **MUST** see one day : *the dead, small and great, standing before God ; the books opened, and the dead judged out of those things that are written in the books.* That will be a most impressive sight indeed. Where will it find **YOU** ? ” (Rev. xx. 12).

**“YOU HAVE TWO STRINGS TO YOUR
BOW, WHILST I HAVE ONLY ONE TO
MINE.”**

THE subject of this paper lived in London, where I called upon him one Lord's Day afternoon to speak to him about JESUS, the Saviour of sinners, and his immortal soul's eternal welfare.

Though a very aged man, he wore no glasses, had all his faculties in a remarkable degree, and looked the very picture of health!

After asking me to be seated, he inquired about the object of my visit, as I was a perfect stranger to him.

I at once informed him that I had come to read the Word of God to him, to speak to him about God, about Christ and His precious BLOOD, about his soul and ETERNITY.

He looked steadfastly at me, and said in the most determined manner that I might save my breath and time, as he did not believe in anything of the sort, and was not in the slightest troubled about the future.

“I am ninety-seven years of age,” he said, “and no thanks to anybody but myself. I have lived a most careful and abstemious life, and I mean to live three more years, until I am a hundred years old, and then I think I shall have seen and had enough of life, and shall quietly lay myself down and die.”

“ YOU HAVE TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.” 87

“ It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment,” I rejoined.

“ All fudge and nonsense,” he said; “ when a man is dead he is done with; there is no hereafter for him at all ”; and then for the space of nearly an hour he quoted to me the most blasphemous passages from his favourite infidel authors.

It was difficult to keep one's seat, and my blood seemed to curdle in my veins as I listened unwillingly to his awful conversation, and looked at him and thought of his nearness to eternity, and the dread future that awaited him if he died as he was. But I felt God had sent me to him with a message from Himself, and I must bide my opportunity to deliver it.

I told him that I had listened to him for *nearly an hour, and now he must listen to me* for ten minutes. I saw that to reason with the old man would be useless, and a waste of precious time; and I had and have no faith in it either. So I began quoting the Scriptures, which I knew were the sword of the Spirit, such as “ The FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God ” (Ps. liii. 1).

“ The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that *forget* God ” (Ps. ix. 17).

“ He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned ” (Mark xvi. 16).

“ 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).

" He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him " (John iii. 36).

" And the BLOOD of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin " (1 John i. 7).

I then fell on my knees, and asked God to bless His word just quoted to the old man, to open his eyes to his danger, to deliver his precious soul from the diabolical grip of the fiend of hell, and let me meet him in heaven, as a brand plucked from the burning, and washed from all his sins in the blood of the Lamb.

As I rose from my knees our eyes met, full of tears, and as I took my leave of him he grasped my hand, and said, " If there is a heaven I hope I shall meet you there; if you are wrong and I am right, you are as right as I am; but, oh, if you are right and I am wrong, I am wrong indeed. You have two strings to your bow, whilst I have only one to mine."

I was unable to call again until that day fortnight, when I found myself again knocking at his door.

His wife, who was a Christian woman, answered my knock, and to my first question, " How is your husband? " bade me follow

“ YOU HAVE TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.” 89

her, which I did, into the old man's bedroom, and there the first object that met my gaze was the mortal remains of her husband !

She said he complained of a spot on one of his feet giving him pain, which rapidly grew worse, until inflammation set in, followed by mortification, which closed his long career on earth.

Thus had God summarily cut the impious old boaster down, who had said he would live three years more in this world.

His wife informed me that the doctor who attended him in his last brief illness was also an infidel, that he urged the old man to stick to his infidel opinions, and to die like a brick ; but that her husband found no comfort from his miserable, guilty adviser. And no wonder ; what had he to stick to in infidelity ? No God, no Christ, no Holy Spirit, no precious blood, no hereafter ! What was there in the baseless myth of infidelity, the thin, cold shadow of a fool's heart, to stick to ?

I asked the poor, weeping wife to tell me her husband's last words.

She said, “ He took my hand in his, and looking earnestly at me, he said, as loud as his remaining bit of strength would allow him, ‘ Wife, I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, heaven and hell,’ and then breathed his last.”

Dark, cold infidelity hath nothing to cheer

its deluded votaries in the hour of death. Christianity hath everything to cheer its happy followers in sickness and in health, in poverty and plenty, in life and in death, in time and in eternity. There is everything to cheer and nothing to chill in Christianity.

“What think ye of Christ?”

H. M. H.

WHAT IS REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL?

THIS is unfolded with uncommon beauty and power in the touching parable of “the good Samaritan.” The lawyer, like all legalists, “willing to justify himself,” sought to ascertain who was his neighbour; and in reply our blessed Lord drew a picture in which is most vividly presented the true condition of every sinner, be he lawyer or whatever else. “A certain man *went down* from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who *stripped* him of his raiment, and *wounded* him, and departed, leaving him *half dead*” (Luke x. 30).

What a picture of man's career and man's condition! “A certain man” (the writer or the reader of these lines) “*went down.*”

How true! Reader, is it not so? Has not thy course ever been a downward one? Hast thou ever, when left to thyself, taken a step

WHAT IS REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL? 91

upward, a step in the right direction? There is no use in generalising, in making statements about mankind, the whole human race, Adam's posterity, and the like. What we want is to bring the matter home to ourselves, and say, each for himself, "*I am the 'certain man' of this singularly beautiful parable; it is my own very figure that appears in the foreground of this masterly picture; my course has been a downward one; I have gone down from the innocency of childhood to the folly of youth, and from the folly of youth to the matured wickedness of manhood, and here I am, 'stripped' of every shred in which I might wrap myself; 'wounded' in every region of my moral being; and having the painful consciousness that death has already begun its terrible work in me.*"

Such is the career, such the condition of every sinner: his career, downward; his condition, death. What is to be done? Can he keep the law?

Alas! he is not able to move.

Can the "priest" do aught for him?

Alas! he has no sacrifice, and no ability to rise and get one.

Can the "Levite" not help him?

Alas! he is so polluted with his wounds and bruises that neither Levite nor priest could touch him. In a word, neither law nor ordinances can meet his case. He is utterly

ruined. He has destroyed himself. The law has flung him overboard as a defiled, good-for-nothing, condemned thing. It is useless talking to him about the law, or asking him will he take it as a means of justification, a rule of life, or the power of sanctification. It has cursed, condemned, and set him aside altogether, and he has only to cry out from the profound and awful depths of his moral ruin, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Now, it is when a man is really brought to this that he is in a position to see the moral grandeur of the gospel. It is when he has discovered his own guilt, misery, and ruin, and also his entire inability to meet the just and holy claims of the law, or to profit in any wise by the appliances of the legal system in its most attractive forms, that he is prepared to appreciate the ample provisions of the grace of God.

This is most strikingly illustrated in the scene before us. When the poor man had got down from Jerusalem to Jericho, from the city of God to the city of the curse (Josh. vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 33, 34); when he lay stripped, wounded, and half-dead; when both priest and Levite had turned from him and gone their way; it was just then that he was in a position to prove the grace of the good Samaritan, who assuredly is none other than the blessed Lord

WHAT IS REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL? 93

Jesus Himself, who (blessed for ever be His precious name !) here appears in the form of a Samaritan only to enhance the grace that breathes forth upon our souls in this lovely scene.

“The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans,” and, hence, had the Jew in this parable had sufficient strength, he would not, we may safely aver, have suffered the stranger to touch him. But he was so far gone, so powerless, so under the power of death, that the gracious Samaritan had it all his own way. And oh ! what a tender way it was !

“But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, *came where he was* : and when he saw him, he *had compassion*, and *went to him*, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.”

Here, then, is what is revealed in the gospel. Man has ruined himself. He has gone down from God. He has fallen under the power of the enemy. He is the victim of Satan, the slave of sin, the subject of death. His case is hopeless, so far as he is concerned. But, blessed be God, the true Samaritan has come

down into all the ruin. The Son of God left His eternal dwelling-place, and came down into this world to remedy our ruin, to bear our guilt, to endure the wrath of God in our stead. All this He did, beloved reader, as the expression of His own tender compassion and love. "He had compassion," and came to bind up our wounds; to pour "the wine and oil" of His own most precious grace into our souls; to heal, restore, and bless us; to put us into His own position, according to the power which had brought Him into ours; to make ample provision for all our need, until that bright and happy moment when we shall be ushered into His presence to go no more out for ever.

The page of inspiration does not present a more touching picture than that which the Master's pencil has drawn for us in "the good Samaritan." It is perfectly beautiful, and beautifully perfect. It is divine. Every expression is fraught with exquisite moral loveliness. "He came *where he was*"; not half-way, or nine-tenths of the way, but all the way. "And *when he saw him*," what then? Did he turn away in disgust at his appearance, and despair of his condition? Ah! no: "*He had compassion* on him." His tender heart yearned over him. He cared not what he was or who he was, Jew or Gentile. It mattered not; the streams of tender compas-

WHAT IS REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL? 95

sion came gushing up from the deep fountains of a heart that found its own delight in ministering to every form of human need.

Nor was this "compassion" a mere movement of sentimentality, an evanescent feeling uttering itself in empty words, and then passing away. No; it was a real, living, acting thing, expressing itself in the most unmistakable manner. "*He went to him.*" For what? To meet his every need, and not to leave him until he had placed him in a position of security, rest, and blessing.

Nor was this all. Not only did this gracious stranger fully meet the wounded one's present need; but, ere leaving, he dropped these touching words, "*Take care of him.*" How this must have melted the poor man's heart! Such disinterested kindness! And all from a stranger! Yea, from one with whom he would naturally have "no friendly dealings."

Finally, as if to complete the picture, he says, "*When I come again.*" He awakens in the heart, by these last words, "the blessed hope" of seeing him again.

What a lovely picture! And yet it is all a divine reality. It is the simple story of the blessed Jesus who, in His tender compassion, looked upon us in our low and utterly hopeless condition, left His eternal dwelling-place of light and love, took upon Him the likeness of sinful flesh, was made of a woman, made

under the law, lived a spotless life, and fulfilled a perfect ministry down here for three and thirty years, and finally died on the cross as a perfect atonement for sin, in order that God might be just, and the justifier of any poor, ungodly, convicted sinner that simply trusts in Jesus.

Yes, dear reader, whoever you are, high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, Jesus has done all this; and He is now at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. The One who was nailed to the cross for us is now on the throne. Eternal Justice has wreathed His sacred brow with the chaplet of victory, and that, be it remembered, on our behalf.

Nor is this all. He has said, "*I will come again*" (John xiv. 3). Precious words! Say, wouldst thou be glad to see Him? Dost thou know Him as the good Samaritan? Hast thou felt His loving hand binding up thy spiritual wounds? Hast thou known the healing virtues of His oil, and the restoring, invigorating, and cheering influence of His wine? Hast thou heard Him speak those thrilling words, "*Take care of him*"?

If so, then, surely thou wilt be glad to see His face; thou wilt cherish in thine heart's tender affections the blessed hope of seeing Him as He is, and of being like Him and with Him for ever. The Lord grant it may be so with thee, beloved reader!

C. H. M.

“WE CAN ONLY DIE ONCE.”

SUCH was a favourite expression of a young Scotchman who had left his native country to seek his fortune in one of our colonies.

If any danger presented itself, or death, sickness, or accident were spoken of or alluded to, he would say in a light kind of way, “Well! we can only die once, anyhow!”

I used to think when I heard his remark, “Is that so? Will that expression bear the light of Scripture?” and I have been compelled to admit that it will not; for we are distinctly told in Rev. xx. 14: “And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the *second death*.” And in chapter ii. 11 of the same book we read, “He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the *second death*.”

So it is quite evident, from the word of God, that there is, besides the death of the body, an eternal state of separation from all that can be truly called life, a state of which the scriptural description is “the second death,” “the lake of fire.”

Before making any further remark, let me quote the whole passage in Rev. xx.: “And I saw a great, white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened,

which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it: and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell* were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (vv. 11-15).

By this passage of Scripture we see that those who have died in their sins are raised in the resurrection of judgment; are judged out of the things written in the books according to their works; are not found written in the book of life; and are cast into the lake of fire.

But in chapter ii. 11 (already quoted) we learn that there are some who overcome, and who are not hurt of "the second death." Who are they? An answer is found in Rev. xii. 11, which tells us of some who overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony. Satan, indeed, accused them (v. 10), but they could

"Point to the atoning blood,
And say, 'This made my peace with God.'"

* Or *hades*. There are two words translated "hell" in the Bible: (1) *gehenna* and (2) *hades*. Here it is *hades*.

Reader, which class are you among? Are you going to die twice? Or have you overcome by the blood of the Lamb? Eternal life is offered you through Jesus. “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. vi. 23). Will you have it? The knowledge of the Father and the Son has all the attendant blessings of forgiveness, justification and glory. Read what is declared in Rev. xxi. 6: “I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”

Won't you stop to take it.

Perhaps you say, I am not thirsty, I am not troubled with any anxiety about the matter at all.

But are you willing? If so, there is a word for you in chap. xxii. 17: “*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*”

As someone has said, The invitation to partake of the water of life comes before the mention of the second death. Compare chap. xxi. 6 and 8. So that we walk right past the offer of life to go on the way to death.

Oh! dear reader, let not this be your doom, for surely it would only add to the horror of it, to think that you were offered a way of escape. Yes, “the GIFT of God is eternal life.” You have only to put out the hand of faith and take it.

Take Him for your Saviour who is “the

Life," and who died that you might have it, and is now risen, and seated at God's right hand, blessed proof that God has accepted the work He did on the cross.

"There is life in a look to the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be
 saved,
 And know thyself spotless as He."

E. H. G.

THE STRICKEN OAK.

SOMETHING has been at work in the Duke of Wellington's park at Strathfieldsaye, tearing, twisting, wrenching, and smashing an oak-tree. It darted between the branches, striking the top of the trunk, which it split down to the root; at the same moment causing the bark to fly about in all directions, and the top of the tree to fall to the ground with a crash.

On nearer approach I discovered that, hard as its trunk had been, the oak was shivered into a thousand fragments. My first thought was, "Who did this?"

No man could have done it; but it was a little thing to the great God, the Maker of heaven and earth. But a little of the destroying element had been used in working the ruin I beheld; and it were easy for Him to

fill the whole atmosphere with this element, spreading destruction all around—

“He can create, and He destroy.”

At some distance, under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, a party of haymakers were assembled at their dinner. To them I spoke of the power and goodness of the God who can thus in one instant destroy the sturdy king of the forest. He shows us thus how easy and quick His judgments may fall upon the wicked, of whom you know it is written, “The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God” (Ps. ix. 17). But judgment is the “strange work” of Him whose power and justice are thus displayed.

It was with all His heart that He sent His Son into the world that we might live through Him. Think of that blessed Jesus, Himself the Creator and Judge of all, nailed to the cross between two thieves, and suffering there in our stead. He drank for us the bitter cup of God’s wrath against sin. God’s holy judgment alighted upon Him that we might find in Him a shelter from the storm. “And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land” (Isa. xxxii. 2).

It is only by the rejection of this love, by refusing this Saviour, that you can fall under the storm of God’s judgment at the last.

“JUST, AND THE JUSTIFIER.”

A DEAR little boy who loves the Lord Jesus wrote me a letter some time since, asking me to write a tract to show WHAT it is that children should believe, so that they might be QUITE SURE of going to heaven.

There are many besides children who want a plain answer to this very simple but deeply important question. Many even who have been born of the Spirit have not this blessed assurance. No doubt the cause in great measure is their clinging to opinions which are not scriptural. How all-important, then, it is to search the Scriptures, and receive nothing but what is in strict accordance with God's revealed word!

If I am resting my soul's salvation in the least degree on what is false, the Holy Ghost cannot bear witness to what is untrue; and therefore I cannot enjoy His witness in “the full assurance of faith.”

That plain answer to the stricken jailor is often quoted: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” But it is also added, “And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house” (Acts xvi.).

Now, the question is, What is the word of the Lord about Jesus, on whom they must believe? Or what is it that must be believed, so that you may be quite sure of going to heaven?

No doubt, the word of the Lord which Paul preached was the same as the word of the Lord which he has written, and which [in its gospel character] we find especially in the Epistle to the Romans; for this is the epistle of the gospel of the grace of God to guilty sinners. Try, then, every thought that you hold by what is written in this word of the Lord.

The great subject in this epistle is the righteousness of God in justifying the ungodly. The first to the third chapter is occupied in proving all men alike lost, guilty sinners. “For there is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (chap. iii. 23).

The twentieth verse proves the utter impossibility of anyone being justified by works. So that no little or big children can be sure of heaven by good works. “Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin.”

I hope the reader will remember this once for all; that he cannot be *saved* by keeping the Commandments. The more he tries, the more he will find he is a sinner, for he still breaks them.

Let me ask you now to notice that, when man is thus proved guilty, and unable to justify himself by keeping the law, then the

“righteousness of God” in justifying the sinner is revealed.

Now, I am a sinner; and if I know and believe the “righteousness of God” in justifying me, I may be quite sure of going to heaven.

Do note in these passages, it is not the righteousness of Christ in His holy life on earth, precious as that is; it is something far deeper. The spotlessness of Christ in His life could not help to justify the SINNER in the least.

Let me give an illustration.

A criminal is under sentence of death. He stands before the judge. The judge longs to acquit the prisoner; for, though a vile criminal, the judge loves him. Now, how can the judge acquit the prisoner, and still maintain the dignity of his own office, and of the just laws which demand his life?

That is just the question.

A man steps forward, and says, “I am perfectly innocent. I never committed a crime against the laws of my country. And now, my lord (addressing the judge), I wish you to impute, or reckon, my righteousness to the poor prisoner.”

The judge replies, “Your righteousness only makes this man’s sins the blacker. The law demands his life.”

Another man steps forward. “I am a

criminal also, like the prisoner at the bar; and I offer to give my life for his. Will not that justify you, and uphold the law, in forgiving the prisoner at the bar and saving his life.”

“Officer,” says the judge, “take that man into custody; he is also guilty; the law demands his life. How, then, can he be the substitute of another?”

A servant enters, and presents a note to the judge. The judge is greatly moved; he knows the hand: it is from the prince of the whole realm. He opens the note. “Gentlemen of the jury,” says he, rising from his seat, “this is the most wonderful message I have ever received.” He reads: “My lord, knowing your great love for the prisoner, and my love to him being the same; as also I know your righteousness in upholding the laws of this realm; my life is without spot, that life I *freely* give in redemption for the life of the prisoner. Let me be executed: let him be spared.

The judge sits down.

The foreman rises and says, “I hasten to express the united verdict of this jury, that in such a ransom the prisoner can not only be acquitted, but my lord the judge is perfectly justified, and the integrity of the law maintained to the utmost.”

I have, then, to believe that God loved me when a guilty, lost, condemned sinner.

“ Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins ” (1 John iv. 10). I have to believe that God so loved me as to take my part, though a sinner; that God is *for me*; that it is God who justifies me. *I have to believe in the righteousness of God in justifying me.*

Oh ! let me ask you, reader, Has the Holy Ghost given you this precious faith in the righteousness of God in justifying you ? Have you thus seen God in the gospel, meeting you in perfect love, through the propitiatory blood of Jesus ? Satan and conscience may accuse of ten thousand sins. In this scripture in Rom. iii. 21-26, it is as though God said to you, “ I know you are a sinner; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” But, pointing to the blood of Jesus, God, as it were, says, “ Now let Satan set forth all *your* sins : I also set forth the propitiatory death of Jesus to declare My *righteousness in forgiving* your sins. I justify you *freely* by My grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. I have found a ransom. My righteousness is revealed to the utmost in His death. The law demanded *thy life*. And what a life has been given for thee, believer ! Not the life of one like thyself, a sinner. No; if Jesus could have been such, He would have had to die for Himself. No; I have given

“JUST, AND THE JUSTIFIER.”

107

My Son, without spot or stain, equal with Myself. I tell thee, poor sinner, if thou believest on Me, the utmost penalty of thy sins was borne by the Holy One, the Prince of Life. Peace be to thee through His blood. When He was put to death for thy sins, did I leave Him in the grave? No; I raised Him from the dead for thy justification (Rom. iv. 25). I justify thee. My love to thee is infinite and everlasting. Nothing shall ever separate thee from My love.”

You, then, reader, do you in the secret of your own heart believe the LOVE and the RIGHTEOUSNESS of God in thus saving by the death of His Son Jesus Christ? all this “to declare *His righteousness*: that He might be *just* [or righteous], and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.”

God, who has forgiven you your sins, and justified you freely, is perfectly righteous in doing so, and He is *for you*. I say, in conclusion, If you *believe God*, you may be quite sure of going to heaven.

But “he that believeth not is condemned already” (John iii. 18). Fearful is the doom that awaits every unbeliever. If you are, and remain, a rejecter of Christ, the day is coming when God will be for ever against you. You have rejected Him in the day of mercy, and He will reject you in the day of judgment.

CHARLES STANLEY.

“ANY MAN.”

“Then said Jesus . . . I am the door : by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.”

I F ANY man.” It matters not who he is.
“If any man.” There is no limit.
Any man includes everybody. No one, of course, would argue the point.

None of us are as we ought to be, and none of us know as we ought to know ; but the great thing to get hold of is, that “If ANY man *be* in Christ, *he is* a new creature.”

There is nothing presumptuous in it ; because it is all wrapped up in Christ, in His Person ; and Scripture says, “ANY man,” because God is the God of all grace. He is also omniscient, and infinitely wise ; and it would be folly, of course, to suppose He is not.

“*Any man*” means any person. And the Lord Jesus says, “By Me if ANY man enter in, he shall be saved.” If it were written over a door, “Any man may come in” ; and you stood at the door and saw a poor man coming in, and you said to him, “You must not come in,” what would you be doing but making the notice untrue ? You would be making the notice a lie.

(References : Rom. iii. 22 ; 2 Cor. v. 17 ; John x. 9 ; 1 John v. 9, 10.)

SAILOR SAM; OR, THE LOST ONE FOUND.

AT a village in Somersetshire there lived a man and his wife named Miller. They had several children, one of whom, named Samuel, ran away at the age of ten years, and his parents knew not what had become of him. They mourned his loss more sadly than if he had died under their roof.

But he had gone to sea; and after an absence of twenty years, spent in the East India and China trade, he returned, a fine, stalwart man; what his companions would call "a jolly sailor."

On landing, he went to his native place to look for his parents. But they had removed to Langport, and thither he went in search of them. He was told that the man he enquired for worked for a Mr. Stuckey.

When he got to the place of business, he saw an elderly man sweeping the pavement, and said to him, "Does Mr. Stuckey live here?"

"Yes," was the reply; "do you want to see him?"

"No; but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man that works for him," said the sailor.

Twenty years had so changed both, that there was no recognition on either side. The old man then asked the younger, "What is the man's name whom you want?"

"James Miller," said the sailor.

"That's my name," replied the other.

"Well, if you are the man I'm looking for, *I'm your Sam*," said the broad sailor.

"No! you're not my son," said the father.

"But I *am* your son," persisted the sailor.

"Well, if you are, your mother will know you; come along with me."

They went together to the old man's home, and the father sent one of his children into the garden to his wife, with a message that Samuel was come home.

She immediately came in, and looked steadfastly at the stranger for some time in silence. At length she said, with a significant shake of the head, "That is not our Samuel," and flaunted out of the room.

Presently she returned, and said, "Our Samuel had a piece of wood grown into his arm."

The sailor instantly jumped up, drew off his jacket, bared his arm, and said, "There! will that do?" and sure enough the splinter was there, and as easily slipped about as on the day he left home.

"Yes! oh, yes! it is our Samuel; *the lost one is found!*" the mother exclaimed; and they fell on his neck and kissed him; rejoicing like the father over the prodigal son in Luke xv.

The splinter in his arm was the result of an

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

111

accident. James was making a faggot-rick, and to please his son, who was just able to run about, he put him on the rick, and thoughtlessly threw the faggots at him. After some time of enjoyment, the little fellow began to cry, and the father, reproaching himself for his folly, took him down, soon succeeded in soothing him, and so the matter passed away.

Some time after, the child said, "Father, the piece of wood is still in my arm," which on examination proved true, and the skin so completely grown over it, that the wood could easily be slipped about.

The parents were concerned, and time after time was proposed for taking him to a surgeon to have it cut out; but the time never arrived, as God in His wondrous love had ordered it, so that at length it became the mark of identity.

The parents, however, soon discovered that their long-absent son had returned to them, not only lost to all sense of his soul's eternal interest, but even to any care for the morality common among men. Deeply grieved, and yearning over him with a parents' love, they sought by words of tender remonstrance and entreaty to win him to some consideration of these things. But all in vain; and his parents' society soon became uncongenial and irksome to the sailor. Two of his brothers had heard

of his return, and came from a short distance to spend the day with him, and, as they said, "to have a jolly spree."

In the providence of God, the gospel of His grace was to be preached in the place that night by a stranger. The father having heard of it, entreated his son to accompany him to the preaching. But he declined, preferring the company of his brothers, who like himself were "without God in the world," and "cared for none of these things." So the three brothers started for the tavern to seek congenial company.

Finding him immovable, the father said to his son, "Well, Samuel, if you will not go with me, I will go with you!" and there in that evil place sat the swearing, drinking sons, and the praying father.

After a short time, one of the brothers said, "Come, Sam, let us go to another place."

They went a little way, the father following with a yearning heart.

Presently Samuel said to his brothers, "Let's go back, there's no fun in having father about after our heels," and back they went to the father's house.

When there, in reply to further entreaty, Sam said, "Well, I suppose there'll be nothing but sulks in the house, now I'm come home, if I don't go to hear the preaching to-night; so I'll go."

The preacher (not knowing of his presence) had read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and chosen for his subject the lost son, or the father's love to the prodigal.

During the preaching his attention was arrested, for God had evidently spoken to him in the secret of his heart, convincing him of his state as a *sinner*; and his guilty soul trembled at the thought of God's judgment for sin.

He returned to his father's house in this agitated and alarmed state, and someone asked the preacher to call and see him, which he did, and found the fine-looking sailor seated, and evidently under much emotion, his chest moving heavily.

The preacher said to him, "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 15).

"I dare say it's all true enough what you say," replied Sam, "but Christ will have nothing to do with me; I'm too bad a fellow for Him."

The preacher answered, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to seek and to save that which was *lost*, even 'the chief of sinners.' He died for sinners. Such was His grace, that in order to save them from the curse of the law which they had broken, He bore the curse in His own blessed Person. God will

now receive you, if you accept Jesus, and trust in Him as your Saviour."

"Yes, but you don't know," said the sailor, "how bad a fellow I am. For twenty years I have not entered a church, or read a word of the Bible, or any good book; and in the worst crew of wicked sailors that I ever shipped with I was so much worse than the rest that they named me 'the ship's devil.' Why, sir, in the midst of a storm, when every plank seemed to tremble as the thunder broke and the lightning played around us, I have stood on the deck and madly cursed Him who sent the storm. No, no! He'll not save *me*."

The preacher only rejoined, "JESUS came to save real sinners, even the chief; His blood can wash the foulest clean"; and then he said good-night. He did not tell him to *pray* for mercy, but rather to *believe* in a mercy already provided in the Lord Jesus Christ. The fountain was there, and he was to be shown its waters rather than be told to ask for them.

The next evening there was another preaching, and again Sam was present, and heard, as the night before, the same gospel of present, perfect, and eternal salvation, through simply trusting in the Person of Christ and His precious blood.

The following morning, while the preacher was at breakfast with his host, just before

leaving the town, the door-bell rang, and the servant, who was a believer, came in and said, "Samuel Miller is at the door, sir; and he told me to say, that he loves the preacher better than the preacher loves him."

The message was easily interpreted, and he was shown in.

"Oh, my dear sir!" said he, "I'm not the sailor you saw on Tuesday night; I'm another man, A NEW MAN. I heard the good news again last night, and my heart was opened to receive it, but the peace and joy didn't come just then. After we went home, one deeply interested for me said, 'Let us pray together'; and so he prayed, and then I prayed; and as we rose from our knees, I found myself filled with peace and joy. And when I went to bed (no! bed indeed! I didn't go to bed; who'd think of going to bed on such a night as this?), but I went up to my room, and there I rejoiced, and gave thanks to the Lord for my salvation. But all at once I thought, 'Ah! but is it possible, all those dreadful sins of so many years *gone*, and in a *moment*?' And I turned round and said, 'Ah, Satan, that's you, is it? Come, come, you've had your way long enough. Yes! they are all forgiven, for 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' So the old enemy had heard enough, and he fled. My dear sir, I feel as light as a cork; why, I could

clear that table at a spring with only one hand upon it. Why, there are *two of us here now!*” striking himself on the breast. “Yes, *two of us*, one holding with the Lord, and the other still holding with the devil. Even this morning, that one that holds with the devil said, ‘Come, Sam, let’s put on our hat, and take a stroll’; but the other said, directly, ‘No, no, Samuel, we’ll go and see the servant of Christ, and tell him what the Lord has done for us.’ So here I came. Oh! how I should like to be able to go and tell my old shipmates that Christ has *sought* me and *found* me; and tell them about *Him*. But there! I suppose I must stay, and have my own faith and hope strengthened, and know more about the Lord, before I try my hand at that; but I can pray for them.”

It was then said to him, “Samuel, you are indeed saved by grace; and now the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and . . .”

“Oh, yes!” interrupted he. “Why the grace of God has been talking to me all this morning about that, just like a father would talk to his child. It said to me, ‘Samuel, my boy, we have no more now to do with the old ways. It is our business now to please Christ, and to follow Him.’”

The profligate sailor, “the ship’s devil,”

was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God; and *in believing* he received the knowledge of salvation full and free. He was translated out of the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Oh! glorious translation, wondrous change! "A brand plucked out of the fire."

After four days the gospel was once more preached by the same servant of Christ at a neighbouring village, about four miles distant. Samuel was present, and he did indeed look like another man, not at all like the rough sailor of a few days before.

Some Christians gathered around him after the preaching, and asked him some questions, and he, in his quaint way, said, "I don't know, I am sure; for I'm *only four days old*."

Speaking after the manner of men he was now about thirty years of age, but he was reckoning from his *second* birth, which had only just taken place. From this time he lived in the power of the *new life* begotten in him; following faithfully the Lord who had redeemed him at so great a cost.

"Being BORN AGAIN, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, BY THE WORD OF GOD, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 23).

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

THE word GOSPEL means *good news, glad tidings*. It is not the gospel that we must save ourselves, or help to save ourselves, by our works; for we *never did, nor can we do*, a single work that could bear the examination of a holy, heart-searching God, in whose sight the very heavens are not clean (Job xv. 15). Therefore Scripture says, "By the deeds of the law there shall *no flesh* be justified in His sight" (Rom. iii. 20).

Nor is it good news that we must partly be saved by the good works or intercession of others. They have all been sinners as we are; and, if saved at all, they were saved through the blood of Christ *alone*. For "all have sinned" and the wages of sin is death; while "the *gift* of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. iii. 23; vi. 23).

It is not good news that to-day we may be the children of God, and in a state of grace, and to-morrow children of wrath; for then we could not have peace of heart or mind, but should continue full of slavish fear. The gospel was intended to give settled peace and joy to the believer's soul. And Scripture says: "Being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). And again, "Rejoice in the Lord alway" (Phil. iv. 4).

The gospel of God is indeed good news,

cheering to the heart. For what does the trembling sinner want? Does he want *forgiveness*?

The gospel says: "We have redemption through His blood, the *forgiveness* of sins" (Eph. i. 7).

Does he want to be *cleansed* from his sins?

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

Does he want to be counted *righteous* before God?

The gospel says, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness"; even as Abraham, who believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness (Rom. iv. 3-5).

Does he want *salvation*?

The gospel says, "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).

Does he want *everlasting life*?

The Lord Jesus Christ says, "He that believeth on Me *hath everlasting life*" (John vi. 47).

Does he want to be kept until the end?

Christ says, "My sheep hear My voice, and I *know* them, and they follow Me: and

I give unto them eternal life; and they shall *never* perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 27, 28).

This gospel is indeed good news. This is the only one which can remove slavish fear from our hearts, and give us peace with God. This only can take away the natural enmity of our hearts towards God, and give us either desire or strength to serve Him; and when we believe it, it produces love in our hearts towards Him. Then we can say we love Him, because He first loved us; so loved us as to give His Son to die for us, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. We become His children, as Scripture says: "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," members of His blessed family for ever (1 John iv. 19; John iii. 16; 1 Pet. iii. 18; Gal. iii. 26).

Believing in Him, we shall seek God's glory, and do His will, and go about His business; and, knowing that we are not our own, but bought with a price (even the precious blood of Christ), we shall glorify God in our bodies (1 Cor. vi. 20).

Search the Scriptures whether these things be so (Acts xvii. 11).

"FAITH is not what we do or feel;
It is a simple TRUST
In what the God of love has said
Of JESUS as the Just."

“WOULD IT BE GLORY FOR YOU?”

“**I** WAS signalman at the A. Junction. One day, just as I had signalled ‘Clear,’ and the express was coming up at full speed, I was horror-struck at seeing a gentleman about to cross the line. I rushed to the door, and shouted with all my might, without attracting his attention. In a frenzy I blew my whistle; this he heard, saw his danger, gave a spring, and just cleared the rails as the express thundered past. He then came up to the signal-box to thank me for having saved his life.

“ ‘You have had a very narrow escape,’ I said; ‘another moment, and what then?’

“ A smile lighted up the gentleman’s face as he replied, ‘I should have been in glory now’; and then putting his hand on my shoulder, he enquired, ‘Suppose you were suddenly cut down, would it be glory for you?’

“ ‘No, sir,’ I said, ‘I’m afraid not.’

“ He then spoke to me of God’s great love and of Christ’s great sacrifice, and urged me there and then to trust the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Friend.

“ The first minute I had to spare, I threw myself on my knees, confessed my sins, and cried to God for mercy. He heard my prayer; at once light broke in; I saw that being a sinner, Jesus died for *me*—

‘That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set *me* free.’

I was enabled to lay hold of Him by faith;
I rose from my knees a saved man, and since
then my life has been a new life; old things
have passed away, and, behold, all things
have become new.”

Such, in substance, was the signalman’s
story. And now, dear reader, let me ask,
“Suppose you were suddenly cut down, would
it be glory for you?” If you are saved,
united to the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, it
would be so. “Absent from the body,” your
experience would be, “present with the
Lord.” But oh, if not, and you were sud-
denly stricken down, what then?

“Oh! then, the judgment throne;
Oh! then, the last hope gone;
Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal hell.”

Dear unsaved one, when these things are
so, how foolish to risk another day, another
hour, another moment. Oh! be wise; take
at once the place of a sinner before God, and
claim the sinner’s Saviour. Then His
BOUNDLESS resources will be yours for the
supply of every need, and His GLORY shall be
your eternal home.

[EXTRACTED.]

THE TWO BROTHERS; OR, ABOUNDING GRACE AND ABIDING PEACE.

IRRESPECTIVE of everything in you and of you, my dear reader, and of everything you have done, God has His own joy, His own peculiar joy, in bringing the sinner back to Himself in love and peace.

This precious theme is divinely illustrated for us in Luke xv. from the lips of the Saviour Himself, who there unfolds how the Son and the Spirit and the Father unite together in effecting the blessed work of the sinner's salvation.

I was one day asked to go and see a dying infidel, and I went. On entering the room I saw one who had been a fine young man, now in the last stage of consumption, and tossing upon his bed of death.

His sister had told me, on the way to his room, that a few moments before he was blaspheming God for laying him on that bed, and for all that he was suffering. There he was; no getting out of the grasp of the last enemy, death. All the treasures of the universe could not have saved him. It was a sight which I can never forget. The chamber of a dying infidel is an awful place to be in.

You, too, dear reader, must meet that same enemy. It is only a question of days, of

months, or (at most) of years. All the reasonings of the infidel are like cobwebs when he approaches the realities of eternity.

This man was an artisan. He had spent his weeks in work and his Sundays in pleasure. I sat down beside him, looking to God to give me something to say. Then, drawing my Bible from my pocket, I read Luke xv. After the reading, I said, "There is one thing I want you to learn from this chapter."

Fixing his eyes on me, he earnestly asked, "What is it?"

"It is this: God's joy in getting you back, and pardoning all your sins is infinitely greater than would be your joy in being brought back and forgiven."

There was a pause, and he looked at me. "That is good news for me," was the unexpected remark that came from his lips.

The effect of these words can be better imagined than expressed. They were the first gleam of hope.

But then came, in broken accents, words which he could scarcely get out (as if the devil were busily at work within him): "Will God save me, lying here and doing nothing?"

I said: "And what have you been doing the thirty-two years you have lived in the world? If you were to live thirty-two years more, do you suppose you would make a much better use of them?"

THE TWO BROTHERS.

125

I press this most precious truth, the very essence of the grace of God. Do not talk of your miserable doings. What had the sheep in Luke xv. done? What was it likely to do? To wander still farther away. It was LOST. It is not a question of what you have done, though it is right enough you should be broken-hearted. What you have done and what you are, are altogether but "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

But what became of the infidel? His soul was blessedly saved, and in a few weeks afterwards he passed home to glory.

I have yet another picture. His brother was close by, and he, too, was dying. Only he was not an infidel. It was quite a different case. He had been one that had preached the gospel, but one that had never really known "the peace of God" (Phil. iv. 7). I found him miserable. He had no peace, had never known true, solid peace. He was one of that large class of professing Christians who think it is right always to have doubts and fears.

I sat down beside him, and had another kind of work to do, namely, to show him that for the weakest believer in Christ there is no such thing recognised in the New Testament as doubts and fears in the believer.

I would assert this in the freest and fullest manner. People doubt because they do not know the heart of God and of Christ; they

know not what it is to be in His presence. Could I doubt if I felt myself carried above every difficulty and danger by Christ, on the very shoulders of Christ? What should I doubt? Myself? Of course you would be a fool to trust in yourself. The shoulders of Christ? Do you think that if He puts you there, and keeps you there, you can ever perish? It is no humility to doubt, it is presumption, when it is a question of the divine testimony of Scripture.

My poor friend (the brother of the infidel) was at length brought into the full liberty of the grace of God, and he, too, died rejoicing; filled with all joy and peace IN BELIEVING (Rom. xv. 13).

You who are still afar off I entreat to come to Jesus JUST AS YOU ARE, whatever your sins and wretchedness. There must be a work of repentance sooner or later; but when you have gone down into the deepest depths of self-judgment the question still remains, What is there in the heart of God for you? The proof of what is in His heart for you is the gift of His Son. "He . . . spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us" (John iii. 16; Rom. viii. 32).

In proportion to the love, to the grace of God, will be the depth of the darkness and desolation of your soul, if from the very sound of the gospel you drop into the pit of hell. If

there is a place of torment deeper than others, I believe it will be occupied by the rejecters of the gospel of the grace of God. Therefore I entreat you with all earnestness, trample not upon God's love; lay not your head on a Christless pillow to-night; or you may have to spend a Christless eternity in that awful place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix. 48).

C. H. M.

IS THERE NO HELL?

"**I**T IS profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell" (Matthew v. 29).

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matthew xxiii. 33).

"But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him, which, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say unto you, Fear Him" (Luke xii. 5).

"Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." . . . "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment" (Matthew xxv. 41, 46).

"These both were cast alive into a lake of

fire burning with brimstone ” (Revelation xix. 20).

“ And the devil . . . was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, . . . and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever ” (Revelation xx. 10).

“ And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire ” (Revelation xx. 15).

“ But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death ” (Revelation xxi. 8).

The first four texts were spoken by the Lord Jesus on earth.

In the next three John sees, in vision, the coming execution of these awful threatenings.

The last is the final, solemn warning of Him who sits on the throne. It is the Lord speaking from heaven.

Now, reader, a word with you about these texts. Read them first in Martin Luther's German Bible; then read them in the Douay (Roman Catholic) version; then read them in our common English Bible; then read them in the Revised Version (1881), both English and American; then read them in Dean

Alford's version ; and, last of all, in Mr. J. N. Darby's translation.

One thing will strike you : those awful words have passed unchanged through the hands of all those translators ! And they were the picked scholars of Christendom. The English Revision of 1881 occupied twenty-seven men for ten and a half years. Favoured by royalty, they had access, as men never had before, to all the old manuscripts. Every verse in the Bible was carefully examined by these men, several of whom died before the mighty task was done. It was their deliberate judgment that these passages are *unquestionable*. They have stood for centuries, like great black rocks on a storm-beaten shore.

Honestly now, reader, what does the Lord teach in these texts ?

IS THERE A HELL ?

Will the body suffer in it, as well as the soul ?

Will it be everlasting ?

Do not His solemn words compel us to say " Yes " to all these questions ?

Bear in mind that the Greek word for hell, in ALL THESE TEXTS, is GEHENNA, the full, final, awful word, meaning the utterly hopeless and eternal misery of the wicked, body and soul.

In HADES the body does not suffer, for it means the state between death and resurrec-

tion, and will come to an end at the resurrection of the wicked (Rev. xx. 5, 12).

SHEOL is the Old Testament Hebrew word, meaning the same as Hades.

TARTARUS is a word worth studying. It is the *heathen* word for hell. It shows that in the minds of millions, outside of both Judaism and Christianity, God has planted deep the solemn sanction of punishment for the wicked after death. It is far too deep for "Pastor" Russell to overthrow, though he may work havoc with *you*, my reader, if you are not careful! Many an unconverted man believes in hell, and for such there is hope, but there is no salvation without it.

What! *Is a belief in hell necessary to salvation?* IT CERTAINLY IS!

Why? *Because the Saviour has told us there is a hell.* Can you have for a Saviour, Him whose Word you dispute? "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John iii. 18).

The Lord Jesus Christ was God manifest in flesh. There is divine dignity and majesty in every word that came from those sacred human lips. If we refuse to believe Him, we make Him a liar! Is that honouring Him even as we honour the Father? Is that bowing to Him as your Lord? He spoke the equivalent of these words in the first three verses at the head of this paper, and *no one*

can deny them and be saved. No denier of eternal punishment is a converted man, nor can be, till he abandons that ground. He denies the teaching of the Son of God. He may be at the communion table, or in the pulpit; only to receive the greater condemnation. Remember what C. H. Spurgeon wrote years ago, about the "Down-Grade." Remember, too, the apostle's words in 2 Tim. iv. 3: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine."

O reader, "*beware of false prophets*"! "*Ye shall know them by their fruits.*" "Pastor" Russell stands, perhaps, at the head of present-day deniers of hell. His portrait is scattered all over the country—(is that a mark of Christ?)—a saintly looking white head. Is it found in the way of righteousness? The plain, simple, damning fact is, "Pastor" Russell CONTRADICTS THE LORD!

What if you should follow Russell, and find, when eternally too late, that Russell did not *know*, and that the LORD, who *does* know, spoke the truth?

But you need not perish. There is a way of escape. If you give due weight to our Lord's soul-humbling words about coming judgment, you are ready for His tender and gracious words in John v. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath ever-

lasting life, and shall not come into condemnation [judgment], but is passed from death unto life."

Hear and believe, and your soul shall live.

W. D. C.

I fear that you do not care to come to Christ that you might have life. You little consider that Scripture says, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but *the wrath of God abideth on him*" (John iii. 36). Oh, Christless soul! remember that *the wrath of God abideth on you*. You may lie down on your bed this night, and sleep; but, alas! *the wrath of God abideth on you*. You may go to your business or pleasure on the morrow with a smiling countenance; but *the wrath of God abideth on you*. Time may roll over you, and you may find yourself on a sick bed, with kind friends indeed to wait upon you, and smooth your dying pillow; but you have no consolation; *the wrath of God abideth on you*. Your weakness increases, your limbs rapidly emaciate, your breathing becomes more and more difficult, and, solemn to assert, when the vital chord is snapped by the chilly hand of death, then you will awfully and eternally prove that *the wrath of God abideth on you*. Oh! that you may now take warning, and "flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. iii. 7).

H. H. S.

“ AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF LOT.”

“ Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed ” (Luke xvii. 28-30).

“ **H**OW can this be? ” some of my readers may ask. “ We thought Christianity would spread until all the world would be converted. Does not Scripture say, ‘ The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea ’ ? (Isaiah xi.). How, then, can this world become as wicked as Sodom; and that wickedness go on, until the very day that Christ is revealed from heaven? ”

The answer is very simple. Scripture nowhere teaches that the time of the earth’s blessing will take place before Christ comes, but after. There can be no doubt that it will be exactly as Christ says. As it was in the days of Lot; yes, until the very day that Christ is revealed from heaven. Yes, my reader *may* live to see that day. If not a believer, but a rejecter of Christ, you may be taken with as great surprise as when they had just taken their shutters down in Sodom to commence

another day's business and another day's sins.

But let us see *how it was* in the days of Lot. There are some most solemn lessons connected with this subject.

(1) There was Abraham, the man of God, *outside* Sodom, in unhindered communion with God.

(2) There was Lot *in* Sodom; and, consequently, out of communion with God; though saved so as by fire.

(3) And there was the doomed city of wickedness.

There was but one Abraham on the face of the earth. And how few, at any one time, have really walked with God! Of the first two men born into the world, the one set aside God's sentence of judgment on the earth, and tried to bring the best he could grow as an offering to the Lord; and he was rejected. The other, Abel, owned the sentence of death, and approached God through the blood of a victim.

Enoch also walked with God; but there was only one Enoch in his day. So of Noah; but there was only one Noah in the whole world. And in the new world, so soon filled with idolatry, there was only one Abraham. And again only one Isaac. And only one Jacob. And only one Joseph. And then not one man of faith is named for some hundreds of years.

At length a little child is found hid by faith in an ark of bulrushes. But on the face of

“ AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF LOT.” 135

the earth there was only one Moses. Even Aaron made an idol. And then a Joshua, a Samuel, a David. And what is the history of the prophets but that of a very few men at any time, on the face of the whole earth, fully walking with God? How often they had to walk alone; even the *nation* of Israel utterly departing in heart from God!

And when Jesus came to His own, did they walk in His light? Alas! they rejected and killed Him. Aye, and after the resurrection, there was but one Paul. And since his day, how few have walked with God in the power of the heavenly calling! Alas! how earthly and worldly the great house of Christendom has become! Sad contrast to the heavenly, exalted Church of God.

And will it be so up to the very coming of Christ?

There can be no mistake about it. He who cannot lie says it will be “as it was in the days of Lot.” Oh, far, far worse than it is now!

The Lord at that time appeared to Abraham, as he sat, pilgrim like, in the tent door, on the plains of Mamre (Gen. xviii.). There was unhindered communion at once.

Not so with Lot; the Lord would not even go into the city where he was; but sent His messengers to pull him out. First the eye lusted after Sodom; then the tent was pitched

towards Sodom; then dwelling in Sodom itself.

Where are you, my fellow-Christian? The eye on the world; the tent towards it; or are you in it? Sad place for a child of God! The devil is the god of it. Destruction is its end.

When a man has gained his utmost wish in this world, what can it afford?

Ask that grey-haired old man: What does the world afford you, prosperous, rich old man? I hear you have got a good bit of property in Sodom. Does it satisfy?

He shakes his head. "What does it afford?" he says. "An empty, aching heart; that is all."

What are all the riches and honours of Sodom to be compared with one hour's real communion with God? Oh, for more real separation to Him; to feed on Christ with Him; to talk with God!

Not so Lot. All was confusion and vexation. He tried to reform Sodom, and lost all power, even over his own family. Child of God, is it not so? A true picture of every worldly Christian! How can we say, "Lead us not into temptation"; and then settle down in Sodom?

But God is rich in mercy. "Hast thou here any besides? son-in-law, and thy sons, and daughters?"

“ AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF LOT.” 137

Oh ! precious grace ; it is just what God is doing at this very time. The terrible day of the Lord is very near ; but God still waits in mercy, and is awakening whole families. It is as though the Lord said, I would not have those so dear to you to perish ; go, and wake them up ; tell them of My mercy, and tell them of My coming judgment.

Oh ! my reader, if saved yourself, have you no sons, or sons-in-law, or daughters ? Are there none you love, *for* whom you would pray ; and to whom you would speak the warning word ?

But Lot seemed, to his own children, as one that mocked. Oh ! sad effect of Sodom ! My reader, your children watch you ; they may see you clinging to and grasping at Sodom's property. You may get your heart's desire in this world ; and when you warn your children, you may seem as one that mocks. Ah ! you may see them left to perish.

Still poor Lot lingers. His property is there ; and “ the men laid hold upon his hand,” the Lord being merciful to him. Thus was he, his wife, and two daughters brought out. Not a word about sons and sons-in-law. Even his poor wife looked back, and perished.

The sun was risen. The city was astir. Lot was out. Oh ! what a cry of wailing and bitterness, as the first drops of liquid fire fell !

IT WAS TOO LATE.

And is this the doom that awaits this deceived world?

Yes: it shall come as a thief in the night. Roll on, poor world; thou hast rejected Christ; thou hast preferred a murderer for thy god. The devil that deceiveth thee shall be cast into the lake of fire with thee. Oh, my reader, is this thy doom? Art thou still a rejecter of Christ? Do ponder the end. To-day there is mercy, pardon, through the precious blood of Christ. Only God knows tomorrow. Oh! may God speak to thee now, being merciful to *thee*.

Remember, it is CHRIST who says, "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh" (Matt. xxiv. 44).

CHARLES STANLEY.

PARDON AND PEACE.

HOW carefully we treasure up the last words of our beloved ones! We write them in our Bibles or diaries, we show them to our relatives and friends, and have them sacredly handed down from one generation to another.

"IT IS FINISHED" were the last words uttered by the blessed Lord Jesus on Calvary's cross, amidst the scoffs and jeers of the religious and the godless ones, when He was suffering un-

told agonies, and when a holy God made His soul an offering for sin (John xix. 30). Oh, how God prizes these last three words of His beloved Son, uttered, as they were, just as He was accomplishing the wondrous work which was to bring everlasting glory to God, and everlasting blessing to poor sinners!

“IT IS FINISHED.” Who was He who uttered them? JESUS, the *Holy* One of God, when all the waves and billows of God's wrath had rolled over His blessed head, and after having cried that terrible cry, “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” (Ps. xxii. 1). Yes, it was Jesus, the only begotten and well-beloved Son of God, who said, “IT IS FINISHED.” To God He said it, and for you and for me, dear reader, He said it. Let us look at these three words separately for a few moments.

“IT is finished,” the work God gave Him to do for His own glory and our salvation. In what did this work consist? The wrath of God against sin must be endured, death tasted, judgment exhausted, sins for ever put away, and Satan's power broken; and, blessed be God, “IT” is all done; so that Jesus could say, “I HAVE glorified Thee on the earth: I HAVE finished *the work* which Thou gavest me to do” (John xvii. 4).

“It IS finished.” Mark you well; *not*, IT is being done; not, IT has to be done; but

“IT is” done : done as God required it should be done ; as Christ alone could do it ; and done as you and I needed it should be.

“*It is FINISHED*” ; nothing left for God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, or the sinner to add ; finished *outside of us*, but *for us*. More than eighteen hundred years ago Jesus “*finished*” the work on the cross, on the ground of which God now *gives* FREELY to every believing, repentant sinner a present, perfect, and permanent pardon.

Think again WHO it was who said “IT IS FINISHED” ; of the circumstances under which the words were uttered ; of the blessed GOD into whose ears they were uttered ; and of the poor, hell-deserving, death-deserving, and judgment-deserving sinners *for* whom they were uttered, and say, Will you not trust your immortal soul’s everlasting salvation to Jesus and His “finished” work ?

Perhaps you think, as thousands do, that you have to DO something for pardon, and often your agonizing question is, “What must I DO to be saved ?” We answer (as by faith we hear Jesus say, “It is finished”)—

“Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.”

Works flow from salvation like a stream

from a fountain, but you must have the fountain first, and

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

The Spirit of God may pass your soul through deep exercises, like those the prodigal passed through on his way to the father’s house; but you have no more to DO for salvation than the prodigal had to do for the best robe, ring, shoes, and fatted calf. He confessed he had sinned, and was unworthy (and you can say nothing less); a father’s loving heart provided all the rest, and the prodigal son became the happy recipient of that father’s bounty. The father *gave*, the son *received*, and the house was filled with heavenly mirth. (Luke xv.)

God has received Christ up into glory as a proof that He is perfectly satisfied with the work that He did once for all on the cross, and now it remains for you to receive Him by a simple faith, as a proof that you are satisfied that “IT IS FINISHED.”

I wish now to dwell for a few moments on the subject of PEACE.

That which is commonly taught and believed in Christendom is that WE are to make our peace with God; but how could an unholy, unrighteous, and unjust sinner make

peace with a holy, righteous, and just God? As well expect an infant to leave its mother's bosom, and stop the express train as it rushes down the main line. Be assured of this, poor sinner, that nothing you *have* done, *are* doing, or ever *will be* able to do, could make your peace with God.

Man's heart by nature is at enmity with God; and Christ died not to reconcile God to man, as is so commonly taught, but to reconcile us to God (see 2 Cor. v. 18-20; Col. i. 20, 22), and until you know and believe this, you will never be at peace with God.

But I think I hear you say, "If I am unable to make my peace with God, and yet must be at peace with Him, to be perfectly happy here and hereafter, how is it to be accomplished?"

Christ *has made peace* through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20). Yes, Christ *has made it by* His blood, *has made it with* God, and *has made it for* you; and having done so said, "IT IS FINISHED."

And now having slain all our enemies on the cross, God raised Him from the dead, and sent Him to proclaim peace to us; and the first three words He uttered after His resurrection to His assembled disciples were, "PEACE UNTO YOU" (John xx. 19, 21, 26).

Now, the reason so many dear souls have not settled peace with God is because they stop

at the cross, and do not go on to the resurrection. But Christ is no longer a dead Christ hanging on the tree. The angelic instruction and invitation is, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: HE IS RISEN; He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him" (Mark xvi. 6).

"The God of peace . . . brought again *from the dead* our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant" (Heb. xiii. 20).

Do not confound the work of Christ *for* you with the work of the Holy Ghost *in* you: God does not preach peace by the Holy Ghost, but by CHRIST: "*Preaching peace by Jesus Christ*" (Acts x. 36; Eph. ii. 17). But further, not only did He make peace *on the cross*, and announced it in *resurrection*, but "HE IS OUR PEACE" (Eph. ii. 14). Not feelings, experiences, realisations, progress, or service, but *Himself in heaven*, who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," is our peace.

We have thus seen that Christ *crucified* made peace with God for us; that Christ *risen* preaches peace to us; and that Christ *glorified* is our peace, and the moment we believe in God who *gave, raised, and glorified* Christ, we have present, perfect, and permanent peace with God.

H. M. H.

“CAPTAIN, ARE YOU A SON?”

THE following incident may be related as a little sequel to the interesting narrative of the conversion to God of “Sailor Sam,” which appeared in our October issue.

The Christian servant who came to the door and conveyed the message to the preacher, as before stated, at length became his wife. After their marriage they resided at Bridgwater, he still pursuing a seafaring life. From being a common sailor he rose to be mate of a schooner in the coasting trade.

One day, the weather being calm, and all being right on deck, he and the captain were both below. Then Sam said, “Captain, shall we read a chapter, and have a little prayer?”

“With all my heart, mate,” was the reply.

So they read and prayed; and as they were seated Sam looked across the table, and said, “Captain, are you a son?”

“Ah,” said he, “as to that, I can’t say that I am a *son*.”

“Then you are an enemy,” said Sam.

“No, mate,” said he, “I know that I am no longer an enemy.”

“Then you’re a *son*,” was the reply.

The captain soon learnt that he was a *son*, and he and the mate often spent happy seasons together in speaking of the grace of the Lord Jesus and His precious blood, by which they were both saved. (See Rom. viii. 14; Gal. iv. 6).