

SCATTERED SEED

AND

Good News for the Young.



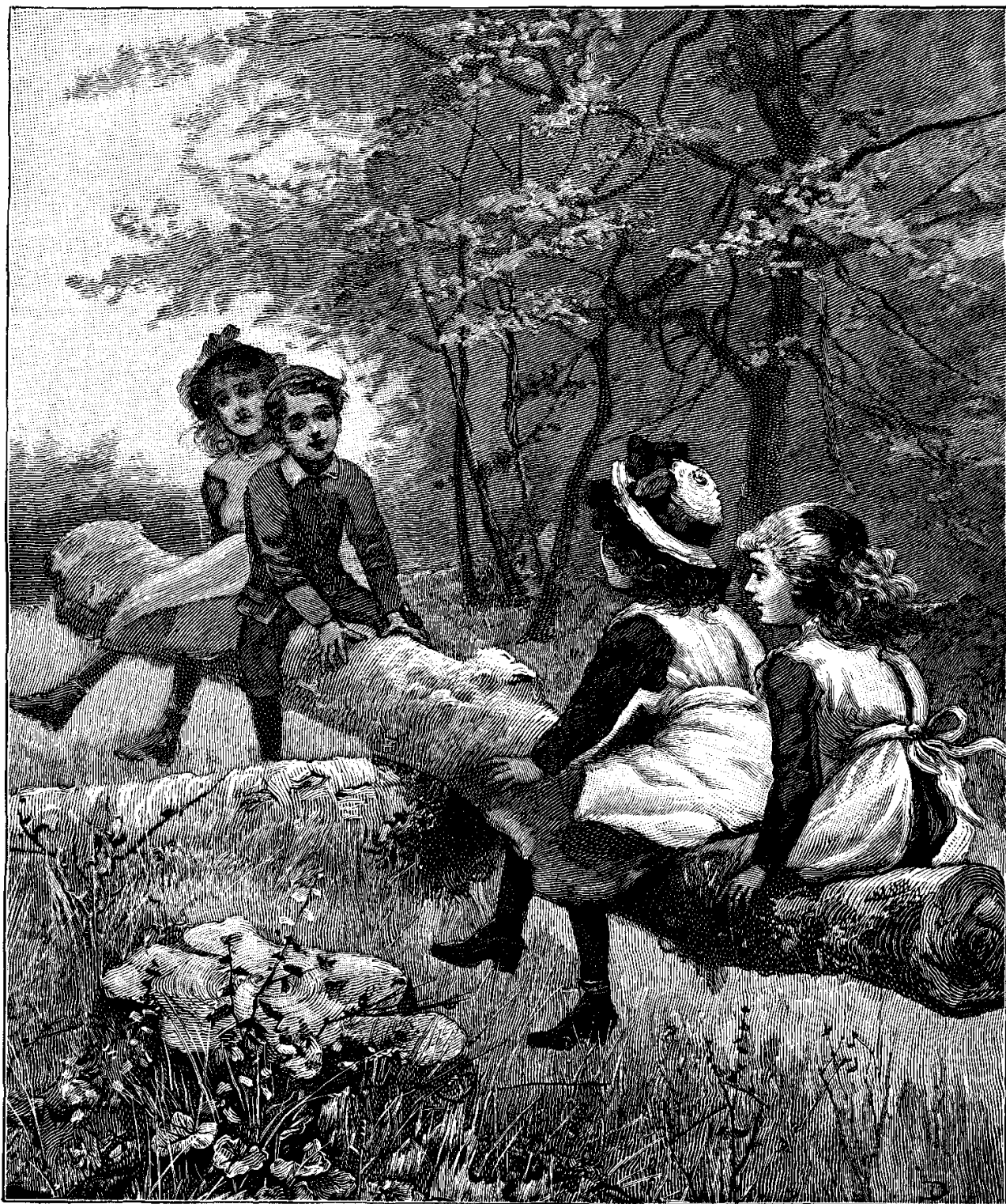
LONDON:

A. S. ROUSE, 15 & 16, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

1895.

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PLAY-TIME. (*See page 148.*)

SCATTERED SEED.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS FOR HALF-A-FRANC.

HAPPINESS, true happiness, is the object of the pursuit of nearly all, but its secret is known to few. Many imagine that it is to be found on the exalted pinnacle of fame, and bend all their energies to acquire renown among their fellows.

Others judge that wealth will bring abiding joy, and spend time and strength in amassing riches.

The giddy pleasures of the world attract others, and they eagerly press on, thinking to grasp the satisfaction they crave.

Happiness is nearer, far nearer than any of these believe. While the ends of the earth are visited by not a few in order to gain it, it is discoverable quite near at hand by those who learn the secret.

The following is the narrative of a French gentleman, who had for many years earnestly sought happiness, but in vain. He had only proved that all earth's fountains fail to give satisfaction, and in spite of prosperity, and the possession of all that is most esteemed among men, he felt that "vanity and vexation of spirit" was written upon everything "under the sun."

How he bought for half-a-franc the secret of the happiness he so long had sought, is best told in his own words.

"I was walking into the country one day, when I perceived a man in advance of me singing very sweetly. He bore the appearance of a pedlar, with his wares slung across his shoulders; but there was something in his blithe and easy carriage, and in the rich, sonorous voice, which arrested my attention and irresistibly attracted me.

"I sped forward softly that I might get near enough to hear every note, and yet keep free from the chance of interrupting him.

"I listened with deep interest to the outpouring of his melody, and when the song was finished I joined him, saying, 'That is charming, my friend; I never heard its like before.' Then, regarding him fixedly, for there was a blending of dignity and joy in his countenance, I added, 'Will you permit me to ask you a question, and will you answer me, a stranger, truly?'

"'I will, sir, if I can,' he said.

"'Well, then, are you happy?'

"He paused, and looked at me for some moments, then replied, 'Yes, sir, I thank God, I can say *I am happy*.'

"'And what has made you so?' I asked; 'for I have been all my lifetime seeking after happiness, and I have never found it.'

"'I will tell you the secret, sir, for half-a-franc,'* he said.

"I made no reply, but instantly put my hand into my pocket and presented to him the small coin. He slung round his pack, and as he opened the capacious case I perceived it was full of books, and I felt indignant, for I believed he was going to offer me a song book, or some such bagatelle. I had half turned away, when he selected a small volume, and holding it reverently towards me, said, with an emphasis I shall never forget, 'This, sir, is the key that unlocks the gate which leads to happiness; take it, and read it with earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit may become your teacher, and lead you into paths of pleasantness and peace!'

"I opened the book; it was *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. I am not sure that I ever saw it before; I had certainly never read a line of it; but now I perused it with deep attention, and the Holy Spirit enlightened my dark understanding to see wondrous things. I soon experienced peace and joy in believing

* The price of the book he afterwards handed to him.

on 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' and, through the abounding mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I can now testify that I have found in this blessed book what I vainly sought in the world—*the way to be happy.*"

What the narrator of the above incident proved is the experience of thousands.

Happiness—true, lasting, eternal happiness—is found alone in the knowledge and service of God.

Reader, are you happy?

"TEN HOURS SOLID ENJOYMENT. NO WAITING."

O said the notice which attracted my attention. The pleasure-seeking public were being catered for, but my heart was saddened as I remembered what poor pleasure the world offers, and yet how eagerly sinners fall into Satan's traps. Alas that many of those who profess to be converted, and to belong to the Lord Jesus, unite with the giddy world in its folly, seeking "solid enjoyment" where it never can be found. The soul that has Christ as its object, and is set on His glory, finds "solid enjoyment" indeed. Would that they knew Him, and what joy is given to the one who is occupied with Him and with His interests.

Perhaps my reader is numbered among the careless worldlings, who are indifferent to all that concerns their eternal welfare. "A short life and a merry one" is your motto. To wile away a few moments you have taken up this magazine. Let me entreat you to think for a moment or two of the mercy and love of God. By the grace of God you are not yet cut off in your sins, and He gives you now another opportunity of accepting His proffered salvation. Have you not yet found that the devil is a hard master? Have you never pondered

the fact that "the wages of sin is death," and that you may be in eternity before the morrow dawns?

Do not your sins rise before you? If you die in them your portion will be in the lake of fire for ever. There you may bitterly reproach yourself for not having turned to the Lord, but then it will be too late.

Thank God there is now a way of escape. Would that you might this very hour avail yourself of it. You know that you are a sinner. Then listen to this faithful saying, which is worthy of all acceptance, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*," even to save such as you.

Do you feel your need of Him and His salvation? Why not then believe on Him now? Can you turn away again? Think of His love. Think of your need. Accept Him as your Saviour; trust His precious blood; rest on His finished work; and then, seeking to serve Him, you will have "solid enjoyment" for *time* and for *eternity*.

J. T. F.

CHRIST IS IN GLORY.

E cannot make too much of the fact that Christ is glorified at God's right hand, for Christianity is built upon this blessed truth. Thus four times over in the Epistle to the Hebrews the Lord Jesus is spoken of as seated there. In the third verse of the first chapter we read, "Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

Here the glory of His person is brought before us, then the glory of His work in blotting out our sins, and, lastly, the glory of the place which He has taken because that work is accomplished.

How blessed for the eye of faith to behold Him at the right hand of the Majesty on high. The judgment and agony of the

cross are over, and if they are gone so are the many sins of all who believe. It was not until He had by Himself purged our sins that He took His seat on high.

Then in chapter viii. 1 we find that "we have such an High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." A heavenly priesthood is for a heavenly people, and Christ now in glory ever lives to make intercession for His own, and to succour them in all their journey here.

Again, in chapter x. 12, "This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." His work can never be repeated. The Jewish priests stood daily offering sacrifices. Their work was never done, they could never sit down. Christ's work has so fully settled every question that He is seated *for ever*.

Lastly, in chapter xii. 2, we read, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Here our Lord is viewed as the blessed Example for us to follow. He has run the whole race of faith, and is now seen in glory. To Him we are exhorted to look, as we run with patience the rest of our race, while we expect His return to call us to be with Himself.

May Christ in glory fill our soul's vision. Thus we shall become like Him. (2 Cor. iii. 18.)

ON THE ROCK.



DYING woman, being asked if she felt herself sinking, replied:

"How could you ask that? Did you ever know any one sink through a rock? I am on the Rock."

Christ is the Rock, sinner—the only Rock of salvation. He is the sure foundation which God in grace has provided. Are you on the Rock?

GRACE REIGNING THROUGH RIGHTEOUSNESS.



GRACE reigns, not without, but *through* righteousness.

"How," asked a middle-aged man, "can God be a just God, and not punish you for the sins which you have committed against Him?"

The question seemed intended to suggest, that by forgiving sins God sets aside His justice. But quite the opposite is the case. He frankly forgives, when we have nothing to pay; He justifieth the ungodly; He invites "whosoever will" to take of the water of life freely; but, blessed be His name, He is perfectly righteous in so doing. His grace does no dishonour to His holy and righteous character.

"The redemption that is in Christ Jesus" is the solid basis upon which He can exercise such grace. Christ's death has completely met every claim of divine justice. What could justice ask on account of sin that has not been given in the death of Christ?

Justice said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The life of the Saviour—a life of infinitely greater value upon which justice had no claim—has been laid down and accepted in the sinner's stead, and divine justice is satisfied. How else could it have been so fully vindicated? All that the glory of God could require, has been provided in that death. It has been well said, "Nought save the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ could have glorified God; but that has glorified Him. It has reflected the full glory of the divine character, as it never could have been reflected amid the brightest splendours of an unfallen creation."

Dear reader, have you ever bowed your knees, and thanked God for the atoning death of His beloved Son, which enables Him to be "just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus?" The believer is "justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." H. D.

READY FOR ETERNITY.

WE live in times of peace, for which we may be truly thankful. But it is clear that the peace is not expected to last, else what is the meaning of the present incessant activity and prodigious outlay in providing warships, weapons, and stores; erecting forts, and equipping and drilling millions of men? The echoes of the arsenals of Europe almost reach our ears. It is plain that the leaders of the nations think that in times of peace they should prepare for war.

A man is in prosperous circumstances, strong and hearty; nevertheless, he thinks it prudent to call in his lawyer and make his will. He would not have his estate left in disorder, or be distributed contrary to his wishes; and as life is uncertain, he makes timely pre-arrangement for the disposal of his property.

Here is a student entering on a professional course. Everything depends on his industry now. He rises early, reads hard, and denies himself many gratifications. Why? The examination time is coming, and he must be ready; so he diligently prepares.

Once more. A captain is about to make a long voyage. Does he defer his preparations till the day of sailing? No. For weeks before he is re-fitting his vessel, loading up, laying in stores, and providing for future emergencies.

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil." (Prov. xxii. 3.) Are you prudent enough, dear reader, to look into the eternal future, and to make due preparation now against the evil that certainly is there? Perhaps you have invested your money most wisely, insured your life and your property, made your will, and done everything to secure many days of peace and prosperity in time to come, although you confess it is very uncertain whether you will have the future upon which you count. The rich man (Luke xii.) could

say, *My soul, my barns, my fruits, my goods*, but he could not say *my years*. Enjoyment might have been his, but he had no time for it. That night his soul was required of him. Men doubtless called him prudent because he prepared for a happy old age; God calls him a fool because he had made no provision for eternity. What would God call you? Are you so wise for time, yet so insensate in your folly in regard to eternity? You have something besides a body to be cared for. What about your soul? You are going to live longer than the few more years for which you are making provision. What about eternity? After all, you may be consuming your life in a laborious doing of nothing—

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Get ready for eternity. "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." (Job xxii. 21.) Would you wish to say at last, as a dying nobleman is reported to have exclaimed, "O God, how have I employed myself! In what delirium has my life been passed! What have I been doing while the sun in its race and the stars in their courses have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition! I have pursued shadows and entertained myself with dreams! I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind! I might have grazed with beasts of the fields, or sung with the birds of the woods, to much better purpose than for any for which I have lived?"

Get ready for eternity. Let your very zeal for success in business and for making money be a rebuke to your indifference about your precious soul. You care for your body. You would stay at home, and leave your business to care for itself if you were attacked with a feverish cold, or fancied that going to your office or your shop would risk the health of your corruptible body, that can only last a few short years. Why not give a little earnest consideration to that soul of yours, which may share the glories of God in a blessed eternity, but which may also, through your unbelief and suicidal

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neglect, be doomed to the companionship of demons and lost men for ever.

How lamentable to see men eager after present things and blind to the future! Yet "wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others. *Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever*, and their dwelling places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish. *This their way is their folly*: yet their posterity approve their sayings." (Psalm xlix 10-13.)

So men live in vanity, and die in darkness. The life lent for a brief season for the glory of God is given to the service of Satan, and men excuse themselves from attention to the claims and appeals of God by asserting that they are too busy just now! What would you think if your little boy should excuse himself from attendance at school and diligence in his lessons, by saying he was too busy catching tadpoles, or picking flowers, or roaming through the bush these sunny days? How long would you employ a servant, who was so busy with her fancy-work that she could not attend to such insignificant matters as sweeping your floors or dusting your furniture?

King Henry IV. asked the Duke of Alva if he had observed the great eclipse of the sun which had lately happened. "No," said the Duke, "I have so much to do on earth that I have no leisure to look up to heaven." So with many now. They are engrossed with earth, and have no gratitude to God, no hope of heaven, and no care for their souls.

Too busy to be saved! No time for thinking of eternity! Have you time to eat the bread of this life, and no time to feed your soul? Have you time to dress your body, and no time to array your soul in the righteousness of God? No time to be saved! Then, as one has said, you have stolen it, and put it to an evil use, for the Lord gave you time for that and for every other proper purpose.

Get ready for eternity, and get ready *now*. If you want a place among the saved in heaven you must secure it at once. You will be too late to obtain a place if you tarry till you want to occupy it. All the seats in heaven are "reserved," and must be engaged beforehand. Two gentlemen proceeded to an hotel, and one was provided at once with comfortable quarters, while the other was unable to get a room. "How did you manage so well?" asked the latter. "Easily enough," was the reply, "I just telegraphed on before that I was coming—to have a room ready for me." So, dear reader, you had better apply in time, or you will not get into heaven.

Get ready for eternity without delay, for, whatever you may think, you are not fit for the presence of God. Take time to reflect upon this. Do not die as a fool dies, and be lost for want of thought. You have sins that need to be pardoned; you are lost, and need One to save you; you are a waif and a stray on the highways of this world; you need a Father's love, and a Father's home. You need—ah! if you would but think you would soon find out what deep, deep needs are yours. "O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." But they will not know, they do not consider. Such occupation is the last man will turn to. But if there is one who reads this paper who desires to be ready for eternity, and who asks, "How may I be ready?" We reply, All the fitness, all the claims, all the hopes for eternity are in Christ. Getting ready for eternity is finding Him all and all-sufficient. His person, His character, His work, are the one complete answer of God to the sinner's vileness, and the sinner's needs; and, trusting in Him, you, dear reader, may be happy now, and ready for eternity in the company of the One who now saves all who make Him their choice.

Once more, dear reader, Are you ready for eternity? If not, get ready now.

B.

* * * *

"HANDS AND FEET."



OPENING the Bible at the fifty-ninth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, we shall find that God says something about

THE SINNER'S
HANDS AND FEET.

In verses 6 and 7 we read, "Their works are works of iniquity, and the act of violence is in their *hands*. Their *feet* run to evil." This plainly shews us that neither the actions of our hands, nor the paths which our feet have trodden, have ever given God any pleasure.

In fact it is quite the contrary, verse 2 telling us "your sins have hid His face from you."

On account of sin God has had to turn away His face, for He is of "purer eyes than to behold evil, and" cannot "look on iniquity."

This distinctly makes known the place the sinner has. His sins have raised a great barrier between him and God, and he has become subject to His holy displeasure. He has shut God out, and is "without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world." (Eph. ii. 12.)

What a terrible condition!

But is there no remedy?

Thank God, there is!

There has been One on earth who has met every claim of God—His own beloved Son. On the cross He has faced the whole question of sin, and there paid its penalty—DEATH.

His blood has been shed, and thus a full and a free salvation has been secured for all who trust in Him.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission," but on the ground of faith in Jesus' blood God can righteously meet and bless the sinner.

The work is all finished, and He who in love went down into death has risen out of it a triumphant, victorious Saviour.

After He was risen He manifested Himself

to His disciples, and in Luke xxiv. 40 we read of

THE SAVIOUR'S
HANDS AND FEET.

He shews them to His poor, doubting disciples to convince them that He was indeed the same Person who, but three short days before, was nailed to the tree on Calvary.

The One of whom all God's prophets spake had indeed come, and now that all things were accomplished for them, and their poor, doubting hearts assured, He makes this glorious communication: "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations." To-day it is preached to you, my readers. "Who-soever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent." (Acts xiii. 26.) Oh! dear boys and girls, do not leave the great matter of your salvation unsettled until it is too late. Listen to the warning words:

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

"For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven." (Heb. xii. 25.)

J. H. H.

GRAINS.



TO be in Christ is heaven below, and to be with Christ is heaven above; but there is no being with Christ above if we are not in Christ below.

It is an honour to be dishonoured for Christ.

It is better to be preserved in brine than to rot in honey.

Grace never appears grace till sin appears to be sin. The deeper the sense of the evil of sin is, the deeper our apprehensions of the free grace of God in Christ will be.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



AN INEXPERIENCED HAND.

"I WANT TO FIND THE GOOD PILOT."



WANT to find the good Pilot," said an old sailor to a preacher at the close of a gospel meeting. The vessel in which he sailed had been struck by lightning, and one of the crew had been killed. This had made Peter think of his own need as a sinner, in view of the day of judgment, and going to his locker he had taken up his hitherto neglected Bible, saying to his shipmates, "I want to find the Pilot that can weather me through that storm. It's scary business, shipmates, to find us on a lee-shore there, with the rocks of our sins right 'longside; and hell yawning not far off."

Now having reached port, and hearing that the gospel was to be preached, he went straight to the place, and when the preaching was over addressed himself to the preacher, in the above manner.

"The Lord Jesus is the only Pilot, my dear old friend, who can be of service to you just now," said the preacher, "and He's nigh to every poor sinner that calls upon Him."

"I'm one on 'em," replied Peter.

The glad, good news of a present salvation was then further explained to the anxious sailor, and as he heard the story of grace his heart drank it in, and, receiving it in the love of it, he found peace and joy in believing.

Soon he might have been seen telling of his new-found happiness to his shipmates, and warning them of their peril.

"Don't put it off, lads; you know you are sinners, and eternity is near—the judgment will soon sit, and you are in awful danger."

"I must take time to think of it," said one.

"To think of what?" he cried. "*Whether you are a sinner? You know you are. Whether you will be lost if you die as you are? You know you will. Whether the Lord Jesus can save you? You know He can.* Breakers are ahead. Your anchors won't hold you. *Don't put it off.*"

Earnestly he pleaded with them, and not with them alone. The children he would seek to win for Christ, and to them he would say, "Ship in *His* service, and *don't put it off.*"

Christ is the good pilot. He alone can steer us safe to the haven of eternal glory.

An inexperienced hand may do for fair wind and weather, but a tried and trusted hand is set to pilot the ship in time of storm and peril.

Take Christ as *your* pilot then, for none other can deliver you from the judgment to come.

THE GAMBLER'S CHILD.



FROM the very first moment that I saw her I was much drawn to little Ellie, and her sweet face and soft brown eyes seem still before me as I write, though I saw her but for one short hour.

I was calling at a friend's, who lived in the flat above that occupied by Ellie's parents, and she happened to be visiting there at the same time.

I asked the child if she knew Jesus. Her bright eyes opened very widely at the question, and with a vague shake of her head she answered, "No."

On enquiry I learned that she had never heard the sweet story of Jesus, and I was afterwards told that her father was a gambler, and her mother cared not for the things of God.

In simple words I told her that it was Jesus who made the world and the bright blue sky above it, with all the stars that peep and twinkle there. I told her of the Garden of Eden and the Fall, and how that all were now sinners, both in heart and habit. I spoke, too, of the love of God for us in sending Jesus His Son to die for us, and put away our sins, and how the Lord had ascended to the Father's right hand in heaven.

The sweet tale of love was all new to

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her, and her large eyes opened wide with wonder. Taking her little hand in mine, and touching the finger-tips one by one, I asked her to repeat the five words, "Jesus—said—'Come—unto—Me.'" Soon she could say it off readily, and so, giving her a penny, and telling her a little more about the way of salvation, I departed.

A few months passed, and I was in a distant city. The circumstance narrated had almost escaped my memory, when I was surprised to receive a letter from a friend, a part of which read something like this:

"You will remember the little girl whom you met at B——r's, and to whom you taught the text 'Come unto Me.' Just a few days after you left Rochester she was taken sick with scarlet fever, and shortly after passed away. But she never forgot her five words, and ever since learning them she wanted to be with Jesus. Even in her delirium she would repeat, over and over again, 'Jesus said, 'Come unto Me,' Jesus said, 'Come unto Me.'" It was a touching testimony to her careless, though affectionate, parents, and we hope it may produce a lasting impression upon them."

What a sweet and striking witness to the compassion of that loving Shepherd who takes the lambs in His bosom. We can indeed say, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained praise."

This tender flower of the Father's gracious planting was soon blasted by the chilling frost of death; but ere it was allowed to droop and die it had yielded a sweet odour to fill the atmosphere of that careless gambler's home.

Her little heart seemed opened to receive the Saviour almost at the first mention of His precious name. How different from many who may read these lines. You have heard of Him time after time, and yet your hearts are still fast closed against Him. If you do not open to Him soon, His gracious knocking will but make your cold heart still more callous. Receive Him, then, now as *your own* tender, loving Saviour, and with

little Ellie you will sing His worth throughout the everlasting ages.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

C. K.

NO PROFIT.



FARM labourer was at his work in a barn, threshing out some corn.

A Christian gentleman approaching him said, "My friend, in all labour there is profit."

The speaker was not a little surprised, however, at the reply of the countryman. Leaning on his flail the latter made answer, "No, sir; there is one exception. I long laboured in the service of sin, but I got no profit by my labour!"

"Then," replied the visitor, "you know somewhat of the apostle's meaning when he asked, 'What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?'"

"Thank God I do," he said, "and I also know that 'now, being made free from sin and having become' a servant unto righteousness, I have my 'fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life.'"

What profit is there in your sin? Even now the stinging conscience, the blasted reputation, or the shattered health, tell that "the way of transgressors is hard"; but the great white throne and the lake of fire will bear solemn witness that there is no profit in sin, that its pleasures have been purchased at too high a price—even at the cost of eternal welfare.

WHAT IS A MAN ADVANTAGED,
IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD,
AND LOSE HIMSELF, OR
BE CAST AWAY?

LUKE ix. 25.

FOUR LITTLE WORDS.

 OUR little words did me more good when I was a boy than almost anything else. I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me: they were the first words my mother taught me." So spoke a gentleman.

What do you think the four words were which had benefited the speaker so greatly?

He was asked, and then narrated the following story:

His father had grafted a pear tree, and the second year the choice graft, which he valued very much and was exceedingly careful over, blossomed, and gave good promise of fruit. It, however, bore only one pear. This was consequently much prized, and the day when it should be fully ripe was eagerly looked for.

One night, when the pear was approaching its perfection, the boy was tempted to steal it. He had often looked longingly upon it, and now felt that he could no more resist his desire, and so, getting out of his bed, he softly crept down the stairs, and soon reached the garden door. To undo this noiselessly cost him considerable trouble, but at last it was unlocked and he stood in the open air. It was quite dark, but he knew the position of the pear tree, and in a few moments was beneath its branches.

"Father will think the wind has knocked it off," he said to himself; but then he remembered there was not a breath of air stirring. That would not do. "Father will think somebody has stolen it—that some boys came in the night and robbed the garden. Oh, it will taste so good, and father never will, never can, know it; he never would think I took it." So he persuaded himself thus, and with hand uplifted was about to reach the pear, when he beheld through the branches a star shining down upon him.

"Thou God seest me," escaped from his lips, for that star seemed like the eye of God looking at him.

He was now so frightened that at first he dared not move. "Thou God seest me, Thou God seest me," he repeated over and over again. To him God seemed on every side, and he felt that he was being seen through and through.

At length he ventured from the pear tree, and crept back to his bed feeling like a condemned criminal. No one in the house had seen him, but he felt as if everybody knew, and when he heard his parents enter the room he hid his face in the sheet. He could not, however, hide himself from a sense of the presence of God. This never left him. In after days, when tempted to secret sin, the thought "Thou God seest me" would restrain him.

For those four words that gentleman could praise God heartily. They had awakened him to the fact of his every thought, and word, and action being naked and open in the sight of Him with whom we have to do.

Your sins and iniquities are known, my reader. Are they forgiven? Are they covered?

Through Christ Jesus is preached the forgiveness of sins. His precious blood cleanses from every stain and brings us nigh to God, so that we may find our joy in Him whose presence we once hated.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." (Psalm xxxii. 1, 2.)

Are you among these blessed ones?

"SPECIALLY FOR ME."



ANY children wish that they might find their own names written in the Bible invitations. They think that then they would have no doubt whatever that the blessing was really for them. This, however, would avail nothing; for, supposing my name were Robert Smith, and it had

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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said "Christ Jesus came into the world to save Robert Smith," I could not know that I called, I might still wonder whether after all I was the only person known by that title.



Thank God it was for sinners, and therefore for me. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." That is for me, specially for me, as Matsie said in the following narrative.

"Matsie," said her grandfather one day, "why do you love Jesus?"

Matsie was only a small child, but she looked up into her grandfather's face. "Grandfather," she said very quietly, "He called me; and so I went and gave Him my love for all the love He gave me."

Her grandfather wanted to know how she knew that Jesus had called her—such a little girl.

"Grandfather!" she answered, as if ashamed of his ignorance, "Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me!' Was not that specially for me, grandpa?" she asked.

Grandpa was satisfied.

"Yes, yes, Matsie darling, quite right; and none shall forbid you, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Are there not many verses which you may take as written especially for such as you. Take them to yourself, then, in simple faith, and give God the praise for grace which thought of guilt and need so great as yours, and

this meant me, for there are many other Robert Smiths in the world. Or if it had been a very uncommon name by which I was spared not His own Son, as Rom. v. 9 tells us, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

IN THE ACT OF DISOBEDIENCE.



NE very fine day, in the middle of summer, some young friends and myself went for a walk into Epping Forest (near London), to enjoy a ramble among the trees, and shrubs, and ferns which grow there plentifully. We spent a very happy day; but, like all earthly pleasures, it had to come to an end, and Old Time told us we must get back to our houses.

Our way home was by a footpath across a large open piece of moor. This led us by a large sandpit, which, having become full of water, was now a favourite resort for boys who were fond of bathing.

Reaching this, and being tired with our walk, we sat down on the banks and watched the boys in the water. They were full of laughter and merriment as they plunged, and dived, and splashed the water at one another. We too liked the sport, although it was only ours to look on.

While thus watching the fun, we saw a small group of boys running towards us. They were longing to have a good swim, and ran on, little thinking that one of them was hurrying to his death. They seemed to have said, one to another, "Let us see who will be in the water first," for as they drew near the banks they pulled off their clothes, throwing them down anywhere, each one trying to outstrip his companions. Presently the first came running down the bank and plunged in, very quickly followed by the rest. We now looked to see them rise to the surface. The first one in seemed, however, to be a long time, but we thought that perhaps he was used to diving. One minute passed, and he made no appearance. Two minutes fled, but still he was under. Then the third minute went by, and we began to look gravely at each other, for we feared something serious had happened. His companions began to search about, feeling first one place, then another, but they could not discover their comrade.

A gentleman on horseback passing at that moment was told of the boy being drowned. Getting off his horse and undressing himself, he at once plunged into the water, diving to the bottom to look for the body of the unfortunate lad. There was no laughing now, the fun was all stopped, for we were in the presence of death. Ah! how soon we are found in the midst of death. It was a solemn time for all, I believe; at any rate, it was so for me, for I felt what an awful thing it was to die unprepared.

Presently the gentleman came to the surface of the water and said, "I have found him."

The poor lad having dived had stuck to the bottom of the pond, his head was fixed in the mud, and he, not being able to get away, had met with his death.

By this time another man was in the water, and the two together succeeded in getting his body to the bank. We looked with sorrow at that face, now pale and cold in death, which but a few moments before was full of glee and happiness. Some of us could scarce refrain from tears, as we thought how soon we might be cut off—for the boy was only thirteen years old.

What makes my story the more sad is, that he was drowned in the act of disobedience, for only that morning his mother had forbidden him to go near the water.

How sad to be cut off thus early, especially when the Saviour is unknown; for to die unforgiven, means that one cannot be in that bright home where Jesus is. None but those who are washed and cleansed by His precious blood can get admission to heaven.

It is, however, glad news that Jesus wants boys and girls to share His glorious home. The smallest need not be afraid to come, for Jesus invites all. He says, in John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Sometimes when a mother calls her child and he does not go at once, she calls again. If she only called once he would perhaps think she was not anxious that he should come, but as she calls again he knows she

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means him to come. So Jesus keeps calling because He wants you to come. A poor guilty sinner you are, and yet He will receive you, wash you in His precious blood, and make you whiter than snow. Then you will not be afraid to die, and if you should be cut off suddenly like this poor boy, or if Jesus should come, you would go to be with Him for ever.

To-day the loving arms of Jesus are still open wide, and His tender voice which called the children when on earth still calls from heaven. If Jesus bids you come why do you tarry? Do you think He does not want you? He *does* want you, and this is why He keeps calling "Come unto Me."

A word about disobedience to the young Christians who read this. In Eph. iv. 1 it says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." Now Jesus wants you to obey your parents, because it pleases Him, and I think you would like to please Jesus, would you not? Jesus was always obedient to His parents when He was here on earth, and He wants us to follow His example.

J. H. L.

SAMUEL CALLED, CLEANSED, AND CLOTHED.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.



HERE are three things, dear children, that took place in the history of Samuel of which I wish to speak to you to-night. They are these. He was

CALLED
CLEANSED, AND
CLOTHED.

In 1 Samuel iii. you will find the account of God's call to him.

He was a little fellow, whose father and mother were God's children, but though he lived with Eli in God's house, he "did not yet know the Lord." That was strange,

was it not? And yet I know something stranger still. There are many of my young friends here to-night, and they have lived longer than Samuel, and Jesus has called them many a time, but they do not yet know Him as their Saviour.

Now God, who loves children, did not wish Samuel to grow up without knowing Him. So one night, when Eli had gone to bed and all was quiet, and little Samuel was just going off to sleep, he heard someone call "Samuel! Samuel!"

"That's Eli," he thought, and so up he jumped and ran to him; but it was not Eli who had called. God was speaking to him. Now this took place three times, and Samuel had not yet answered the Lord, who called him; but Eli knew it must be the Lord, and told Samuel how to answer. Then the Lord called again.

Now listen to Samuel's reply when once more the voice was heard: "Speak," he says, "for Thy servant heareth." He was now ready to hear what God had to say to him. Children, it may be God has called you many a time, and He wants you to listen to His voice. Do not turn away from Him, for He wants to tell you of the blessing He has for you.

You will remember how the Lord Jesus Christ said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Well, that same blessed Saviour is still calling the little ones. He wants to have them in His own home, where there is nothing but brightness and joy, and you are among the ones He wants. Have you answered to His call?

I was preaching a little while ago, and while speaking repeated that sweet name "*Jesus*" three times. When I had finished, a little girl of five years looked up into my face and said, with tears in her eyes, "I did like to hear you say, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!'" There was one who had heard His call, and learned to love His name. I trust you all will do so.

"But," you say, "I am a sinner, and God

is holy—how can I be made fit for Him and for His home above?” Yes; that is a question that needs to be answered. Over the pearly portals of God’s eternal home are these words: “There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth.” Now your sins are defiling, and before you can be made fit to spend your eternity with Jesus in the Father’s house you must be cleansed from them. How can that be done?

Let us turn to 1 Sam. i. 25. I read there these words: “And they slew a bullock, and brought the child to Eli.” Blood had to be shed for Samuel so that he might be before God.

Thus we see that Samuel was not only CALLED, but CLEANSED. Before God could call any of us, blood had to be shed, not the blood of a bullock, but the blood of Jesus. And all need to be cleansed by His precious blood. There is no salvation apart from it. Nothing else can take away your sins.

Your mother can take the soap and water and wash the dirt off your face and off your clothes, but no one can ever wash your soul from sin. It is only the blood of Jesus which can do that.

I do pray everyone of you to come to my precious Saviour and to trust Him. He died to save such as you.

Now in chapter ii. verse 19 we read that Samuel’s mother used to bring him a little coat every year, so that he was not only *called* and *cleansed*, but he was also *clothed*. I am sure he would be very pleased with his new coat every year.

If you come to Jesus you will be clothed with a robe that will never get old or worn out, so that you will never need a new one. When people believe on the Lord Jesus, God puts the best robe upon them. Do you remember how Adam and Eve tried to make coverings for themselves? But that would not do for God. If we are to have clothes that will suit the presence of God, He Himself must give them to us, and this He does to all who believe on His Son.

J. T. M.

JUST AS YOU ARE.



ANXIOUS sinner, hasten to Christ just as you are.

Just as you are; for He came to save sinners just as they are. Had there been no sinners, He had never made atonement.

Just as you are; for you will never be any better prepared. God loathes your righteousness. All you can do has no merit, and will never propitiate Him.

Just as you are; for He waits to be gracious to you. He has invited you as a sinner; why should you wish to present yourself in any other character?

Just as you are; for His grace is infinite, and cannot fail to cover the whole extent and enormity of your guilt. Did He not know the whole case of ruined sinners when He undertook the work of redemption?

Just as you are; for it is only as a sinner saved that you will have any disposition or capacity to join in the blessed anthems of the redeemed. What is the theme of their present and their eternal praises but the grace that has made them clean in the blood of the Lamb?

Just as you are; for He may not wait longer if you delay. Hell is peopled with many who have refused until the compassionate Saviour has turned from them, and their infatuation has decided their ruin!

“JESUS.”



“ARE you afraid to die, my friend?” asked an English missionary of a dying man, who formed part of a company crossing an African desert.

“No, sir!” he replied firmly.

“What is your hope?” he was then asked.

“Jesus,” was the ready response, as he sank back and expired.

In his half-closed hand was a scrap of a leaf of the New Testament, on which these words are found: “*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*”

SCATTERED SEED.

THE CONQUEST OF CALVARY.

IT is related of a celebrated general, that when, at the close of a great martial triumph, he surveyed from an elevated spot the field of battle, and saw his victorious troops pursuing the utterly routed enemy, he was heard in exultation to exclaim, "This is not *victory*; this is CONQUEST!"

It takes, generally speaking, several victories to make a conquest; here, however, in a single battle the power of the enemy was utterly broken. "Victory" therefore would not express the magnitude of the triumph. It was "*Conquest*."

Amongst the many conquests of history one stands alone.

It is unique in character, for it was won through weakness.

It is unique in magnitude, because of the vastness of the issues at stake.

It is unique in glory, for it is the triumph of divine love.

Before it the glory of earth fades as a star before the rising sun. When in the coming ages earth and its victories have long since dropped into oblivion, there will remain fresh in the heart that which commands the universal homage of heaven—the *conquest of Calvary*.

When I pass in spirit before Calvary and see the Holy Sufferer—God's beloved Son—on the cross, I wonder as I behold Him rise superior to man's deep-seated enmity against Him, which found its full expression at that moment. But when I see the great sin—question settled root and branch for ever, the terrific assault of Satan met to his own eternal confusion, and everlasting glory brought to God; and when I see the One who died in weakness—having annulled the power of death and burst the bars of the

grave—living by the power of God, crowned with glory and honour, then it is mine in holy triumph to exclaim, "This is not victory, this is CONQUEST."

Reader, the conquest of Redemption is complete, and the Conqueror, wreathed with the laurels of victory, adorns the throne of God. (Heb. ii. 7.)

A full and free salvation, based on this, is still published far and near. The tide of victory still rolls on, grace still reigns, the divine love therein displayed still conquers rebel hearts. Doubtless the tidings have reached your ears, reader.

"But God raised Him from the dead. . . Be it known unto you *therefore*. . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 30, 38, 39.)

But what about your soul? Have *you* yielded to the Saviour's love? Has the grace displayed in the death of the cross won *your* heart?

Be assured of this, that if you refuse the love of God, if you bow not to Jesus, who is Lord of all, if, in short, reader, you are never broken, conquered at the sight of His conquest at Calvary, the judgment you so richly deserve will fall upon you, and *it will be your own fault*.

But if, on the other hand, you bow to His sceptre in this the day of His grace, and in the consciousness of your ruin believe in His name, salvation is yours upon the authority of His own word. (John i. 12.) All the blessings flowing from His conquest are *yours*—to be enjoyed now and displayed in the day of glory—and *all the glory is Christ's*.

"His be the Victor's name
Who fought the fight alone,
Triumphant saints *no honour claim*,
His *conquest* was their own."

F. B. H.

"IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL."



WHEN man duly takes his place as one possessing no title whatsoever to life—when he fully recognizes God's claims upon him—then the divine record is, "I have given you the life to make an atonement for your soul."

Yes; atonement is God's gift to man; and, be it carefully noted, that this atonement is in the blood, and *only* in the blood.

"It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul."

It is not the blood *and* something else. The word is most explicit. It attributes atonement exclusively to *the blood*.

"Without shedding of *blood* is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.)

It was the *death* of Christ that rent the vail.

It is by the blood of Jesus we have "boldness to enter into the holiest."

"We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." (Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 14.)

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."

"Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

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

They "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii.)

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. xii.)

I would desire to call my reader's earnest attention to the precious and vital doctrine of the blood. I am anxious that he should see its true place.

The blood of Christ is the foundation of everything. It is the ground of God's righteousness in justifying an ungodly sinner who believes on the name of the Son of God; and it is the ground of the sinner's confidence in drawing nigh to a holy God, who is of purer eyes than to behold evil.

God would be just in the condemnation of the sinner; but, through the death of Christ, He can be just, and the Justifier of him that believeth—a just God and a Saviour. The righteousness of God is His consistency with Himself—His acting in harmony with His revealed character. Hence, were it not for the cross, His consistency with Himself would of necessity demand the death and judgment of the sinner; but in the cross that death and judgment were borne by the sinner's Surety, so that the same divine consistency is perfectly maintained while a holy God justifies an ungodly sinner through faith.

It is all through the blood of Jesus—nothing less, nothing more, nothing different. "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." This is conclusive. This is God's simple plan of justification. Man's plan is much more cumbrous—much more roundabout. And not only is it cumbrous and roundabout, but it attributes righteousness to something quite different from what I find in the word. If I look from the third chapter of Genesis down to the close of Revelation, I find the blood of Christ put forward as the alone ground of righteousness. We get pardon, peace, righteousness, life, all by the blood, and nothing but the blood.

It seems strange to have to insist upon a fact so obvious to every dispassionate, teachable student of holy scripture. Yet so it is. Our minds are prone to slip away from the plain testimony of the word. We are ready to adopt opinions without ever calmly investigating them in the light of the divine testimonies. In this way we get into confusion, darkness, and error.

May we all learn to give the blood of Christ its due place! It is so precious in God's sight that He will not suffer aught else to be added to or mingled with it. "The life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for *it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul*."

C. H. M. (extracted).

"STAY BY ME, FOR I AM AFRAID."



POOR woman lay on one of the beds in the infirmary of a Lincolnshire Union.

Her sunken cheeks, bright eyes, and gasping breath amply sufficed to tell that she could not live long, apart from the medical officer's report, which was to the same effect. The nurse gently drew a screen around the bed, for she was a kind woman, but the movement aroused the poor sufferer, and the first glance told her in unmistakable language the solemn fact that ere long death would be her portion.

She had seen that screen drawn many times, and well she knew it would only be removed when her already feeble heart had ceased its work.

Springing forward she caught the nurse's arm, saying, while the beads of perspiration stood on her brow, "Tell me, is this death—am I dying? Oh! stay by me, for I am afraid."

"Hush! hush!" replied the nurse, as with kindly care she wiped the damp face, "I shall be near you, but *we must all die.*"

In less than three hours the screen was removed, the narrow bed was empty, and the soul was—where?

Those words, "We must all die," were lightly uttered by an unbeliever. How little she appeared to remember, that after death comes the judgment. Oh that the careless, giddy, and flippant, the hard-hearted, scornful, and proud around us, would only realize that they are already dying! Even you who are only boys and girls in happy childhood, with no careful thought for the future as regards your earthly pathway, pause now for a moment in your pleasure, and remember that *you* are not too young to die.

When I was a little child I lived on an island where deaths were unfrequent, and funeral processions—being seldom seen—produced a solemn impression on our youthful minds; but in London and its suburbs we get so accustomed to the appearance of

hearses and mourning coaches that the solemnity of death is lost sight of. How terrible it is to die out of Christ! Are *you* ready to die? or, like the poor workhouse inmate, would you cry, "*I am afraid*"?

Thank God the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ has a bright hope before him, even His coming to take us to be with Himself for ever. When He comes all true believers will pass from this world of sorrow without dying. Meantime saints called to die know His company with them all the way, and for them death has lost its sting.

BLESSING, CONFESSION, REJECTION, FELLOWSHIP.

JOHN ix.



THE story of the man born blind, who received his sight at the hands of Christ, is one of deepest interest. Every devout reader of the Scriptures must find in it food and profit, as it presents the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ meeting the misery of this Jerusalem beggar, and rescuing him from his hopeless condition.

It well illustrates the gospel, and for this reason I turn to it now, desiring to speak upon a few points connected with the incident.

The first to which I call attention is that the state of the blind beggar was such, that he was entirely shut up to the grace and goodness in the heart of the Lord. All creature help failed him. He was not only helpless as to relieving his own condition, but hopeless of others doing so; for he himself bears witness later on, that "since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." If he were to be delivered, the power of God must come in in an unusual way.

Now this power was being exhibited in Israel at that very moment. The Son of God, in wondrous grace, was in their midst healing diseases, and ministering blessing on

every hand. His heart of pity and His hand of power were alike towards the distressed, as He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil."

However, Israel would have none of Him. He was rejected and refused; and the eighth chapter of this gospel (*v.* 59) declares the depth of their hatred. "Then took they up stones to cast at Him." Fain would they murder their Maker, for He testified that their works were evil, and that the cloke of piety, in which they figured before their fellows, only served to hide their corruption and depravity.

But if the blind man were to be blessed, his blessing must come through Him who came unto His own, and whose own had received Him not. And thus it is to-day.

The rejected Son of God is the one way of salvation for the lost. The sinner finds

BLESSING THROUGH CHRIST,

or not at all.

There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. If we miss this way of salvation, we miss the only way, and pass on to certain judgment.

All blessing flows through Him, through Him alone.

Are you longing for *forgiveness*? "Through this Man is preached unto you the *forgiveness* of sins." (Acts xiii. 38.)

Is it *justification* you seek? "By Him all that believe are *justified* from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.)

Do you desire to have peace with God? "Therefore being justified by faith, we have *peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.)

Would you be at rest in a restless world? "Come unto Me," He says, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest*." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Is it that you wish to be at home in the presence of God? "We . . . joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 11.)

Are you fleeing from judgment? "He

that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me . . . shall not come into condemnation." (John v. 24.)

Would you have eternal life? "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.)

All these, and all other, blessings are through Christ—through Him who was cast out and crucified here, but who now sits in glory at the right hand of God.

Reader, His heart of love still yearns over man. He waits to be gracious. He lingers in longsuffering towards the world which murdered Him.

See what tender grace is expressed in the first verse of our chapter. "And as Jesus passed by, He saw a man which was blind from his birth." To get the full beauty of this statement, we need to connect it with the last verse of the eighth chapter. Doing this, we find that it was as He passed from the midst of those who would have stoned Him, that He saw the blind man in his darkness and beggary, and lingered to bless and to deliver him.

Human malignity could not change His grace. If the heart of man was filled with hatred and enmity against Christ, the heart of Christ was filled with love and compassion towards man. And even the cross has not changed that heart. The very tree where the bitterness of man's venom spent itself on the Son of God opens the path of blessing to "every one that believeth." The death of Christ is the righteous ground on which a holy God can bless fallen man. The "Sent" (see *v.* 7) One of God has glorified Him about sin, and opened up a new and living way for us. We have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

To pursue the history given in this chapter—the Lord having anointed the blind man's eyes with clay, sends him to wash in the pool of Siloam. In simple faith he obeys, he goes and washes, and he obtains sight.

Now, to his surprise he has to find every man's hand is against him. His

CONFESSION OF CHRIST

brings down upon him some of the opposition which was directed against his Healer.

His neighbours, being in doubt as to him, bring him to the Pharisees, who, having examined him, call his parents; but these, fearing the result if they say too much, refer them again to their son. All the questionings however only deepened the work in his soul, and the glory of his Benefactor opens more clearly still before him.

He seems not to have understood how they could doubt that the One who had opened his eyes was of God, and his very artlessness served to increase their difficulty, and to incense them more.

Thus his fearless confession of Christ leads at length to the open hostility of the Pharisees, and in anger they excommunicate him.

Have you been blessed through Christ, my reader? Then fear not to confess Him.

He is still the rejected One, refused by man. The natural heart is enmity against Him to-day, but it is our privilege to stand for His name, and to witness on His behalf, testifying to the grace and power we have experienced at His hands. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 10.)

The once-blind man had to taste the cup of which our Lord was drinking. Neighbours, parents and religious leaders alike give him up, and thus "cast out" from their company, he knows what

REJECTION FOR CHRIST

is, and this is our privilege to-day. To us it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe upon Him, but also to suffer for His sake. (Phil. i. 29.)

We may be assured of this, that if there is an uncompromising witness for Christ on our part, there will be the declaration of war on the part of those who love Him not.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus

shall suffer persecution." The whole world is opposed to Him, and "if they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household?"

On the other hand, there is fullest compensation given to the rejected one. We read "Jesus heard that they had cast him out," and having found him, He manifests Himself to him in a fuller way, as the Son of God. His own personal glory is disclosed to the one whose need had been met, and he finds himself in the company of the Lord, and worships Him.

The Pharisees had cast him out of their fellowship, but this, little as they thought it, was the very best thing they could have done for the brave witness whom they feared. They only cast him into association with Christ. They put the sheep where the Shepherd was.

And it is ever so. If there be persecution and rejection for Christ's sake from the hands of His foes, then there is a manifestation of Himself, which more than makes up for all that is lost. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you," and the joy of having

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST

surpasses all that words can convey. Here on earth—in the very scene where He has been hated, spit upon, scorned, and crucified,—in the land of His enemies—to have communion by the power of the Holy Spirit with Himself—this is the believer's portion.

Soon it shall be fully known by us in the Father's house, but it is our privilege to enter upon it now while we wait for the unclouded joys of that endless day. For this, however, there must be breaking with the world which has refused Him, and which, even if it now wears "a form of godliness," is the same at heart.

May fellowship with Him be the portion of both the writer and the reader of these lines until His coming. I. F.

A DAY WILL COME.



NE night, as I was hurrying to the train, my eye was attracted by an advertisement of a piece that was to be played at one of the local theatres.

The title was this, "A day will come."

I knew not what day was referred to by the placard, but my thoughts sped on to a day that *will* come "when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ" (Romans ii. 16) the glorified Man at His right hand, a day when it will be too late for salvation, a day when the grace of God told out in the gospel will have run its course, a day when the Lord will have taken all those who are His at His coming to be with Himself.

Then I thought of the terrible awakening for those who are left behind for judgment; how they will realise the fact that all the Christians have been taken from the earth to meet the Bridegroom in the air, and have gone in with Him to the place which He had prepared for them.

Oh, what grief shall be theirs when they remember all the offers of mercy they have refused, the many times they have spurned God's grace, and turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of His Holy Spirit.

Yes, a day *will* come, in spite of the infidels' laughter and the jestings of the scoffers, when the once rejected, cast out, crucified One, who came in lowly grace to seek and save the lost—the One who satisfied God about the whole question of the believer's sins—"shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." (2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9.)

Sinner! if you *will* not have Him now as your Saviour, you *must* meet Him then as your Judge.

Oh, let me plead with you, reader, to flee from the wrath to come. Perhaps you are

one who laughs at the thought of a hell, laughs at the idea of coming judgment, but your laughter will not make the truth of God a lie. His word abides.

Reader, it is with joy we can tell you that God is, in His matchless grace and wondrous love, still beseeching men to be reconciled. He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. For this end the blessed Son of God suffered upon the cross. Do not still refuse to be sheltered by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, but turn to Him now in this present day of grace.

Your joy will then be complete. And in that day that will surely come, when the storm of God's judgment will burst upon a Christless world, you will be with Christ beyond the reach of woe.

God grant that not one who reads these pages may be found outside the door, exposed to the fury of God's righteous wrath.
C. A.

THE SHEPHERD.

PSALM cxiii. 1.



THOU art "my Shepherd," blessed Lord,
My soul's redeemed by Thee;
And resting on Thy precious word,
From fear and care I'm free.

JOHN x. 11.

In death Thou didst Thyself declare
The Shepherd "Good" to be;
The fruit of which by all is shared
Who Thee as Saviour see.

HEBREWS xiii. 20.

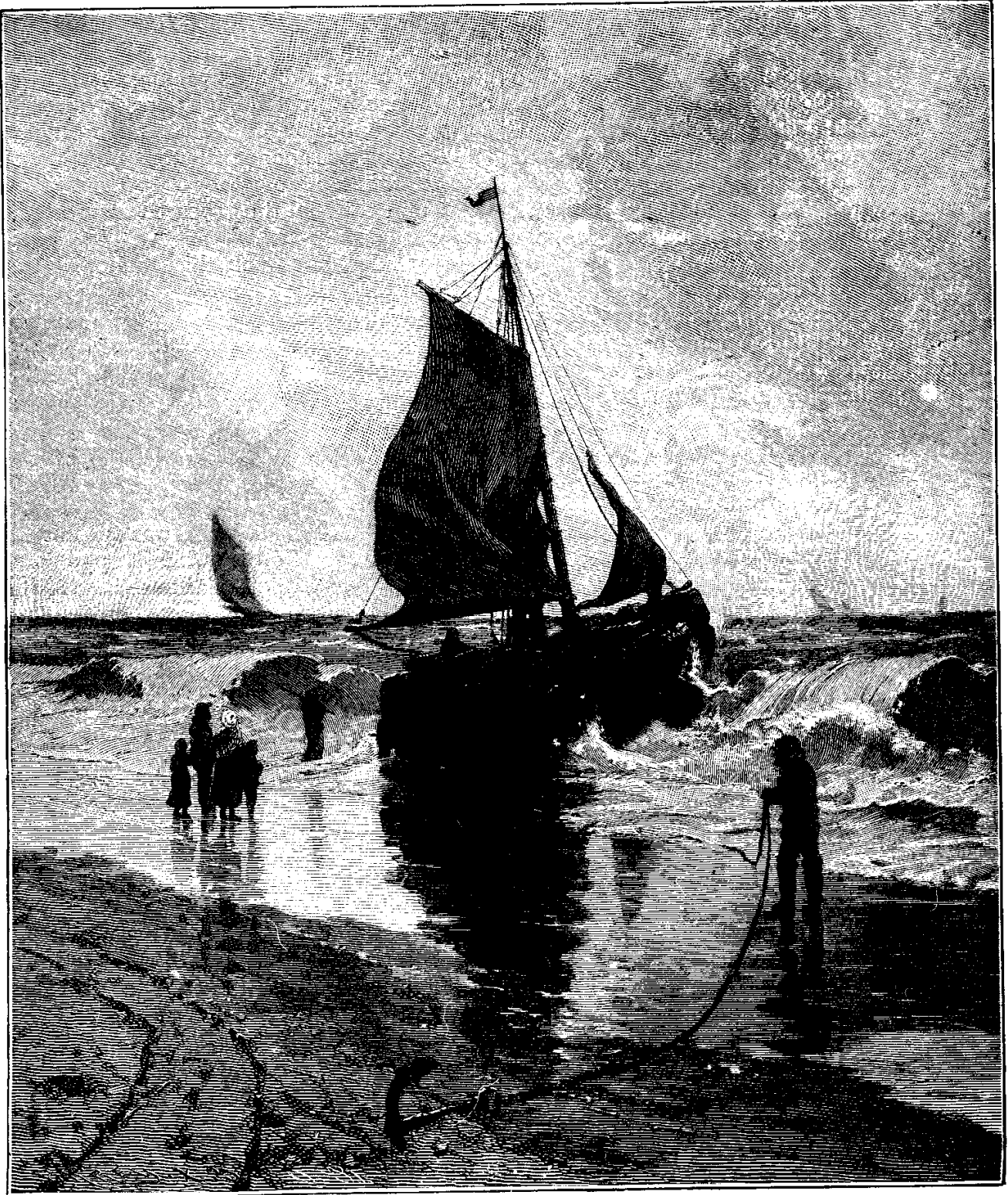
"Great Shepherd" of the sheep art Thou,
Raised from among the dead;
At God's right hand we see Thee now,
Set over all as Head.

1 PETER v. 2-4.

The glory-crown Thou soon wilt give
To those who feed Thine own;
"Chief Shepherd," now for Thee I'd live,
Thine interests serve alone.

J. H. H.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



CONNECTING WITH THE ANCHOR.

LOST ANCHORS.



One of the ports on the south-east coast of England there is a piece of waste ground near the harbour, which is used to put old anchors upon.

The fishermen of the place, having had their nets damaged in certain places, have dragged for, grappled, these lost anchors, and brought them to shore to be sold as old iron.

Having to wait near the spot, and seeing more than a score of anchors lying about, I could but dwell a little upon what was to me a melancholy sight, for some twenty vessels had plainly lost, or given up, a source of safety.

The anchors were of various sizes, from a kedge that a strong man could lift, to an exceedingly large anchor fit to hold the largest vessel afloat.

They differed, too, in other respects ; some of them had evidently been under water many years. These were covered with corrosion and half-eaten away with rust. Some had considerable lengths of iron chain attached, while others had only a few links, and others again were without any at all.

I asked myself the question, How were the vessels separated from these anchors? and, examining them more closely, I saw that some were slipped by the shackles being knocked away, and therefore anchor and chain had been abandoned. A broken link in the chain accounted for the severance of others. The largest of all seemed almost perfect—its flukes were not damaged, the shank was as straight as when it was forged, and the stock lay upon the ground as true as it could ever have done when dropped from the ship's bow. What then was amiss? The eye to connect the anchor with the cable was broken. It had been clean cut through, and the mighty vessel had recovered its cable, but the anchor lay useless at the bottom of the sea, until brought up by the fishermen's ropes.

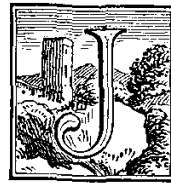
These anchors called to my mind one of which we read in Hebrews vi.—an anchor sure and steadfast, which can never know decay or corrosion, and which no tempest or hurricane can cause to drag. We lie in the stormy roadstead of life, awaiting the bidding of a Voice, which will ere long shake, not earth alone, but also heaven. All who have laid hold on this anchor will know an entrance into His kingdom of glory. How sure is the hope of each soul thus secured for heavenly and eternal things!

My reader, have you this anchor? Can you join the writer, and say—

“Secure within the veil,
Christ is our anchor strong”?

J. J. M.

HOW A WELSH BOY BOUGHT A BIBLE.



JOHN DAVIES was but thirteen years of age when he purchased a Bible for himself with his own money.

Of course in our day many children younger than he have procured Bibles for their own use ; but in his day and district Bibles were much more scarce than they are with us now. Thus, as will be seen, it needed considerable self-denial on the part of John Davies if he would obtain the desired volume.

He was the son of a poor widow, and lived at Newtown in Montgomeryshire.

One bitterly cold night he arrived at the bookseller's at ten o'clock, and finding that the shop was closed, he went to the kitchen and knocked. The little circle within the house had gathered for their evening reading of the scriptures, and prayer, and he was at first unanswered.

But he continued knocking, and his perseverance was at length rewarded.

Opening the door the servant asked what he wanted.

He replied, “A Bible.”

“If you come in the morning,” said the

bookseller, who had drawn near, "you can have one."

"I cannot, sir! as I work in Moughtre (a place two miles from Newtown), and don't return home until late at night."

"Come in then, and you shall have one."

In answer to further questions he told the bookseller that he had heard that Bibles could be obtained very cheap at that shop, and therefore had saved up his money in order to obtain one for himself.

Receiving the book, he went off with his purchase, well satisfied with the success of his errand.

The next morning his widowed mother came to the bookseller with the Bible in her hand. At first he feared that the money with which it had been procured had been obtained in some wrong way, but his doubts were soon dismissed.

"Did my little boy buy this Bible here last night?" she asked.

"He did, and told me that he saved the money for that purpose."

"And how do you think he saved it?"

"I cannot say."

"Well, I will tell you. Having to leave home very early every morning, I cut him two large pieces of black bread (for I cannot get anything better), one for his breakfast, and the other for his dinner; his supper he had when he came home at night; and with this I gave him a halfpenny each day to buy some milk, and told him to divide it into two equal parts, to drink with his slices of bread." The mother paused, for her feelings almost overcame her, but with an effort she proceeded: "The little boy ate the black bread, and drank nothing but water for four successive weeks in order to have this Bible."

Such is the story. What think you of it, my reader? Has the Spirit of God wrought such a love for God's word in you?

In this day many are turning from the truth unto fables.

May God give you to value the Scriptures, to hide them in your heart, to think over them, and to esteem them more than thousands of gold and silver.

THE CAPTAIN'S FOLLY.



THE folly of unbelief in the witness of man, when faithfully given, is well shown by the following incident:

"In the year 1813 the trading brig *Jane Ann* of Greenock was on her voyage home from Leghorn. When about fifty miles off Cape Carbonara the crew saw breakers a mile and a half from them, and they put about as soon as possible. On their arrival home this was reported to the Admiralty, because no reef of rocks was known to exist in that latitude. As it was important that the truth of this statement should be proved, orders were issued to the captain of a frigate, then in the Mediterranean, to investigate the matter. After searching for some time without success, the captain came to the conclusion that the report of the Scotch skipper was without foundation. He therefore returned to England, and informed the authorities that no such rock could be found. But, to his great annoyance, his lieutenant and sailing master did not concur in this opinion, conceiving that the search had not been adequate. A year afterwards, at Plymouth, the captain was told by a friend that the rock had been discovered by his former lieutenant. The sunken rock was laid down in the chart, and the lieutenant was made a commander. The captain, in a passion, refused to believe that there was any such rock. He declared that the thing was a falsehood. He vowed that the very first opportunity he had he would sail over the spot marked on the chart, and thus prove himself right, and the lieutenant wrong.

"Some years passed away before the captain found himself again in the neighbourhood of Cape Carbonara. This time he had on board an ambassador and his retinue. Towards night the wind blew fiercely from the north-east, causing the captain to issue orders for keeping as clear of the land as was practicable. Before he went in to dine with his distinguished passenger, he was reminded of the close vicinity of the perilous rock, and

the necessity of altering his course so as to avoid it. Again his passion came upon him, and he swore that he would not alter a point, but would sail straight for the place. He then went to join the company at table; but, while the time passed pleasantly in the saloon, anxiety prevailed on deck on account of the gale and of the nearness of the perilous spot. After the ladies had retired from the table, the captain related the circumstances connected with the sunken rock; and, taking out his watch, he said, 'In about five minutes' time we shall sail over it!' Alarm was depicted upon every countenance, and, to allay the fears excited, the captain told them that the danger was already passed. The conversation therefore resumed its vivacity, when suddenly the grating of the keel upon a rock was felt, and the ship quivered from stem to stern, convincing all on board that they had struck upon the fatal reef. Distress guns were instantly fired, the masts cut away, and the boats lowered for escape. A raft was constructed for the envoy and his suite. A lull having taken place in the gale, the raft and the boats left the sinking frigate. Some of the men, having broken open the spirit-room, were unable to leave the ship through intoxication, and the captain refused to do so. He stood by the gangway until the last boat was full, and was pulled clear of the breakers. He himself remained on board to perish. The frigate went down beneath the waters, and he was heard of no more."

We marvel at the captain's madness, and wonder that his pride and unbelief led him to go so far as to risk his own life, and that of the passengers and crew.

But is not our own folly even greater if we, who receive the witness of men (as doubtless thousands of sea-going men did in connection with the sunken reef), reject, or despise, the witness of God? He has witnessed thus: "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.)

Have you believed upon the Son of God? God's voice of grace sounds sweetly: "Be

it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." But the voice of warning is equally plain.

"Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish."

Oh! reader, beware! Beware of the sunken reef of judgment. The wide waters of grace invite you. In safety you may cross their bosom, but take heed lest in unbelief you slight God's counsel, lest you despise the danger He marks in the chart of His word. The despiser can only perish.

"There is wrath," therefore beware!

TWO CITIES.



WHEN in Scotland, a few years ago, we visited the stone quarries around Edinburgh, one of which is Hails Quarry, owned by Sir Thomas Carmichael of Castle Craig. One of the workmen informed us that a considerable portion of the fine city of Edinburgh is built with the stone from this quarry, which is said to be the deepest in Scotland.

In the course of conversation he also told us that he himself had, through mercy, been dug out of the deep and dark quarry of sin, death, and judgment; and was being dressed and polished to form part of the beautiful Holy City, the New Jerusalem, in which he was to shine to the praise of the One who in grace had died that he might be blessed.

Will you be part of *that* city, my reader? Whatever Edinburgh is composed of will matter little in eternity, but to be part of the heavenly city will be of all-importance.

We are told in the word of God (Rev. xxi.) that that city is built of pure gold, with its streets also of gold; that it has a jasper wall, great and high, with foundations of all

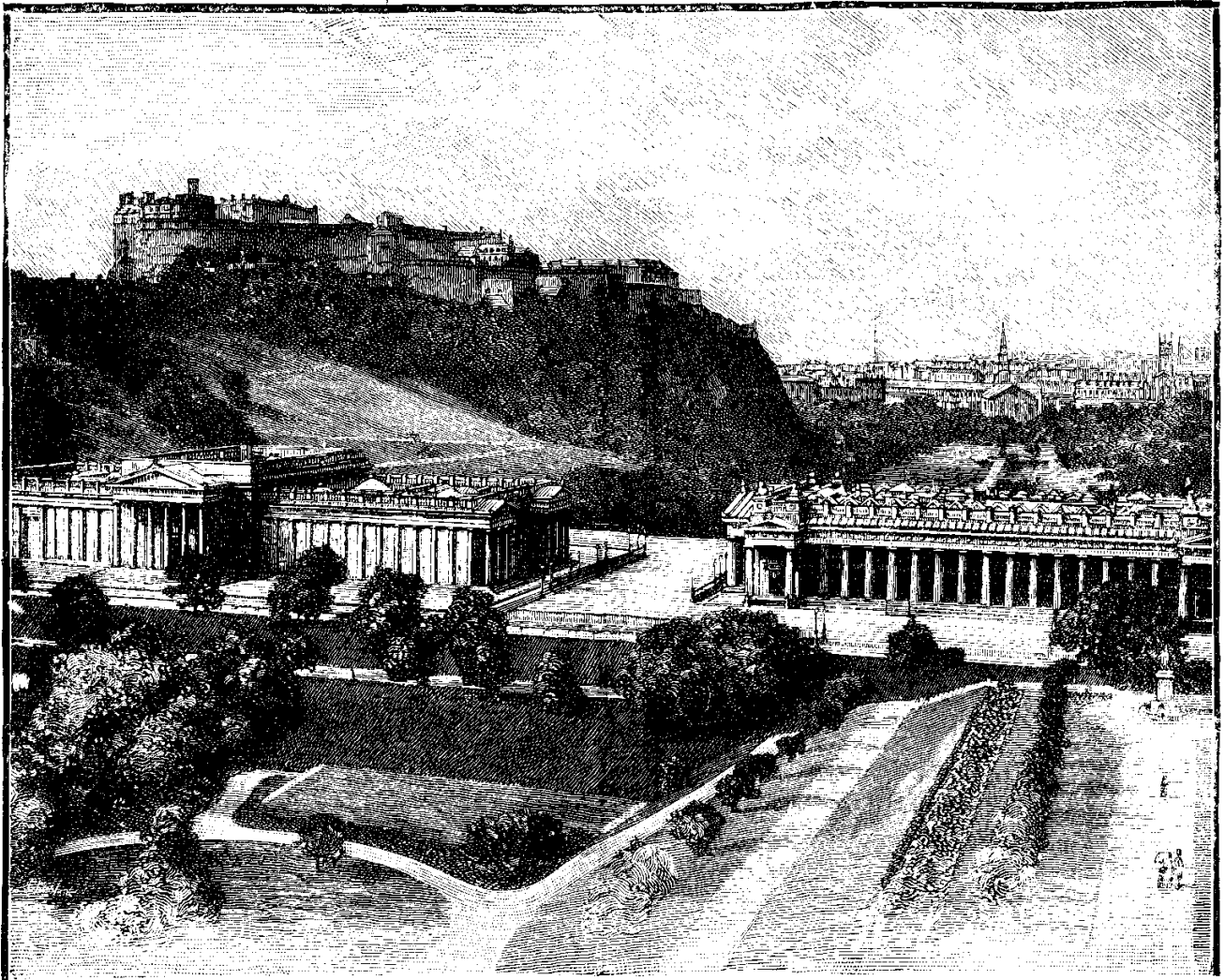
GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

25

manner of precious stones ; that it has twelve gates, each being a separate pearl ; that it has no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the Lamb is the light thereof. All this tells of the purity and blessedness of that home. Nothing that defileth can

have been dug out of the quarry of sin, and have had your sins washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and you will dwell in infinite delight with the blessed Saviour who did it all.

But the fearful, the *unbelieving*, the liars,



EDINBURGH, FROM THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

enter there ; but they whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life. No tears, no death, no sorrow, no crying, no pain, will be found there, and no unbelievers, no liars, can enter. Will *you* be in that *holy*, happy place?

If you are there, it will be because you

and all such, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.

May God in His grace and mercy grant that it may be your happy portion to beautify the Holy City, and may He forbid that one who reads these pages should be for ever in the lake of fire.

J. N.

THE MASTER'S MARK.



LITTLE Frank has gone to work lately, and his duties are most important though simple. Under the bright coloured wrappers of the tins which are issued from the factory he has to fix the private stamp of the firm, as he says, "For the master's eye." Have you the Master's mark on you, my reader? You may have already donned the garb of religion—and perhaps it is a good copy—fair and passable to the eyes of casual observers, but, alas! the unseen private mark, without which no article is genuine, is wanting.

Oh! dear boys and girls, be careful, be wise. The great testing time is coming. As you realize its approach, do you tremble? or, can you already raise your heart and eyes in thankfulness and humility, and say, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me."

Pray, dear reader, that the little verse we sometimes sing may be true of you, and of each of us:

"Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth *His own secret sign*,
'They that have My Spirit, *these*,' saith He, '*are Mine*.'"

It is a difficult thing nowadays to distinguish between the real thing and its imitations. Of nearly every useful article we may find a base copy, a false second, and we are therefore warned on every hand to "beware of worthless imitations." Men are anxious not to be imposed upon, and yet thousands are daily trying to impose upon the Lord of heaven and earth. They pretend to be what they are not, and try not to appear what they are. I say they *try to impose*, because it is impossible to deceive Him who can search us through and through, and discover even the secret workings of the heart.

We may be unable to judge correctly. With us the false may pass for the real, and

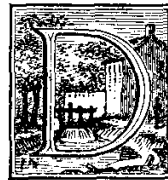
the real be ignored; but "the Lord knoweth them that are His." None can deceive Him.

Life has been called one grand charade, and all dress themselves to take a character not really their own; but the undressing comes at last. What revelations will then appear!

What characters are you trying to sustain, young readers? Cast off the false coverings, come out as you are. Happy are they who, owning what they are as sinners—"guilty before God," turn to Him and find His salvation.

* *

LEAVE THE BONES.



DO not be distressed by difficulties in reading the word of God, young believer. There are profound depths in the Scriptures that the most advanced in their Christian course have not yet fathomed; but at the same time there is food, refreshment, and instruction for the simplest among God's people.

An old believer used to say that the word of God was to him like the fish which formed part of his usual diet. "I eat the fish, and enjoy it. By-and-by I come to a bone, but I do not stop at it; I put it aside, and go on eating my dinner, enjoying the fish, and leaving all the bones."

It is of course true, that under the difficulties there often lie some of the most precious portions of the truth of God; but the feeble and young may wisely leave what would perplex, and feed on the fulness and fatness of that which is plain to be understood, seeking, however, to go on to learn more and more. The deeper things of God will thus gradually open up, and the soul be able to enjoy the very truths which at first appeared most difficult.



TWO "ALLS."



ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Romans iii. 23.) Here is a rule without an exception.

With one sweeping statement God levels all to a common platform. The religious and the irreligious, the noble and those of meaner birth, profligate and psalm-singing professor, prince and pauper, from the president in his palace to the convict in the prison, from the monarch on his throne to the menial in the kitchen, none are exempted from

THE "ALL" OF SIN."

I do not stop to ask how far you have come short, my reader, for that some are more deeply dyed in sins than others is most true.

But sins all have got, and you amongst the rest, and, having sinned, you have also come short of the glory of God.

Have you really found this out?

Isaiah the prophet had, when he said, "WOE IS ME." (Isaiah vi. 5.)

Job, the perfect and upright, confessed, "BEHOLD, I AM VILE." (Job xl. 4.)

Peter had to acknowledge—"I AM A SINFUL MAN." (Luke v. 8.)

And Saul of Tarsus, the religious zealot, headed the list when he exclaimed, Of sinners, "I AM CHIEF." (1 Tim. i-15.)

I met a man the other day, in a small village in the backwoods of Canada, who told me that for years he had thought himself good enough for God.

One day he tried to recall all the good deeds he had ever done to assure himself that he had really merited God's favour; but to his dismay, though he thought, and thought, and thought, no good deeds could he remember. But his sins in black array crowded to his memory, and he found out, for the first time in his life, that he was a guilty, helpless sinner before God.

Sooner or later you will make the same

discovery, friend; either now in God's day of grace, while the precious blood has cleansing power, or hereafter before the great white throne, when there will be nought but condemnation and the burning lake for you. But, thank God, though the first "all" places you without a doubt as a sinner before God, there is a second which is full of blessing—

THE "ALL" OF SALVATION.

It is this—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) Here is the only remedy, the God-provided one. You could bring no price to God by which to purchase exemption from wrath, for sins must meet with righteous judgment.

If this fall upon you it means an eternal hell.

Yet no salvation could be procured until this judgment was borne. It is evident then you could not procure redemption. "How then can a sinner be saved?" you ask.

Calvary answers that question. There I see the problem solved. The holy, spotless Lamb of God bears the judgment due to sinners.

Wrath which would have sunk us into the eternal gloom and woe of the pit fell upon Him there, and on that cross Jesus rendered satisfaction to all God's righteous claims; and having borne the judgment, and bowed His head in death, the blood flowed from His spear-riven side.

That blood can cleanse. It is no use for you to seek remission of sins in any other way, for God says, "WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION." (Heb. ix. 22.)

The work is done, the blood is shed, and faith in that wondrous work and precious blood will save you.

Yea, were all the transgressions from Adam's sin downwards laid at your charge, the blood would have power to cleanse EVEN YOU!

Cease then, friend, to seek salvation by other means, "For there is NONE OTHER

NAME UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN, WHEREBY WE MUST BE SAVED." (Acts iv. 12.)

Talk not of your doings; for Jesus said, "IT IS FINISHED."

Be not so presumptuous as to imagine that your best is fit for God, for He says, "THERE IS NONE THAT DOETH GOOD" (Romans iii. 12), and "ALL OUR RIGHTEOUSNESSES ARE AS FILTHY RAGS." (Isaiah lxiv. 6.)

That is God's estimate of your righteousnesses. You may give them another name, and proudly speak of them as good works, but God is the Judge in this matter. It is at His bar you have to stand, and let Him be true, and every man a liar.

No, your righteousnesses are worse than naught. It is "TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH THE UNGODLY, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS." (Romans iv. 5.)

Then be no longer amongst that company who, "being ignorant of GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS, and going about to establish THEIR OWN righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (Rom. x. 3); but come as a poor, guilty, helpless sinner, trusting in Jesus alone, and be assured that "by Him all that believe are justified from ALL things." (Acts xiii. 39.)

May this full, free, and eternal justification be yours.

J. T. M.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.



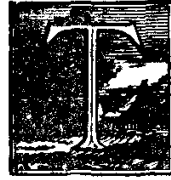
FROM lamp to lamp he hurries on,
Till he has lighted every one;
Behind him a long track of light,
Before the dark'ning shades of night.

Thus may we, like the lamplighter,
Each brighten up our little sphere,
That others following may find
We've left a track of light behind.

"YE SHINE AS LIGHTS IN THE WORLD,
HOLDING FORTH
THE WORD OF LIFE."

PHIL. ii. 16.

THE WORK IS DONE, OR IT CAN NEVER BE DONE AT ALL.



THE resurrection of Christ is the proof that God has accepted His work as satisfaction for our sins, and assuredly for His own glory. What a blessed thought—the righteousness of God rests on the value of the work of Christ. This righteousness has been displayed therein by His having raised up His Son from among the dead, and justified us on account of Him; our sins are forgiven, and we are washed clean in His blood. We have contributed nothing to our justification, and can contribute nothing; we are justified solely by the work of Christ. Our sins are the only part we have in the sufferings of Christ, by which we are cleansed before God. The value of this work has become our portion by faith, which, however, can add nothing to it. This work is our highest motive for serving Him and for praising Him unceasingly for ever, but neither by it do we add aught to the work of Christ in the sight of God; it is complete, and not only that, but it is accepted and owned as fully sufficient before God.

How blessed it is to know that all our sins are put away by God Himself, and this conformably to His own righteousness; inasmuch as He has raised Christ, on account of the work done by Him for us, an ever-subsisting proof that God has accepted this work as fully satisfying His glory.

This would be enough for our justification, but God has done yet more. He has raised Christ to His own right hand; there He sits now as man at the right hand of God, until His enemies be made His footstool.

"By *one* offering He hath perfected for ever" (as regards the conscience) "them that are sanctified." If they are not perfected by this offering, they never can be, nor can their sins ever be put away. "For without shedding of blood is no remission," and Christ cannot shed His blood for us afresh; the work *is* done, or it can never be done at all.

J. N. D.

SCATTERED SEED.

THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER'S CONVERSION.



OD is a seeking Saviour.

It is His purpose to fill His house, and He seeks you.

Have you not often tried to get away from Him?

Have you not wished that Christian friends would not ask you about your soul's eternal salvation? Do you not feel ready to turn down a side street when you see a servant of Christ coming?

So felt a young Prussian, whose parents and sisters, being converted, were intensely anxious that he too should be so too.

War broke out. Glad of the opportunity to get away from home, he joined the army.

One thing troubled him. It was the thought that he might get wounded and have to come home, and again be talked to, and prayed for.

When his mother was packing up a few things for him to take she slipped a little Testament into his knapsack; but he handed it back, telling her that if he needed one no doubt he could get one, and adding that if he did not come back sound in body he would not come back at all.

He was sent to the scene of warfare in Bohemia, but was told off to act as baker.

This did not suit his ideas, so he applied and was accepted for more active service.

During the first battle a bullet, which penetrated his knee joint, numbered the young soldier among the wounded.

As he lay on that battle-field he hoped that the bullets, which were flying thick and fast, would penetrate his heart, and send him out of the world, for he said to himself, "I am done; I am a cripple, and must go home to be preached to."

He was trying to get away from God by

going out of this world. "How foolish," you say. Yes, indeed, for "*all live unto Him.*"

If a young fellow gets away from God in this world, during the day of His grace, he can never get away from God when He makes bare His arm in judgment.

It is said of Israel, "Though they dig into hell, thence shall Mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down . . . though they be hid from My sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them"; and what is true of Israel is true of you, my reader. You cannot get away from God.

The battle being over, the field was searched, and the young soldier, maimed for life, was carried to the nearest schloss or castle, the owner of which was a Christian, and had the wounded man cared for in every way. He also gave him a New Testament. Carl was nursed with untiring zeal, and his attendant not only cared for the wounded soldier's body, but day after day read parts of God's holy word to the unwilling patient.

God in grace had followed him there. He had left his home hoping to get away from God. He had vainly wished to be shot dead in the battle-field, and now, as a helpless invalid, he was brought day after day into contact with the very same book—the word of God—that he had refused as his companion.

He wrote home saying, "I am wounded, but not badly; I hope in two or three weeks to be fighting again. I have not yet learned the meaning of the word, fear."

His parents immediately wrote in reply, but for some unexplained reason their letters were returned marked, "Not to be found."

His nurse still read God's word to him, and often entreated him to "give in, and to

cry for mercy. . . . You will have to, God is stronger than you, and will break you down," she would say.

Time rolled on. At length there came a letter from the doctor, saying Carl had suffered dreadfully, and, as it would be needful to amputate his leg, the issue was doubtful. His father started at once. He found his son very ill, his leg having been taken off, but *HIS SOUL WAS SAVED.*

The ploughshare of God's word had done its work, and he had at last turned to God, finding in Him a God who is rich in mercy. The Lord heard and answered his cry.

Thus it ever is. He will do the same for you, my reader. His compassions fail not. Say, like the publican, "God be merciful to me, the *SINNER*," and you will find, like Carl, that there is blessing even for the hardest, and the worst, for "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.)

His mother went to him, hoping to nurse him, and bring him home when better. But the first evening she was there a comrade's funeral was taking place, and, as the strains of the military band reached his ears, he turned to his mother and said, "That's the last music I shall hear on my homeward way. I shall soon be there, very soon, at home."

At home! Yes, the God he once dreaded had so made known the love of His heart that he could now call His presence "home."

The next day his redeemed and happy spirit soared away to be with that God from whom he had tried to flee, but who in His great love had sought and found the poor wanderer.

He seeks you, my reader; seeks you in grace now, as you take up this record of His grace to one who desired to get away from Him.

If He does not find you in this day of His grace He will in the day of judgment, for you cannot get away from Him.

H. N.

CARELESS, ANXIOUS, OR BELIEVING.

THREE classes of hearers are found at most gospel preachings, and also among the readers of most gospel periodicals

To one of these three every reader of this paper assuredly belongs.

The first class is composed of

THE CARELESS.

Such seem utterly indifferent as to the peril in which they are placed. Their hearts and lives are filled with the fading follies of the age, and they have no time or inclination to look ahead across the frontier-line of their present life into the eternity beyond.

That God's judgment—death—is resting upon man is fully proved by the slowly-tolling bell, by the passing funeral procession, by the quickly-crowded cemeteries, and yet such men and women close their eyes and stop their ears to all that would bring home to their consciences the reality of their condition. They have never been awakened to a sense of their distance from God, and of their danger of eternal damnation.

To all such we would say, Your time of trouble *will* come. You may be careless *now*; but you will be careful soon. Your laughter will be turned into mourning, and your lightness and joy into heaviness and sorrow. Does not the old-time proverb, "Don't-care was made to care," show itself true in numberless instances? It undoubtedly will be proved correct in the case of every unconcerned sinner. None are careless in eternity.

The day of judgment draws rapidly on. God "hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." (Acts xvii. 31.)

The day is appointed—we know not how soon.

The Judge is ordained—Jesus, the rejected Son of man.

SCATTERED SEED.

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The culprit is cited—the world that lieth in the wicked one.

The character of the judgment is told—He will judge in righteousness.

The proof of judgment to come is afforded—God hath raised Christ from the dead.

Oh! careless soul, to you Jesus is proclaimed as the appointed Judge. Before Him your refuges of lies will all be swept away. Your indifference will fade as the morning dew; terror will seize your guilty, doomed soul, and you will be plunged into eternal woe.

Pause for a moment, we beseech you. Listen now while the voice of mercy pleads once more. Turn to Luke xvi., and behold one who once was as thou art now, and who now is what thou wilt be, if the day of grace passes and leaves thee still in thy sins.

Is it not in mercy that the Lord draws back the veil from the future in order that we may behold the end of the careless soul? The rich man who on earth delighted in good living and in elegant apparel is seen in hell in torment. He lifts up his eyes *now*, but he is too late. His indifference to his state before God is over, and over for ever; but a great gulf is fixed which none can cross. Moses and the prophets had warned in vain. His self-satisfaction had remained until death. Now his misery can know no relief, his suffering can undergo no abatement.

Sinner, *the Saviour* has drawn this picture. The same blessed One whose grace and tenderness have told themselves out in all His matchless pathway on earth, and in His atoning death upon Calvary, raises the curtain in order that you may not neglect the salvation so freely provided for, and proffered to, you.

You may think you are secure for the present, and be saying to yourself, All will be well, I will turn in time; but thus you only cry, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace."

Awake! awake!! Deceive yourself no longer. You need God's salvation, and you need it *now*.

Gallio *was* a careless sinner, and as such the word of truth leaves him. Think you he *is* a careless sinner still? His eternal interests seem to have been matters of no importance to him. That God should make Himself known had no value in his eyes. The Jews might persecute Paul, the Greeks might castigate Sosthenes, but Gallio esteemed the whole affair a question of words and names, and was proudly indifferent to such trifles. Moses, the lawgiver, and Christ, the Saviour, were unmeaning terms to him. He "*cared for none of those things.*"

Is it thus with you? Then be assured your day of carefulness approaches, and if you are unconcerned in the day of grace you cannot remain so in the day of judgment. You must meet God, for we all have to do with Him. Meet Him in Christ *now*, and righteous grace will welcome you to fullest favour. Meet Him out of Christ *then*, and righteous wrath will banish you to everlasting woe.

The jailor at Philippi had been a careless sinner. Hard and heartless, he slept in his sins. God's servants, and their sufferings in the stocks, appear to have caused him no wakeful moments. But through the long-suffering grace of a Saviour-God he was alarmed from his indifference, and became a sample of the second class—

THE ANXIOUS.

"What must I do to be saved?" was the sincere enquiry of the penitent. Hitherto thoughtless and callous, he was now plunged into grief on account of his condition, and thus the contrite cry forced itself from his heart and lips.

To the anxious soul Jesus is preached as the appointed Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," was the soul-assuring word of Paul and Silas, and they spake to him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. The tidings of salvation were published in that jailor's home, and resulted in his anguish being changed into rejoicing. Blessed news! Joyful message!

Oh, troubled soul, look away to the risen and exalted Saviour now on the throne of God! Once, in lowly grace, He trod His pathway of power and goodness here. Shame and suffering pursued Him all His journey, man's opposition and hatred increasing at every step. "He was despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." That journey ended at the cross.

There the love of God towards man was displayed, all the grace of His heart being manifested; and there Jesus the Son of God drank the bitter cup of judgment in order that a way might be opened in righteousness for the vilest and the worst. Jesus, having accomplished all, has been raised from among the dead, and is seated at the right hand of God—a Man in the glory of God, and there in righteousness—as the Forerunner of all who believe upon Him.

He has been made "both Lord and Christ." From Him as Lord of *all* (Acts x. 36), blessing flows out for Jew and Gentile. "There is no difference . . . for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 12, 13.)

Turn from yourself then, dear storm-tried, tempest-driven soul. Turn now to Christ. If the storm of judgment approaches, and it certainly does, the haven of salvation is near. We cannot ask the Son of God to come from heaven to do the work of redemption. This He has fully done. His blood, which cleanseth from all sin, has been shed.

We cannot ask God to accept this work, which was done for the guilty and the vile. He has accepted it, Christ has been raised from among the dead, and the doors of salvation are thrown wide open for "whosoever will" to enter in and be saved.

Call then in simple faith upon the name of the Lord. Look only to Him, rely on His finished work alone, and you shall be saved—saved now, and saved for ever. Then

a place of blessing will be yours in the third class—

THE BELIEVING.

Christ's offering upon the cross is all-sufficient. It can never be repeated. By that one sacrifice all who believe are cleared from every charge. "By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." *Perfected for ever.* Blessed word of peace! His one sacrifice is for ever before God's holy eye, and, therefore, our sins are for ever behind His back.

Let us never forget that the blood that purges our consciences sets us apart to God. The death that blots out our sins has separated us from all that with which we were once associated, so that we might be before God in perfect joy, delighting in His presence in the company of our Lord Jesus Christ.

To the believer Christ is presented as *the Object* to fill and satisfy the heart. If we are set free as to our blessing, it is that we may be occupied with the Blessor. He Himself is the all-sufficient centre for the affections of every redeemed one. For Him, our Lord, all that we have may well be spent. Whatsoever we do in word or deed we are to "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him."

He is the Object of the Father's delight, and the Object of heaven's admiration. Surely, then, He may well be the Object of our heartiest love now and for ever.

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

* * * * *

To which class do *you* belong?

Are you careless? Then the Lord Jesus will be your Judge.

Are you anxious? Then the Lord Jesus may be your Saviour.

Are you believing? Then the Lord Jesus should be your Object.

I. F.

THE SAILOR'S HOPE.

RETURNING one night by rail from a gospel meeting, I found that my only fellow-traveller was a sailor.

He lost no time in telling me that he was on his way to join his vessel, which was timed to sail from Liverpool within three days.

Asked for what port his vessel was bound, he answered, "Ah, we do not know until we get aboard her."

"Indeed. Do you know," said I, "that you remind me of some people I have met who do not know where they are going to spend *eternity*. They might leave this world any moment, but for what port they are bound they do not know; and more, they affirm that no one can know until they have set sail. Now, can *you* tell me where you hope to spend *your eternity*?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I've always done my duty, sir. I read my Bible every day, and always send home a little matter to the old folks; and you know, sir, a man can't do more than his duty."

"But do you know that the *very best* a sinner can do is but sin in God's sight?"

"Yes, I know I'm a sinner; but I'm hoping to go up, sir." And he pointed heavenward with his finger.

I sought to put before him God's holiness and His judgment of sin, and the gospel concerning the blessed Saviour; but soon we had to part, he saying that he hoped we should meet again.

How many there are like this—strangers to God's Son—doing their sinful part, whilst regardless of the great salvation Christ has wrought.

Blessed be God! the work of redemption is all done, and when Jesus died on Calvary He uttered those three final triumphant words, "It is finished!" The peerless Saviour has done a perfect work. He now occupies His rightful place in the glory of God, and He offers a present salvation to *you*.

Jesus came "to give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins." (Luke i. 77.). May my reader know it! C. M.

"I MEAN TO REPENT YET,"

SUDDENLY cut off, and that without remedy."

Such seems a fitting statement concerning a young man who, often reprov'd, had hardened his neck and drifted on, heedless of the warnings of the God of all grace.

A friend of his, who had just received Christ as his Saviour, in all the warmth and earnestness of his first love entreated him to repent and believe the gospel; to be reconciled to God. But, alas! in vain.

He owned that, long before, he had known the strivings of God's Spirit, and was almost brought to bow and obey the gospel. "But now," he said, "I am fallen, fallen, oh how far; I know I am not a Christian. I am a great sinner. I have quenched the Holy Spirit. If I should die as I am I know I should be eternally lost, for I believe the Bible. You may think," he added, "because I am so careless now I shall die unconverted; but no, I have more thoughts of death than many suppose. *I mean to repent before I die*, and become a Christian. I cannot think of dying as I now am; but you need not be concerned about me, for *I mean to repent yet*."

It was but a few days after this protestation of his intention of repenting before death, that a skiff, in which he was crossing a river to seek a day's pleasure, was capsized. Poor A. M. as he sought to struggle to the bank was heard, by others of the party who were saved, to utter a fearful oath. He was drowned. *Cut off*.

Why will *ye* die? God is *not* mocked. If you resist the Spirit you, too, may be cut off without remedy.

The present moment alone is yours, but *now* is the accepted time.

IS ALL WELL?

AT Grimesthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, the splendid mansion of a nobleman, an old custom was, until a few years ago, kept up. A watchman, patrolling round the castle through the night, proclaimed each hour as it passed away, and added, "All's well."

To a person unaccustomed to such a sound it must at first have seemed very strange to hear in the dead of night the cry, "Midnight, all's well." But to one who had been long at the castle the old watchman going his rounds and telling out the hour, would, doubtless, have no greater effect than the striking of a clock.

This is the third month of the new year. 1895 is speeding on its way towards eternity. Many who began the year with fair prospects, saying, as it were, to themselves, "1895, and all's well," may have to find long before the year has run its course that all is *not* well. Reader, we seek your welfare, and would at this time earnestly ask you, Is it well with you as to your soul?

If you have not yet turned to Christ, if you do not yet know Him as your own precious Saviour, it is certainly not well.

As year after year goes by, you, perhaps, instead of growing more and more interested in God's things, may be getting more hardened and careless. You may be saying "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. You may be saying "I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart" (Deut. xxix. 19), when there is no peace for such for time or for eternity.

To have Christ as your own Saviour is the only thing that can make you safe.

It is no use your saying "Peace" if you have not come to Christ.

In the case of that terrible railway accident at Chelford, just before Christmas, when the long express train left Manchester at a quarter-past four in the afternoon, the front guard of the train no doubt said "Right," and the guard at the rear said

"Right" too, and then, as the engine whistled, and the train moved out of the station, many of the passengers may have said "Right" to themselves, and thought of soon being at their journey's end. But was it right? Alas! no, and within an hour ten of the passengers were in eternity, and many were severely injured.

Reader, take warning, or the New Year, begun by you perhaps with congratulations to yourself as to your prospects, may end in disaster for your soul. The hours are passing quickly by. Is it *well* with thy soul?

A. F. R.

HAVE YOU PASSED?

HAVE you passed?" How often this question is asked of those who have gone in for an examination! Frequently the whole course of life is affected by the result, and the answer, "Yes," comes with gladness; or the reply, "No," with real sorrow.

My reader, "Have you passed?" Your endless blessing or woe depends upon this. "Passed what?" do you ask? "Passed from death unto life." The most wondrous "pass" in the history of any soul.

Jesus, the Son of God, has spoken of it. His own blessed words are, "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.)

Death was the state in which we were by nature—dead in trespasses and sins, in darkness and distance from God. Out of this, through the death and resurrection of Jesus, the Son of God, the believer upon Him has already passed. Have you passed?



GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



LEARNING THE ALPHABET.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.



Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—

Most of you will be able to remember learning the alphabet, and how trying a lesson it was. The letters had to be gone over over and over again before their different shapes and names became fixed in the mind. It seemed as though the difficulty would never be overcome; but patience and perseverance at last conquered.

Now, young Christians have their lessons to learn; and I think if we link some of the truths of God's word—what we *are* as Christians, and what we *should be* as Christians—with the different letters of the alphabet as far as possible, they might become fixed in our memories, and the exercises would be for our profit.

Therefore, God willing, I shall hope to say a little, month by month, upon the matter, beginning with an alphabet of what we *are* as Christians.

This time we will take the first three letters only. What word then shall we connect with A?

Perhaps we cannot do better than

ACCEPTED,

which we find in Ephesians i. 6, "To the praise of the glory of His (God's) grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

Here is a most important lesson for every child of God. Every believer on the Lord Jesus Christ is "accepted in the Beloved," and it is God Himself who has made us this in His own boundless grace. In all the favour in which Christ is, believers are placed before God. Is not this a wondrous thought? We did not make ourselves accepted by anything we had done; but God, looking at what Christ Jesus had done at the cross, took us into favour in Him. To Him all the praise and glory belong.

B shall stand for

BELLOVED.

Writing to the Christians in Rome, the apostle Paul addresses them as "Beloved of God, called saints." (Rom. i. 7.) And this is true of all believers. A place of nearness to the heart of God is given to the youngest and feeblest of them.

This is a pillow on which the weary may rest in peace and satisfaction, "Beloved of God," for His love knows no change. He knew all about us, but loved us in spite of what we were and what we had done, and nothing can ever separate the believer from that matchless, marvellous love. (See Rom. viii. 38-39.)

For time and for eternity, the Christian with joy may say, "I am among the 'Beloved of God.'"

The letter C will give us

COMPLETE.

"Ye are complete in Him," says the apostle to the Colossians. (Col. ii. 10.) Complete in Christ. Nothing, therefore, can be added to the believer's standing before God.

It is perfect. It is complete. All in it is of God, and according to His own thoughts of love.

Some people seem to think that they will make themselves complete after years of effort; but this is not the case. All our completeness in Christ is given us by God in His grace. We deserved nothing at all, for in ourselves we were corrupt and guilty; but God has picked us up, and placed us before Himself—Accepted, Beloved, and Complete.

May we know the meaning of these truths better, and walk in the presence of our God and Father, joying in His great grace.

* * * * *

Now will all my young friends help me to finish these two alphabets?

1. What we *are* as Christians through the grace of God.

2. What we *should be* as Christians in our walk and ways before Him.

Do what you can, and send it to me, giving the Scripture reference, your age, name and address, by the last day of this month. My address will be found on the cover. A prize is offered for the best

alphabets, and we hope that many will endeavour to obtain it.

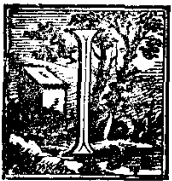
You cannot do more than your best; so even if you are not able to discover a word for every letter, send a copy of what you have found. I have helped you with the first three letters, now go on and finish, if you can, putting the words and the references thus:

Accepted . . . Eph. i. 6.
Beloved . . . Rom. i. 7.
Complete . . . Col. ii. 10.

Perhaps you will like to tell me whether you are a Christian, or whether you long to be one. I am sure I shall be glad to hear from you as to this. Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

THE TWO PRINCES.



I WANT to speak to my young readers of two princes about whom we read in God's word. The first is a picture of a lost sinner, and of many little children; the second is a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour.

Can you tell their names? In 2 Samuel iv. 4, and ix. 3-13, we read of

MEPHIBOSHETH.

TYPE OF THE SINNER.

He was grandson of King Saul, and was only five years old when the enemies of God's people marched into their land to fight. Saul was obliged to gather all Israel together, and with Jonathan his son, the little prince's father, he went out to meet the terrible Philistines.

Till his father's return the boy prince was left at home in care of his nurse.

But soon sad tidings came from the war. Israel was defeated, and Saul and Jonathan were both killed.

The poor nurse was, of course, very frightened at the news, and fearing for the safety of her charge, she picked him up in her arms, and ran with him to seek a place

of shelter. No doubt she grew weary and faint, and at last he fell, and both his feet were injured. The poor boy lived, but he grew up quite lame, and unable to walk.

How like sinners are to this through Adam's fall! Having sinned they are quite unable to walk so as to please God, and they have got right away from Him.

Now at Saul's death David became rightful king, and when he was established in peace upon the throne, he heard that this young prince, the grandson of his old enemy Saul, was now living in a place called Lodebar.

Wishing to shew him "the kindness of God," David sent for him, and had him brought to his palace. He told him he need not fear, for he was going to give him much property, and also a place at his table like one of his own sons.

God's love to sinners is just like this. That you and I might know His love, and be fitted for His bright home on high, He sent His Son, the Lord Jesus, who suffered and died upon the cross — "The Good Shepherd" gave "His life for the sheep." Now God delights to save and bless the lame and the lost, and seats them at His own table as His children, while His "perfect love" casts out all their fear.

How happy Mephibosheth must have felt sitting in David's palace, feasting at David's table as one of his sons!

Now let us look at 2 Chron. xxii. 10-12 and xxiii. 1-15. We there read of a prince named

JOASH.

TYPE OF THE SAVIOUR.

You will see he was the son of Ahaziah, King of Judah.

When the king died, his mother, a wicked woman, usurped the throne. She had slain all the king's sons, excepting the little baby-prince Joash. He was saved by his kind aunt, Jehoshabeath, the wife of the high priest, who stole him away and hid him, with his nurse, in a bed-chamber in the house of the Lord.

How like the Lord Jesus this is! When

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the cruel king Herod, who was a usurper, heard of it, and sent and slew all the children there who were under two years old. Yet God wonderfully preserved the Saviour Jesus, hiding Him in Egypt until Herod's death.

But there came a time when Jesus, in love to sinners, allowed wicked men to crucify Him. In that dark day they all rejected Him as their King, saying, "We will not have this Man to reign over us," and thus they murdered the Son of God. Did God know nothing of it? Ah! He knew it all; and when His blessed Son had been three days in the cold, dark grave He raised Him from the dead, and He has placed Him at His own right hand. He is now hidden from men like Joash was, but like him He is soon going to be brought out to reign.

At seven years of age, Joash was brought out by the high priest and crowned, the people rejoicing greatly. As the crown was placed on his head they cried, "God save the king," and clapped their hands.

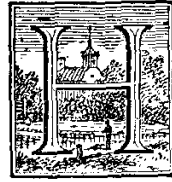
At this the wicked queen was aroused and came crying, "Treason! treason!" but she was slain at once, and Joash reigned. So with the Lord Jesus. When He comes to reign every enemy will be put down, and Satan the wicked usurper, the prince of this world, will be eternally judged.

Before the Lord Jesus comes as King He will descend into the air to catch away those who belong to Him, and when He comes in glory they will come with Him, sharing His glory and His throne.

What a joyful time it will be for those who are His! Do you belong to Him? *Now* is the time to acknowledge Jesus as King, to give Him the place of which He is worthy.

Thank God, when the Lord comes all His blood-purchased people go to be "for ever" with Him (1 Thess. iv. 17), and while He is rejected, and we wait for that moment, we know that if "we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." (2 Tim. ii. 12.) Let me ask you, Are you washed from your sins? If not, then *come to Jesus now*. C. M.

WARNED, BUT LOST.



APPLY in most of the lands where our readers are found avalanches are almost or entirely unknown, the nearest approach to anything of the kind being the landslips, which in some districts are frequent, and at times do considerable damage. One of these occurred four years ago, about two miles from where I now write.

A small family dwelt in a cottage by the roadside under a hill. The prospect was pleasant and the position sheltered from the northerly blast and open to the sunny south. To a casual observer the situation would seem to leave little to be desired, and many would doubtless envy the quietness and retirement of the spot.

The husband—a farm labourer—had, however, been cautioned of a danger. Owing to an accumulation of water in a hollow in the hillside, near the top, there was the possibility of part of the hill sweeping down at any moment and overturning their cottage-home. Of this he had been warned.

But that little house had stood for many years, and thus he saw little to fear, though some believe that it was his intention to cut a channel, to allow of the escape of the water in order to prevent the suggested catastrophe.

Be this as it may, one night the family, which consisted of a father, mother, and two children, had retired to rest as usual, when, without any warning, a great mass of earth broke away, and sliding swiftly down the steep slope swept the cottage and its inmates across the road into a field on the other side, burying everything in confusion and ruin. The two children alone escaped. Rudely awakened by the shock, the elder of them, a boy of nine or ten years of age, found himself lying in the field. Searching for his little sister, he discovered her close by and carried her to the nearest cottage. The parents were both killed in the disaster.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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The calamity might have been avoided. A little labour would have formed a water-course and drained the hollow. We might be ready to exclaim, "How foolish the man was not to have seen to the security of his home! He knew not when the landslip might occur."

righteous judgments can never descend. That refuge is CHRIST.

All who have fled to Him are saved eternally. They are hidden from all the storms which will rise, and which will sweep every false refuge from the sinner, leaving him exposed to the blast of woe.



AN AVALANCHE.

Let us, however, take heed lest we ourselves are as unwise as he.

Have we not been warned, warned by God Himself, of the danger of our position as sinners before Him? It is in love that He bids us beware.

Yea, He Himself has provided a place of refuge upon which the avalanches of His

The prudent man foreseeth the evil and fleeth, the simple pass on and are punished.

The poor fellow of whom I have told you lacked prudence. He put off until too late the provision for the safety of himself and his loved ones, and thus was overtaken.

Despise not the warning which God's servants give in love for your soul, my

reader, lest the solemn statement be true of you :

"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." (Acts xiii. 40.)

How sad to perish after God has loved—after Jesus has died—after the Holy Spirit has striven.

"But I do not intend to perish," some of my young friends may say. "I am young and have many opportunities, and I really intend, by and bye, to hide in the refuge you speak of."

Did you mark the words, "The simple pass on and are punished"?

Day by day *you* are passing on—simple concerning your peril, simple concerning the judgment, simple concerning eternity. Each hour that goes over your heads, you approach the more closely to the punishment.

Oh ! awake, awake, and before it be past remedy, flee to the shelter—to CHRIST.

Then with us you will be able to say :

"In the shelter God provided,
Though the world's destruction lowers,
We are safe to Christ confided,
Everlasting life is ours."

"I AM THE WAY."

JOHN xiv. 6.



VERY little reader of these lines has of course heard about heaven and what a beautiful place it is, and how no sin, or pain, or death ever enters there. Probably some of them are quite sure of going there, and the prospect makes them feel happy ; but others, again, have not this assurance, and yet they wish to go to heaven, and hope eventually to do so.

Now I want to say a word to you who are thus wishing and hoping.

First of all, remember that wishing and hoping will never bring you to heaven. If you are to reach there it must be by the right way, and the right way is Jesus Himself, who says, "I am the way."

He does not say "I am *a* way," for that would lead us to suppose that there is more than one way to heaven, but He says "I am *the* way," for there is no other !

In returning from school a schoolmate may call out, "Which way are you going home?" because there are several ways by which you can get home from school ; but I cannot ask, "Which way are you going to heaven?" because I know if you are going there at all it must be by the *only* way. There is not one way for grown-up people and another for children, one way for the good—or those who think themselves good—and another for the bad.

Some will tell you that to get to heaven you must "do what you are told, learn your text out of the Bible, and say your prayers"; but although little children ought to be obedient, and it is quite right for them to store their minds with God's word, and also to pray to Him, yet the way to heaven does not consist in these things ; you may do them all, and yet never get there !

The question is, Do you *know*, and *trust*, and *love* Jesus as "the way"? Let me show you what I mean.

In going along the street I notice a little fellow, crying as if his heart would break. I recognise him as Tommy B——, and guessing he has lost his way my first impulse is to go to his relief, but remembering that little Tommy is altogether too fond of running about with other children in the streets, despite his mother's efforts to keep him at home, I think it best to let him cry on awhile longer, that he may learn how foolish it is to disobey his parents. Presently I go and speak to him. Tommy at once knows me, and, quickly drying his eyes, he puts his chubby hand in mine as I tell him that I will take him home. Before this he had been trying to find the way for himself, now he does not even ask for it, for he knows that *I am the way*.

Dear children, Jesus is near to you to-day, and in pity He is watching over you, though you may not be aware of it. He knows you wish and hope to go to heaven, and *He*

wants to take you there. Then, like little Tommy, give up all hope of finding the right way by your own endeavours, and own yourself to be *lost*. Jesus will then draw near and make Himself known to you, and you will be glad as you hear Him say, "I am the way." You will also make *Him* glad when you tell Him that you fully trust Him as the way to heaven, and simply rest on His faithful word of promise to bring you there.

Now I want to ask every little boy and girl who knows, or who wants to know, Jesus as "the way," to commit to memory the following simple lines:—

"I would follow Jesus
Closely in the way,
Going where He pleases,
Loving to obey;
On His arm be leaning
In this weary place,
Constantly be tasting
Of His precious grace.

"Learning very sweetly
Lessons of His grace—
Catching, through the portals,
Glimpses of His face,
Shining from the glory
Of my home above,
Shedding sunshine o'er me,
Telling of His love.

"Trusting Jesus only,
Keeping by His side,
Taking Him who's worthy
As my trusty Guide;
Gently to the haven,
Nearing day by day,
I would walk with Jesus—
Jesus is 'the way.'"

S. J. B. C.

GRAINS.

MANY wear Christ's livery, and do the devil's drudgery; many have hands as white as wool, and their hearts as black as hell!

A believer had rather have Christ without heaven, than have heaven without Christ.

"FOR ME."



THE following is an account of the home-going of one who always took an interest in our magazine, and who was among the constant answerers of the questions given month by month.

Like every child of Adam, Katie was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and as a sinner had come short of the glory of God. (Psalm li. 5; Romans iii. 23.) She, however, learned her need of God's salvation, and about seven years ago, in childlike simplicity, listened to the Good Shepherd's voice, saying, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment); but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

Ever after this that verse was called *her* text. She now knew, and owned, that her only title to glory was the precious blood of Christ, and with glad heart she could say, "The Son of God . . . loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Galatians ii. 20.) Thus it was that death had no sting, no fear for her.

When about seventeen she fell into rapid consumption.

During her illness her love for the Lord's people was very marked; she longed for their visits, and took great delight in going over the Scriptures they had enjoyed together. On one occasion she was specially pleased with the contrasts in 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18, "Our *light affliction*" and "*weight of glory*"; "for *a moment*" and "*eternal*"; "*the things which are seen*" and "*the things which are not seen*"; "*temporal*" and "*eternal*." For that glory she was waiting. There was her heart, and there was her home. The morning of the day she departed she was asked, "What message shall I send to Mr. R.?" (a Christian who had called upon her). She replied, "Tell him I shall be very, very glad to go, and I still keep the thought that it is the Father's joy to have me there." Seeing one whom she loved in grief she asked, "Are you not glad

I am going to the Lord?" She then expressed a great desire to spend the next day, which was the Lord's-day, with Himself, and speaking to the Lord said, "Lord Jesus, I long to see Thy face; that face which was more marred than any man's—FOR ME." She then named the "dear boys," her brothers in America; left some favourite texts for her absent sister and others, and desired us to sing the following hymn:

"Oh! Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who, us to save from loss,
Didst taste the bitter cup of death
Upon the cross.

"Most Merciful High Priest,
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,
Unto the end.

"Thou wilt our souls sustain,
Our Guide and Strength wilt be,
Until in glory Lord above
Thy face we see."

"I'm going to Jesus" were her last words as she departed to be with Christ, which is far better.

May every reader of our pages know, and trust, and live for, Katie's Saviour.

WOUNDED—HEALED.



HERE are six precious words in Isaiah liii. 5, which are well worth the attentive consideration of every sin-troubled soul.

The first three of these are taken from the beginning of the verse.

"HE WAS WOUNDED."

What a story of grace is unfolded by those simple words!

HE—*The person.* The Son of God became man; veiling His glory, stooping to man's estate, He came into the world to save sinners.

WAS—*The time.* Thank God it is *past*. The Saviour is no longer upon Calvary's cross. Having by Himself purged our sins, He sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

"His sufferings untold are o'er;
He triumphs now."

WOUNDED—*The work.* He was wounded by the hand of God in judgment, when made "to be sin for us," and when bearing "our sins in His own body on the tree." All the waves and billows went over Him. He was stricken by the sword of wrath, and suffered. Yes, His suffering none can ever describe. He "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.)

* * * *

The other three words are found in the close of the verse.

"WE ARE HEALED."

WE—*Believers* upon Him. Once steeped in sins of crimson dye. Once far from God, and lying under condemnation. Once aliens in our hearts, enemies in mind against God, because of our wicked works. Once in the power of Satan, and wounded under his yoke. Once without Christ, without God, and without hope in the world.

ARE—*The present tense.* The blessing to be known and enjoyed now by all who have faith in Christ. Our sins "*are* forgiven." (1 John ii. 12.) "All that believe *are* justified." (Acts xiii. 39.)

HEALED—*The result.* Yes; a perfect result flowing from a perfect work. Healed; entirely and eternally healed. Christ's work for us is finished. God's word to us is faithful. Our salvation is won by His sufferings.

* * * *

HE WAS WOUNDED. WE ARE HEALED.



SCATTERED SEED.

FREELY AND FULLY FORGIVEN.

THE regiment is under marching orders. They are to leave in three days time, and we shall lose a lot of money by their going, sir," said an assistant, as he came in to his master's office and handed him a list of names of the debtors among the soldiers.

Rebuking him for his neglect in not having got in the money before, the principal at once gave orders for his clerk to prepare two copies of each account—one copy to be forwarded to the debtors' quarters, and the other to be placed in the "Orderly Room" at the barracks, where complaints against any of the men were usually lodged.

His instructions were duly carried out.

The evening of the same day one of these debtors called at the house of business, asking to see the master, and was shown into the private office, where, seeing his creditor, he at once said, "I've come to pay my bill, sir."

"What is your name?" he was asked, and having given it, the amount standing against him was stated.

Looking very confused, he now said, "It is hardly to pay my bill, sir, but to make arrangements for payment."

The tradesman, who was a Christian, and knew the blessedness of the forgiveness of sins, pitied the poor fellow, who evidently was distressed on account of his debt, and determined to set him free if on further examination he thought him deserving, but decided to test his sincerity as far as possible. "It's too late to make arrangements with me," he replied, "all your arrangements must be made before your officer."

"But I can't afford to go before my officer, sir. I have here," and he looked down at his arm, "a good conduct stripe which took me four years to gain, and is worth a penny

a day to me, sir! Can you take my clock, sir?"

He was told that the clock would not pay the debt, nor his bed either, and that if the matter went before his officer unsettled, of course his stripe would probably be taken off on the morrow.

"If ever I saw a bankrupt, I have one before me now," added the creditor, "and only those who have been in that position can have any idea what your feelings are. But about fifteen years ago I became bankrupt myself for a very much larger amount, so I can have some sympathy with you.

"It was not, however, in the money way. it was the debt of my sins that ruined me. This was a debt that I could never pay. A mountain I could never remove. But my debt was *forgiven*, and the receipt for it was this blessed little verse—

‘THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST
HIS (GOD’S) SON
CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.’
(1 John i. 7.)

Seeing I have been forgiven I will forgive you. Where is the bill?"

The private unbuttoned his scarlet tunic, and drawing it out of his pocket handed it to him.

Taking his pen, the tradesman wrote at the foot the one word

FORGIVEN,

and signed his name.

At this the soldier quite broke down and began to weep, for his heart was touched by the exhibition of grace to him in his need.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" he exclaimed. "The word '*Forgiven*' shows it cancelled, and your name will clear me before my officer."

"I too," replied the tradesman, "have a word '*Forgiven*,' showing that all my sins are cancelled for ever. And after it, instead of having a name not worth the paper its

written on, I have the blessed name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and this presents me faultless before God."

* * * *

Reader, before I continue my story, let me ask you, Are *your* sins forgiven?

That *you* have sinned against God and become His debtor thus, all scripture bears unmistakable witness. It brings all in as guilty, bankrupt, and utterly ruined sinners before a holy God. Its solemn and sweeping statement is,

"There is *no difference*: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 22, 23.)

All are alike in the light of God's presence. "There is none righteous, no, not one. . . . There is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Rom. iii. 10, 12.)

Lest we should be inclined to question the accuracy of such assertions, God Himself warns us, saying, "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar." (1 John i. 10.)

All then need forgiveness, and thank God the full, free, final forgiveness of sins is preached to every anxious debtor

"THROUGH THIS MAN,"

the Lord Jesus Christ. (See Acts xiii. 38.)

He (the Son of God) has "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." His work is finished; He is now risen and glorified, and

"TO HIM

GIVE ALL THE PROPHETS WITNESS, THAT
THROUGH HIS NAME

WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHALL
RECEIVE REMISSION (THAT IS FORGIVENESS)
OF SINS."

(Acts x. 43.)

And the simple believer upon Him is privileged to know that he *has* even now redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins (Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 14), and the word of God assures him of it thus: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins *are* forgiven you *for His name's sake*." (1 John i. 12.)

* * * *

A pause had followed the tradesman's last statement, during which, looking at the soldier's bright scarlet tunic, he had thought of the way God spoke in His word of his many sins which had all been blotted out by the Saviour's precious blood, and the verse had come to his mind, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as *scarlet*, they shall be as *white as snow*; though they be *red like crimson*, they shall be as *wool*." (Isa. i. 18.)

"You know," he remarked, as he quoted it, "It takes two dips to make the scarlet colour. The first dip was like my nature which I got from Adam, while the second dip was my actual sins, and, alas! I dived into sin like as when a boy I dived into the sea, and I became as scarlet in my sins as your tunic. Now no fuller on earth can make scarlet white, and nothing can blot out your scarlet sins but the blood of Christ, which has washed the man who is talking to you as white as snow.

"I don't live here," he continued, "but in a house a few minutes walk from the garrison church where your regiment goes. One Sunday morning as I came down stairs I saw a remarkable sight through the window, the glass of which was partly clear and partly blood-coloured.

"Your regiment was passing, and as I looked at them in the bright sunshine through the clear glass all were scarlet, but when I looked at them through the blood-coloured glass all were white, and I said to some standing near me, 'There is a picture of what we are in nature and in grace. In our natural condition scarlet in our sins, but through grace whiter than snow.'

"My sins are where yours will be if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all put away.

"'As far as the east is from the west.' (Psa. ciii. 12.)

"'All buried at the bottom of the sea.' (Micah vii. 19.)

"All in the place of forgetfulness, and behind God's back for ever." (Isa. xxxviii. 17.)

SCATTERED SEED.

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Having listened attentively the soldier now rose, and again expressing his gratitude most heartily, left to return to his quarters.

* * * *

The first part of my story is now told. The rest of it is soon related, and shall be given, as the previous portion has been, in the tradesman's own words as far as possible.

"Two years passed away, and the incident had lost its freshness in my memory, when the same regiment returned to the barracks in our town. One day, having to go to the officers' quarters on business, I was surprised to see a soldier salute me. Knowing that it was not usual to salute civilians thus, and thinking he supposed me to be an officer, I went up to him and said, 'You've made a great mistake, for I don't talk, walk, or dress like an officer.'

"If the Colonel was out, sir, and Her Majesty behind him, I should give you a double one, sir. Evidently you don't know me, but I shall never forget you. You are the man who forgave me.'

"He then told me that he had wished to see me again, to let me know that he had found out the blessed truth that 'the blood of Jesus Christ' *had* cleansed him 'from *all* sin.'

"The *two* debts are now forgiven, sir,' he added; 'the debt of sin and your debt too.'

"Praising God for His grace we parted.

* * * *

"Five or six years after this interview I happened to be in the town on a visit, for my home was then elsewhere, and met two Christian friends, one of whom said to me, 'We have a very interesting case in our district, a man you forgave once.'

"What has he been?' I asked.

"A soldier,' was the response.

"I only forgave one soldier in my life,' I replied. 'Is his name ——?'

"Finding that it was the same individual, and that he was now in consumption and dying, I obtained his address, and went at once to see him.

"His wife answered my knock at their door, and upon my making myself known, said she felt the Lord must have sent me. Asking her what she knew of the Lord, she replied that three months after her husband had been forgiven the debt she had found peace in believing, and also added that her two boys now knew the Lord, as their own personal, precious Saviour.

"Going up to the bedside of the dying man I began to express regret at finding him in such a condition; but he told me that I need not in any wise sorrow on his account. 'Only last night I thought I was going to be with my Saviour, and it was a positive disappointment to find that I was to be here a little longer.'

"Is there anything in my power that can be done for you?' I asked; but he answered, 'I've left it all entirely with the Lord; but I did want to see you badly in order to thank you once again for telling me of the love of the Saviour. Before I got into difficulty with you respecting my account I had scarcely heard of a Saviour, and knew nothing of His love.'"

* * * *

So ends this simple narrative of the grace of God towards the poor fellow and his loved ones.

You have heard of Him, my reader; *you* know of His love.

Do you believe on Him? Have you thanked Him? Are you living for His praise?
I. F.

HOW AN INFIDEL DIED!



— C —, of L —, was long known as an infidel, wholly neglecting and repudiating divine things.

Time rolled on, and at last there came a day when he was found to be suffering from disease of the chest, and taking to his bed, he was soon face to face with the sinner's ruthless enemy, *death*.

A Christian, whose business was on the

ground floor of the same house, went upstairs to visit him. Speaking kindly to the sufferer, he sought to read to him a portion of the Word of God, but he positively refused to listen. He then reminded him of the certainty of his having to meet God, and asked him if he were prepared.

"Such things are only fit for idiots. You've never seen God, so you cannot speak about Him!" he replied, almost angrily.

"But God has revealed Himself in His word," said his visitor quietly, and then spoke of the certainty which the truth gives to those who receive it.

"People who talk like that are weak in their mind. See what the priests did in the name of religion in the Middle Ages."

"But you could not call such men the servants of God."

"It's nothing to me," continued the bold infidel; "I have no fear of death. Death is the end. There's nothing after it. The wise do not believe such follies!" And turning over suddenly in his bed, he began to try and dress himself, to show how strong he still was.

Shocked at his utter indifference and persistent unbelief, after begging him earnestly to think of his soul, as such things were not to be treated lightly, and he might at any moment find himself in eternity, his visitor left.

The next day he became delirious, when he commenced to manifest great fear, and wanted to rise and run away. Those around him sought to quiet him, and sent for a minister. But he began to cry out, and to say that his room was already filled with demons! Then he thought he saw a number of death's heads approaching him, and seeking to drive them back, he upset the table at the side of his bed, and the lamp falling on it set it on fire! He thought the flames were the flames of hell, and shrieked out several times that hell was opening before him. And again he said, "There they are, there they are, they are coming to take me; drive them off, drive them off!"

One woman was so affrighted by his terrible cries that she hastily left the room, saying she could not stay, it seemed as if hell were really there.

The poor deluded infidel continued to cry out in this awful way, until, all his strength being utterly exhausted, death seized him as his prey, and he passed into a Christless eternity.

And all this occurring in a so-called Christian country, surrounded with the Christian religion! Alas, alas, how terrible is the fall of man, and how awful the infidelity of the human heart, and its hatred of God and divine realities!

Reader, what say you to it? It is easy for the light-hearted, careless infidel to mock at eternal things in the day of his strength, as he enjoys the vanities and pleasures of the world; but death is a dread reality, the wages of sin, and it must be faced!

What a sorrowful example is the above of an infidel face to face with death and eternity! If this should meet the eye of one in like case, God grant that he may be warned by it. What would that poor deluded man give to-day to have one more hour on earth to embrace the gospel of God's grace? But it is *too late*. As the tree falls, so it lies. The godless sinner's doom is fixed, eternal banishment from the light of God's presence for ever.

Arrest your steps then *now*, sinner! Now is salvation's day! (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Flee from the wrath to come. Flee to Christ for refuge. Satan and all the demons, hell and all its flames, are powerless against every soul that trusts in *His precious blood*. (1 John i. 7.) Neither you, nor your works, nor your resolutions can mend the past. It is *Christ you need*. It is *Christ you must have*. "None other name" will do. (Acts iv. 12.) "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, *the Man Christ Jesus*; who gave Himself a ransom for all." (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6.) Flee then to Him to-day. Cast yourself at His feet as a guilty, lost one needing eternal redemption. Trust alone in Him who gave Himself. He is the Ransom.

SCATTERED SEED.

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The price was paid at Calvary. Jesus suffered, died and bled. Salvation is to be found alone in Him. God is glorified, and now presents Him before you as a Saviour. Believe on Him, and thou shalt be saved. Then trust and follow Him till He return.
E. H. C.

"IMPERISHABLE LETTERS."

I NOTICED the advertisement—for such it was—as I passed by a monumental mason's yard. It was deeply cut into a solid slab of marble.

"Alas!" I thought, "vain boast."

The cemetery was close by, and when inside one could easily see how perishable the letters were, however skilfully carved on the various tombstones and mausoleums around.

Man in death, as in life, seeks to immortalize his name; but at the most he only manages to leave

"Footprints on the sands of time,"

footprints soon to be effaced. Not only do the ungodly themselves perish, but, as Scripture says, "The *way* of the ungodly shall perish." (Ps. i. 6.)

Reader, how is it with you? Is your name "written in the book of life"? (Rev. xx. 15.)

If so, it will stand for ever, it will be had "in everlasting remembrance"; but if not, then, like your body, it will "*rot*." (Prov. x. 7.) It may be found on the rolls of some orthodox sect, or on the tongue of human applause, and after death it may be ever so deeply engraved in this poor world's temple of fame, but it must perish!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Become united to that heavenly Man at God's right hand, and then, though earth casts out your name, as it does His, yet you will be able to rejoice that in imperishable letters your name is "written in heaven."
S. J. B. C.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

IT is a solemn and yet a blessed moment when light from God breaks in upon the soul of a sinner.

Light which exposes all the secrets of our hearts in a way which makes us know that we are in the presence of One who reads us through and through.

May such a moment come now, if never before in the history of my reader!

When the search-light falls upon the conscience, "I HAVE SINNED" is the soul's confession. "GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER!" becomes the penitent's prayer.

He finds himself in the presence of God, and there he discovers that he has completely failed; he finds sin lurking beneath every motive of his nature; he knows consciously that he is sinful, and he has to admit that he is a **FALLEN MAN**. What is to be done?

Can he remove the stains of guilt from his heart?

Must the dark tide of death and judgment sweep over the human race?

Nay! God has a resource, and it is this.

The One who from eternity was "with God and was God" was "made flesh and dwelt among us." I beseech you to think of the amazing pity—of the infinite compassion—of the love beyond degree revealed to sinners in the fact that the Son of God has become a **MAN**, that He might "by the grace of God taste death for every man."

Oh, where shall we find a parallel to love like this? When David, dethroned and exiled by the rebellion of his son, heard of that son's death, his love rose above all its injuries, and he wept and said, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

What David could not do for Absalom the Son of God has done for us.

The lamented Princess Alice was nursing her child in diphtheria when the little hands were put up for the mother's kiss.

She stooped down—breaking through the restraints of prudence—and kissed the little

one at the expense of her life, and a nation's tears fell when it heard the pathetic story.

But think, oh, think, of the Son of God coming into the world to give expression to what was in God's heart for a world of sinners—stooping down to put the kiss of divine love on poor, ruined sinners—but at the cost of his life. Will you not turn to Him now, and thank Him for the love that was stronger than death? Will you not thank the blessed God who “so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life”?

And now the One who died for us is no longer on the cross or in the tomb. He is risen from the dead, and is glorified at the right hand of God. Believe then NOW on the Son of God and be saved. His one “sacrifice for sins” is available for you. “Through this MAN is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 38.) C. A. C.

WHAT ARE YOU TRUSTING IN?

“**T**HAT won't save your soul,” said an old man to his daughter, who had come to visit him.

Perhaps you are wondering what drew forth this remark, but before telling you let me ask you, my reader, “What are you trusting in for your soul's salvation?” It may be, if you were to answer that question honestly, you would be forced to own that you have nothing in which you are trusting. In other words, you have never thought about the matter, so that were you to die you would pass into eternity unsaved. Think, dear friend, on the madness of your course. You are a guilty sinner, possessing an immortal soul, that must live for ever either with Christ in heaven or with the devil in hell. You are living in a world of dying men and women, and though your turn may be the next, you have never given five minutes' thought as to the salvation of your

soul! What will become of you when you die?

On the other hand, thousands would answer, “I am trusting in something for my soul's salvation.” Well, my friend, I wonder if you are doing like the woman I mentioned, trusting in something that will not save your soul. She had been boasting to her father of having given half-a-crown to a good cause. She was trusting in herself and her good deeds.

Now, my reader, what are *you* trusting in?

Are you trusting in temperance?

That will not save your soul.

Are you trusting in attending a place of worship?

Are you trusting in your Bible reading, prayers, philanthropy, doing your duty at home and to your neighbours?

Are you trusting to all these combined? They will not save your soul.

Do you ask “What then must I do to be saved?” Let me refer you to Acts xvi. 30 and 31, where an anxious sinner asked the same question, and where God's message was “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 12.)

Are you trusting in that blessed One whose precious blood was shed for sinners on Calvary's Cross? In other words, Are *you* SAVED or LOST?

P. W. D.

FEAR NOT.

“**T**WO boys were conversing together about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire.

“Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?” said one.

“No,” was the reply, “*not if God drove.*”

Fear not, believer. The way God takes is the best; He holds the reins of thy life in His hand. Fear not.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



LOOKING FOR DELIVERANCE.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.

II.



DOUBTLESS many of my young friends have been busy during the month now past searching out suitable words to complete the alphabets asked for.

Some have been forwarded already, but of course most of them will reach me long after this has gone to the printer's hands, so again I must make the selection myself, hoping that in future I shall have the help of many of my readers.

But this month we will only take the one letter D, and it shall stand for

DELIVERED.

The apostle calls upon the Christians at Colosse to pour out their hearts in "giving thanks to the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son: in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. i. 12-14.)

What blessed assuring words are these which the Holy Ghost puts into our lips. The Father

HATH made us meet,
HATH delivered us,
HATH translated us, and we
HAVE redemption.

Yes! He hath delivered us. Once we were under Satan's power—captives in his cruel slavery. But God, in wondrous love, has come in and rescued us by giving His own Son to the death of the cross. Jesus, the Son of God, now risen from the dead, is our deliverer from the wrath to come. (1 Thess. i. 10.)

Many are seeking deliverance by their own efforts; they imagine that they have ability to save themselves, but the Scripture tells us we were *without strength*. Thank

God, it also tells us that while we were yet without strength, in due time *Christ died for the ungodly*.

The children in our illustration are without strength. They are drifting in an open boat on the tossing sea, and unless timely deliverance comes they will probably be drowned. How anxiously they look for salvation, waving their signal of distress.

Perhaps you who now read these lines have never known the joys of salvation, though you long to do so.

Look out from yourself. Look up to Christ. Wave your distress signal. He will see and He will save, for whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

Next month I hope to be able to give the name of the prize winner.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR

ALL WIPED OUT.



"DON'T want it there, father! I don't want it there!" sobbed the child of an infidel.

The boy had been unruly through the day, but was supposed to be asleep, when a loud cry burst from his lips. The father, going to his bedside, sought to quiet him, but he only expressed himself as told above.

Grace had begun its work in softening the long obdurate heart of that parent, and through the child's sorrow for sin was now to do a deeper work still.

"What, my child, what is it?" he enquired.

"Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad things I have done to-day. I don't want it there. I wish it could be wiped out."

"What could I do?" writes the father, when telling the story, which we give now in his own words. "I did not believe, but yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said, 'Well, you need not cry; you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want to.'

"How, father, how?"

"Why get down on your knees, and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and He will do it."

"I did not have to speak twice. He jumped out of bed, saying, 'Father, won't you come and help me?'"

"Now came the trial. The boy's distress was so great, and he pleaded so earnestly, that I, who had never bowed down before God in spirit and in truth, got down on my knees alongside of that dear boy, and asked God to wipe away his sins; and perhaps, though my lips did not speak it, my heart included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down on his bed again.

"In a few moments he said:

"'Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?'"

"On being assured it was, the child asked what it was blotted out with—'With a sponge?' he enquired.

"'No; but with the precious blood of Christ. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

"The fountains had at last burst forth," continues the father. "They could not be checked, and my cold heart was melted within me. I felt like a poor guilty sinner, and turning away, said, 'My dear wife, we must first find God, if we want to show Him to our children. We cannot show them the way unless we know it ourselves.'

In a little while the child, leaving his bed, came to his father's knee, and said, while a sweet smile of peace lit up his face, "Father, are you and mother sinners?"

"Why yes, my son, we are."

"Why," said he, "have you not a Saviour?"

He was answered as best could be, but in the silent hours of darkness the parent bent over his child's bed, as he prayed, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

The result of that night was, that ere long both father and mother were enabled to rejoice in God as a Saviour.

Thus they were led by the child's anxiety into anxiety for themselves, and then into peace and joy in believing.

A WELL-SPENT DOLLAR.



N the year 1797, as Mr. M—— was travelling among the mountains in Vermont, he was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and sought shelter in a small house on the borders of a great forest. On entering the house and finding no one but a woman and her infant, he apologized, but asked the privilege of stopping till the shower was over.

The woman said she was very glad to have him come in, for she was always terrified by thunder.

The gentleman replied that she need not be terrified at thunder if she only trusted in God. He conversed with her some time, and found her very ignorant in the things of God.

When about to leave, he asked if she had a Bible. With tears in her eyes she confessed that she had not, saying they had never been able to buy one; but adding, in answer to further questions, that she would only be thankful for the privilege of reading the Word of God, if a copy were in her possession.

He left the house feeling keenly for the woman in her darkness as to the things of God.

"This woman is in very great want of a Bible," he said to himself. "Oh that I had one to give her, but I have not! As for money to buy one, I have none to spare. I have no more than will be absolutely necessary for my expenses home. What shall I do?" At length he decided to go back, and, taking a dollar from his purse, he handed it to the woman, telling her to procure a Bible with it. This she promised to do.

Then he set out, and at nightfall took lodgings in a private house. Having now only a little change left, he determined to sup upon some remains of cold provisions he had with him. The family, however, would not hear of this, and urged him to sit

and partake with them at their evening meal. In the morning he tendered payment, but the people refused to accept anything.

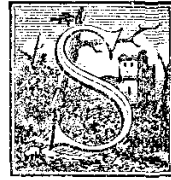
And thus he found it during the two days' journey home. He was at no expense on the way, and at last he said to himself, "What does it mean? I was never so treated before." Then he thought of the dollar given to the cottager, and of the Scripture which had led him to bestow it: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." "I have been well paid in return," he thought.

Eighteen months passed, when a stranger called at Mr. M——'s house, and in course of conversation narrated how in a town twenty or thirty miles from where he lived a considerable number of persons had been converted. "The commencement of it," he said, "was very extraordinary. The first person that was awakened and brought to repentance was a poor woman who lived in a very retired place. She told her friends and neighbours that a stranger was driven into her house by a thunderstorm, and he talked to her so seriously that she began, while listening to his discourse, to feel concerned about her soul. The gentleman was much affected when he found she had no Bible, and, after he had left the house to go on his journey, he returned and gave her a dollar to buy one, charging her to get it soon and read it diligently. She did so, and it had been used, as she believed, to her salvation. The neighbours wondered at this, and it was the means of awakening them to a deep concern for the salvation of their souls. As many as thirty or forty are rejoicing in God their Saviour."

The seed sown had sprung up, and was bearing fruit. The giver was rejoiced to hear of the result of his gift. "Thou hast paid me again," he exclaimed, as he lifted his heart in thanksgiving to God.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS:
FOR THOU SHALT
FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

"LET US ALL GO."



O said a weeping little girl of some three or four summers.

Her mother, a widow, had just died, leaving her helpless child wholly dependent on God's tender care.

"I want to see mother!" sobbed the little one.

"Mother has gone to heaven," they said.

Then said the tiny child, in pitiful tones, "Let us all go."

"Let us all go." Thank God it will be so—we know not how soon—with all of us who love the Lord! We shall *all* go. The bitterness of death lies in the thought of separation, but there is no such thought in connection with the Lord's coming again. "Caught up *together*" is the word. Sweet word! May we treasure it in our hearts. "Caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord." Blessed hope! To be "for ever with the Lord." Not a hoof left behind. We shall all go.

S. J. B. C.

IN DANGER, BUT ASLEEP.



MANY are the stories which might be told of brave men and women, who through their courage and self-sacrifice have saved the lives of their fellows.

This is the story of a brave dog, who spent his life in the rescue of two lads.

A fire was raging in one of London's crowded streets. The house was full of people, for it was occupied by several families; but the gallant firemen battled with the flames and smoke, and succeeded in saving one after another of the terrified inmates.

At last it was thought that all had escaped, and a shout of thankfulness arose from the crowd.

This was not the case, however; there were still two precious lives in danger. Two

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orphan brothers slept alone at the top of the blazing building. But for a faithful dog they must have perished. The animal, however, rushed backwards and forwards, re-

would have been impossible; but the firemen were just in time, and great was their joy, and that of the multitude below, when the children were safe outside the doomed house.

But where was the faithful animal who had been the means of procuring their deliverance? He was found suffocated. He had spent his life in saving the boys.

Does this incident recall to your mind another?

Were you ever fast asleep in a position of peril?

I was. I had no care for my soul. I was fast asleep in my sins. Salvation I needed, but I knew it not.

From the heights of glory the Saviour came. Jesus, the Son of God, left His home in earnest love to me.

Into all my misery He went. He was "made sin" for me, and bore my sins on the cross, *suffering* for sins. Yes, suffering under the judgment of God, which I deserved, and then He gave up His life. All this was for *me*.

How shall I praise Him enough?

My reader, was it not for you too? Have you thanked Him?



fusing to be quieted, until at length his actions led the firemen to enter and search once more. Following the dog they were led to the tiny attic, where the little lads were discovered fast asleep. Soon rescue

"US," "ME."

"CHRIST . . . hath loved US, and hath given Himself for us." (Eph. v. 2.)

"The Son of God . . . loved ME, and gave Himself for ME." (Gal. ii. 20.)

"UNTIL HE FIND IT,"



ONE evening in 1861, as Garibaldi, the great Italian general, was going home he met a Sardinian shepherd, who was lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock.

Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountains in search of the lamb.

A grand expedition was organized, lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive.

But the lamb could not be found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds.

The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the general was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly and returned in half an hour, but Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant woke him.

The general rubbed his eyes, and so did his attendant when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he found it.

What a beautiful picture of the Good Shepherd, who came from the glory "to seek and to save that which was lost," and who, in the wonderful perseverance of His love, never gave up the search, although it cost Him His life!

He could say, "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

I trust my young reader is one of the found ones. If so, you are safe and secure for eternity, because the Good Shepherd has said, "I give unto" My sheep "eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

H. H.
L.



"A SINNER LIKE ME."



ON a balmy summer evening a great number of people were standing in groups in the market square of a populous manufacturing city. Some were busily discussing the topics of the day; others lounged lazily and aimlessly about, as though their lives were a blank. They were of all ages, ranging from the barefooted newsboy of ten years to the grey-headed gambler of sixty. Stepping into an open space and taking off his hat, a young man suddenly attracted attention by singing, in a clear, manly voice, the following verses:

"I was once far away from the Saviour,
As vile as a sinner could be,
And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me."

It was the singer's actual experience.

Only a few years before he had been wandering on the dark mountains of sin and folly, vainly seeking for satisfaction at the empty streams of earth.

"I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me."

Dear reader, have *you* ever reached such a point in *your* soul's history? Have your sins, like a mighty, towering mountain, risen up before you in terrible distinctness, threatening to cast you down to perdition?

"And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice gently whispered to me,
Saying, 'Look unto Me, I have power
To save a poor sinner like thee.'"

Has the voice of Jesus ever reached *you*? From the peerless heights of glory, where the risen Saviour is now seated, hear His loving invitation as it comes down to you in all your misery, and wretchedness, and sin: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

"I then fully trusted the Saviour;
And oh! now a joy came to me:
My heart was filled with His praises
For saving a sinner like me."

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Weary, burdened, sin-sick one, fear not to commit yourself to the strong arm and the loving heart of the Son of God. He who stemmed the mighty floods of judgment that rolled from God's righteous throne against a rebel, guilty race, proclaims a full, present, and eternal salvation to every needy sinner who will hold out the hand of faith and take it. The waves and billows of God's holy wrath came out against Him on the cross, and God is now free to dispense everlasting and world-wide blessing.

One earnest, believing look to Him will put you into possession of eternal life. Then you too will be able to sing—

“No longer in darkness I'm walking,
The light is now shining on me :
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.”

But perhaps you are careless and indifferent about these things ; you have never been exercised about your state before God ; your soul's eternal interests have never given you much concern.

You have often observed the servants of Christ preaching the gospel in the streets and lanes as you passed carelessly by, and you have wondered what motive prompted them to speak to people about sin, death, eternity and the lake of fire — unpleasant subjects, which could only make people miserable.

Perhaps you came to the conclusion that they were a class of morbid-minded fanatics who could only find pleasure in harping on the dreary, dismal side of life.

Stay, dear friend. We quite agree with you that sin, death, eternity, and hell are anything but pleasant subjects ; but the great question for you and me is, ARE THEY TRUE? Where shall we go for information? To the unerring, infallible, imperishable pages of the Word of God. And, dear friend, the united testimony of Scripture is that every unconverted person in this world is under the JUDGMENT OF GOD.

Yes, you, my reader. Though you may be moral, upright, and even religious, if you have never seen yourself as a vile, guilty

sinner in the presence of a holy God, if you have not been born again, if you have never trusted Christ, if you are still unsaved, remember that God's holy judgment is hanging over your defenceless head—“The wrath of God abideth upon” you. (John iii. 36.) Your thoughts about yourself will never alter God's verdict respecting you ; and He declares that “ALL HAVE SINNED” (Rom. iii. 23), you among the rest. “The wages of sin is death.” (Rom. vi. 23.) Where will you flee when the withering storm of judgment bursts upon this guilty world? There will be NO SHELTER in that day. Unless your soul is anchored on Christ before that terrible day arrives, your portion will inevitably be the lake of fire. Awake from your death-like slumber, decide at once for Christ ; lay down your arms of rebellion, and trust the Saviour of sinners.

This Godless world is rushing on headlong to its doom. Souls are perishing, the devil is unceasingly active and untiring in his efforts to wreck human souls. God is beseeching, Christ is inviting, the Holy Ghost is *compelling*. Will you resist His gracious pleadings? Will you deliberately turn your back upon God's offers of mercy?

The darkness is deepening. Evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. (2 Timothy iii. 13.) Infidelity rears its impious head. Anarchy, lawlessness, and rebellion stalk defiantly through the land. We are nearing the end of the Christian period. Ominous sounds greet the ear on every hand. Universal unrest prevails.

Nations are arming to the teeth. Men's hearts are failing them for fear. What does it all mean? Dear unsaved friend, it means that Christendom's doom draws near, and that Christ is coming.

Need you wonder, in view of all this, that the loyal, true-hearted servants of Christ should be seeking, by every lawful means in their power, to warn souls of their danger, and to point the anxious, seeking ones to the Saviour's feet. Dear reader, it is because judgment is overhanging this guilty scene,

and the coming of the Lord draws nigh, that God's children are constrained to go out into the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges, to invite sinners to come in, that God's house may be "filled." (Luke xiv. 23.) Once more the invitation comes to you from the glorified Saviour at God's right hand, "Come; for all things are now ready."

You will soon pass time's boundary line, and be launched out on eternity's boundless ocean. Will it be with the redeemed in glory, or with the despairing weepers on the dark shores of eternal night? Oh, let your happy choice this very moment be "Christ for me," and then you will be able truthfully to sing,

"And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me."

G. F. E.

CHANGELESS LOVE.

O you love Jesus better now than you did three months since?" I asked a young girl who had then trusted in Him as her Saviour.

"Yes, I love Him better every day," she replied.

"Tell me, does Jesus love you better now than He did three months since?"

In a thoughtful and decided tone, she replied, "No, He could not do that; He could not love me better!"

Her calm, quiet response brought most forcibly and precious to mind that beautiful verse, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Dear reader, have you learned to trust in Jesus as your Saviour? If so, can you rest in Himself as the unchangeable One—as the One who, with unabated affection, "having loved His own which were in the world," loved them unto the end—as the One who is filled with untiring, unalterable love to each and all who have trusted in His

finished work for salvation—as the One who could not love you better!

The secret of my young friend's growth in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus, and of her loving Him "better every day," was her rejoicing in the unclouded sunshine of His unchanging love.

Christian reader, why do you doubt His love? What did you find Jesus in the "yesterday" of the past? I hear you reply:

"'Unchangeable; His gracious love
My earthly path hath ceaseless viewed;'

goodness and mercy dropped from His hands—yea, plenteous droppings; He led me by a right way: it was all love—the sorrows, as well as the joys—all worked together for good."

What of the future—the "for ever"? "That is all settled; my Father's many-mansioned house will be my abode throughout a blissful and endless eternity. 'For ever with the Lord,' you say, "is your cheering hope now."

Let me ask what of the present, the "to-day"? Does that try you? I think I hear you say, "The trials, troubles, weariness, poverty, pain, and temptations from within and without make me sometimes listen to the suggestions of Satan, and I do not realize His love as I should. Looking back I can say, 'Ever faithful'; looking forwards, 'The glory is before me'; but the present tries me, and I sometimes think He does not love me, or He would not allow these heavy strokes."

Oh, dear friend, if thus tempted, let the sweet reply of that dear child speak to you.

"He could not love me better." Impossible, for He is the "same Jesus." I change; He changes not. His love, not mine, is the resting-place. Doubt no more, for

"'Tis well when on the mount we feast and joy in love;

And 'tis as well in God's account when we the furnace prove."

Nothing can ever quench His love; nothing can separate us from it; nothing can change it, for He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, and He could not love you "better."

H. N.

SCATTERED SEED.

"RENDER ACCOUNTS WITH ME."

"**H**E will not pass the night," said the medical attendant of a young officer. He thought the patient was unconscious, and made the remark to the nurse as he left his charge.

For thirty years the sick man had scorned the things of God, and despised all the warnings of his pious father. Now that the fever had laid him low, and brought him to death's door, he was to be reached by the grace of God, which had waited upon him so long.

The observation of the doctor was heard by the apparently unconscious man, and he roused himself to seek to settle all his affairs. Almost at once he despatched his servant to pay some small accounts outstanding against him.

But this having been done, he thought he heard the voice of his God saying,

"NOW RENDER ACCOUNTS WITH ME."

It had been an easy matter to discharge his liabilities to his fellows. A few pounds had paid his debts to them, but what could meet the righteous demands of God? His whole life had been spent in selfish interests and pursuits.

No time could be lost. "He will not pass the night" gave him to feel he was near eternity? Where should he spend it? Where should he dwell for ever? He was assured that no good works of his own could satisfy God's claims, and, realizing his deep need, was brought into great distress. Then it was that the Scriptures, so long despised, were applied by the Spirit of God. The verses, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John i. 7), and "*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all*" (Isaiah liii. 6), came to

his mind. His eye turned in faith to Christ, looking away from himself he could, and did, rely wholly upon the Son of God and His finished work.

Peace now filled his soul, and he sank into a profound slumber, from which he awoke refreshed. The fever had abated.

The doctor was mistaken. The young officer not only passed the night, but was fully restored to health, and for forty years sought to proclaim the grace of God which had plucked him as a brand from the burning.

You must meet God. Every one of us shall give account to Him. Meet Him now in grace, and everlasting blessing will be yours.

I. F.

AN AMERICAN IDOL.

"**W**E are thankful that in our favoured "lands of Bibles" demon-worship is a thing of the long-forgotten past.

Man's heart, however, has not changed. Satan and his spirit-allies have only been compelled to change their tactics since the introduction of Christianity, and the spread of God's holy word.

Man's heart must have an object; and since he will not have the Christ of God, he must have the idol of his liking.

Just previous to the opening of the great Columbian Exhibition recently held at Chicago, an enterprising merchant of that city placed on exhibition in his shop-window the idols of many nations.

The exhibit was most curious. There were gods of every description, from the jewelled idols of the proud Orientals to the mean wooden images of the rude Esquimaux.

But high above them all was one object labelled

"THE GOD OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."

Can you imagine what it was? It was a flat, circular piece of white metal, called *the silver dollar*.

The passers-by smiled, and nodded in unabashed consent to the truth of the accusation against themselves.

My reader, have you been saved from this modern idolatry? Can you, through grace, say of Jesus, *He* is "my Lord and my God"? or are you still a poor deluded worshipper of phantom wealth? If you are in the mad race for riches, remember, I beseech you, that the end of that crowded course is the precipice where millions perish.

"Idolaters . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8.) "Covetousness, which is idolatry." (Col. iii. 5.)

Turn to Luke xvi. Think of the rich man who died; remember his burning bed of torture; read his unanswered prayer, and then ask yourself, "DO I PLAY A WINNING OR A LOSING GAME?"

Oh, that you were wise! that you would consider your *latter end*! that you would lay hold now on the "true riches," even the "unsearchable riches of Christ"!

Can gold satisfy your heart? Can silver ease your conscience? Can bank-notes, lands, and houses give you comfort in the hour of death? Not any or all of them. Christ alone can do it.

Not a month ago I met a man—a merchant worth his tens of thousands—who told me, that if he could but be sure there was a hereafter, and that there was salvation for him, he would gladly CAST ALL HIS GOODS INTO THE RIVER.

Is this *your* anxiety, reader, and *your* estimation of this world's wealth? Then I gladly cease to warn, and give my pen a much more pleasant task. That there is a hereafter, the spirit of man, and the revelation of God, alike bear witness, and I delight to assure you from God's word of truth that there *is* salvation even for you. However black, however hardened, however vile with sin, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, can make you white, and fit you *now* for

glory. "*All* that believe are justified from *all* things." (Acts xiii. 39.)

Then you shall indeed be rich, for in Christ you will have untold treasure. Your heart will leap with joy, and you will be able in exultation to sing—

"Jesus, *Thou* art enough
The heart and mind to fill."

If already saved, I would exhort you in the words of Scripture, "Keep yourselves from idols." C. K.

TWO VISITORS.



VERY household of the land is entered, sooner or later, by two visitors.

The palace of the monarch, the mansion of the wealthy, the cottage of the poor, are alike approached, none escape.

Unwelcome at all times, they force their way, oftentimes when least expected.

My reader, they may call upon you to-day, are you prepared for their coming?

As a rule one comes a little before the other.

Do you ask their names?

The name of the first is "DISEASE."

All the efforts of modern science can only serve to postpone his visit for a little; for even when one way of entry seems fast closed, another is speedily found and he creeps in unobserved, his presence remaining unknown until he has made preparations for abiding. Then it is useless to attempt to dislodge him, he refuses to be gone, and at length calls to his aid his faithful ally, "DEATH"—this is the name of the second visitor—and the twain remain in that household until their victim goes forth to his grave.

Your habitation may be visited to-night, and you may be compelled to depart. Then where would you spend eternity?



"WHITHER GOEST THOU?"

WHITHER goest thou?" is the challenge that I wish to ring in your ears, my reader, as you march onward across the sands of time.

The question is pointed and personal, I know; but it is also one of the utmost importance, for you are most assuredly passing on to *some* great terminus. You have commenced to travel upon a road which shall have an end somewhere. But *where*?

God's word speaks of two places only. The one is the home of the Father, the Lamb's bright glory, where the blood-washed shall rest in the blissful presence of their thrice-worthy Saviour throughout eternity. The other is the burning lake, which is the eternal prison of demons, and will be the dark, everlasting abode of all Christ-rejecters.

To one of these two destinations you are hastening. And again I challenge you: "Whither goest thou?"

"Is it heaven or hell for you?" I recently asked a young fellow, at the close of a gospel meeting.

"I don't know," he replied; and the smile of indifference upon his face showed he little cared.

There are thousands like this. They are sharp and shrewd as far as matters connected with this life are concerned, yet their everlasting weal or woe costs them no anxiety.

If you are a salvation-neglector you are amongst the number. "Give them warning from Me," God has said to His servants, and I take this opportunity of so doing.

Friend, beware! To-morrow may find you launched into eternity; and if Christless, it must be an eternity of hell's fire and hell's woes.

"I have sold my soul to the devil for a straw" was the cry of a young fellow, as he passed from a Christ-rejecting course here into a Christless eternity.

"They talk to me of crowns and of glory, but I bid them cease. It is *Himself* I shall be with—Himself!" were the dying words of an aged servant of God.

Will you weigh the difference between these two, my reader, and consider

YOUR LATTER END?

Be no more amongst that company who are going post-haste to perdition.

Turn to the Lord Jesus now. Flee to His open arms. His blood can cleanse from sin. His blood can secure eternal redemption for you. His blood is the sinner's only title to glory. Accept Christ now. Present peace and a bright hope will then be yours. J. T. M.

AWAKENED BY A THUNDER-STORM.

HHE blessed God, whose heart is set on saving sinners, can and does use many things to awaken people to a sense of their lost condition. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." (Job xxxiii. 14-17.) How gracious of God thus to act! It is to withdraw man from his awful purpose of self-destruction, and to hide pride from man. God has no pleasure in the death and judgment of the wicked, but that he should turn and live. The heart of God yearns with a divine longing over the sinner. He stands with outstretched hands ready to receive. And joy fills His heart when a sinner turns in repentance to Him!

Mrs. — had gone on in an outwardly religious way for a long time, unawakened and unsaved. (Alas, how many there are like her!) There was no inward work of God in her soul, and she knew not the blessedness

of having the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. A lifeless and a Christless religion can save no one. Such was hers. And she stood not alone, by any means, in this respect. Thousands there are who can talk of their church, and their religion, who know not the blessed Christ of God, and therefore are far from God. Oh, that they might be awakened to a sense of their awful condition—going on morally, respectably, and religiously to hell! The words of the Son of God should startle them. He said to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.)

If you have never known this new birth, beloved reader, all the religion and respectability of the nineteenth century cannot take you into the kingdom of God.

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,"

before you can enter there. Make no mistake. The matter is too serious to be treated lightly. It is weighted with the solemn realities of eternity. Would you insure a place in God's kingdom? Then you must be born again. The Son of God says so.

Mrs. — was unawakened, but God's eye was on her, and He was going to use one of His strange means to awaken her.

One day there was a tremendous thunder-storm, and during the storm one clap of thunder, louder than all the rest, was like the voice of God to her soul. From that moment she was an awakened sinner.

Now she proved the insufficiency of a mere external religion. Her conscience could no longer be appeased in that way. The fact of having to do with God about her sins confronted her, and though she fought the thought of not being able to save herself, and that Jesus on the cross had finished the work that saves, yet she found no relief. How could she, when she was refusing the very thing that God had provided to save us?

The death of God's Son, the Lamb of God, is God's means of saving. In that death His holy claims were met; and in

that same death the sinner's salvation was accomplished. In ceasing from his own works *for* salvation, and trusting Jesus and His finished work, he becomes saved, and then begins to work for Christ *because he is saved*.

I dare not work my soul to save,
That work my Lord has done;
But I may work like any slave,
From love to God's dear Son.

One day Mrs. — was sitting waiting for a Christian friend to come in to speak to her on the way of salvation, when she opened her Bible and began reading the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

She read on until she came to verse eight: "*By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.*"

These words were blessed to her, giving her to see that it was not by her works, but by the grace of God, through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that *all* was the gift of God. When the friend arrived, he found her *saved*.

When God is believed, and His word given its proper place, all is very soon settled. Alas! how many are committing the God-dishonouring sin of *unbelief*! Be assured, dear reader, that "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." (Heb. xi. 6.)

It must be so, for how can we know God but as He is pleased to reveal Himself? This He has done, blessed be His name. Hence it is a question of faith; not of sight or sense, but of faith in God and His word.

Have you this, beloved reader? Without it, though you have the deceitful favour of man, it is impossible to please God.

May God give you to realize the importance of this, and at once to set to your seal that He is true. Refusing all other ground of salvation than the death of Christ, and

putting your trust wholly in Him, it will be your privilege to know that you are saved.

What a word that is—

SAVED!

Thank God, you can be saved. Jesus, when He died, said, "*It is finished.*" In believing, you are saved. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

Believe, and be saved. E. A.

AS HE IS.

I WATCHED a sexton in a country churchyard throw up the soil as he prepared a new grave.

He was a tidy, clean-looking man, with a happy face.

Accosting him, I asked, "Supposing you were to be the occupant of that grave, would your spirit be with the Lord Jesus in heaven?"

"I hope so," he replied.

"Are you not sure?"

"No, sir. But I am not careless or indifferent about these things; in fact, I am hoping and striving, and trust it will be all right with me at last."

Finding he was really in earnest, I quoted 1 John iv. 17, "As He is, *so are we* in this world," to show the security and acceptance of the believer.

"No, sir, that is not it; it says, 'So we shall be.'"

"Pardon me," I replied, "you will find what I have quoted is correct; and it is blessedly true that the moment you trust in the Lord Jesus for your salvation you are 'as He is.' Is He risen? The believer, too, is raised up together with Him, and is made to sit in heavenly places in Him. Is He justified? 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.' The believer has in Christ wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption. His life is 'hid with Christ in God.'"

"You must have made a mistake, sir," replied my listener, and I had to leave him clinging to the tenets which he had been taught—tenets apparently invented to make people deny the certainty in this world of a known salvation, so plainly set forth in the word of God.

Is my reader one of his class? If so, I would ask him to turn to the passage and read for himself, and may faith be mixed with the look as he gazes upon one of the most magnificent verses in God's precious word.

It declares the blessed fact that so perfectly has God wrought for us that He gave His Son, His well beloved, to take our place; and now we are in His place, seen in Him before God, accepted, justified, and loved as He is loved. True, blessedly true it is that "we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

But the same unchangeable word declares that the believer stands in all Christ's perfection now.

May it be yours, dear reader, to believe the record, and thus be delivered from self, and enabled to gaze upon a risen Christ at God's right hand, and to adore Him, as your soul apprehends that "as He is, so are we in this world." "We may have boldness in the day of judgment: because *as He is*, so are we in this world." (1 John iv. 17.)

H. N.

"MY SINS ARE ALL GONE."

A YOUNG man, who was deeply distressed about his sins, sat reading a gospel tract. He came to the following sentence: "If God shows me the very Man that died for my sins on the cross, seated at His own right hand, ought not my soul to enter into the enjoyment of perfect, settled peace as to the question of my sins?" He paused, and for a little sat thinking over the words. Then starting up he exclaimed, "My sins are gone!"

My sins are gone, and gone for ever! The blessed proof of it is that the very One upon whom they were laid on the cross is seated at the right hand of God." Settled peace at once filled his soul.

Believers, this is indeed a most peace-giving truth. The atonement made on Calvary was so perfect, so all-sufficient, that the very One who bore all our sins there can now, in righteousness, sit down on the throne of God.

No language can describe the glory of "the Majesty in the heavens." Its greatness far surpasses even our highest thought. Is it not unspeakable comfort and joy to know that the One who loves us best, whose love led Him unto death for our sins, now occupies the highest place in that glory? What a glorious place is His, seated "on the right hand of the Majesty on high!" (See Heb. i. 3.) Justly He has merited such a place. True, it was His own place. To it, as Son of God, He ever had a divine right. In Hebrews i. He does not, however, take it on that ground alone; but also, as man, on the ground of accomplished atonement. Having by Himself purged our sins, He sat down "on the right hand of the Majesty on high." All was done. He had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

Well may every believer with joy exclaim, "Glory be to God! Unsullied holiness has welcomed with enraptured delight the very One upon whom my sins were laid. Glorious testimony that the whole question of sin is for ever settled!"

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE Holy Ghost, by the Apostle Paul, has made two solemn declarations; (1) that it is appointed unto men once to die, (2) but after this the judgment. (Heb. ix. 27.)

Though sceptical men may attempt to reason away the truth of God's holy word, they cannot deny the solemn fact that death

is severing the ties of human relationships throughout the length and breadth of the world. One after another of their acquaintance falls into his cold embrace. Thus they are bound to confess that none can dispute the correctness of the first of the declarations referred to.

The truth of this portion of God's word is surely well attested, for that which is the wages of sin (Rom. vi. 23) abounds on every side. If the first of these statements, however unpleasant, has to be accepted, what folly to refuse the second. Indeed, what makes death so terrible to many is its sting, and as the scripture tells us, "The sting of death is sin."

Well may the sinner fear the approach of this enemy, for he takes him as a prisoner to bear him away to judgment.

And "*all* have sinned." (Rom. iii. 23.)

You, my reader, are a sinner—"all" must include you—and death is before you. Not only so, you are already in a state of death, as John v. 24 clearly shows.

Would you wish to be delivered from such a condition? Thank God you may be. Those who hear the word of the Son of God and believe on Him who sent Him, obtain this deliverance.

The Lord Jesus, by the grace of God, has "tasted death." (Heb. ii. 9.) He died for all (2 Cor. v. 14); therefore for you. And He is not willing that any should perish. (2 Peter iii. 9.)

Because He has suffered death you may have life—eternal life in Him. (1 John v. 11.)

If you slight His grace, then death—the second death, with all its indescribable horrors, will inevitably be your eternal portion. (Rev. xx. 15.)

S. B.

DEATH comes down with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



CHILDHOOD'S EARLY DAYS.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.

III.



FROM all parts of England, as well as from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the United States of America, our young friends have sent the results of their Scripture searching in the endeavour to complete the alphabets asked for, namely (1) "What Christians are as in Christ," and (2) "What they should be in their walk and ways."

We have to thank our readers who have sought to help in this matter. To most of them we can say "Well done," for nearly all the papers show that considerable thought and labour have been expended in the attempts, and several have obtained most excellent alphabets. Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the desire to discover a word for every one of the letters; the X, Y, and Z of the first, and the X of the second alphabet have occupied much attention, but it has been deemed advisable to exclude these letters altogether.

Besides carefulness in the selection of suitable words and references, age, writing, and neatness have all been taken into account in deciding who the prize-winner was.

Her name is given upon the cover. Another girl, whose name is also mentioned, has come very near to the top, and a second prize is awarded to her, while souvenirs of the competition have been sent to others.

Childhood's early days, if brightened by the knowledge of the Saviour and of the Christian's blessings in Christ, are days of truest joy. May such be the portion of all our searchers, and may their walk and ways answer to their blessings.

We give now specimen alphabets, and heartily thank all the competitors for their labour.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

"What Christians are as in Christ."

Accepted	.	.	.	Eph. i. 6.
Beloved	.	.	.	Rom. i. 7.
Complete	.	.	.	Col. ii. 10.
Delivered	.	.	.	1 Thes. i. 10.
Elect	.	.	.	1 Pet. i. 2.
Forgiven	.	.	.	Eph. iv. 32.
Gathered	.	.	.	John xi. 52.
Heirs	.	.	.	Rom. viii. 17.
Illuminated	.	.	.	Heb. x. 32.
Justified	.	.	.	Acts xiii. 39.
Kept	.	.	.	1 Pet. i. 5.
Light	.	.	.	Eph. v. 8.
Meet	.	.	.	Col. i. 12.
Nigh	.	.	.	Eph. ii. 13.
One	.	.	.	Gal. iii. 28.
Purchased	.	.	.	Acts xx. 28.
Quickened	.	.	.	Eph. ii. 5.
Redeemed	.	.	.	1 Pet. i. 18, 19.
Sons	.	.	.	Rom. viii. 14.
Translated	.	.	.	Col. i. 13.
Unknown	.	.	.	1 John iii. 1.
Victorious	.	.	.	1 Cor. xv. 57.
Washed	.	.	.	Rev. i. 5.
X	.	.	.	.
Y	.	.	.	.
Z	.	.	.	.

"What they should be in their walk and ways."

Abounding	.	.	.	1 Cor. xv. 58.
Blameless	.	.	.	Phil. ii. 15.
Content	.	.	.	Heb. xiii. 5.
Diligent	.	.	.	2 Pet. iii. 14.
Examples	.	.	.	1 Tim. iv. 12.
Faithful	.	.	.	Matt. xxv. 21.
Gentle	.	.	.	2 Tim. ii. 24.
Humble	.	.	.	1 Pet. v. 5.
Industrious	.	.	.	Eph. iv. 28.
Joyful	.	.	.	Phil. iv. 4.
Kind	.	.	.	Eph. iv. 32.
Lowly	.	.	.	Matt. xi. 29.
Merciful	.	.	.	Matt. v. 7.
Noble	.	.	.	Acts xvii. 11.
Obedient	.	.	.	1 Pet. i. 14.
Patient	.	.	.	Jas. v. 7.
Quiet	.	.	.	1 Thes. iv. 11.
Righteous	.	.	.	Titus ii. 12.
Separate	.	.	.	2 Cor. vi. 17.
Thankful	.	.	.	Col. iii. 15.
Understanding	.	.	.	Eph. v. 17.
Valiant	.	.	.	Heb. xi. 34.
Wise	.	.	.	Matt. x. 16.
X	.	.	.	.
Yielding	.	.	.	Rom. vi. 19.
Zealous	.	.	.	Titus ii. 14.

"THE FOUR 'STILLS.'"



ONE Sunday evening Nellie was reading to her mother from Rev. xxii. As she read the 11th verse the four "stills" laid hold of her.

"Let him be *unjust* still."

"Let him be *filthy* still."

"Let him be *righteous* still."

"Let him be *holy* still."

She went to bed; but not to sleep. A storm had arisen in her breast, and it raged higher and higher. She thought of God's great love, proved so well in the gift of His Son; of the love of Christ, which moved Him to die, that His precious blood might put away sins; and of what must happen if she were too late! for she had read, "The time is at hand." Nellie might well be troubled, and the scalding tears evidenced her reality. But peace was to fill her soul.

The gospel message has been sent—Jesus, God's Son, has died; by the blood of His cross He has

MADE PEACE!

(Col. i. 20.) He endured the storm for us; the angry billows of God's judgment against sin rolled over Him. He could say, "Thou hast afflicted Me with all Thy waves." (Ps. lxxxviii. 7.)

Looking back Nellie could say, "The hours of night passed away; the storm within was still raging, and I was obliged at last to get upon my knees, and cry to Jesus to take me, and wash me in His most precious blood. Then a voice seemed to whisper: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts xvi. 31.) I said, 'Lord, I do believe.' And then the words came so sweetly: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' (Isa. i. 18.) And then I got peace."

The Lord Jesus can still the storm in your breast, dear anxious reader, as He stilled the tempest when with His disciples on the sea of Galilee. We read, "He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,

PEACE, BE STILL.

. . . and there was a great calm." (Mark iv. 35-39.) Simply *confide* in Him to-day. Who is so worthy of your trust as He?

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus—

All the price is paid!

Perfect pardon now is offered,

Peace is made."

Yes, peace has been made.

Perfect Everlasting Amazing Changeless Enjoyable	}	PEACE.
--	---	--------

True, it has to be *known* to be enjoyed, and when enjoyed its fulness cannot be expressed.

"Being justified by faith," believers

"HAVE PEACE

with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.)

Satan is busy with his false gospel: "Peace, peace; when there is no peace." (Jer. viii. 11.)

"Destruction cometh: and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none." (Ezek. vii. 25.) "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isa. lvii. 21.)

Where will you be when destruction comes?

A. F. M.

FITNESS FOR HEAVEN.



CAN you tell me how a poor sinner can be made fit for heaven?

Such was the question put, a short time ago, to a lady dressed in the garb of a nun, while travelling in the North of England.

Her reply was, "Repentance is the only way that I know of."

Now important as repentance is, for God "commandeth all men every where to repent," and the Lord has said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," yet repentance does not wash out sin, repentance does not blot out the sinner's guilt. We have boldness to enter into the holiest by *the blood of Jesus*. "It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul."

Christ's death, not our repentance, is the righteous ground on which God can receive the vilest sinner, and fit him for His own holy presence.

"If such be the case, then, what need was there for the Lord Jesus Christ to come down from heaven's glory to die upon Calvary?" was then asked, but evidently the subject was objectionable, for she made answer, "You have a Bible, I suppose, and you can find all about it there."

Yes, thank God, the Bible is not a sealed book. In its blessed pages, dear reader, we may learn how a sinner ("*All* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 23), may be fitted for the holy presence of the living God.

One thing is certain, and that is, we can never enter heaven with *our sins*. So that unless these are in some way or other atoned for, heaven, with all its glory, light, love, and everlasting song must be *for ever* barred against us.

How then can sins be put away?

By repentance? oh! no indeed, for there is no blood in repentance, and "without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. ix 22); and the hymn states the truth when it says:

"It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the *blood* that atones for the soul."

Yes, reader, on the authority of the unchanging word of the living God, we would assure you that if you are to enter that bright and blessed scene where the presence of Jesus gives nought but eternal joy, it must be, not on the ground of repentance, tears, or prayers, but through simple faith in the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He,

the holy, spotless One—"the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father,"—veiled His glory, came to earth and died upon Calvary's cross, thus opening up a way by which sinners, lost and ruined, might be cleansed from all their sins and fitted for the presence of the ever-blessed God "Christ . . . hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.)

Realizing that you cannot, by any personal work or effort, atone for your sins, and trusting the precious blood of Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin (1 John i. 7), you will be entitled to say, in spite of the contrary opinions of men, and in spite of human traditions, "Through the blood of Christ I am fitted even now for heaven."

Then you will be enabled to join in the thanksgiving of Col. i. 12.

Giving thanks unto the Father,
which HATH MADE US MEET
to be partakers of the inheritance
of the saints in light :
who HATH delivered us
from the power of darkness,
and HATH translated us
into the kingdom of His dear Son :
in whom we HAVE redemption
THROUGH HIS BLOOD,
even the forgiveness of sins."

P. H. S.

"NO WICKED SINS."



"HAVE no sins," said a nine-year-old boy to me, when I sought to show him his need of a Saviour.

Quoting to him the verse, 1 John i. 10, "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us," I asked, "Do you see what you are doing? You are making God a liar. *He* says you *have* sinned, but *you* say you *have not*."

"I have no wicked sins, anyway," he

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

67

answered, hoping somehow or other to make out a good case.

"But, my boy," I replied, "*all* sins are wicked, and you need the Lord Jesus. Apart

from His precious blood you can never be in heaven. You need the Lord Jesus, and you need Him now."

The little boy was a modern Pharisee.

He did not know his need of the Lord Jesus Christ's precious death upon the cross; and as there are many like him all around, and probably some of my readers are in a similar condition, I have given the account of his words.

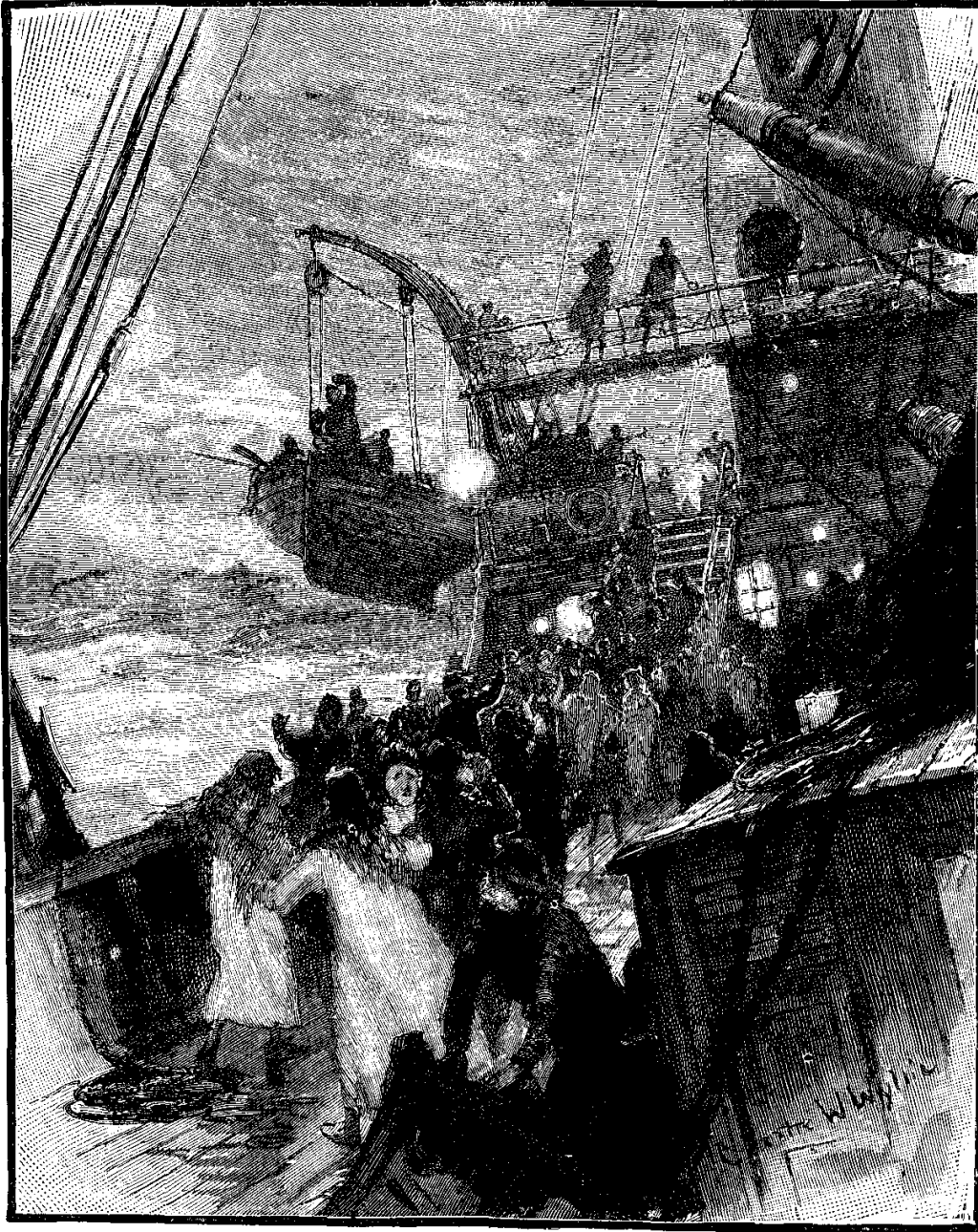
"There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

"There is none righteous, no, not one."

"*All* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

Deceitfulness, lying, evil temper, pride, selfishness, cheating, stealing, disobedience to parents, seeking our own will, going our own way—all these are sins, and all these are wicked.

Do not seek to cover your sins, but own them all before God, and He will forgive you for Christ's sake.



A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.



ESTWARD bound! Across the waters
Sailed a vessel trim and brave,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Bearing o'er the rolling wave.

To the far West all were going,
Some to seek and make a home,
Others journeying on, well knowing
Loved ones, far beyond the foam.

'Mongst this number was a mother
 With her darling, only boy,
 She beside him had no other,
 He alone her heart's deep joy.
 To her husband she was hastening,
 Who his house for them prepared ;
 Home joys soon would they be tasting,
 Now they ocean's perils shared.

Onward swept they, gladly, sprightly,
 Like a seabird o'er the sea,
 In the sunshine speeding brightly,
 Sailing on so pleasantly.
 No one dreamed of death or danger,
 No one thought of ill or harm,
 Till a cry—both friend and stranger
 Filled with terror and alarm.

Did the tempest sweep the ocean ?
 Did the crested billows rage ?
 Did the winds in wild commotion
 War with that fair vessel wage ?
 Were the breakers near her breaking ?
 No ! but something far more dire ;
 'Twas the fearful terror-waking
 Awful cry of "Ship on Fire !"

"Lower the boats, and lower steady !"
 Cried the captain, stern and brave—
 "Lose no time, and now be ready,
 All who wish their lives to save."
 But there wanted no constraining,
 No command to them need be,
 From the flames, each moment gaining,
 Strained they every nerve to flee.

But, as from the vessel turning,
 Some beheld a touching sight.
 With the flames around them burning,
 Two stood there in wild affright.
 'Twas the mother and her treasure,
 Somehow they had been passed by,
 And now, anxious beyond measure,
 They were left alone—to die !

'Mongst the rescued now ascending
 Was the cry, "For them make room,
 It's so awful, so heart-rending
 Thus to leave to such a doom."
 But they found from suffering, dying
 Only one they dared to save ;
 Both to rescue, needless trying,
 All would swamp beneath the wave.

"Only one," rose to the mother
 From the waiting boat below.
 Said she, "But we love each other,
 With you can we not both go ?"
 "One or none !"—no time to parley—
 Came again the answer high ;
 Awful moment, she or Charlie
 Must amid the fierce flames die.

Should she not make most endeavour
 First of all herself to save ?
 Just one moment did she waver !
 Love for Charlie courage gave.
 "I will stay ! You shall go rather,
 They will take you o'er the sea,
 And say, when you meet your father,
 'Father ! mother died for me.'"

* * * * *

When at length the landing station
 By the rescued crew was made,
 Then towards his destination
 Safely Charlie was conveyed.
 Said his father, the boy kissing,
 "Charlie, you to see I'm glad ;
 But why is your mother missing ?
 Wherefore do you look so sad ?"

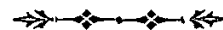
Said he, trembling with emotion,
 And as if his heart would break,
 "When the ship burned on the ocean,
 And us both they could not take.
 Mother dear for my sake staying
 On the blazing ship above,
 Bade me tell you, father, daring,
 That she gave her life in love."

* * * * *

A mother's love ! Ah ! noble mother
 Thus to suffer for her son ;
 But it tells me of Another—
 What He in His grace has done,
 Sweetly pointeth it to JESUS,
 Who, my soul to bless and free,
 In His love so full and precious,
 Gave Himself on Calvary's tree.

Strong her love, but His was stronger,
 Much she suffered, He much more ;
 His was deeper, broader, longer
 Than the farthest stretching shore.
 From the highest heights of glory
 To the deepest depths of woe—
 There He died, oh, wondrous story !
 That Salvation I might know.

Yes, His heart's almighty yearning,
 Love's unquenchable desire
 Made Him stand amid the burning
 Of a fiercer, hotter fire.
 Woes and pains beyond all telling
 Love for me then made Him bear,
 That His Father's glorious dwelling
 I, for evermore, might share.



CARELESS OR TROUBLED.



ONE bright day in October a fair was held at the town of P——, and many hundreds of people were going to and fro.

On the road there was a little girl, about four years old, standing all alone. She had been walking along with her mother, brother, and sisters, but by some means had missed them, and they had gone on without her.

Now, as she looked around, she knew no one. She was *lost*. However, she seemed quite unconcerned, and not in the least troubled about her condition.

Then a kind man took her by the hand, and she walked along with him searching for her friends, and after a little while her mother came running up, and seeing the child, caught her up and kissed her.

The mother was glad indeed that she had found her little girl again, for she knew the danger she had been in, but the child herself had not appeared any more afraid when she was on the road alone, than now, when she was in her mother's embrace.

* * * *

A few days after another little girl, about the same age, while walking with her parent, stayed to look in at a shop window. Not noticing that her little one had lingered behind, the mother went on up the street. When the child looked up and saw that her mother had gone, she was frightened and cried out in piteous tones, "Mamma, come, mamma; come!" and ran up and down.

A lady asked her what was the matter, but the cry, "Mamma, come!" were the only words the child would speak. She knew she was lost.

At length the parent, hastening back, found her, and the little girl's cry was hushed. She was now happy because she had been found, and very soon all her tears were wiped away.

* * * *

These two lost children picture for us the

condition of lost sinners before God. There was a great difference between the two little girls, and there is the same difference among sinners. Some are lost but careless, others are lost but anxious.

Satan, the enemy of our souls, likes us to go on carelessly, not thinking about our need of Christ, who alone can save us; but the blessed Lord Jesus, who came to save the lost, wants all to come to Him and be saved, for in His precious blood, which was shed on Calvary, all sins may be washed away.

I wish all my readers were like the little girl who knew she was lost, and who was so distressed about it. As soon as you see that you are lost and far away from God, you will become anxious about your soul's salvation, and the Lord Jesus is waiting to bless and save all such, and will hear directly you call upon Him.

YOU NEED THE PHYSICIAN.



WHAT lovely words they are in Luke v. 31, 32: "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

One would never think of going to the doctor when in health and strength. But when one is weak and ill, and pains fill the body, the doctor is generally welcome. This is what this verse would teach us as to our Lord Jesus Christ. Those who are sick in their souls, and feel the burden of their sins, need the great Physician, Jesus. The poor woman of Luke vii. was a sin-sick sinner. She came into Simon the Pharisee's house seeking Jesus. Now what did Jesus do? The blessed words fell on her ears, "Thy sins are forgiven." Doubtless she went out of that house happy in the knowledge of a Saviour's forgiveness. It was not because she was good that Jesus forgave her; but because, knowing and owning her grief, she came to Him. Will not you come like this and be saved, dear children?

He still says, "Suffer little children *to come unto Me.*"

Perhaps you say, "How can I come? If Jesus were on earth, and visited our town, and then asked me to come to Him, I should know what He meant, and should go to Him. But how can I go to Jesus when He is so very far away?" Let me try and illustrate it for you. Suppose your father went to Australia, and after being there a long time, he writes home to you one day telling you that he is going to stop there. As he is not coming back to England, he wants you to go to him. He tells you in his letter that a certain ship will leave the dock on such a day. He also sends the money to buy your ticket, telling you where it is to be obtained, and he gives in his letter all the information you require. What would you do? Why, if you really loved your father, and wanted to be with him, you would at once purchase the ticket, and when the time arrived you would step on board the ship, which would take you safely there. Now, this is the way Jesus bids you come. Your father's letter is like God's letter. 'Now the Bible tells us all about coming to Jesus.

It tells us *who* are to come—*sinner*s.

It tells us *when* we are to come—*now*.

It tells us the *way* to come—by *believing* on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, and rose again. Jesus, by His own precious blood, has opened the way so that we may go to heaven, and every boy and girl who trusts in Him will surely reach that home. Trust then in His precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin.

J. H. L.

"YE MAY KNOW."



"PAPA, is your house insured?" asked a little girl as she seated herself upon her father's knee and put her arms lovingly around him.

"Why yes, my dear; I have the house insured, so that if it should be burnt down I could build another."

"And have you got your life insured, Papa?"

"Yes, little girl, my life is insured."

"And please Papa, have you got your *soul* insured?"

The question, uttered in childish simplicity, did its work effectively. Providing for time, he had left eternity unthought of.

Alas, he is not at all alone in his folly! Multitudes are careful as to the present, but leave the future to take care of itself, and drift on heedlessly to their doom.

Reader, is *your* soul insured?

Do you answer "I do not know, and no one can really know, though some presumptuously affirm that they do?"

But Paul knew and tells us so, for he says:

"I know whom I have believed,
and am persuaded
that He is able to keep that which
I have committed unto Him
against that day."

(2 Tim. i. 12.)

His soul was insured and he knew it; and it is the privilege of God's people to have *the certainty* that all is well with them for time and for eternity.

Thus the Apostle Paul, writing for all believers, says: "WE KNOW

that if our earthly house of this tabernacle
were dissolved,
we have a building of God,
a house not made with hands,
eternal in the heavens."

(2 Cor. v. 1.)

The Apostle Peter adds his testimony.

"YE KNOW
that ye were . . . redeemed . . .
with the precious blood of Christ."

(1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

The Apostle John bears similar witness, saying,

"WE KNOW
that we have passed from death unto life,
because we love the brethren."

(1 John iii. 14.)

READER, be not deceived. "YE MAY KNOW." (1 John v. 13.) Do you know?

SCATTERED SEED.

AN AWFUL DREAM.

YOUR name is probably in a great many places. It may be on the list of those whom the world delights to honour, or it may be found among the records of some gloomy prison.

It may be engraved among the honoured graduates of some noted school of learning, or found followed by a cross, indicating that you cannot even write.

It may be seen among the names of millionaires, or may be recorded on the books of a country almshouse.

And when you die and leave this scene, kind friends may have it chiselled on a block of costly marble, or only rudely painted on a slab of wood.

But I would ask you, Is your name written in *heaven*? Is it found in the Lamb's Book of Life?

Do you say you cannot tell—that no one can be *sure*? Turn to the tenth chapter of Luke's Gospel and read how a company of itinerant preachers were once told to rejoice because their names were written in heaven. (v. 20.) And it was the Lord Jesus Himself who told them this. They were "written in *heaven*," beyond the reach of man's malicious hand, and where the devil's finger could never blot them out.

While visiting in a village in Missouri, I met a man who told me of a strange and awful dream he once had, given him, he said, as a warning from God.

He dreamed that he died and found himself in a long, narrow corridor. At one end, in the distance, he could faintly see bright lights, and soft, sweet strains of music came floating through the air. He thought at once it must be heaven, and he started towards the light. But he had not gone far when he came to a massive iron gate stretched across

the corridor. The gate was barred, and locked, and guarded by a keeper, who told him that he must find his name in the record book ere he could allow him to pass on. He then proceeded to carefully examine a ponderous book lying on the desk before him. It was a solemn moment; the suspense was almost unbearable, but at last the keeper closed the book and said, "You cannot go on; your name is not written down." Terrified and in despair, the poor man begged the warder to search once more. Again he slowly examined the volume page by page. When he had finished he looked up and sternly said, "We never make mistakes here; your name is not written down; you must depart." Sadly the rejected man turned away, but almost the first step was over a precipice. With a shriek of horror he shot downwards—down, down, down, till he thought he reached the flames of hell. Then he awoke!

This remarkable dream made a deep impression upon him at the time, but when I met him its effect had greatly passed, and he was still unsaved. After warning him to give heed lest his dream of being shut out might yet come true, I passed on and saw him no more.

Friend, take warning! God, I doubt not, has spoken oftentimes to you. Never rest until you are assured that heaven's eternal pen has placed your name among the list of God's people. Do not, I beseech you, be content to have it on some church-book merely. Heaven consults not earthly books, and heaven's Judge notes not names put down by human hands. If you trust *now* in Jesus' blood and rest your soul on Calvary's finished work, you may have the divine assurance that you *are* of God's elect; that your name *is* written down, and that you *are* justified from all things. "All that believe *are* justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.)

There shall come a day when heaven and earth shall be no more. The great "I AM" shall sit and judge upon the great white throne, and before that throne, in resurrection bodies, shall stand the multitudes of lost, unpardoned men. The books shall there be opened, and one by one they shall hear their last dread sentence. Their names are not found in the Book of Life; they must have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. (Read Rev. xx. 11-15.)

Flee, unpardoned sinner, from the wrath to come! Escape for thy life from the everlasting burning! Fly *now* to the waiting Saviour's outstretched arms of mercy. Then, pillowed on His bosom of love, you can rejoice because your name is written in heaven.

C. K.

I BELONG TO CHRIST—DO YOU?

THAT lady cannot be a Christian!" So thought a young student in one of the schools of art as he watched his teacher passing from one pupil to another, explaining the same thing again and again, as patiently the twentieth time as the first. She always looked happy; her face was ever bright; she did not exclaim impatiently at the blunders of her pupils, even when they ought to have known better. Surely she could not be a Christian!

The youth's idea of a Christian must have been a melancholy one. To him a believer in Christ must have been one who wore a mournful countenance; whereas, on the contrary, the true Christian is the only one who has any reason to be happy, because he has a source of joy beyond the power of death.

The young man's curiosity at last overcame every other feeling, and he asked his teacher a question, which brought out the answer, "I belong to Christ—do you?"

The words went straight to his heart. He knew that sooner or later he must face the

question, and he felt that now was the time. Young as he was he seemed impressed with the thought that this was his last chance. That same day he had occasion to take a long walk into the country, and during the whole time the words rang in his ears, "I belong to Christ—do you?" The question *must* be answered. Satan whispered, "Put it off until the ball is over." The youth wanted to go to this ball, and was tempted to delay his decision till then; but, thank God, Satan did not have his way. His distress increased; he felt himself a guilty, helpless, *lost* sinner, with God's wrath upon him. Then he was pointed to the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the "lost." He was urged to take his place where God put him—a sinner—and to put himself among the "*all* that believe" who *are* justified from *all* things. (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) He received God's message, believed His word, and could then joyfully say, "*I* belong to Christ."

"Have you ever regretted deciding for Christ at once?" he was asked some long time after.

"Never!" he answered.

Nor will you, dear young reader, if *you* decide *now*. Many whom I have known came to the Lord Jesus Christ while very young, but *not one* has ever regretted it! Besides the blessed knowledge of sins forgiven, and an eternity of happiness before us, we have now, while still here, the Lord Jesus Christ as a Friend who never fails us. He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. (Heb. vii. 25.)

We have God for our Father, and His love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to us. (Rom. v. 5.) Ought not Christians to be happy? No lasting joy is to be found in anything the world offers, but the Lord said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall *never* thirst." (John iv. 14.) Do not listen to Satan's suggestions, which lead to everlasting sorrow, but obey *God's call*, and find eternal happiness.

I should like to say to any young Christians who may read this, "Let your light so shine." You may not be called to preach, but let all the details of your daily life be done to please the Lord. Let His love flow into your hearts. If you have cares and burdens that might cause anxiety, go to Him and tell Him all about them. Thus, your face and ways will shew that you are rejoicing "in the Lord," and you will be a bright witness to Him in the world where He has been cast out. L. A. M. P.

THE TWO MESSAGES.

ONE descends from the glory to the earth, the other ascends from the earth to the glory.

One is the expression of the coming Saviour, the other the cry of the expectant saint.

"Surely I come quickly" is the one; "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," is the other.

The Lord Himself is at hand, and He seeks to gladden His suffering people by the blessed prospect of His personal return. He would have them awaiting the long-looked-for moment. He wishes them to be found watching, "that when He cometh and knocketh, they may open unto Him immediately." Thus He sends a final word to remind them of His faithful promise.

Already He has won the hearts of His own; His death upon Calvary has attached them to Himself, and for His own sake they long for His coming again, and thus exclaim, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Can *you* utter these words as the true expression of your heart's desire? Surely He looks for this answer to His communication, and the apostle John, by the Spirit, puts the words into our lips.

May we so walk as to be able to utter them at all times. I. F.

"AND HE LEFT THEM."

THE blessed Son of God had been giving every possible proof, by word and act, of who He was, when "The Pharisees came forth, and began to question with Him, seeking of Him a sign from heaven, tempting Him. And He sighed deeply in His spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation. *And He left them.*" (Mark viii. 11-13.)

Blind unbelief hid from the eyes of these poor religionists the glory of the Person who was in their midst, even as it is unbelief to-day that shuts out the grace of the blessed God, who would "have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.)

By their own suicidal act of unbelief they secured their own damnation.

"*And He left them.*" How awful to be left by the Son of God to one's own unbelief, and to the everlasting consequences of that unbelief!

Thousands are now following the same dreadful course. Cavilling, quibbling, reasoning, instead of *believing*. This is the popular spirit of to-day; it is the downward, hellward course of the multitude that will pass by the glory of the person of the Son of God, trample under foot His precious blood, resist the gracious pleadings of the Holy Spirit, refuse the grace of God, reject His proffered salvation, and in spite of every warning press on, in the madness of unbelief, to the woe of the lost, there to be left, and left for ever, by the righteous Judge of all the earth.

Oh, the unutterable woe of being left thus to reap for ever the awful consequences of unbelief, with the dreadful reflection that God would have saved them, but they would not!

Here on earth may be heard the murmurings of poor man against the justice of God; but there, from that pit of woe, not a murmur

will come up, for God will not only "be exalted in judgment," but He will be also vindicated in judgment, even by those upon whom the judgment falls for ever.

Friend, give glory to God, now in this day of grace, by turning in repentance to Him, receiving the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, standing forth, in view of that day of judgment, so swiftly coming, and confessing Him as your Lord.

It shall then be your privilege to seek to win some poor fellow-sinner to the Saviour, which shall be a joy to your heart for ever.

E. A.

A MESSAGE FOR THE ANXIOUS.



ASLEEP in a burning house, or asleep in a boat drifting down to the rapids with the smile of a dream upon the upturned face—the danger only increased by the unconsciousness—these instances are indeed sad.

But how inexpressibly so is the case of a *careless* sinner. Rocked to sleep upon the brink of a burning hell by the lullaby of Satan, filling in a brief life with this world's pleasures and sins, forgetting God—nay, forgetting in his blind folly the soul immortal, the coming judgment, the never-ending eternity—this, this, indeed, is sad!

But thank God *you* are at last aroused to a sense of your perilous condition, as condemned already, and under the wrath of God. You wonder *now* that souls, so keen-sighted as to this life, are so stone-blind as to eternity. Yet but a little while ago you were in a similar condition.

Nothing but the hand of God in sovereign grace has opened your eyes to your highest interest. Now you have discovered yourself to be lost; you are anxious to be saved. The Bible, which you once religiously read or neglected altogether, you have taken down from the book-shelf, wondering if it will speak peace to your heart, as it has to thousands before. Previously it seemed to

you like a good book, but with no special voice to you. You read it with no more interest than you would read the will of an American millionaire, who had made magnificent bequests, which, however, did not concern *you*. If you had found a shilling in the streets, it would have interested you more; but you are anxious *now* as to what the Bible says.

Take courage! It has tidings of peace, and salvation, and joy for *you*.

The *only* part you can possibly have in this matter of your salvation is your sins. You have *done* enough—done enough to damn you for all eternity.

The Israelites of old, with the Red Sea in front of them, Pharaoh's armies thundering in hot pursuit behind them, were told to "STAND STILL, and see the salvation of the Lord." (Ex. xiv. 13.)

The multitude, which flocked round Jesus, when on earth, asked Him, "What shall we *do*, that we might work the works of God?" He answered, "This is the work of God, that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent." (John vi. 29.)

The Philippian jailer, troubled and anxious, demanded of Paul and Silas in the midnight hour, "Sirs, what must I *do* to be saved?" The simple message, which brought peace to his troubled heart, and may bring peace to yours, was, "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." (Acts xvi. 31.)

Again, the apostle Paul tells us in Rom. iv. 5, "To him that *worketh* NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

Now, friend, the only way for you to get blessing is to bow to the word of God, and cease any, and every, effort of your own. Not to do so is to act contrary to that word.

The reward of work is wages. The only wages Scripture speaks of is death—the wages of sin. That you have well earned.

But God is love. He proposes a *GIFT*. "The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) Will you accept this wonderful gift? To pay a

single farthing of good works for it would destroy its character as a gift.

Think for a moment of what a gift it is! Before God could offer it to you Christ must die. God is light as well as love. Righteousness demands satisfaction for sin. And my soul can rest in this, that the Lord Jesus Christ bore the punishment due to my sins on the cross of Calvary. God is "*just*, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 26.) I have believed in Jesus in simple faith, have taken Him as my Substitute and Saviour. He has borne my sins in His own body on the tree. (1 Peter ii. 24.) And now—

"Payment God will not twice demand,
Once at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

My salvation is on the basis of everlasting righteousness. Christ's work, God's word, and my salvation are eternally linked together.

Now, dear anxious reader, can you, as you read this paper, look up in simple faith and take Christ as *your* Saviour? Then salvation, peace with God, the gift of eternal life, are all yours.

I said to an anxious soul a week or two ago, "If you believe now, when will you be saved?"

Smiling through her tears of anxiety, her lips dropped that precious little monosyllable now. Yes, thank God, "now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

If you take Christ now, you can look back in memory to that scene at Calvary's cross with an interest never before awakened. You can see that blessed Lamb of God offered up as an atonement for sin. He entered the three hours of darkness that you might never enter the blackness of darkness for ever. In those hours of anguish all the waves and billows of God's wrath against sin rolled over His blessed soul. Let your soul go out in worship—the very foretaste of heaven—and say, "Blessed Lord, Thou enduredst the darkness, that I might have the light; the death, that I might have eternal life; the sorrow, that I might have the joy; the forsaking of God, that I might know

acceptance and adoption." God's word is your authority for this assurance of salvation. Once more, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." (John iii. 16, 17.) A. J. P.

"CHRIST."

PHIL. i. 21.

CHRIST for sickness, CHRIST for health,
CHRIST for poverty or wealth,
CHRIST for joy and CHRIST for sorrow,
CHRIST to-day and CHRIST to-morrow;
CHRIST my Life and CHRIST my Light,
CHRIST for morning, noon, and night;
CHRIST when all around gives way,
CHRIST my everlasting Stay.
CHRIST my Rest and CHRIST my Food,
CHRIST above my highest good,
CHRIST my Well-beloved, my Friend,
CHRIST my Pleasure without end.
CHRIST my Saviour, CHRIST my Lord,
CHRIST my Portion, CHRIST my God,
CHRIST my Shepherd, I His sheep,
CHRIST Himself my soul doth keep.
CHRIST my Leader, CHRIST my Peace,
CHRIST hath bought my soul's release;
CHRIST my Righteousness divine,
CHRIST for me, for He is mine.
CHRIST my Wisdom, CHRIST my Meat,
CHRIST restores my wand'ring feet;
CHRIST the merciful High Priest,
CHRIST, who ne'er forgets the least.
CHRIST my Teacher, Christ my Guide,
CHRIST my Rock, in CHRIST I hide;
CHRIST the ever-living Bread,
CHRIST His precious blood hath shed.
CHRIST has brought me nigh to God,
CHRIST the Everlasting Word;
CHRIST my Master, CHRIST my Head,
CHRIST, who for my sins hath bled.
CHRIST my Glory, CHRIST my Crown,
CHRIST the Plant of great renown;
CHRIST my Advocate on high;
CHRIST my Hope draws ever nigh.

NO FEAR OF DEATH.

WHO can tell the anguish that fills the soul of a dying man when the terrible fact bursts upon him that he must meet God in his sins? Well may such be afraid, for after death there is the judgment.

Blessed be God, such scenes of darkness and despair as, alas! are often witnessed, need not occur.

God's own Son has tasted death, as we read, "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man." (Heb. ii. 9.) He was once in death to meet God's righteous demands and the sinner's need, but is now a risen, exalted *Saviour*, because He has finished the work to God's perfect satisfaction and infinite delight.

What a glorious portion follows for the simple believer in Jesus: "That through death He (Jesus) might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 14, 15.)

For the believer the sting of death has gone. He does not fear death, because its sting cannot touch him, and if he is called away he is quite at rest, knowing that the call is to depart to be for ever with the Lord.

A young man whom I visited a little time ago gave clear evidence of the power of death being broken.

E — had been healthy, strong and vigorous, but health, and strength, and vigour, had now all fled; the once firm pulse had become feeble, and a few weeks found him laid on his bed. Doctors were called in for consultation, and on their second visit they looked at each other and at the patient very seriously.

E —, observing the anxiety on their faces, remarked, "Now, tell me all about it, don't hide anything."

In a few short, but sympathetic, words they told him the whole truth, that he could live but a few days.

With a smile he answered them:

"Don't trouble about it, I am not afraid to die."

The few days that he lived he gave a very bright testimony. Being asked what was the secret of his confidence and joy, he replied, "I know that Jesus is my Saviour. He died for me, and now I am not going to meet death, but my Saviour, and to see Him face to face."

Reader, art *thou* ready? If the call came to thee to-night, what would the result be? Would it bring dark despair into thy soul, or couldst thou answer the summons with a smile and ready response in the confidence of meeting the Saviour?

I trust the latter portion is yours; but if unprepared, oh, fly with thy guilty load to Jesus, and He will ease thee of thy burden. God calls thee; Jesus awaits thee. Come just now.

H. B.

ETERNITY.

AN ACROSTIC.

THE ETERNITY OF THE REDEEMED.

EVER salvation, never damnation,
Time and its sorrows are past;
Endless delight, nor shadows, nor night,
Rest for the weary at last.
Nothing but peace, all turmoil shall cease,
In Christ's blessed likeness they shine;
They gaze on His face, they tell of His grace,
Yea, they sing of His love divine.

THE ETERNITY OF THE LOST.

EVER damnation, never salvation,
The day of mercy passed by;
Endless their gloom, and unending their doom,
Redemption no longer is nigh.
No hope at the last, their times are all past,
In hell there is nought but despair;
'T will then be too late, for sealed is their fate,
Yes, too late their mistake to repair!

ETERNITY! WHERE WILL YOU SPEND IT?

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



AMONG THE FLOWERS.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.

IV.

WHAT WE ARE IN CHRIST.



E now come to our letter E, for which I shall choose the word

ENRICHED.

We have been blessed with all fulness of blessing, and are rich indeed, for we have true riches, which can really satisfy the heart. Let us never forget the cost at which we have been blessed. "Ye know," says the apostle Paul, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9.)

The Christian is rich in grace now, and will soon be rich in glory; but both alike are "the result of *His* poverty."

FORGIVEN.

F shall stand for "Forgiven." The believer is freely, and fully, forgiven, forgiven *all* trespasses. God, in His grace, has covered every one of our sins, and remembers our guilt no more.

Let us ever forgive, if we have a quarrel against any, even as God for Christ's sake *hath* forgiven us. We *are* forgiven—forgiven for Christ's sake alone—and thus are called to forgive others.

GATHERED.

Thank God, He has gathered us out of a world that lieth in the wicked one; we no longer are of it, even as Christ is not of it. We are gathered for Christ, and for His glory and pleasure. But at what a cost! It is easy for a child to gather a bunch of wild flowers for her own delight, but it cost our Lord His life's blood that He might have us as His own. Nothing turned Him from His path of love; He suffered upon the cross for us, and will have us to bloom for ever in His own home of light and liberty. Will you be there? Are you one of His flowers?

BELIEVING AND CONFESSING.



"I'm saved to-night, sir," said a lad to me some time since, as he left one of our Gospel meetings.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"It was the word you spoke, sir," was his prompt reply.

"What was the word?"

"It was from Rom. x. 9, Thou shalt be saved IF thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead."

My young friend saw that on the cross Jesus bore his sin, and that God had taken Jesus out of the grave and put Him on His throne, thus proving to us that not only was the work done on the cross, as Jesus said it was, but that God was satisfied with it.

The dear lad had believed this in his heart, and now opened his lips to confess the Lord Jesus.

He did not mind how his mates laughed at him. He had found Jesus as his Saviour, and was not ashamed to speak of Him.

This is why he could say with such confidence, "I'm saved to-night"—because God had said it about him first.

Now, what about you who are reading this story? Are you saved?

My little friend was a black boy, but as soon as he trusted in Jesus all his sins were washed away, and his soul was made as white as snow.

You may have a fair, white skin, but, remember, God does not look to see what colour your skin is, but He looks right down from heaven into your heart.

Just think of your sins, which are all in God's book and have grieved God's heart. And while you think of them turn to Jesus, who can wash them all away. Then tell your friends that Jesus has saved you, and that He can save them too.

J. T. M.

FOR WHOM DID JESUS DIE?



AFTER a rough journey across a steep mountain, by a narrow and winding path, some Christian friends and myself arrived at the little village of Garth, which lies on the mountain-side in Denbighshire.

It was then about mid-day, and the children had just left school, and were busily occupied with their games.

Seeing some books in our hands, which we were evidently prepared to give away, they at once grouped around us, and their young voices cried out, "Give me one, sir, please?"

Thinking this a good opportunity of speaking to them about Jesus, the best Friend in the world, I asked them to stand still, and I then gave out the hymn which commences:

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me."

This was heartily sung, and afterwards I asked the boys and girls, "What kind of people was it Jesus died to save?"

Now I am quite sure, that, if the young readers of *Scattered Seed* were asked this question, many of them would soon give a correct answer, but some might make the same mistake that these Welsh children did.

After a little pause, one of the girls answered, "Why, good people, sir!"

The rest were asked if the girl had answered rightly, and they replied "Yes!"

"Now, boys," I said, "will you please tell me how many good girls there are in this little group?"

The boys looked at the girls, and the girls looked at the boys, and a smile crossed their faces. Can you not fancy the boys saying to themselves, "There is Mary, she is not good, for she tells untruths; and Nellie too, I am sure she is not, for she is so unkind to everybody; and Katie, she cannot be good, for she says naughty words," and so forth?

The boys answered, "There are none of them good, sir!"

Turning to the girls I said, "If what the boys say is true, you are all bad."

Of course, they hardly liked this, so when they were asked how many good boys there were present, they were not long in telling me that the boys were all bad too.

Now I could tell them that the Word of God says that "all have sinned," and that "there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 23, 12); so that if Jesus died to save good people, they would not be saved, for none of them were good; but that God has also told us in His Word that "Christ died for the ungodly," and that the Lord Jesus Himself said, "I came not to call the righteous" (that is, good people), "but sinners to repentance."

Having spoken thus, I again asked them, "What kind of people was it Jesus died for?" and this time a correct answer was given by one of them, who said "He died for sinners and bad children."

There are many boys and girls who, like these little Welsh children, think that Jesus died for good children, and that seeing they are not good the Lord Jesus does not love them. Now this is not true. Perhaps you say, "But I am very bad." Yes, that may be true, and it is true; but if only you come to the Lord Jesus, as boys and girls did when He was here, He will bless and receive you, even as He did them. J. H. L.

JESUS.

AN ACROSTIC.

MATT. i. 21; ACTS iv. 12; PHIL. ii. 10, 11.

JESUS, precious Jesus,
Wondrous, glorious Name;
Every tongue shall own Thee
As the Lamb once slain.
Saved are we for ever
By Thy precious blood;
Unto Thee all glory
We ascribe, blest Lord,
Sheltered, saved, and happy,
We who trust Thy word.

F. E. L. B.

SALVATION IS NEEDED BY ALL.



FINE steamer is ploughing the billowy ocean. Suddenly, from stem to stern, the cry of "Man overboard!" is heard. That poor fellow, vainly struggling in the water, needs salvation.

A house is on fire. In the top story is a helpless invalid; the flames have cut off every way of escape; her piteous cry is heard. That girl needs salvation.

If you are still without Christ, you are hastening on to judgment. The dark clouds of doom are before you. Your sins are on you, and

YOU NEED SALVATION.

If you have found this out, make no mistake about it. "*Salvation is of the Lord.*"

These five words of solemn import came from the lips of one who, in his dire distress, found out that he could by no means help himself. "*Salvation is of the Lord,*" he cried, and as soon as his eye turned to the only One who could save, salvation was accomplished for him.

Remember this, church-going professor, it does not say salvation is in your sacrament-taking and psalm-singing, in your alms-giving and prayer-saying; these can never save. "*Salvation is of the Lord.*" You are shut up to Him alone. For we read, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.) You are shut up to Christ.

In His love He has procured salvation for the lost and hell-deserving. It is the sinner that needs the Saviour; the guilty alone find mercy. If you will but own your need, you may claim Jesus as yours. He came to seek and to save

THAT WHICH WAS LOST.

"When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6.) Take the sinner's place and accept the sinner's Saviour now.

J. T. M.

COPY OF PART OF A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

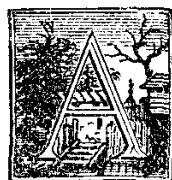


"DO not try to do anything to get my own salvation now. . . I never thought it was so easy before until I read a nice hymn out of one of your books, last time I was at home. I don't remember it all, but part of it was—

'Life and peace I have to offer—
Peace, thou labouring one, for thee;
Take salvation,
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be.'

The words seemed like an invitation straight from God, and now I find it is only simply to trust Him as a child would trust its parents, just to take the gift that Jesus holds out to us. Oh that He may give us more love towards Him, for the more we love Him the more hateful sin becomes to us."

WHICH FIRST?



YOUNG man having openly confessed Christ as his Saviour, was rebuked by his father, who was greatly offended, and said to him:—

"James, you should *first* get yourself established in a good trade, and then think of, and determine about, religion."

"Father," replied the son, "Christ advises me differently. He says, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God.'"

Which is first with you? Do the things of man, the things of time, occupy the *first* place in your heart, or do the things of God, the things of eternity, hold the chief position there?

Listen to the Lord's counsel:

"Seek ye *first*
the kingdom of God."

(Matt. vi. 33.)

WHICH WAY?



“ENTER ye in at the strait gate :
for wide is the gate, and broad
is the way, that leadeth to de-
struction, and many there be
which go in thereat ; because

strait is the gate,
and narrow is the
way, which leadeth
unto life, and few
there be that find
it.”

These are the
words of the
Saviour Himself
—words of deep-
est import, both
to the young
child and the
aged man.

Have you given
heed to them yet?

“Come, write
me a few verses,
and I will give
you a crown,”
said the Duchess
of Hamilton to
her little son —
nine years of age
—who had been
playing before her.

The child, who
had long taken a
delight in reading
the word of God
and seemed to
have been affected
by its truths, sat
down, and taking
pen and paper, in
a little while pro-
duced the follow-
ing lines :

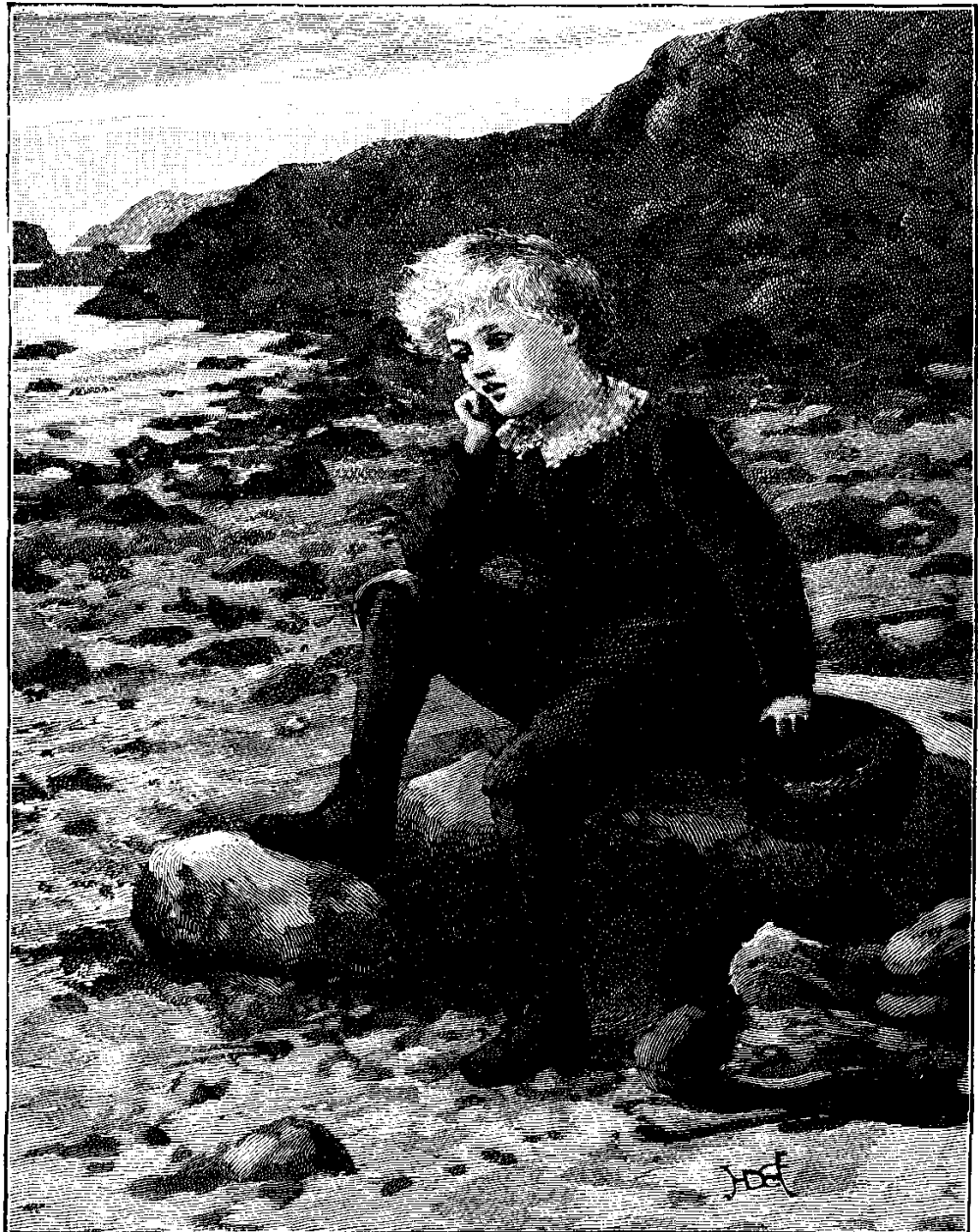
“As o’er the sea-beat shore I took my way,
I met an aged man who bade me stay.
‘Be wise,’ said he, ‘and mark the path you go,
This leads to heaven, and that to hell below ;

The way to life is difficult and steep,
The broad and easy leads you to the deep.’”

Evidently the child was seeking to tread
the narrow way.

Which way are *you* going?

Are you pressing on in the narrow path-



way which leads to eternal blessedness,
or on the broader path which is the way
to hell?

TOO PROUD TO TAKE ADVICE.



AN English fleet lay at anchor in the roadstead at Spithead, near Portsmouth. The finest ship in that fleet was the *Royal George*; she was the Admiral's ship, and carried a hundred guns. Just as nearly everything was on board, and she was thought ready to go to sea, it was discovered that the water-pipes were out of order.

It was not considered necessary to haul her into the dock for repairs, but only to keel her over till the part of her hull where the pipes were was brought above water. Keeling a ship is making her lean over on one side.

A gang of men was sent from the dockyard to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns were then run out as far as possible, and the starboard guns were run over towards the other side. This made the vessel keel down towards the water on one side, and rise high out of the water on the other. Presently the workmen reached the pipes, and in due course removed the difficulty from them.

Just at this time a lighter came alongside, laden with rum. The port-holes on the lower side were nearly even with the water before this vessel came near, but when the men began to take in the casks of spirit she keeled over more and more. The sea, too, had grown rougher, and the water began to flow in through the lower deck ports. A carpenter saw the danger, and ran to tell the second lieutenant, who was in charge, that the ship must be righted at once. He was a proud young man, and told the carpenter to mind his own business, and he would mind his. But the danger increased every instant, and the man went a second time to the officer, and told him that all would be lost unless the ship was instantly righted.

The officer at last began to see the danger, for the vessel was keeling over more and more. He at once ordered the drummer to "beat to quarters"—that is, to summon every

man to his post. The men scrambled down to put the heavy guns back in their places, but, alas! it was too late. The water was rushing in, filling her up rapidly, and before escape could be attempted the *Royal George* went down, carrying with her admiral, officers, and men, to the number of a thousand souls. That gallant ship was lost because a young man was too proud to take advice.

And shall thy soul be lost, lost eternally, because thou art too proud to receive the warning? Listen to Wisdom's words, even now:

"Turn you at My reproof: behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you; I will make known My words unto you."

Fain would Wisdom win you; but if you refuse His entreaties, and despise His calls, what then?

"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded: but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof. . . . Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

Oh, sinner, hear the word of the Lord! "Be not proud: for the Lord hath spoken."

SORROW TURNED TO JOY.



WE all know what sorrow is. Perhaps you have lost a prize which you worked hard to win; perhaps on the day fixed for some special excursion it rained without ceasing. How sorry you were then!

Perhaps some of you have known what it is to lose a loved parent or relative. Then your grief was deep indeed!

But have you ever been sorry because of all your sins?

"Oh, my sins! whatever shall I do?" said a strong blacksmith, as he bowed himself to the ground in his agony. He had found out that he was a *sinner*.

Have you done this? Have you learned

that God sees and remembers all your angry words, evil deeds, and wrong thoughts?

There is a time coming when all who do not discover this now in the day of salvation will sorrow *for ever!* Oh, what weeping! What bitter wailing *for ever!*

Jesus has died; His blood has been shed; and if you trust Him, you, who sorrow on account of your sins, will have your sorrow turned into joy—joy begun now, which will go on for ever in the glory-home, where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes, and where there shall be no more pain or death.

Can you say, "My sins are gone for ever"? How I rejoiced when I could first say this! Every sin was *gone*, the burden was *gone*, the sorrow was *gone*, the terror was *gone*, and I had peace and joy instead.

PRAYING FOR A PRIZE.



ONLY to pray three words, night and morning, in order to gain a much-longed-for reward of money, seemed to the maid of an inn in the Netherlands a very simple way of earning the wished-for prize, and she readily promised to fulfil the conditions.

The three words were

"LORD, SAVE ME."

The servant of Christ, who had made the promise to the poor girl, passed on his way. She had told him that she scarcely had time to eat and much less time to pray, and thus it was he had taken this unusual course in order to lead her to speak to God.

For many days she uttered the words without a thought as to their meaning, or her need of salvation, but one night her curiosity was awakened, and she began to ask herself what the expression meant, and why the stranger had requested her to repeat them time after time. At length she turned to her Bible, seeking to find an answer to the question, for

the matter now began to engross her attention.

When the servant of Christ next saw her she cried out, "Is it you, you blessed man? I shall thank God through all eternity that I ever saw you. I want not the money, I have reward enough for saying those words!" and she went on to tell how her interest had been aroused, and how she had searched the scriptures and found that salvation was by Jesus Christ, and that in His salvation she could now rejoice.

"Lord, save *me*."

Let this be your cry. Blessed is the promise:

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"WHAT A SIGHT IT WILL BE!"



"WHAT a sight it will be to see those hands and feet that were nailed to the cross," said little Hilda to her mother, as she neared her home-going.

She had been suffering for many months and was unable to be dressed, but the Lord Jesus, the tender, loving Shepherd of the flock, cared for His little lamb. She knew Him as her own precious Saviour, and proved His sustaining power. To her the prospect of death was but the prospect of going home to be in the presence of the One who had loved her and whom she now loved in return. Death had no terror. The grave had no fear for her. Her Saviour had borne her sins, and now He was carrying her in His own mighty arms of love. Thus she had perfect rest.

Are my readers able to look at death and say triumphantly—

"O death, where is thy sting?

O grave, where is thy victory?"

Hilda used often to look upon our pages; now she looks upon that Blessed One of whom the writers in *Scattered Seed* love to speak—the Man Christ Jesus who gave Himself a ransom for all.

THE DEAF MUTE'S REPLIES.



WHILE visiting in a French school, the attention of a gentleman was called to a poor lad who was deaf and dumb.

Shut out from many of the privileges and enjoyments of his school-mates, he was far in advance of them in intelligence as to the things of God.

The visitor asked him three questions, to which the lad made answer on his slate.

The first question was, "Who made the world?"

The lad's reply was the quotation of the first verse of the book of Genesis:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The second was as to the way of salvation, and the child answered:

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The third and last question was, "How is it that you are deaf and dumb, while all around can hear and speak?"

The little lad was perplexed for a moment or two, but soon wrote the beautiful reply:

"Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Happy boy. His faith and confidence in God were simple and firm, and he had deeper peace and joys in his knowledge of, and trust in, God than many of those who surrounded him from day to day, and who were possessed of all their faculties.

THE GOSPEL IN SIMPLE WORDS.



God is up in the sky, and you are on the earth. God is good, and loves you, but He cannot let sin come into His bright home. If you want to go to be with Him, you must have your sins washed away.

How can you do this? If you *pray*, will that wipe out your sins? No. A dear boy said to me once, "I will try to be good, and then I shall be fit to go and live with God." But he was quite wrong. The way to be saved is not to try to be good.

What is it, then? I will tell you.

Though God does not love your sin, He loves *you*. He knows that *you* could not wash your sins away. So He said, "I will send Some One to do it for you." That "Some One" was His own Son. His name was Jesus. He came down from His bright home in the sky, and was kind to all the men that He met. But men were not kind to Him. They put Him up on a cross. When He was there, God made it quite dark. Then God took His rod and smote His Son. He also forsook Him. When Jesus was dead a cruel man, with a spear, pierced the side of Jesus, and a stream of blood and water came out. That blood can wash away all your sins. As soon as you trust in Jesus you will be as white as snow.

While He was on the cross He did *all* the work that had to be done, so that sins could be put away. The work is all *done*, the blood has been shed; and now, all that *you* have to do is to come to Jesus, just as you are, and just now, and trust your soul to Him.

Dear young friend, will you not come to Jesus at once? ANON.

COME UNTO ME.

Come, ere night's sombre shadows fall,
Obey the Saviour's loving call;
Many have waited till too late;
Enter at once the opened gate.

Under the blood accept thy place,
Nor longer spurn such wondrous grace,
Take shelter in His love so free;
"Oh! come," His voice still pleads with thee.

Make haste; to-morrow it may be
Might find thee in eternity.
Each one must soon to Jesus bow;
Escape to Him for refuge *now*.

M. M.

SCATTERED SEED.

CAN YOU?

THE skipper of the *Mary Ann*, and his son the mate, were in difficulty. Somehow, they were out of their reckoning; and now in a dense fog, and in but shallow water, nothing remained for them but to drop the anchor, keep a sharp look out, and wait until the mist cleared.

It was the midnight watch; the mate on deck was strangely disturbed. The fog and darkness around him seemed but to describe the fog and darkness within. Three times he had been shipwrecked, and once barely escaped drowning; but hitherto death had had no terror for him. Now, however, all was changed.

His father, who knew the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, often spoke to his son, and his own wife in her letters pleaded with him, for though she knew little of the gospel in its clearness and fulness, yet she had found her need of a Saviour, and far away at home she was now, in earnestness of heart, crying to God for blessing on her absent husband.

As he stood near the wheel in the stillness of the misty night grave thoughts filled his mind.

"Eternity!"

"What's that?" he said to himself.

"Eter-ni-ty! Eter-ni-ty!"

"Who spoke?" he asked.

"Eter-ni-ty!" seemed the only reply.

"Bah! it's the waves!" he thought, "and that tract, 'Where will you spend eternity?'" and he bent over the compass, seeking to shake off the impression.

"Whatever he is engaged at now, Lord, speak to his heart," pleaded the wife in the secrecy of home, and the mate on ship-board found himself unable to dismiss the unwelcome thoughts.

The verse of a hymn he well knew now came to his memory.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

And this was followed by another equally familiar.

"Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear;
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus lives and loves me still."

"GOD IS LOVE. I never knew it, at least I never felt it before," he cried, sinking on his knees by the companion-way crying for light and forgiveness.

That night settled all for the mate of the *Mary Ann*. The fog had lifted from his heart; he began to see all things clearly—himself in his sins, lost and guilty, God in His wondrous love, and Jesus in His death on Calvary.

On the morrow, when the mist that had enveloped their vessel had passed, and she gently glided into port, father and son alike could rejoice in the love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

Can you?

RUIN AND REDEMPTION.

TWO great facts face every reader of these lines. They are without doubt unpalatable to present-day tastes, but nevertheless *true*. Though denied by many, and disregarded by more, *facts* they still remain.

Briefly they are these—the *ruin* of man, and the *redemption* of God.

Inseparably connected, they stand or fall together. Deny the ruin, and you deny the

redemption. You cannot have the second without the first.

The truth of the ruin of man is an unwelcome sound in nineteenth-century ears, for with one blow it brings the greatness of man into the dust, and dispels the dreams of his pride. It paints him not as he *thinks*, nor as he *likes*, but as *he is*!

It unravels the otherwise tangled skein of *the past*; it sheds a clear and certain light upon *the future*, and shows men in *the present* to be lost and guilty sinners in the presence of a holy God.

It is vain to deny it, madness to ignore it. Its proofs abound on every hand.

To begin with, O unsaved sinner, you yourself proclaim this truth. In spite of the best intentions your life has been a complete failure. You had a bad start—in the words of Scripture, “Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me” (Psalm li. 5)—and in spite of sincere resolutions, earnest vows, and best endeavours, you have gone from bad to worse. Your history, and the history of all, may be summed up in one short word,

SIN,

and each day you live but adds to the accumulated load of guilt, for which you will have to answer before a righteous God.

Decay and *death* proclaim it. The strong man, the fair woman, or the learned philosopher, of to-day is the corpse of to-morrow.

In spite of his might, beauty, intellect, and attainments, man cannot avoid the king of terrors. “We must needs die”; for “dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” (Genesis iii. 19.) A humiliating end!

But, greatest of all, the ruin of man is attested to by the Word of God. It is stamped upon every page of Scripture, and stated in words too plain to be misunderstood or explained away.

The first question asked by God in the Old Testament gives us the start. Adam, “where art thou?” (Gen. iii. 9.) He was naked behind the trees of the garden,

alienated from God. The closing words of Malachi present the result: “I . . . smite the earth with a *curse*,” while all that goes between serves to show that in every circumstance, and under every trial, man has utterly failed.

Hence the Judge’s summing up runs as follows: “There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.” (Romans iii. 10-12.)

All the world is subject to the judgment of God.

But the same Book which testifies of the first of our two facts, bears witness to the second. Intimated in figure and type in the Old Testament, it is fully developed in the New.

The first question in the New Testament gives us the key. Another Man has come upon the scene. It is not “Adam, where art thou?” but “Where is *He*?”

Redemption hangs upon the Person and work of “the Man Christ Jesus.”

The last sentence of Revelation ushers in the result of redemption. “The *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.”

The redemption of God is as comprehensive as the ruin of man, for it is “unto all.” It reaches up to the height of God’s glory, and down to the depth of man’s need.

It is divinely suited to man, to us, to you.

It is an *accomplished* redemption, wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross. It secures for every believer forgiveness of sins (Acts xiii. 38), deliverance from the power of sin (Rom. vi. 6), the world (Gal. i. 4), and Satan (Heb. ii. 14.)

It is received by faith (Acts xxvi. 18.) All human merit is excluded, therefore the message is “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

It is sent to YOU (Acts xxviii. 28.)

Have you availed yourself of it?



JOB'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

"Man dieth . . . and where is he? . . . If a man die, shall he live again?"—JOB xiv. 10, 14.

THESE two questions, which were asked by Job in his day, are divinely answered in the New Testament. With absolute certainty it can now be said of the departed Christian: "Absent from the body . . . present with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8.) Cleansed from his sins by the precious blood of Christ, the believer is meet to be in God's presence for ever, and passes from this world of sorrow to be "with Christ; which is far better." (Phil. i. 23.) Gone from a world characterized by suffering, sorrow, tears and death, to a scene where there is no more sorrow or crying, he is with Him who redeemed him by His precious blood shed upon the cross, and who has now claimed him and taken him to be with Himself.

But the one who dies in his sins, where is he? The blessed Lord Jesus, when on earth, rolled back the curtain, that we might look on to the future, and see the eternal portion of those who had passed out of time into eternity—the happiness of the one and the misery of the other. (See Luke xvi.) Of one who died in his sins the Saviour Himself says, "In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." By all the awful sufferings of Christ, by the joys of heaven, and by the agonies of the lost, let me implore my readers to turn to that Blessed One who is now in the glory of God. He is worthy to be trusted.

The second question put by Job, "Shall he live again?" is also answered in the New Testament.

Would there be any comfort in standing by an open grave to-day if there were no resurrection? Assuredly not. But, thank God, resurrection is a fact. Christ is risen; death could not hold Him. He has triumphed over sin, death, and the grave. He has annulled the power of Satan, and has the keys of death and the grave. Soon His

voice will be heard, those whom He has put to sleep will be raised by His Almighty power, and they will go up to meet Him in the air, in a body perfectly like His own, and be introduced by Him into the Father's house. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." (Rev. xx. 6.) But will all have part in the first resurrection? Alas, no! those who die in their sins will have part in the resurrection of the unjust, the resurrection of damnation. They will be raised in their sins, stand before the great white throne in them, and they and their sins bound together will be cast into the lake of fire—which is the second death—through a never-ending eternity to suffer in hell, where there is no hope, no salvation, but where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever.

Job's question, "Shall he live again?" will have a full answer in the two resurrections. In which will *you* have part?

E. G.

"FOR EVER."

I AM saved at last, R——," said a girl to one who had tried to help her in what had become the anxious question of her life—"What must I do to be saved?"

"Praise the Lord for that, miss!" was his hearty response, while the glad tears filled his eyes.

For many months he had prayed for her constantly, that she might find the peace with God she sought. But while he had marvelled at her long-continued distress of soul, it had never occurred to him that it was his own unscriptural teaching that was hindering her. Instead of pointing her to the word of God, where she would find that "Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 15), and that "*by Him* all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), he gave her the works of his favourite writers to study. These, and his conversations with her, had occupied her

mind with her own feelings and efforts, and had tended to give her the impression that Christ Jesus came into the world to *help sinners to save themselves*.

But as a well-known servant of God said to another who was anxious about his soul, and similarly self-occupied, "It is the work wrought *for* you, and not the work wrought *in* you, that saves you. God is looking at Christ; *you* are looking at your work. God says, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you.' God is satisfied with what *He has done for you*. *You* are trying to find satisfaction with what *you are trying to do for Him*. What a vast difference! If there is a work which must be done, and which I am trying to do, but cannot succeed, I must be wretched. But if I find this work *has been* done by another, even by Christ for me, I am made happy."

But to return to our young friend. The two lines—

"Faith is not what we *feel* or *see*,
It is a simple trust,"

helped much to turn her eyes from her own doings to Christ, and what *He* had done, and after deep exercise of soul she was brought to find peace by simply resting on God's word. First that verse, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," directed her thoughts to Christ's work alone. "I am a sinner," she said, "and therefore it is for *me*, for God says it is for '*whosoever will*.'" Then, when she learned the testimony of God's word as to the power of the blood of Christ—that it cleanseth "from all sin"—her soul was filled with deep, unchanging peace.

Many months had, however, elapsed since the time when, with great effort, she had told her friend R—— of her longing desire to be saved, and the present moment, when she had just communicated the good news to him of having found peace at last. "And oh, R——," she continued, "it is everlasting life; I can never be lost!"

"Nay, nay, miss, you are all wrong *there*," was his almost stern reply.

"But I *know* it deep down in my own soul; and, too, Christ says, 'I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish.'"

"It is eternal life while we keep it," said R——; "but if we don't live near to God we shall lose it."

"But I *could not* keep it. If my being saved depended on me for one hour I should be lost. If I did not do anything or say anything I should be sure to think something wrong, and 'the thought of foolishness is sin' in God's sight. I can never believe that one who has been really saved can be lost again."

"Facts are against you, miss," contended R——; "not that I believe, however, that half those are really converted who profess to be."

The young convert did not yet know from Scripture of the present intercession of Christ for those who believe in Him, that "He ever liveth to make intercession for them"; nor did she yet know the meaning of that verse, "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, *being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life*." (Rom. v. 10.) But she knew, from painful experience, that she could not keep the most earnest and determined resolution, and with the growing knowledge that her heart was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked (or "incurably wicked," as it should be translated), of what avail to her would be such a half-salvation as that of which R—— spoke? But none of his arguments moved her; for her confidence was in the Lord's own assurance, "I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." (John x. 28.)

R—— knew nothing of the settled peace arising from thus simply trusting God's word. On the contrary, he could speak of "fearful dark times" when "the enemy had well-nigh got the mastery," and when, if it had not been, as he thought, for his own agonized wrestlings with God in prayer, his soul would have been lost. His thought was that God

had done His part by saving him, and now he must do his own part by keeping saved, not seeing how he was thus detracting from the completeness of the work of Christ, and slighting the testimony of God's word as to it, since we read in Hebrew x. 14, "For by one offering He hath perfected FOR EVER them that are sanctified." For not one will ever be in heaven save on the ground of the unmerited, sovereign grace of God; and not one but will give all the glory of salvation to Christ alone.

But while salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast," it is equally clear from Scripture that good works (what *God* esteems as such) are the precious fruit of His grace, produced by the presence and working of the Holy Spirit, who dwells in believers because they belong to Christ, and they should therefore no longer live to themselves, "but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 15.) But good works do *not* add to the believer's title, or to his fitness for God's presence. This would be to deny the sufficiency of the blessed work of Christ, and to call in question its *abiding* efficacy for all who believe.

But if we are "children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," surely we are expected to be *obedient* children; to do God's will, not our own—not, we repeat, to add to our title or to ensure our relationship, but to answer to the privileges and responsibilities proper to our calling and position.

Only in so walking and living can communion with God be enjoyed, and true happiness while here be known.

Years after the foregoing conversation took place, when the two friends met again, the old subject of discussion—the eternal security of the believer in Christ—often came up. R——'s thoughts were unchanged, for he had never searched the scriptures to see if these things were so. Many earnest talks the two had over it, but though often shaken by the scriptures brought before him, R—— found it hard to give up such long-cherished thoughts.

"Read that, R——," said his friend to

him one evening, putting his own large family Bible into his hand, and pointing to Romans viii. 38, 39—"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And while he slowly read through the verses she raised her heart to God, in earnest prayer that He would enable His child to bow to the precious truth they contained. As he reached the end a look of glad surprise overspread his face. Springing up and holding out the Bible to her, he almost shouted in his excitement, "See *that* now! 'Nor things *present*, nor things *to come*, nor height, nor depth, nor any creature, shall be able to separate us *from the love of God*, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Well, well! Why I always thought it was, 'shall be able to separate our love from God,' and that always seemed such an easy matter; but you see it's *nothing shall be able to separate God's love from me*. And yet, the sermons and sermons I have heard, always putting it the other way about."

For many weeks after this R—— could only talk of the "wonderful new truth" he had found in the scriptures, and his "Well, well!" of surprise and delight was good to hear.

* * * * *

We cannot close without a word of warning and entreaty to *you*, dear unsaved reader. Think, we beseech you, of that eternity of unutterable woe which awaits *all* those who now reject the Saviour's offered mercy! But you may be one of those who *really do* mean to come to Christ and be saved some day. If so, may the words of a dying girl ring in your ears who, just before she passed away, cried out in agony of soul, "I am lost! I am lost! *And yet I always meant to be saved.*"

F. A.



GOING BEFORE OR FOLLOWING AFTER.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after."—1 TIM. v. 24.

THERE is perhaps little need to point out whose sins are mentioned in the first part of this verse; you know the people well. Their sins are OPEN enough; everybody can see them. The drunkard, the swearer, the thief, and such like, all come in here. If *you* are in this company, beware! The wages of sin is *death*. Your sins give you pleasure now, but the day rapidly approaches when you will receive the wages—*death*. God keeps account of your sins; not one has ever escaped His holy eye, and remember this, that death will soon lay you low, and after *death* comes the *judgment*.

Are you a young man, sowing the wild oats of lust, and sin, and shame. *Consider your end*. That which gratifies and gives you pleasure now will soon pass away; and the God with whom you have to do hates sin, and must judge it.

Perhaps you are old, and stand with tottering feet on the verge of a Christless grave; think of the moment—so near—when you will leave everything in this world, and stand before God.

Or, maybe, you are a thoughtless girl. Your feet tread the broad way of sin, worldliness, and folly. You are swiftly hurrying towards the great terminus—eternity. You scoff at such matters now, and think that those who trouble about these things are weakminded, but ah! the day is very near when you will discover that eternity is a tremendous reality! The pleasures of sin will for ever pass away, the companions of your youth will forsake you, and you will find to your eternal cost that the wages of sin is death. When once you leave this world, your doom will be for ever sealed.

There are no pardons in the tomb; but it will be as one has said:

"No God is there; no Christ,
For He, whose word on earth was 'Come,'
Hath said, 'Depart. Go, lost one, go,
Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,
Join yon lost angels in their woe;
Their prison is thy home.'"

Reader, turn to Christ now; He waits to save you. His blood can cleanse the vilest; none are too bad for Him. Many opportunities you have missed; solemn warnings and loving appeals have been spurned, but still the blessed Saviour looks on you with pitying eye, His riven side still telling the wondrous tale of Calvary, and the words fall sweetly from His lips "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

There is another class of people spoken of in the verse referred to. "And *some men* they follow after." To whom does that refer? It means the mere unconverted religionist; he has sins—covered, unseen sins which follow after him to judgment—to be accounted for. True his fellows cannot find them out. He may pass muster amongst them, but God has marked every sin. He knows the secret of the heart, and sees what others cannot see. These sins, if not washed away by Jesus' precious blood, will follow him to the judgment-throne.

A servant girl stole a gold watch the other day, and fled in terror from the house. Imagine her surprise, on arriving at a distant town a few days later, to find the police were waiting for her. Her sin had soon found her out. In the same way, my unconverted reader, *your* sins will find *you* out.

Confess them now; Christ waits to save. His blood alone can cleanse the sinner, and fit him for the Father's home. Your works, or prayers, or tears, will not save, but the BLOOD will. Turn to Him just now; own your vile condition before Him, and put your trust in Him. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

W. L.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



ON THE STEAMER.

GLADNESS, OR SADNESS—WHICH?



DOES the thought of eternity bring gladness, or sadness, to you, my reader?

Once it breathed only pain and suffering to me, and fain would I have banished it from my mind and hearing, for my sins rose mountain-high before me, and I was bowed with trouble.

Time, with all its fast-fleeting pursuits and pleasures, I knew would soon slip away from my grasp, and then eternity would be ushered in—ETERNITY with all its dreadful judgments for those who know not Christ, with its unending woe and everlasting sorrow, which I was sure must be my portion. Well might I fear the word.

It may be that you do, my reader, and it may be that those eight letters may awaken you from your sleep, as they did a gentleman on board a steamboat. A tract was placed in his hand, which he at once tore up into small pieces, and flung to the winds. One little bit of it, however, was blown back upon his coat; he picked it off, and looking at it for a moment, saw the one word

ETERNITY.

He thought of his folly. He had torn up the Gospel paper, but that would not settle the matter. Eternity was before him, and he was unprepared. His many sins would plunge him into judgment for ever. He became burdened with the load of his guilt, and only found peace when he rested on Christ's finished work for his salvation.

Thus it was with me, and now, instead of eternity being a word of sadness, it is a word of joy, for I am to spend it with my Lord in glory.

OLD NELSON, THE SLAVE DRIVER.



IN the early part of the present century slavery existed in some of the British possessions, but in the year 1838 the people of Great Britain demanded the

emancipation of these slaves. It cost millions of money to accomplish this, but at length all was provided, and slavery was abolished.

Old Nelson was one of the number who had grown up under the lash of a slave master. He early shewed signs of energy and character, and his master made him slave-driver. Being also a servant of Satan he pleased his master well.

The bondage of Satan is deeper in its nature, and different in its character, from slavery to man. Men of every rank—high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, white and black—are, if still in Nature's darkness, bondslaves of Satan. This world's prince is their master, and he makes them serve sin. Such may say, "This is not true; we can do as we please." But they cannot. In their natural state men are away from God, serving sin and Satan.

It is impossible to serve two masters, and you, my reader, are therefore serving either God, or the devil. This is plain. Do not be duped any longer, nor blinded by the god of this world. Own you are lost, and that you cannot save yourself, nor get from under his power, in your own strength.

The Lord Jesus paid redemption's price. His precious blood—the price of redemption—was shed on the cross at Calvary. The work is done, the Lord is risen, and God has set Him at His own right hand in heaven. His resurrection from the dead, and His ascension to heaven, proves that God has accepted His work, and now every bondslave of Satan who receives by faith God's glad tidings, enters into the enjoyment of eternal salvation—he is emancipated.

Nelson was over eighty years of age when we first saw him. The grace of God had then taken him up, and he was in the joy of forgiveness and salvation. Ascending the rocky footpath to his hut we found him one morning, sitting at the door.

"How are you this morning, Nelson?"

"Not well at all, Massa."

"It is a good thing you are the Lord's, and ready to go to be with Him, is it not?"

"Yes, I am always thinking of the Lord, and have no other to look to but Him; He is the great Master."

"The Lord Jesus is the blessed Saviour and Master at God's right hand in heaven. He is coming soon, and will transform our bodies and make them like unto His own glorious body. All our weaknesses will then be over. If we die before that time we shall be raised from the dead, and along with those who are alive and changed, will meet the Lord in the air."

On another occasion he was found very feeble.

"What was your meditation last night, Nelson?"

"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.)

Near his end we asked,

"How are you now, Nelson? Are you very ill?"

"Happy, Massa."

"Happy in the Lord?"

"Yes, all my happiness and joys are in the Lord. I am just waiting for Him, to be with Him."

Shortly after Nelson departed to be with Christ, and his body was buried in a valley near his old hut. His body was not embalmed; his coffin was not beautiful. No one nobly-born, or high in rank in this world, followed the humble funeral cortège to place his remains in its resting-place. He was known only to a few, little cared for in his old age; but when the trump of God shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, Nelson will have his part in the glorious resurrection, and will mount to meet the Lord in the air, to be for ever with Him.

What a change! Away from all the sorrow and sin, to shine in the likeness of Christ throughout eternity!

Reader! will you be there? D. D.



COME!



HE Lord Jesus *came* into the world to save lost ones. (Luke xix. 10.) He called not the righteous (that is, people who thought themselves good), but *sinner*s to repentance.

He came as a babe. (Luke ii. 12.) When twelve years old He spoke with learned men, astonishing them by His understanding and answers. He "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." (Luke ii. 46, 47, 52.) Luke's Gospel speaks of Him as the perfect Man, and as we read it we learn His wonderful character and ways of grace.

Some thought Him only a carpenter's son; they did not know He was the Son of God. They saw no beauty in Him. After His wonderful life for God on earth, He suffered for sins on the cross and laid down His life.

This is the One

TO WHOM

God wishes you to come.

Do not fear to come to Him. He loved the children when here on earth, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and His heart is still the same.

Do you ask

HOW

you are to come?

It must be *as you are*. God looks at the heart—not at the outside, not at fine clothes, not at great things we have done. David could say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart." (Ps. cxxxix. 23.) He was real, and asked God to further search his heart.

Would you like Him to search yours?

A doctor sounded the heart of a little boy I knew. He wanted to know if it were healthy. He placed an instrument called a stethoscope above the boy's heart, and could tell by the sounds he heard what kind of a heart it was. He found it was unhealthy.

Christ is the great and heavenly Physician.

He tries all hearts by His searching Word,
and says *all* of them are bad—black!

Do you say, If my heart is so bad,

WHAT WAY

am I, a sinner, to approach God?

It must be in *God's way*. *Abel* came offering a lamb. Now the Lord Jesus says, "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.*" There is "*One Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus.*" He is the only Way. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." *Abel's* offering spoke to God of His Son, who said, "Not My will, but Thine, be done." *Cain* came in the wrong way; he offered fruits of the earth which God had *cursed*, and was banished from God's presence. May this not be the case with any of you. Come in God's way—by Christ and His sacrifice.

WHEN

are you to come?

Come *early*. Come in childhood's days. They will be made all the brighter, and all the happier, if spent in the service of God. King *Josiah* at eight years old served the Lord. (2 Kings xxii. 1, 2, 19.) *Josiah* humbled himself. Therefore God's judgment came not on him.

Manasseh was of just the opposite character. He did not seek the Lord early, but forgot Him. At the age of twelve, instead of serving the Lord, he served idols, which he placed in the house where God had put His own name.

Very likely children will read this article who are—like *Josiah* was—eight, or—like *Manasseh* was—twelve years old. Let me ask them, Have you thought of Jesus yet? Will you accept Him as your Saviour? Could He have shown His love more than by suffering on the cross, that sinners like you might be saved for ever, instead of going to an eternal hell? If you are not serving Christ you are serving Satan. Which do you think is the better master of the two?

The Lord tells you when to come, for He says, "Come *now*, and let us reason together." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

Jesus says, "Those that seek Me *early* shall find Me"; but if you delay, you may seek, but not find Him!

"PERHAPS GOD COUNTED."



AKES! Cakes! What child does not like them? The little boy of whom I tell was exceedingly fond of them.

Now his mother had placed quite a number upon the table, and had gone out for a few minutes. A pair of bright eyes gazed with admiration, and he exclaimed, "Oh, I want one of those cakes!" stepping forward as he spoke.

His sister pulled him back, but he broke away from her, saying, "Mother will not know it; she didn't count them."

"If she didn't, perhaps God counted," she answered.

His hand fell. With the thought of God knowing everything, he dared not touch them.

Does God count? Yes, indeed He does. Count what, do you ask? "*Your sins*," we reply.

"For now Thou numberest my steps: dost Thou not watch over my sin?" exclaimed *Job*. He was aware that the holy eye of God followed his every going.

He knows *your* paths. From your earliest day He has watched you, and He knows all your sins.

But He *loves* as well as *knows*. And in His love He has opened a door of blessing which you may enter. The Lord Jesus has died for sinners on the cross, and this opens the way of salvation for all.

Enter by Him now, and you will then be happy in the knowledge that God has counted your sins, and that He has counted them *all*; for you will know that His own hand has put them *all* away for ever.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.

V.



WE will now take up the letters H, I, J, and K in our alphabet of what we are "in Christ," and select the following words.

HEIRS.

Christians are to share with the Lord

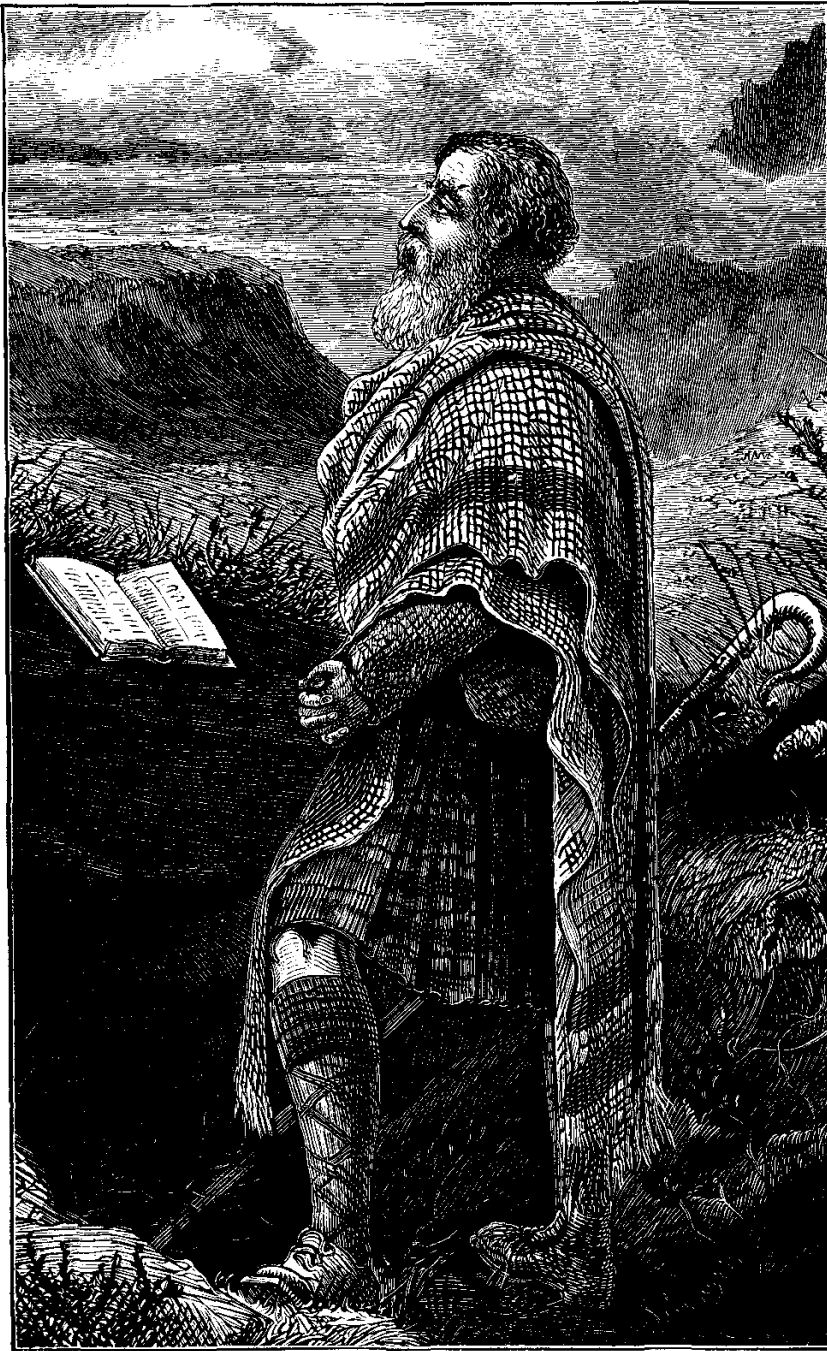
Jesus all that has been given Him. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ we obtained the forgiveness of sins, but not this alone; more, far more, comes to the one who receives Christ as his Saviour, as it is written in Acts xxvi., "that they may receive forgiveness of sins, *and* inheritance among them which are sanctified." How full our inheritance is who shall say? We are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

ILLUMINATED.

Once we were darkness, now are we light in the Lord. We knew not what our true state was in the sight of God; we knew not whither we went, for the darkness had blinded our eyes. The power of darkness ruled us, and we had not the light of life. Now may we walk as children of light, and, enjoying all the knowledge of God, which is the portion of all, who are turned from darkness to light, may we show forth His praises, who has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.

JUSTIFIED.

Not a charge can stand against us; we are clear from everything — "justified from all things," "justified by His blood"; every sin is blotted out by God's own hand. He has justified us as believers on Jesus, and if He justifies, who can possibly condemn? It was against God we had sinned; but He gave His Son for us, and judged Him for our guilt when He bore our sins upon the cross, and now He delights righteously to justify every believer upon His Son. It is by faith we



are justified in His sight, but by works we shall be justified in the sight of men.

KEPT.

The Lord not only justifies us, but He keeps us. He not only pulls us out of the deep ditch of sin, but He keeps us out. He saves at the start, and He saves to the finish, and is able to keep us from stumbling on our way.

We "are kept by the power of God." But there is a sense in which we are to keep ourselves, as we read, "By the word of Thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer." (Ps. xvii.) The Word of God will enable us to detect what is contrary to Him. Seek then, young believer, to seize every opportunity of reading the Word. The Highland shepherd of our illustration uses the retirement of the hill-side to meditate upon the truth; and if we are to prosper in soul we, like him, must get alone with God to hear His voice in the Scriptures, and to speak to Him in prayer.

"GOD EVERYWHERE."

MAMMA, I don't want God everywhere; I don't want God everywhere," cried a three-year-old child as, rushing into the room, she threw herself upon her mother's lap.

Her mother guessed what the reason might be, and going into the next room found that her little Alice had been disobedient, and consequently feared the presence of God.

That child only expressed the wish of many who are much older. They would gladly find a spot where God is not. But this is impossible.

Happy are they who know God as a Saviour-God, as a God of all grace, and who, being acquainted with Him, are at peace, and able to delight in the fact that the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and that His ears are open to their cry.

LOST FOR WANT OF WATER.



IF Coulthard, the Australian explorer, it is related that he perished for want of water. On the hot, sandy desert, he was found by the discovering-party sent out to seek him; near by him was a tree; on its bark these words were feebly scratched: "The last thing I remember is pulling my saddle off my horse and letting him go. My tongue is sticking to my mouth. I know it is the last time I shall express my feelings. Lost for want of water! My eye dazzles! My tongue burns! I can say no more! God help me!"

Poor fellow, what a hard case was his! But how much more terrible must be the lot of those who are like the rich worldling in Luke xvi. On earth every mercy was at his hand, but, alas! he died and "in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." One prayer only the burden of his parched lips and tongue, one short request—and that for one drop of water. (v. 24.)

Ah, how many drops of water once thrown away, will be remembered when there are no more!

The rich man's prayer was listened to, and from the place of the blest was answered, "Son, remember"; the day of salvation for him was passed, and between him and them was "a great gulf fixed." (v. 25, 26.)

Truly to neglect salvation is to ensure damnation.

What a place of remembered neglected opportunities hell must be; of precious moments thrown away and lost; of offers of mercy despised; of gospel preachings where God's spirit worked; and of gospel tracts filled with rejected appeals of love—all these remembered and for ever lost!

How mournful must be the wail that resounds and re-echoes through the dismal pit, where "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark ix. 44-48.)

Take *now* the salvation so freely offered.

It has been won for us by the precious death of a *loving Saviour*. He tasted the bitter, burning dregs of judgment upon sin that we might never taste them; that hell's untold miseries might never be ours, but that we might know Him as our *living Saviour*, to share with Him the joys, the song, the praise of heaven for ever.

Then turn now to Jesus; accept now the Saviour's invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

"Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) C. M.

"A GRAND EXCHANGE."



FEMALE inmate of one of our workhouse hospitals, whose pale, wan face told the tale that she was not long to be here, was asked the question, "Do you know Jesus?"

"Know Him!" answered the poor woman, as her face lit up with joy at the mention of His precious name. "I love Him, I love Him, and I'm just waiting for Him to come and take me to be with Him."

"A grand exchange," remarked another who stood there, "from a workhouse bed to the 'many mansions' above."

Hers was a bright and blessed prospect. To be for ever with Jesus, for ever with the One who in grace stooped down to death that He might have companions with Him in glory, made fit to be there by His own precious blood.

Is this bright prospect yours, my reader?

Have you found Jesus to be the only true source of happiness, both for time and eternity? Have you peace and joy through the wondrous work He has done for the glory of God, the proof of which is that He is now "crowned with glory and honour"

at God's right hand, "a Prince and a Saviour"?

Have you trusted in Him as *your own personal Saviour*? If so, your eternity with Him is secure, and it is your happy privilege to be here, looking, waiting, and living for Him.

If not, the only prospect you have is a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."

The solemn words of the blessed Son of God, after that He was risen from the dead, were, "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16.)

May God grant that this may never be your portion, but that through faith in Jesus you may be found a happy possessor of eternal life. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

J. H. H.

LOOK—COME—TAKE.



ANXIOUS one, hear what the Saviour of sinners says:

"LOOK

unto Me, and be ye saved." (Isa. xlv. 22.)

"COME

unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

"Whosoever will, let him

TAKE

the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

"Broken heart, the river's flowing,
Haste! delay not! yet there's room;
Hear the word of God beseeching,
'Whosoever thirsts may come.'"

Take, then, now the living water. Hear, once again, the stirring call of our God: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, *come ye to the waters*, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

CARELESS, OR ANXIOUS?



ON offering a gospel book to a storekeeper in the little town of L—— some time ago, he refused it point blank, saying that he did not need those things at all, that they were for heathen people, and moreover that religion should be kept in its own place. Alas! he was blind—his eyes were fast sealed. He knew not his true state before God. He was a *careless* sinner, dropping down to judgment.

Meanwhile a companion in the gospel in visiting had met, and spoken with, a woman as to eternal things, and found her to be an *anxious* sinner. When Christ was presented before her as a complete Redeemer, she accepted Him as her own personal Saviour.

Dear unsaved reader, Are you careless, or anxious? Remember, mere religion without Christ will not stand the judgment of God. But if you know yourself a guilty, needy sinner before God, then you may know Christ as your own personal Saviour, and seek to walk in the path of "pure religion and undefiled." (James i. 27.) This is what God desires of you. R. W.

"DREADFUL SINS."



AT the close of a gospel meeting in Jamaica, a little black girl came up to one of my friends and sobbed out, "Oh, my sins, my sins, they are so dreadful!"

"Well now, dear, tell the Lord Jesus that," said my friend.

The little girl did so, and soon found out that Jesus could take all her sins away, because His precious blood had been shed.

And God, too, tells us that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

What a precious, loving Saviour Jesus is! I wonder if you know Him, my dear young friend?

He only can remove the load of your sins, and He will do it the moment you simply trust Him as your Saviour.

If you have not done so yet, your sins are as dreadful in God's sight as those of that little black girl were. And if you do not come to Jesus, you will have to bear their judgment for ever. Oh, trust in Jesus now, and then you will know that those dreadful sins have all been washed away in His precious blood! J. T. M.

TWO ROADS—ON WHICH ARE YOU?



TWO roads—the broad and the narrow—and on one of these each reader of these lines is travelling. Two endings—heaven and hell—and to one or the other all are going, as fast as the wheels of time can carry them.

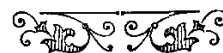
There is no middle path or third ending; so as your eye scans these lines ask yourself, "Which road am I on? Whither am I bound?"

Judgment and the lake of fire were the sinner's doom; but the Saviour left the throne of glory and shed His precious blood on Calvary's cross, bearing the judgment that was our due. If, however, you die rejecting, or neglecting, so great salvation, you will have to spend an eternity of misery and woe in hell—that place prepared for the devil and his angels.

"Passing onward, quickly passing:
Yes, but whither, whither bound?

Is it to the many mansions,
Where eternal rest is found?

Passing onward—
Yes, but whither, whither bound?



SCATTERED SEED.

AN UNPLEASANT FACT.

THE celebrated missionary, Dr. Moffat, was once preaching the gospel to a wild African chief, named Macaba, and a number of his warriors. They listened with rapt attention as he spoke of the love of Jesus in dying for sinners. But when he spoke of the resurrection of the dead, Macaba seemed startled, and cried, "What, the dead raised! Will those who have been killed in battle be raised?"

"Yes," was the answer,

"THE DEAD SHALL BE RAISED."

"Father," replied the chief, "your words have been like honey to me, they have done my heart good; but I don't like to think that 'the dead shall be raised.'"

"Why don't you like to think of the dead being raised?" enquired Moffat.

"Because," he replied, lifting his hand into the air, "this hand has slain thousands, and shall I see them again? Must I meet them at the judgment-throne? Never!"

Ah! here was the secret: he dreaded the future as he thought of the past. His sins made him afraid of the resurrection and of the judgment-throne.

And what of you, my unsaved reader? You, too, have an appointment to keep: "It is appointed unto men once to die." Is this all? Nay: "after this the judgment." If you pass into the grave in your sins, you will be

RAISED IN YOUR SINS,

and before the great, white throne your life's story will be rehearsed. All your SINS will appear there in dark array. Oh! my reader, what will you do in that day? It will be TOO LATE to seek the Saviour, and, unshielded and unsaved, you must pass to the sinner's doom. "*Whosoever was not found written*

in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.)

Since this is so, friend, are you wise in going on carelessly in your sins? Is not

AN ETERNITY WITH CHRIST

in glory better than the sins of this life, and an endless night of sorrow in the lake of fire?

These eternal things are real, intensely real. Then, I pray you, weigh them in the presence of God, and let your choice be Christ.

Do you say, "I wish it were all settled"? Is your desire to be at peace with God? Praise His name! you may be just now. Look at Romans iv. 23-25. *He [Jesus] "was delivered for our offences."* That is, He paid the penalty of your sins on the cross and in His death. *He "was raised again for our justification,"* proving that God has accepted the price at His hand, and also accepted the One who paid it; and He will also accept you, for whom payment was made, if you believe on Him. Paul's answer to the enquiring jailor was, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts xvi.) If the answer settled the question for him, why should it not for you? Believe on Jesus now, dear friend, and you shall have boldness in the day of judgment.

J. H. L.

SATAN'S DEVICE, AND GOD'S.

WE are not ignorant of Satan's devices, said the apostle Paul to the Corinthians. (2 Cor. ii. 11.) And in the same epistle he states that Satan blinds the mind of the unbeliever (iv. 4), seeks to corrupt the saint (xi. 3), and buffets the servant of Christ. (xii. 7.)

He blinds, beguiles, and buffets; these are some of his devices. It is, alas! a

terrible fact that the unbeliever is his victim, and willingly so. It is true that he would beguile the child of God, and may be used to buffet him, as he was in the case of Job, and also in that of Paul.

But, while the unbeliever is ignorant of the hand that misleads him, the Christian is "not ignorant of his devices." Now, it is well to remember that our enemy is ever vigilant. He cannot reach Christ personally, but he can touch Him, with fearful effect, in His people. When Satan succeeds in compassing their failure, he strikes an indirect blow on their glorified Master. The enemy, so far, wins the day. It is a bad symptom when his power is underrated, or when he is spoken of disparagingly. We can ill afford to shout whilst still in his wood, or scorn his might whilst in the world of which he is both prince and god. If Michael, the archangel, dared not to bring against him a railing accusation (Jude 9), nor to use derogatory or aspersive terms, how much less should man!

Man has fallen under his temptation, believed his lie against God, yielded him allegiance, accepted his leadership, allowed the claims of the great usurper. It ill becomes him, therefore, to use flippant language of such an one.

True, Satan is in rebellion against God; and, though still "prince of the power of the air," he is to be bound for the thousand years mentioned in Revelation xx., and, thereafter, cast into the lake of fire. Such is his doom. Meanwhile, he is permitted to deceive men, and to intrude into the domain of God's work on earth. Nor is he yet cast down from heaven. In view of all this it becomes the Christian to be on his guard. Such malevolent activity on the part of Satan calls for corresponding vigilance on his.

How can we learn his devices, and how arm ourselves against his attacks? Well, thank God! we have that written word which was used perfectly by the Lord Jesus in the wilderness. Beneath that word Satan fell. The same weapon is in our hand. Further,

we carry the shield of faith. This quality must be exercised—faith must be in constant operation.

Now see

GOD'S GRACIOUS DEVICE.

He doth "devise means, that His banished be not expelled from Him." (2 Sam. xiv. 14.)

The means God has devised for the restoration to Himself of His banished are beautiful. The gulf of sin that had effected the separation is righteously bridged by the death of His Son. Love is, therefore, free to act in mercy toward the banished. No voice can be raised against such action. Justice is satisfied, her sword is sheathed, her claims are met and exhausted. The offender may return. God Himself devised the way.

And yet what ignorance there is of God's marvellous device! If we are not ignorant of Satan's devices, alas! that any should be ignorant of the divine way in which God brings back His banished now. What led to banishment? How came the first man to be driven from the garden? It was sin! The first man disobeyed, and plunged his race into alienation from God. How can restoration be effected? Clearly not by the offender—his case is hopeless.

But the cross is the blessed plan. God has found a ransom! The blood of Christ meets all His claims in a way so perfect that He can now be just, and the Justifier of him who believeth in Jesus.

Could the wit of man discover such a mode of salvation? Impossible! Well may we sing—

"What was it, blessed God,
Led Thee to give Thy Son,
To yield Thy well-beloved
For us by sin undone?
'T was love unbounded led Thee thus
To yield Thy well-beloved for us!"

Ah! that is the secret, love—*unbounded love* to poor, lost, and banished man! Love devised the means for such a salvation. It is worthy of God, and unspeakably precious to the soul that feels his banishment.

Reader, do you feel yours? Bad as it is

to be banished in time, how much worse to be banished for ETERNITY! Here God's "means" avail, there they are unavailing. This is the day of salvation; that the long, endless night of judgment.

Friend, awake to your opportunity. It will soon be past.

J. W. S.

A QUENCHLESS FIRE.

IT is said that in one of the Yorkshire coal mines a fire is raging which cannot be extinguished. It has resisted every effort to quench it, and is now left to exhaust itself. Of course, sooner or later it will die out.

Hearing of it one's thoughts turn to Mark ix. 44, 46, 48, where we read of an unquenchable fire, concerning which the Saviour Himself has warned us.

That fire is eternal, that judgment is everlasting, and towards it every Christ-rejecter and every neglecter of God's salvation is heedlessly drifting.

God's blessed offer of salvation, is "without money and without price." He has thus put it within the reach of all, and opened the way for all who will come.

How great then is the folly of those who make light of, or refuse, such wondrous grace, and pass on to the never-ending judgment of hell, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." What sin against their own souls it is!

Oh, sinner! have you not heard His voice as He speaks in mercy?—perhaps through a gospel address, or it may be through a book or tract placed in your hand by a friend, or through the removal of some loved one. He has sought to arouse your conscience, and bring you face to face with death and judgment, in order that He may lead you to repentance before it be too late.

Possibly He speaks by this paper. Do not be indifferent to His voice. Only now is yours; to-morrow you may be in eternity!

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

IT is my desire to occupy my readers, as the Lord may help me, with one of the most solemn subjects which the word of God unfolds to fallen man, namely:

THE DOCTRINE OF THE BLOOD.

Nothing can exceed its importance, and no words can possibly exaggerate the place it holds in the Scriptures.

That man, in his self-sufficient impiety, speaks disparagingly of its teaching, and scouts the constant reference to it in the Bible, we are well aware. That he does so is but a further proof, if such were necessary, of his depraved condition.

Let us never forget that man is completely fallen. His mind, however cultured and trained, if unrenewed by grace, is part of his ruined being, and he cannot think aright, any more than he can speak or act aright, until he bows under the action of the Spirit of God, and takes his place as guilty before God. The doctrine that natural man rebels against is the doctrine in which the Christian glories, for the blood speaks to him of the grace of God, of the love of Christ, and of the wondrous privileges which are the portion of those who are cleansed.

May God give to each and all of us a truer estimate of its value, that we may say with Tersteegen:

"Let one in his innocence glory,
Another in works he has done;
Thy blood is my claim and title,
Without it, O Lord, I've none."

The first scripture to which I would turn you, in connection with this all-important theme, is one to which attention has very frequently been called, and which deserves our most careful thought and fullest meditation, seeing it presents in type, perhaps more completely than any other passage, the place which this subject holds in the mind of God. I refer to Exodus xii., and I turn to it in connection with

SHELTER FROM JUDGMENT.

One more plague was yet to beset Egypt's judgment-darkened shores, and this was to sweep away the fairest of the race, its hope, its pride, its joy. For God would have His people Israel serve Him in separation from all the idolatry of the death-doomed land. The beginning of months for the seed of Jacob was now to dawn; they were to pass out from the country of bondage, for with a high hand and with an outstretched arm would Jehovah plead for His own.

The destroyer was about to pass through the land, and the firstborn of man and beast were to be stricken. Thus Jehovah would vindicate His rights, and loose the oppressor's toils.

Israel was to be spared, to be passed over. But if passed over by God in judgment, they were to be passed over in righteousness. To meet His claims, a lamb without blemish and without spot must be provided, kept up from the tenth until the fourteenth day of the month, slain in the evening of that day, and then its blood sprinkled without the door on the lintel and side-posts.

The blood was to shelter the house. The blood alone. No other title, no other plea was to be presented, for nought but the blood could exclude the judge.

The lamb living would not do; its life must be taken, its blood must be shed, for the blood is the life, "the life of the flesh is in the blood."

All this points unmistakably to Christ, the Lamb of God. He was set apart, "fore-ordained before the foundation of the world," and His whole course here proved Him without blemish and without spot, and fit to be the sacrificial Lamb. Atonement was not accomplished by His pathway, however. He must be lifted up, "the passover must be killed." Christ our passover has been sacrificed for us, the precious blood has flowed from His spear-pierced side. The work of atonement is effected, the shelter is provided, redemption is made.

O sinner, let this God-given shelter be your only refuge. Fly not to ordinances.

Make your refuge in no humanly-appointed shelter, but hide beneath the blood of Christ. This is all-sufficient, and this alone avails.

And let it be *now* that you hide there, for the judgment rapidly approaches, and all who have neglected this salvation will assuredly pay the penalty in everlasting doom.

There is a legend (which, of course, may easily have been a truth in many instances) of a child who, lying ill, heard the tidings of the destroying angel being about to tread the streets of Egypt on the dread night of woe. As the evening wore on and darkened into night she, to assure herself, begged her father to tell her if the blood were sprinkled. He answered that it was all right, for the matter had been entrusted to a faithful servant. Hour after hour wore away, and at length she desired her parent to favour her by taking her in his arms, that she might look upon the crimson token. He lifted her, and carrying her in his bosom, took her to the door. To their dismay and terror, no blood marks were to be seen. The servant had overlooked the duty. In a little time all was made good, and the child could rest, but soon it would have been too late.

And are you at rest? Judgment soon will sweep its scythe across the field. Not only the firstborn, but all out of Christ will be the subjects of its strokes; for "*all* flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man"—his intellect, his beauty, his accomplishments—"as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. Surely the people is grass."

Mark well these three points as to the shelter, before I pass on:

1. Sin requires it.
2. Grace provides it.
3. Faith appropriates it.

1. Sin requires it. Nothing else can stem back the torrent of wrath, nor sheathe the sword of justice. The child of Adam is guilty before God. To Adam's guilt, which has plunged his posterity in ruin, each has added his own sin, and the whole world has become subject to God's judgment. God

Himself can alone measure what sin is, that foul monster rebellion which lifts its head against His will; and He has said that "without shedding of blood" there "is no remission."

2. Grace provides it. When man was hopelessly undone grace came in, and has opened up the only door of escape. God's grace has shone in measureless splendour, and He has given His Son to be the Lamb, and has visited Him, when "made sin," with the judgments which should have been out-poured upon us.

3. Faith appropriates it. The eye of the repentant soul gladly beholds the provision, gladly turns from all else to hide in the ark of salvation, and thankfully accepts that which the hand of grace has so liberally dispensed.

I now turn to consider the way the precious blood of Christ

INTRODUCES TO PRIVILEGE,

and will refer to Ephesians ii. 13, where we find, "In Christ ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

As Gentiles we were outside all the favour, which was the portion of Israel; we had no part nor lot in their covenant; we were aliens and strangers, having no hope, and being without God in the world.

To us the choicest blessings are opened up, wholly on the ground of the death of the Son of God. He has removed in His own person the distance. He has broken down every barrier to our blessing, and prepared the highway of favour by His sufferings at Calvary.

Unspeakably blessed is our portion as brought nigh. Israel's honours, as an earthly people, have no honour in this respect; they serve as contrasts rather than as comparisons; they have no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth. So rich is our position.

Surely this side of our blessing is too little dwelt upon. Attention is almost entirely bestowed upon the shelter or deliverance connected with the blood of Christ.

Now, we would in no wise depreciate this

side of the truth, but we would magnify the power of the blood to present us before God. Turn where we will, to deliverance from judgment, or to introduction to favour, we find the blood as the basis. It is the foundation, the righteous foundation, of all that we have, and shall have.

It makes atonement . . .	Lev. xvii. 11.
„ procures remission . . .	Matt. xxvi. 28.
„ makes peace . . .	Col. i. 20.
„ cleanses from sin . . .	1 John i. 7.
„ purges the conscience . . .	Heb. ix. 14.
„ justifies from all charge . . .	Rom. v. 9.
„ redeems us . . .	Eph. i. 7.
„ makes us nigh . . .	Eph. ii. 13.
„ purchases us . . .	Acts xx. 28.
„ sanctifies us . . .	Heb. x. 29.
„ opens up eternal life . . .	John vi. 54.
„ empowers to overcome . . .	Rev. xii. 11.

How wondrous the thought that now and for ever we should be near to our God, that we should have a place of intimacy and relationship with Him which none others have ever known, or ever will know!

Then not only is the place of present favour opened up to us, but heaven itself. We have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." The blood

ENTITLES TO GLORY.

"I have my passport stamped and sealed by the precious blood of Christ," is the statement upon the head-stone in a country churchyard. This is the only passport to glory—the blood of Christ. Nothing else could entitle a sinner to enter such a scene. Well may we sing—

"O Lord, we adore Thee,
For Thou hast redeemed us;
Our title to glory
We read in Thy blood."

All that we shall know when with our Lord—those raptures of delight, those realms of bliss, those pulsations of eternal pleasure—we shall owe, and delight to ascribe, to the value of the blood of Christ.

* * * * *

Now having spoken of what flows to *us*, let us for a few moments dwell upon what the blood of Christ effects for *God*. It has glorified Him in respect of sin. Before the universe His holiness has received a full vindication, and on the ground of the work of His Son at the cross, He can righteously bring every believer into present favour and future glory. We are redeemed *to God*—brought back from all the power of Satan, and the ruin into which sin had plunged us, to be for God now, and eternally.

By blood we are *purchased*. Let us never forget it. We are bought with the blood which has washed us, and are no longer our own. We are His, to be now for His glory, for His honour and praise, our bodies being the vessels in which the Spirit will display Christ in the world, where He has been despised and rejected—a harp, as it were, upon which the Spirit shall make sweetest melody for the ear of God.

This is pictured in the Old Testament by the blood being placed upon the ear, the thumb, and the great toe of the leper, and upon the blood the oil. The oil speaks of the Holy Spirit, who is the power by which redemption is made good in our path. Truly “the blood of sprinkling . . . speaketh better things than that of Abel.”

Oh, sinner, do not think lightly of your need of it, of the grace that provided it, or of the Person who shed it, but now by faith appropriate it, and join the people of God, who can say—

“For ever be the glory given
To Thee, O Lamb of God;
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,
We owe it to Thy blood.”

If the blood is not upon you for blessing, it must be for judgment.

Of old they cried, “His blood be upon us, and upon our children.” The result of their rejection of Christ was that the wrath fell and overwhelmed them. Let it not be thus with you.



SAVED OR LOST?

SAVED, yes, saved eternally. Pardoned, though guilty; blessed, though hell-deserving. Ring out, ye bells of heaven. Sing aloud your hallelujahs, all ye saints.

’Tis another soul plucked as a brand from the burning. Enfolded in the arms of everlasting love. SAVED, yes, saved eternally.

SAVED to dwell in the sun-light of the blissful presence of the One who died, and to shine in the Father’s glory-home for the praise of His grace.

What does it mean? This: that the cleansing blood which was shed over 1800 years ago has lost none of its power. And a sinner, foul with the stains of unnumbered sins, has proved its cleansing virtue. There is joy in heaven, and there is joy in the soul of the one just passed from death unto life.

But you, my reader, if still unsaved, are a stranger to this joy. Oh! hapless one, in spite of all the warnings you have had, and in spite of all God’s longsuffering and tender mercy, you are still unblessed.

Soon, very soon, it may have to be said of you: “He is lost, without hope of recovery; gone, never to return; sunk, never to rise; the soul of the Christ-rejecter has passed into eternity.” Shall we hush the bitter wail, lest the ears of the polite be offended? Shall we drop the curtain, lest some be horrified?

Nay! for the sake of deathless souls who are hurrying on to the same doom, we must declare the truth. The funeral rites are over, the earth has closed over the mouldering dust; but the soul of the Christless, what of it? LOST, yes, lost eternally; TORMENTED, aye, beyond power of words to tell.

We may not hush the truth. The lurid flame knows no quenching. Hell opens to our gaze. The damned are there. Unsaved reader, to this doom you are hastening. Flee to Christ. Flee now; delay not. The blood can shelter thy soul. Make haste, make haste.

J. T. M.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



IN THE HOME.

A SAVIOUR FOR THE CHILDREN.



"S there a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Such was the earnest enquiry of a child. She had heard of a Saviour for men and women, but longed to know whether salvation was for a little one like herself.

Thank God there is. He, in His love to the world, took in the young as well as the old, the weak and ignorant as well as the strong and learned. The word *world* embraces every one, even you, my reader, sinful though you are. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son," and Jesus, the Son of God, came to be the Saviour of the world, and suffered for sinners when on the cross of Calvary.

Many boys and girls are rejoicing in the knowledge of their sins being blotted out, and their childhood's early days are brightened by the Saviour's grace. More than this, their lives are made more useful, for their consciences being purged by the blood of Christ, their hearts are drawn to Him who shed it, and they now have the desire to please Him and to glorify His name.

How are we to do this, do you ask? Well, the *first* lesson is a home-lesson. Turn to 1 Timothy v. 4, and you will understand my meaning. Young believers are there told that they should "show piety at home, and . . . requite their parents," and that such conduct is "good and acceptable before God."

This surely means that in our every-day home life we are to walk in the fear of God, and in subjection to His word. The younger Christians, to whom the words were first addressed, were to pay back their parents, for all their kindness and care, by supporting them when in need. Thus they were to manifest godliness in their ways, and this would be pleasing to God. Piety in the home is the very start—obedience in all right things to our parents, love and care for them especially, kindness towards brothers

and sisters, consideration for servants, and thoughtfulness for others. All these graces, and many more, will result if we walk in the sense of the presence of God.

Truly there is a Saviour for children—a Saviour not only from judgment, but from the power of sin, and from the selfishness which marks so many.

Is this Saviour yours? If you know your sins blotted out by His blood, seek His face constantly, that you may learn these home-lessons and so adorn the doctrine in your life.

"TIE ME TO 'EE, FAITHER."



T the beginning of the late severe winter, a sturdy fisherman, belonging to North Sunderland, took his little boy with him for a sail in his coble.

The morning bade fair for a fine day; but they had not been out many hours when the sky suddenly darkened, and one of the severest storms that has visited our bleak and rock-bound coast during the last few years broke over the scene.

The falling snow was so dense that it became almost dark, and the wind began to blow hard, increasing ere long to a perfect hurricane.

While lowering his sail with all possible speed, the fisherman was nearly swamped by the huge waves, and his boat all but overturned. On looking anxiously round for his little boy, he found him safe, but discovered that both the oars had been swept away. Nothing was left for them but to drift on the angry billows; and for an hour or more the frail boat was driven, at their mercy, towards the rocks.

What were they to do? Only a dark watery grave seemed open to them, and they must prepare for the worst. The fisherman could not swim, and so did not expect to escape himself; but he thought that if his child was bound to a plank he might float in safety to the shore.

The seat of the boat was speedily removed, and with a piece of stout rope he began to lash his little boy to the plank. The boy took in the situation at a glance, and, fearing to be separated from his father, said, with tears in his little eyes, "Nay, nay, faither; tie me to 'ee, faither—tie me to 'ee." The father was much affected, and clasped the boy to his bosom; and then with a breaking heart, and an earnest prayer to God for help, did as the child desired, and secured the boy to himself.

In a few more minutes there was a lull in the storm, and a break in the clouds. The fisherman then discerned through the gloom the form of the Farne lighthouse, and that the boat was drifting towards it. The lighthouse-keepers were on the look-out, and, directed by the shouts of the fisherman, descried the boat, and both father and son were eventually saved.

Is my reader tied to Christ? Can he say in heart-reality, "I am

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

The apostle Paul knew what it was to be safe in the arms of divine love when he said, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 38, 39.)

Christianity is not a mere plank of creeds or dogmas, however valuable. We would not have you tied to them. It is the knowledge of, and the love for, a Person, and that Person is the Lord Jesus Christ, the great and blessed revelation of God the Father. Are you safe, as linked with Him? If not, listen even now to His voice as He says, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy

sight. All things are delivered unto Me of My Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him. Come unto *Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest*." (Matt. xi. 25-28.)

O sinner, there is a heaven of bliss for your soul in that little word *Me*. As another has said, "All the love and grace of the heart of God, and all rest and peace for the sinner, are contained between those two letters M and E—*Me*."

What a haven of rest is there for a tempest-tossed, sin-troubled soul! Would that He were dear to you, and that you could say, "I know *whom* I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (2 Tim. i. 12.)

You may have all knowledge, and speak with the tongue of an angel as to doctrines; you may be highly benevolent, and bestow all your goods to feed the poor; but if you have not Christ, you have *nothing*; for what is a so-called Christianity without Christ—the mere name without the reality, the outward profession without the inward possession? It is only sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. (1 Cor. xiii.)

Surely the little rescued lad will often think of his escape, and will be thankful that his father saved him from a watery grave by tying him to himself. Thus it is with God's salvation; it endears us to the Saviour by making Him the Object of our love, giving us a longing desire to see Him, to be like Him, and be with Him for ever. (1 John iii. 2; 1 Thess. iv. 17.) May Christ be your *rest*, and His coming *your desire*.

W. N.

"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 man pluck them out of My hand." (John x. 28.)

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.

VI.



UR next letter is L, and for this we choose the word

LED.

How happy for us who are "in Christ" that we have not to find our own way across the world, but that a path has been marked out for us by our Saviour Himself! He is our Leader. He is our Guide. He has left us an example that we should follow His steps, and, keeping our eye upon Him, we shall be able, by the power of the Holy Ghost, in our measure, to walk as He walked.

Now, for M, let us take the word

MEET.

We are made meet—that is fit, suitable, to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." For this we can give thanks to the Father. He it is who has done this for us. No stitch in the best robe was put by the prodigal in Luke xv. He was not required to piece, or to patch it. The father had it brought out, and put upon him. So it is with us. All the glory of our salvation belongs to our God. He has robed us in the garments of salvation, and made us all that we are. Comely in the comeliness that He has put upon us, we can now give Him our hearts' praises.

N shall speak to us of

NIGH.

(Eph. ii. 13.) Once we were far away from God, without hope and without Christ. But God has thought of us, and wrought for us; and, giving His own Son to suffer for our sins, has brought us nigh to Himself, in Christ, by virtue of the cross. What a place of nearness—"in Christ!" At what a cost this is made ours—the blood of Christ! Well may we pour out our hearts, saying, "Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain."

"WHAT JESUS SAID."



LITTLE girl, nine years of age, was suffering from paralysis and affection of the throat. She had been afraid of death, fearing the judgment of God on account

of her sins.

She was visited by a Christian lady, who said, "Louisa, did you think you should die? and were you afraid you would go to hell?"

In answer she said, "Yes, I did; but I'm not afraid now." Then, taking up her little Testament, she turned to Mark x. 14, pointed to the tender words of the Lord Jesus recorded there, and continued, "Because Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'" In reply to a further question, she said, "I am so happy; I am not afraid now to die, because Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'"

The child had heard the gospel message spoken to her mother, who had been ill for some time, had turned down the places in her Bible, and the truth had found its way to her soul.

Early in the morning of the last day of her short life, she desired to have read to her "what Jesus said in the 10th chapter of Mark," and then asked for the 24th verse of the 17th of John: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." This was done, and she then said, "That will do; that's enough for me."

The Lord Jesus still bids the children come. He casts none out. He welcomes every one. Will you not come, dear young reader? Louisa, of whom you have read, heard His invitation, and came. The fear of death was taken away, and she could delight in the thought of being in Christ's glory with Himself for ever. Can you?

She has gone to be with Him; but if you come to Him, you may be allowed to

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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spend the years of your childhood for His praise.

Do not think that because this dear child has died, therefore all boys and girls who are converted die young. I know very many who have been brought to Christ in their very early days, and who are still living and witnessing for their Lord.

May you be found among the number of these young disciples of the Lord Jesus.

was often perused by him, and as often he would exclaim, "I wish I were a pilgrim; I must become a pilgrim." But the years glided on, and still found him treading the broad way, while the chains of sin pressed ever more tightly upon him.

And suddenly and unexpectedly he was cut off.

The day before his decease he was serious and thoughtful. His drunken habits had



"I MUST BECOME A PILGRIM."



UCH was frequently the language of one who knew the way of righteousness, but followed it not.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*

wasted his resources and ruined his family, and in the darkness which was settling down upon him he had no relief.

He was visited by a Christian who knew his course, and said, "Ah! Mr. C——, you have not yet become a pilgrim."

"No, J——," he answered with evident

feeling, "I have not, but if I can get over *Tuesday* I will set out, I am determined to begin."

Little did he think that Tuesday would be too late, or that the solemn words had gone forth concerning him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

He retired to his bed as usual, but before morning he was dead.

Are you a pilgrim? Start now, my reader. Strive to enter in at the strait gate. *Now* is the time—Now alone.

Do you know what makes a man a pilgrim? It is having his heart set on an object in a distant place. As soon as ever he can be off, he will seek to reach his object, and will journey towards the spot where it is found.

The Christian is a pilgrim. Christ, His Saviour, is in glory at God's right hand, and he longs to be with Him and like Him. Thus it is he is able to hold things here lightly, and to seek to press forward on his way to his home.

The lad in our illustration is evidently a pilgrim. Carrying his little all in his hand, he hastens on to reach the goal.

Paul, in Phil. iii., shines as a pilgrim. He knew that his sins were all blotted out by the Saviour's blood, and that his salvation was secured by the death of the Son of God. It was not to gain these he reached forward, but to be with, and like, the One who had blessed him—to share the company of his Lord in glory. May it be thus with both writer and reader, for thus will the name of our Lord be magnified.

SAVED FROM THE CASTLE ROCK.



WAY in the Highlands of Scotland vast numbers of sheep graze on the mountain-sides, and as they frequently climb into places of great danger, many brave deeds are called for on the part of the shepherds, in order to rescue the foolish sheep from their peril. Sometimes all their noble actions are in vain, for the

sheep, not knowing the kind intentions of their caretakers, seek to get further away, and oftentimes leap over precipices, and fall hundreds of feet to the rocks below.

Let me tell my young readers the story of how Sandy, a Scotch shepherd, followed a part of his flock to a most difficult place. A number of sheep and lambs had jumped down from one rocky platform to another, seeking fresh pasture. They had not considered getting back, but, attracted by the uncropped grass, had leapt from ledge to ledge, until they reached a rock called "Castle Rock." Then they could go no farther; for below them was nothing but a precipice several hundreds of feet straight down, while above them the rock was overhanging, and nearly forty feet to the top, and to get back the way they had come was quite impossible. It was easy enough to leap down several feet, but not so easy to leap up again; indeed, it could not be done. If they were to be saved, it must be by others; they could not deliver themselves.

Here we have surely a true picture of sinners, of me, of you. It was very easy to go down the paths of sin, very easy to pass from stage to stage on the broad road which leads to destruction, but the way back again was altogether another matter; indeed, those of us who have tried to blot out our sins, and make ourselves fit for God, have found out that we were "without strength" to do either. (Rom. v. 6.) We needed salvation, but we could not provide it for ourselves. Blessed be God, He has provided it for us. He has given His Son to suffer and to die in our stead, so that salvation might be ours.

But to return to my story. The poor sheep were discovered in their sorry plight, and the shepherd Sandy, taking another shepherd, named Donald, to assist him, hastened to the rescue. Going to the rocks above the unfortunate animals, Sandy tied a rope around himself, and giving the end of it to Donald, began to make the descent to the spot where the frightened sheep were seen. Some of them in mad folly, and not

in the least understanding what he purposed doing, sought to get away, and jumped right off the edge of the steep precipice to a certain death. Sandy, the shepherd, had come miles to save them; he was only seeking their good, and if they had only left themselves in his hands, he might have saved them all.

Alas! are not men, women, and children oftentimes as foolish as these sheep? The Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came all the way from heaven's heights that He might bless and save sinners; but He had to say of many, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life." Multitudes think that Christ will only give misery to those who come to Him, and thus they stay away and perish in their sin. They believe not His love, they know not their need, and only hurry away from Him to assured destruction. If we turn from Christ there is nothing but a certain fearful looking for of judgment for us.

Sandy soon reached Castle Rock, and, taking firm hold of one sheep after another, tied the rope about them, and they were hauled by Donald to the top. They had huddled into a corner, for they were not as foolish as some of their fellows, and did not heedlessly throw their lives away.

When all these were saved from the rock, Sandy fixed the rope under his arms, and was slowly pulled to the top.

To Jesus, the Good Shepherd, I owe my life. He gave Himself for me. Sandy did not die for the sheep, but the Lord Jesus died for me; and not only did He die, but He suffered what heart can never picture, and tongue can never tell. He was judged in my place, and forsaken of God on the cross on account of my sin. Now He lives again, and is in brightest glory. Of course the sheep could not thank Sandy; indeed, it may be they did not know what he had done for them, but the believer does know a little of what Jesus has done, and he can, and surely should, pour out his heart in sweetest praise to the Saviour who has accomplished so much for him, and who still watches over His flock with tenderest care.

THE BLACK PENCIL-MARK.



At a public preaching of the gospel in London the twenty-third psalm was read by the preacher.

In the audience an earnest Christian gentleman was sitting next to a lady whom he had never seen before. The latter had no Bible, and as the Scripture was announced Mr. F—— drew his Bible from his pocket, and allowed the lady to look over as the psalm was read. At the same time, taking out his pencil, he drew a black line under the word "MY" in the first verse, so that it read, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd; I shall not want."

This caused the lady considerable surprise, and having failed to satisfy herself why the stranger had done this, at the close of the meeting she ventured to ask him, saying, "Excuse me, but I wish to ask why you drew your pencil under that little word *my*, in the first verse of the chapter that was read?"

"Oh!" said he, "I felt the Lord *was* MY Shepherd, and I wondered if He were *yours* too."

That little action did good service. The lady never forgot it, or the simple reason which had been given by the gentleman for having done it. She had no peace until, as a lost sinner, she had come to the Lord Jesus Christ, and was able to say truthfully, "The Lord is MY Shepherd."

Are you able to say—

"MY Shepherd is the Lord,
The living Lord who died."

There is room in His flock for you. You may be numbered among the lambs, or the sheep, for whom He cares so constantly. Come to Him as you are. The writer came, and was not refused. Will not the reader come? The writer can now say, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd," and finds joy in seeking to bring others to Him who has blessed him and made him happy.



"ALL I HAVE LEFT."



LITTLE fellow in County Galway found joy and peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then sought to win others for his Saviour. His father forbade him ever to enter the mission school where he had heard the simple gospel which had given him rest and gladness. He knew that he, as a child, ought to be obedient to his father, and so said, "Father, I will obey."

The boy kept his word; but it was observed that every morning and evening he went away, and stayed for some time alone.

His father followed him on one occasion, and found him under a clump of trees, reading his much-valued Bible.

Rushing forward, the father cried, "Why, this is as bad as going to school. Give me that book."

"Father," he replied, bursting into tears, "and it's all I have left."

The parent's heart was touched by the earnestness of his child, and he wept with him, forthwith giving him permission to return to the school, and to read his Bible without fear.

Is the word of God precious to you, dear young reader? Have you found it a joy to your heart, and the food and medicine of your soul?

To the psalmist it was better than thousands of gold and silver, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. To the little Irish lad it was his all, when he was no longer allowed to hear the gospel preached. What is it to you?

THE LITTLE NEGRO'S PRAYER.



WE had been preaching the gospel in the town of Kingston, in Jamaica.

After we had left the hall, and were on our way home, a little negro boy, about eleven years old,

named Felix, touched me on the arm, and said, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "Oh, sir, do speak to me; my soul does feel so unsaved!"

"Poor little fellow!" I replied; "we will tell the Lord Jesus about it." And there on the stones of the street we knelt together to ask the Lord Jesus, who died for such sinners, to save him.

The little negro boy sobbed out, "Lord Jesus, save my soul!" and I doubt not his prayer was answered. He trusted in the Lord Jesus, and though his skin was black, his soul was made white in the precious blood of Jesus. Oh, what a Saviour Jesus is!

I would ask some of my little, white-skinned readers, Have your sins been washed away yet? As God looks down upon you, does He see your heart all covered with black sins? or do you stand before Him made white as snow by the precious blood?

Oh, my dear, unsaved young reader, pray the little negro's prayer to-day! Say, "Lord Jesus, save my soul!" then those sins, that will keep you out of heaven if not taken away, will all be forgiven and forgotten, blotted out of God's book for ever, and you, and every one else who has trusted the Saviour, will be with Him for all eternity to sing His praises. Little Felix, the negro boy, will be there. Will you meet him?

J. T. M.

"NO ACCOUNTS TO SETTLE."



SIR, you are drawing near the grave, and I think if you have any accounts to settle, you had better settle them," said the doctor to a dying Christian.

He replied, "I have no accounts to settle; I owe nothing to man, and my Saviour has paid all my debts to God."

Is the debt of your sins settled?

SCATTERED SEED.

THE LAST CHANCE.

GOD, in His wonderful sovereignty, sometimes uses strange means to reach the sinner's conscience.

Some thirty years ago there lived in the village of Winterbourne, Ont., a drunken phrenologist, named Knox. His case seemed hopeless, and it appeared that he was fast ripening for judgment. His locks were whitening with age and dissipation, when God awakened him in the remarkable way we now record.

One day he was reading a book, when he came to a chapter, the heading of which was "THE LAST CHANCE."

Like a flash of lightning, it dawned upon him that he was a sinner, speeding swiftly on to judgment, and that then and there it was *his* last chance. It resulted in his conversion. After the ploughshare of conviction had done its work, he found rest for his weary soul through faith in the finished work of Christ.

His old companions laughed, and said it would not last long. To their surprise, however, it did last. They next tried to entice him. But he stood firm, a living witness to the saving grace and power of God, and to-day he preaches that gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." (Romans i. 16.)

Your last chance is coming, reader! You may not be a drunkard like the subject of this narrative, but you *are* a sinner, and if unconverted, you are on the down grade that leads to death, the judgment, and the lake of fire.

This may be your last chance, and if you miss it—what then? As thy soul liveth, thou shalt endure the horror of an eternal night, in the gloomy prison-house of woe!

See! on yonder beach a youth walks

leisurely along. It is a narrow strip of sand, and behind is a cliff a hundred feet above high-water mark. The tide is rising, but the youth seems all unmindful of his danger. He brushes past the last cutting leading to the heights above. From the top of the rocks a warning voice comes ringing down, "Hallo! It is your last chance. Escape now; turn, or the tide will hedge you in." A mocking laugh is the only answer, and the youth walks on enjoying the delightful breeze. Suddenly he stops; for, to his alarm, he notices that his path has narrowed to the merest footway. Hastily he retraces his steps to reach the cutting, but he is *too late!* Around the next abutment of the rock he discovers, to his horror, that the tide has risen high above the beach. His retreat is cut off; he shouts for help; he prays; he shrieks, but the only answer is the ocean's sullen roar. The waters soon engulf him, and his lifeless body is dashed against the rocks.

Thou, my reader, art on such a course—a gay one it may be, but the waters of eternal judgment are rolling and rising at thy very feet. Thy sins, if unforgiven, like a wall of rock, will shut thee out of heaven for ever.

From heaven's height the loving, pleading voice of a Saviour-God comes ringing down, "Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die."

Turn to Jesus now; fly to Him for refuge.

The waves and billows of divine judgment rolled over His head at Calvary. There, while the earth trembled and the rocks were riven, He endured, alone amid the darkness, the wrath that was the sinner's due. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) Believe on Him, then, trust Him, and instead of the depths of hell you shall have the heights of glory.

But, remember, if you let your last chance slip, you are lost for ever.

Blind Bartimæus had his *first*, his *only*, and his *last* chance. (Mark x. 46-52.).

He was CALLED;
He CAST away his garment, and
He CAME to Jesus.

Through this paper you are called. Cast away your garments of creature-goodness, which are "filthy rags," and helpless and hell-deserving as you are, come to Jesus. Do not, I beseech you, let man or demon hold you back, for this may be to you THE LAST CHANCE.

"Haste, haste, haste,
Delay not from death to flee.
Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste
While Jesus is calling thee!"

C. K.

GOD'S GREAT SALVATION.

THE scriptures abound in blessed unfoldings of the great salvation of God.

He is the Author of it; it is fully worthy of His great and loving heart, and it is all for His own joy and satisfaction for ever. Christ, His Son, the gift of His love, is the only Saviour, and it is His finished work alone that saves.

It is offered free to all, and every self-judged sinner who believes it *is saved*.

Now, there are four things connected with it, all of deep moment, which we would press upon our readers, viz., the great salvation of God is

Present,
Perfect,
Plenteous, and
Permanent.

1. *It is Present.* You can have it *now*, and *now* is the only time to have it. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) *Now* means *now*, the present moment. Man's

treacherous heart loves to delay the settling of this great question, but God presses it on us *now*. We have not a moment to lose, for we have not a moment to call our own. Our life is but a vapour. (James iv. 14.) No reader of these lines knows whether he will have another opportunity to receive it. Sin is here, and its wages may be received at any moment. Christ is coming, and no one knows the day, or the hour. (Mark xiii. 32.) "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Proverbs xxvii. 1.) Troubled soul, come to Jesus *now*.

2. *It is Perfect.* All the ways of God are perfect, and His salvation is perfect. If it were not so, our case would be hopeless. An imperfect salvation could in no wise meet our deep need. No, it is perfectly suited to the case of any and every sinner who receives it. It needs no sin-stained addition of ours, either before or after. To bring in anything of ourselves, in any form or way whatever, would simply mar it. It is so perfect, that there is not a single need of any soul that is not met in it. You may have been the blackest of sinners, or the most religious, you equally need it, for it is of grace alike to all. And the moment you receive it by faith, you are *perfectly saved*.

3. *It is Plenteous.* Not only are we saved now and perfectly, when we bow in heart, as guilty, lost ones before God, and believe on His Son, but in Him we find a *plenteous salvation*. God's grace is superabounding. It meets us in the depth of our sin, degradation, and need; puts away all our guilt by the precious blood of Christ; justifies, reconciles, delivers, and saves us with a great and plenteous salvation. Its richness is surpassing, its fulness is unsearchable, its blessing is boundless. It is ministered to us to the delight of God's own heart, and for the glory of His own Son, and we are henceforth associated with Christ, where He is, the risen, glorified, and triumphant One in God's presence. We become sharers of all He has received, as the One who glorified God

in His finished work. It is, indeed, a *plenteous salvation*.

4. *It is Permanent.* We mean by this, that once we have it, blessed be His glorious Name, we have it for ever. It is a permanent, abiding, everlasting salvation. We are saved for ever from all we were, and had done, and we are saved to dwell *with Christ for ever in glory*. He has gone up as Man, out of death and this scene, into the eternal glory of God, and every true believer on His blessed Name is eternally identified with Him. We have this great salvation in Him, who has conquered every foe, and hence it is impossible to lose it. The grace that brings it to us, teaches godliness, and ends in glory. It is God's salvation, great and glorious, stable, *permanent, and eternal as His throne*.

Reader, is this present, perfect, plenteous, and permanent salvation yours?

E. H. C.

"LOST YEARS."

"**I** DIE as a Christian, and I die contented; but, oh! if I could have died as a Christian worker. . . . I am peaceful and assured in view of death, but I am not joyful and and glad; those three lost years keep coming back upon me."

He had done nothing to make known the name of Christ to others, contenting himself with walking uprightly, he had never openly confessed the name of his Lord and Saviour.

"I should like to forget those three years," he said.

Christian, be earnest, be steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and give diligent heed lest you waste the opportunities which He gives you of being used for the glory of your Lord, and the blessing of others. Only to-day is ours for service; let us redeem the time, ever remembering that our Lord has said

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

"THE USUAL CANT!"

NO, it is not. So there is no need to toss it aside in disgust. Read it through carefully. It is not one of the usual religious tales of poor wretches on sick-beds, with the death rattle in their throats, raving about a misspent life, a lost eternity, and the flames of hell—though, doubtless, many more such scenes have been witnessed than have ever been recorded. Nor is it an instance of some poor, old sinner—worn out in the service of sin, till, like a cast-off shoe, he is fit only to be thrown into the ditch—turning to God, through Christ, and dying rejoicing—though, such is the exceeding riches of the grace of God, there have been many such instances.

What is it, then? It is only a few plain words, without varnish of any kind, from one who sees your danger, and would address his remarks to you, as bluntly as you yourself would cry an alarm in the ear of one you found fast asleep in a burning house.

YOU HAVE SINNED AGAINST GOD!

"Well!" you say, "what of that?"

This: "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*"

Do you ask when? In the near future. But "*Some men's sins are open BEFOREHAND, going before to judgment; and some men THEY FOLLOW AFTER.*" (1 Tim. v. 24.)

Not every thief is branded in the forehead in this life, and many a murderer hides his foul deed in the midnight cloud, from the eye of his neighbour, as completely as his reeking knife is sheathed in its scabbard. Not every perjurer, or adulterer, has found his sin blazoned abroad in the light of day.

Some have. Their sins were open beforehand, and, crossing the frontier of time into eternity, with trumpet-blast invoked the judgment of a holy God. Such have gone out of this world under a cloud. We do not need to ask questions about them. "*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 which burneth with fire and brimstone.*" (Rev. xxi. 8.)

But there are others who pass through this world on the clean side of the broad road, as godless as the former, but more careful of their characters. They live respected, and die lamented. What of these? Their sins *follow after* them. At the close of their life the dark cloud of their sins comes up before them. Crimson they appear, as oft you have seen the clouds in the west when the sun was setting. They had been scattered on the wings of forgetfulness, but they gather together, and return to the memory of the sinner, when the sun of his life is going down, and the shadows of an endless night are stealing over the burning brain. Then they come home, every one of them, *to remain FOR EVER.*

They have come home thus to some memories with a rush when sudden death seemed to stare them in the face, as fowls have been known to go to roost during an eclipse of the sun. Many have testified that on such occasions their guilty life has risen up before them in all its inky blackness and horrid detail; but, as if conscious of a mistake, their sins have retired when the danger was past to the wastes and solitudes of the restless mind, to wait until death should really enter the domain, when they return in one grand muster to abide for ever.

Oh, Christless soul, shall *you* be thus confronted by your life of iniquity, as you are passing away into a Christless eternity? Shall you lie down in the dust with *your bones full of the sin of your youth*? (See Job xx. 11.) And what about the resurrection? You will then bring your sins up with you. You will not be able to shake them off into the grave behind you. "*For all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*" What will be the result of that judgment? "Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil." (Rom. ii. 8, 9.)

But there is a way of escape. It were cruel, indeed, to seek to awaken you to a sense of your danger if there were not. The way of escape has been made by God Himself. He sent His Son as Saviour of

the world. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The judgment of that which dishonoured God, ruined the human race, filled this world with apostate sinners, and ground man under the cruel heel of death and the devil, has fallen upon Christ. He was made sin. God has received infinite satisfaction through the work of the Cross. The proof of this is found in the resurrection and glory of that blessed One at God's right hand. What has been gained for you by it? A free pardon. "Through this Man is preached unto *you* the forgiveness of sins." (Acts xiii. 38.) Do you believe it? "By Him *all that believe* ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS." (v. 39.)

The believer is as clear as Christ is. But hear the other side. "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; behold, *ye despisers*, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work . . . which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." (vv. 40, 41.) Now, you are either a *believer*, or a *despiser*. If a believer, God says you are justified. If a despiser, God says you will perish.

Believers
ARE JUSTIFIED
FROM
ALL THINGS.

Despisers
BEHOLD!
WONDER!
PERISH!

Reader, on which side of this line are you? You are on either one side or the other—either a believer or a despiser. May God give you grace to decide at once, and if you have hitherto been a despiser of His grace, may you be led to see your awful danger, and as a guilty sinner to believe on Christ with your whole heart. "*Behold, now is the day of salvation!*"

"*Not yet too late* to bow to Jesus' name,
Upon His finished work thy soul to rest,
Cleansing to find in His most precious blood,
And so with Christ for ever to be blessed.

"*Saved now by faith, by grace for ever saved,*
And ne'er to cry '*too late*' in endless night,
But e'er to worship Him who gave His Son,
In yon bright realms of glorious, living light."

J. B—D.

"READ EZEKIEL VII. 8, 9."



VERY remarkable and most solemn incident occurred a short time ago.

A young girl, the daughter of godly parents, had often been spoken to about her soul, but had always resisted, saying she would wait until she was older before becoming a Christian, as she wanted to have her "fling" in this world.

A large ball was going to be given by some of the friends of this girl, and of course she was invited to be present. In spite of knowing her parents' wishes in the matter, she made up her mind to accept the invitation, reasoning with herself in this way: "I don't see why I should not go this once. If I become a Christian, I shall have to give up those sort of things. I shall wait until after the ball for that." She knew that the friendship of the world was enmity with God (James iv. 4), but she chose the world.

A few evenings before the ball was to come off, she went to bed as usual. Suddenly in the night she was aroused from her sleep, by a voice saying to her, "Read Ezekiel vii. 8, 9." Thinking it was mere imagination, she turned round and tried to go to sleep, but sleep would not come; and again she heard, "Read Ezekiel vii. 8, 9." This time she began to be uneasy, but thought if she turned to the passage, it might hinder her going to the ball. Then for the third time she heard, "Read Ezekiel vii. 8, 9." She could not bear it any longer, so jumping out of bed, she lighted her candle, and went into the next room.

Her mother, hearing footsteps, was aroused, and rising, saw her daughter, and asked her what she wanted, remarking on how pale she looked. The girl replied that she could not sleep, so had got up. The mother asked her the reason, and her daughter, after beating about the bush a good deal, gave an answer to the effect that she had heard the voice, but was not going to take any notice of it.

The mother entreated her to turn to the passage, but the girl would not. So the mother said she would get the Bible, and read the verses to her, not knowing what they contained. Seeing how ill her daughter looked, she hurried for her Bible, and turning to the passage, read as follows: "Now will I shortly pour out My fury upon thee, and accomplish mine anger upon thee: and I will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense thee for all thine abominations. And Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity: I will recompense thee according to thy ways and thine abominations that are in the midst of thee; and ye shall know that I am the Lord that smiteth."

Hardly had the last word been read, when the poor girl fell down dead.

Reader, is not this a solemn warning to you, if you have hitherto resisted the grace of God?

What must have been the feelings of the poor mother, as she saw her loved one passing into eternity unsaved, with the judgment of God upon her in such a marked way? But what must have been those of the soul of that girl, passing into a Christless eternity, damned, when everlasting life had been offered her?

The Word of God says that judgment is God's "strange work." (Isa. xxviii. 21.)

Let me close with the words of grace that ring to-day, "*God commendeth His love toward us*, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.)

M. C. E.

**"THEY HATED KNOWLEDGE, AND DID NOT
CHOOSE THE FEAR OF THE LORD:
THEY WOULD NONE OF MY COUNSEL:
THEY DESPISED ALL MY REPROOF.
THEREFORE SHALL THEY EAT OF THE
FRUIT OF THEIR OWN WAY, AND BE
FILLED WITH THEIR OWN DEVICES."**

Prov. i. 29-31.

YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

HIS days are numbered," said a poor mother to me lately, speaking of her son, who was in consumption.

The doctor had given him to the autumn to live.

"His days are numbered."

"And so are yours and mine," I replied.

"And so are everyone's for the matter of that," put in a woman who was standing by the mother.

How true! "And so are everyone's." Yes, my reader, *your days are numbered.*

Has that most important fact ever entered into your calculations? In looking forward into the future, have you faced the fact that you are moving on to a moment when you will pass out of this present scene? when all your earthly hopes and aspirations will come to an end? when you will have to part from all you hold dear here? when, it may be, you will have to leave all you most prize and enjoy? Have you, I ask, faced the fact that you have to die, and that your days are numbered?

It may be that, as a careful person, if others are dependent upon you, you have, in a certain way, taken the possibility of your death so far into your calculations, that you have insured your life.

Insured your life!

But can you insure its duration one day beyond your allotted space? No. Your days are numbered.

"My wife is amply provided for in the event of my death," said a man of business to me lately. But was he himself provided for in the event of his death? I fear not. *Are you, my reader?*

Many a careful man has thus taken thought of the future for others, but has not made sure of salvation for himself. If you are among the number, it is just for you that I am writing, in hopes that God may be pleased to arrest your attention, and bring you to face this all-important fact that *your days*

are numbered, so that you may prepare, without delay, for "the great change."

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Ps. xc. 12), prays Moses, the man of God. He had just been saying, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." Yes, if even they stretch to "threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years," the strength is "soon cut off, and we fly away."

And if these things are so, and there is no question of their accuracy—thousands have witnessed thereto—what need there is that *we* should learn to number our days—to remember how few they are, and how soon they will be passed for ever—that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.

And what is that?

Christ is "the wisdom of God." (1 Cor. i. 24.)

Have you sought Christ? Have you sought to know Him? to possess Him by faith as your own?

He has sought you. He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and that is just what *you* are, my unconverted reader—LOST. Is it not the truest wisdom then, in view of the shortness and uncertainty of life, to make provision for the future—for the eternal future of your soul? That is just the character of the ants' wisdom.

They are spoken of as "exceeding wise," for though "not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." (Prov. xxx. 24, 25.)

If you then desire this wisdom, "acquaint *now* thyself with Him (God), and be at peace." (Job xxii. 21.) He has been fully made known in Christ. He has revealed Himself in grace to man in Christ, who has "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26), in order that God might meet with a poor sinner like you, and bless and save you.

"Be it known unto you...that through this Man" (*i.e.*, Jesus, who has died and is risen) "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

W. G. B.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



CARRIED OVER.

"WHO'LL CARRY ME OVER?"



IN a New-England village, a child lay on his death-bed. Starting up suddenly, he exclaimed: "O mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children beckoning me to them; but there are high mountains—too high for me to climb. Who'll carry me over?" Then he leaned back on his pillow and dozed awhile. Presently he stretched out his little hands and cried, "*Mother! the strong man's come to carry me over the mountains.*"

The child could rest, for another, and a strong one, had come to bear him. Surely Christ is the "Strong Man." He is able to bear us all the journey through. His power never fails. He says, "To hoar hairs will I carry you."

One child bearing another soon tires. Even a mother's arms grow weary, but His are everlasting arms.

Are you being borne in them?

THE CHILD EVANGELIST.



WHEN Mr. Whitfield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of divine grace, and her spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others.

She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years of age. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child. In a transport of holy joy she then exclaimed, "Oh, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbours and tell them, that they may be happy, and love my Saviour."

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one

within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker, and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over, and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner; but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins; and that now she was so happy, she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighbourhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons were brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and to rejoice in His power and grace.

BEWARE! BEWARE!



THE snow had been lying on the ground for many a day, and food for the birds had long been scarce; and so, to save themselves from starvation, they were eager to pounce upon any morsel—it mattered little how, or where it was.

Harry W— knew this well enough, and so he carefully baited one or two gins to take advantage of the poor birds' extremity. The birds were up on the trees, watching for anything that might be thrown out of the window. Often they had been at that window and found food, and thus, when the traps were carefully set, they were all the more easily deceived.

Presently, I heard "Squeak, squeak, squeak," and wondered what it was—then I saw a poor little bird, hauled up through the window, gin and all. After a little while I heard another "Squeak, squeak, squeak," and another fluttering bird was drawn up.

And now, dear children, why do I tell you

of the boy's cruelty. It is because I want you to escape the snares of sin, that you may be able to say, like David, "Our soul is *escaped* as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped." (Ps. cxxiv. 7.) Satan lays the snares, and Paul writes to Timothy and shews the danger of falling into the snare of the devil through being lifted up with pride; and again he says, "That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." Very often Satan uses something one very much likes—I do not know what it may be in your case—to keep one away from the Lord Jesus. That is the great snare to escape from.

Those of us who "believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," have escaped. He has delivered us, and no one else can deliver you—He is our Deliverer from the wrath to come, and we write this that you, too, may know this great deliverance, and be able to say from your hearts, in the words of the hymn—

"We own Thy great deliverance,
And triumph in Thy favour:
And for the love which now we prove,
Shall praise Thy name for ever."

Do not be like the two little birds that were caught in the gins. Their misery was soon ended, but if Satan's snare is not broken for you, *yours* will last for ever and ever.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET. VII.



REACHING the letter O, we select for our word one which should carry joy to all our hearts, for we who are "in Christ" are

OWNED

by Him, and we read, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." (John xiii. 1.)

He owns us, and He loves us, and nothing

can change His love. He loves unto the end. That love carries us on in spite of every difficulty.

His heart is set upon His own, and His hand holds them, and from Him none can pluck them away. "My sheep hear My voice," He says, "and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." (John x. 27-29.)

Let each of my young readers challenge his, or her, heart, and ask, "Am I owned by Christ? Am I one of those whom He is bearing on to the end?"

The letter P may remind us of the cost at which we are made His own. We have been

PURCHASED—

"bought with a price"—"purchased with His own blood." Thus we are no longer our own, to serve ourselves, and to follow the desires of our own hearts, as once we did; we are His, to yield ourselves for His glory and honour, day by day; to glorify God in our bodies.

All that we have is His. Our time is to be spent in His service; our money to be used for His glory; our abilities to be employed to His praise. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," is an important word for all believers, and we do well to give good heed to it.

"PITY THE POOR BLIND."



PIT is sad to see a man blind. He does not see what we can, who have our sight. The light, which is so sweet to us, is all unknown to him. The face of a friend, the green grass, the blue sea or sky—these have no charms for him, for his eyes do not see them.

But most of all ought we to feel sad when we meet one whose spiritual eyes are not

open. We need natural sight for natural things, and spiritual sight for spiritual things. Some who have good eyes in their heads, are quite blind in their hearts. They have not by faith seen Jesus in heaven; they do not know Him as their Saviour, so cannot say that their sins are gone.

Saul, of the city of Tarsus, was blind once. He thought he was good, but he was blind to his sin. When his eyes were opened, he found that he was bad and lost. God closed his natural eyes that He might open his spiritual eyes. Oh, how his heart was broken when he saw that all the time he thought he was good, he had shut Jesus out!

I once saw a blind man in a crowded road. He often stood on the edge of the pavement, selling laces, but this day he had been pushed into the wide road. A horse and trap, rudely driven, suddenly turned a corner close by. The people ran right and left, but the poor blind man stood in terrible danger, feeling with his stick for a place of safety, till the shouts of the excited bystanders drew from his lips the thrilling cry, "I don't know where I am; *I'm lost!*"

It is lost people that Jesus saves. Saul found he was lost, but Jesus saved him. He came from heaven to do so, a long time ago. Sin is so bad in God's sight (even a small sin), that the Saviour had to suffer, and to die, to put it away.

Now Saul learned this, and though he had been so sad about his sin, he found rest when he believed it. He did not *see* Jesus die, but he knew that He had done so. He did not *see* sin put away, but he believed it was so, because Jesus had been raised from the dead. And he was right.

How great a thing it is to know that the One who bore all my sin on the cross, and died for it, is now alive again! This shews that it is done with in judgment; and if we believe it, it gives us peace—peace, because all our sin has been judged and put away.

When Saul was saved, Jesus sent him to tell others what he had seen. He told him "to open their eyes." For there are

many blind people in this world, who have never seen that Jesus is a real, living Man on the throne of God. We can tell them what we have ourselves learned about Him.

Will you read Acts xxvi.?

W. H. W.

THE FALL OF ROSS-BERG.



"GOOD-MORNING, neighbour; we are likely to have a fine day," said a young Swiss peasant to his old neighbour, who was sitting idly at his cottage door, basking in the rays of the early sun.

"Time we should have a fine day; it has been wet enough lately," growled the old man.

"Have you heard the report?" rejoined the other. "Those who were up the earliest this morning declare that they saw the top of old Ross-berg move."

"Indeed! Like enough, like enough," said the old man. "Mark my words, and I have often said so before; I shall not live to see it, but those who are now young, will not be as old as I am, before the top of yonder mountain lies at its foot."

"The saints forbid!" ejaculated the other, crossing himself devoutly. "At least, I hope it will not be in my day."

This conversation took place at the close of the summer of 1806, in the little village of Goldare, in the canton of Zug. This village was beautifully situated in a fertile valley at the foot of the Ross-berg, near the Lake of Zug. Though the season was advanced, everything in nature was verdant as well as luxuriant, for the summer had been unusually wet, though it had now given place to lovely weather, ripening the corn and the grapes, which hung in rich profusion on every side.

That harvest and that vintage, however, were never to be gathered in by the simple peasants of the valley. The heavy rains had overcharged the springs of water

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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within the mountain, and loosened the ground above. The upper part of the mountain, formed of rounded pieces of old rock, cemented together by clay, became loosened by the water within, and giving way, fell headlong into the valley, and buried the entire village, with many of its inhabitants, under its weight. The old man, who had often confidently declared that he ex-

of the earth. When he looked back, the old man's house, with its owner, was carried off.

Such infatuation seems incredible ; yet his conduct is recorded as a matter of fact.

And is it not thus with multitudes to-day, even in this favoured land where the light of God has shone so long? That judgment is coming they believe, but they make no pre-



pected such an accident, sat composedly in his cottage smoking his pipe, when the young man, running by, told him that the mountain was falling. The old man rose, looked out of doors, said that he had time to fill another pipe, and went back into his house. He suffered for his recklessness. The young man continued flying, and at length escaped, though with difficulty, for he was often thrown down by the trembling

paration to flee. They do not believe that it will reach them. Others will be overwhelmed they doubt not, but they themselves will escape. This is their foolish expectation. They are duped by the god of this world, and thus say to themselves, "Peace and safety." But they shall not escape, my reader. Wrath is declared from heaven—the wrath of God! Flee even now to Christ—flee from the coming woe!

WATCHFULNESS.

FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.



AM assuming, dear reader, that you are rejoicing in the precious knowledge of having Jesus as your Saviour, that you know, on the authority of the unchangeable word of God, that your sins are forgiven, and also that you are not tossed about with doubts and fears, but, being "justified by faith," have "peace with God." You may have only just learned this; perhaps it was not long ago that, by divine grace, you were led to accept Jesus for yourself, and your heart was filled with thanksgiving to Him for all He has done. Such is the constraining power of His love, that you have now a real desire to be living down here for Him, and to serve the One who shed His own life's blood to save you from hell.

Let me exhort you, above all things to cherish this desire; let nothing come in to take your affections from the Lord, for He desires them, and prizes them more than anything you can give Him, or do for Him. Indeed, I believe there is no real service, and no real fruit for the Lord, but what springs from the affections.

Now turn for a moment to Mark xiii. 33-37, "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. 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 of the house 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." Speaking here to His disciples, the Lord enjoins watchfulness upon them, He takes the place of "Master of the house," and gives the disciples their places as servants, and to every man his work, and commands the porter to watch. By the Spirit of God these words come to us with all the power

and freshness with which they fell from the lips of the blessed Master; and if we cannot be apostles, or occupy some large place of service, we can at least WATCH. I wish to press *personal watchfulness*, so that there may not be anything in our walk and ways before men that shall bring dishonour upon the name of our absent Master. Oh, that our home life, business life, and every other relationship, even to the minutest detail of every-day life, might be a display of Christ in us, as it is written "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do *all* in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Col. iii. 17.) That this may be true of us, let us watch our

WORDS.

What a real testimony for the Lord our conversation may be, and how solemn to think, on the other hand, that we may, and do, often dishonour Him by it. "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things... Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men... Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be... Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom." (James iii. 5, 9, 10, 13.) "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." (1 Tim. iv. 12.) How often we are below the standard set before us. There are those who would seek to catch us in our words; how much need then there is of real holy watchfulness, and lowly dependence upon the Lord in our daily speech with those around us. Let us challenge ourselves, and ask our own hearts how far we answer to the standard. Does our daily conversation savour of Christ? Let us look to the Lord, that day by day there may be a real answer to Col. iv. 6, where we read, "Let your speech be *alway with grace*, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer *every* man." Secondly, let there be watchfulness in our

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ACTIONS.

It is said "actions speak louder than words." How careful, then, we ought to be in our daily actions. Quotations from the scriptures might fall very glibly from our lips, and we may make a loud profession, but if our *words* are contradicted by our *actions* there is no fruit; if our heart is full of the Lord Jesus, our actions will certainly shew it. Mary Magdalene proved by her actions how much she loved the Lord. You may say that those around you are very provoking, they are continually trying to upset you, and you may be often in circumstances where the flesh would act, but, dear young Christian, let us ever remember that the Holy Spirit is within us that we may express Christ and not Adam, and the Lord says, "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." We can count on this, that He never asks us to do anything which He did not do Himself, and He will also supply the grace to do it. May our actions be a manifestation of Christ, both to other Christians, and to the unconverted. Then, let us watch our

TEMPER.

What a hindrance to us is hastiness of speech and action. How often we have to humble ourselves, and confess that we have dishonoured the Lord in this way. Of the hindrances which we have in ourselves, perhaps none is greater than this. Let us heed the exhortation of the Holy Spirit through the apostle James. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, *slow to wrath*: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." (Jas. i. 19, 20.) If we hear the name and person of the Lord derided, there may be cause for holy indignation and warmth in standing for Him, but this is different from the "wrath of man." (Read 1 Peter ii. 18-23.) May we be following very closely in the footsteps of the Master in this respect, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. Watchfulness is also called for in the selection of our

COMPANIONS.

I would ask you affectionately, young believer, what kind of company do you keep? Are your friends Christians? If they are not, they will be a positive hindrance to your spiritual growth. They were, perhaps, your friends when you were unconverted, and you are loth to part with them. Have you been faithful, and told them that you are now a Christian; it may be, you have tried to get them to the gospel meeting, or pleaded with them about their souls, and they have turned a deaf ear to it all. If so, let me beg of you to give them up; you can pray for them, but to company with them is to disobey God's word, which is very clear on this matter. (Read especially 2 Cor. vi. 14-18.) The company we keep is so important to our spiritual welfare, that we are commanded, in the name of the Lord Jesus, not only to leave evil company, but to withdraw ourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly. (2 Thess. iii. 6.)

Seek only the company of those who are going on happily with the Lord, and who will be able to help you in the path of faith, and even more than their company—seek very often that of the Lord. There is none like His, and if we did but spend more time in secret with Him, how different our lives would be. We should get light and strength for conflict, and though we had to give up all earthly companions, yet the precious word, "I will receive you," would be more than a recompense, and we should be glad of the exchange. Lastly, let there be real watchfulness over our

HEARTS.

In importance this is clearly first, for the state of the heart is the index to the walk. "Of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." What a real need there is of jealous care, lest we allow something to come in which would displace the Lord. Does not His unbounded love to us, and His personal worthiness, call for every pulsation to be towards Himself. Can we ever pay a tithe of the debt of love which we owe Him? All

our blessings are in Him. He has saved us from hell, brought us into God's favour, and given us a bright hope of the glory, and all He asks of us for the little time we are here, is, that we will open our heart's door and allow Him to *abide* there, so that He may fill it with such melody and joy as nothing in this world can give. How often our poor hearts are content with the blessing, and have no room for the Blessor. Would to God there was more singleness of heart in each one of us, and more cleaving unto the Lord "with purpose of heart." The great desire of Satan is to occupy us with anything but Christ, for he knows well there will then be no testimony and no fruit from us. Oh, then, let us be very watchful, and keep our hearts with all diligence.

One closing word—to watchfulness, add prayer. WATCH AND PRAY. They frequently go together in the scriptures. Seek the Lord in every difficulty for guidance and strength. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew" (or change) "their strength."

Dear young Christian, let watchfulness and prayer characterize you, and then if the Lord defers His coming, and a larger place of service becomes yours, you will be faithful over much, because of your faithfulness over little.

H. B.

GLORIOUS SPOILS.

IT is said that Saladin, when on his death-bed, ordered that a sheet should be borne before him to his grave on the point of a spear, and that the proclamation should be made, "These are the glorious spoils which Saladin carries away with him." Of all his victories and triumphs, of all his riches, and the realms he possessed, nothing would then remain to him but his winding-sheet.

**"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN,
IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD,
AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?"**

"IT IS TOO LATE NOW."



PREACHER of the gospel called one day to see one who had frequently heard the gospel from his lips. He was now beyond hope of recovery, having been given up by the physician.

Shaking his head, which was silvery with age, he said, "It is too late now, sir."

The mission of the Lord Jesus, His death upon the cross of Calvary, and His power and willingness to save the vilest sinners, were spoken of, and the dying man listened with rapt attention, but replied, "It is too late now, sir. I have loved my money, and neglected my soul. Yes, sir, it is too late now."

Again he was encouraged by messages of the grace and goodness of God; but in vain, for his only remark was, "It is too late now, sir."

Prayer was proposed, but he objected, saying, "It is too late now, sir." At length, being remonstrated with, he consented, and they bowed together on their knees. When they arose, however, he said, in solemn accents, "It is too late now, sir."

He had not known the day of his visitation, and now it was hid from his eyes.

And will *you* risk it, my reader? Will you trifle away the day of salvation for the baubles of time, for the unsatisfying pleasures of sin? Let the solemn words, repeated again and again by the dying man, give warning to you that only the present is yours for blessing.

Now in your youth remember your Creator, who has declared Himself a Saviour-God. Turn to Him, who in grace still calls to you, ere the door of salvation be closed, and the day of your visitation be for ever past.

"Then the dread sentence,
'Depart from Me;'
Room for repentance,
Gone, gone for aye.
Endless the sinner's doom,
Darkness and dismal gloom;
Now in God's house there's room
Jesus will save."

SCATTERED SEED.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Last month I sent you a paper entitled "Your days are numbered." Within a few days of writing it, a very solemn example of the truth I sought to press upon your readers therein—viz., that their short span of life would soon come to an end, and the necessity therefore of being prepared—came to my notice.

In the little village of M—— a few simple servants of God had been going out on Sunday evenings with the gospel. On several occasions they had taken their stand on a little bridge, but on the evening in question one of the preachers suggested to the most active of their number, that they should move from the bridge to the small market square, at the distance of about a hundred yards. Some reluctance was at first shown to the proposal, but after a few minutes it was suddenly complied with, as if some sudden thought had struck him. Little they knew, at the time, the purpose *God* had in their thus shifting their position.

In the course of that same week—on the Friday, I think—I saw a coffin being carried into that market square. On enquiry I learned that a holiday maker, from a town at some distance, had come to lodge on the previous Saturday, in one of the cottages *not six yards from where the preachers took up their stand*, and delivered their message on the following night. On his arrival he was apparently well, but on the Sunday he felt poorly. On the Monday this had so far increased that a doctor was called in, who informed his wife that he was seriously ill. Brain fever had set in, and on the Thursday *he was dead!*

"And what about his soul?" was the question which occurred to the minds of

several of the speakers, and of the Christians who had listened to the preaching that evening, and earnest enquiry was made of the person where the poor man had lodged. Although she said "he had the benefit of the preaching," that is, had been able to hear every word, no information whatever could be gathered on this point. He had died in raving delirium, cursing his workmen whom he supposed he was directing! Eternity alone will reveal to us what was the result of that preaching, so far as he is concerned. But at any rate God had given him another, a last chance—had sent him another, a final, message of mercy.

To how many of your readers may this month's number of "Scattered Seed" bring *their last* message of mercy? An incident such as the above brings home to one the nearness of death. That a man should leave home on the Saturday, apparently sound and well, and lie dead on the following Thursday, has a most solemn voice; and would seem to say to all that hear of it who are unready—

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!"

And *when?* Now, for "*now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

It would seem almost superfluous to repeat to your regular readers God's way of salvation, they have had it so often brought before them in every possible form. And for oneself one feels what a deeply solemn thing it is to be to any "the savour of death unto death" (2 Cor. ii. 16), as we sadly fear those preachers were to the poor man of whom I have written. But, as we might be "the savour of life unto life," to some, and, at all events, we would seek to be "unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish" (v. 15), and to be faithful to any who may read this letter, we will seek briefly to put the gospel before

them. May they hear in the sense that it may be *for the last time*.

When the people of Israel sinned in speaking against God and against Moses for bringing them up out of Egypt (Num. xxi.), Jehovah sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died. It came to pass that when they owned their sin, and besought Moses to pray to the Lord for them, and Moses did so, "The Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."

What was the means provided by God's command for their healing?

A brazen serpent on a pole.

What were they to do?

To look.

What would be the result when they did so?

"It shall come to pass, that *every one* that is bitten, *when he looketh upon it*, shall live."

Have you been bitten by sin?

Yes, and death—the judgment of God on sin—hangs over you (Rom. v. 12). You lie under the sentence of death. (Heb. ix. 27.)

Has God provided a remedy for you?

Yes, blessed be His name! For you, for me, for "*whosoever* will."

What is it?

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 14, 15.)

This, then, is God's remedy; and the good news is that the Son of man—God's own blessed Son become a man—*has been* lifted up; and the righteous channel made through which the love of God could flow out toward poor, perishing man.

And what have you to do?

To look, to believe.

What was the result to *every one* that looked on that serpent of brass?

They lived.

What is the result to *whosoever* believes on

that lifted-up Son of man—upon that given, only-begotten Son of God?

I leave God to answer that question to your soul from His own infallible Word. And remember that while He has said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," He also adds, "And he that believeth not the Son *shall not see life*; but *the wrath of God abideth on him*." (John iii. 36.)

Trusting that God in His grace may be pleased to use the above incident to impress some of your hearers, and to bless His own Word to the salvation of their souls,

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours very sincerely in the Lord,

W. G. B.

A PERFECT PARDON, A PERFECT PEACE, AND A PERFECT PATTERN.

JOHN xix. 30; xx. 19-29; xxi. 21 and 22.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY A. M.

I.

I WANT to say a little to you this evening about nine words. I divide them into three parts. Three of the words you will find in John xix. They are "*It is finished*." The next three are in John xx.—"*Peace unto you*." And the last three are in John xxi.—"*Follow thou Me*."

Now these nine words bring to us three blessings. (1) A *perfect pardon*; (2) a *perfect peace*; and (3) a *perfect pattern*.

In John xix. we read how the Lord Jesus died upon the cross, having cried "*It is finished*," for the work was all done. On the ground of His death, it is that everybody believing on Him receives the everlasting forgiveness of sins.

In John xx. He is seen risen from the dead. He has left Calvary, left the sepulchre, bursting the bonds of the tomb, and has come forth in the mighty power of resurrection. We hear Him saying, "*Peace unto you*."

SCATTERED SEED.

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In John xxi. He is seen as about to go to heaven, and says to His servant Peter, "Do not fix your eye upon John, do not get thinking about him; 'follow thou Me.'"

Now let me go back. The Lord, as He hung there on the cross, uttered several distinct cries. The first was, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" They had spat in His face, had said, "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and yet He cries that wonderful cry, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

To the dying thief He said, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

To the burdened Mary He said, "Woman, behold thy son."

To John the evangelist He said, "Behold thy mother."

Then His cry was, "I thirst!" He who made the ocean says, "I thirst!" Why did He thirst? That you and I might not thirst for ever. Thank God, He has slaked my thirst for ever.

"I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there."

Sinner, there never was such a wonderful sight as the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Hear Him speak again: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Yet again, and He says, "It is finished!" and then saying, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," He gave up the ghost.

Now analyze those three words, "It is finished!" What do they mean?"

Between you and God there are your sins, though perhaps you never think about them—that, however, does not alter the fact. Secret sins, public sins, sins of darkness, sins of thought, and word, and deed—sins that sprinkle your life as thickly as the stars sprinkle the skies. Did you ever face before God the question of your sins? Prayers and sacraments cannot put sins away, baptism and confirmation cannot. Only one thing can

blot them out, and that is the blood of the cross.

When I hear the blessed Son of God saying on the cross, "It is finished!" then my soul says:

"Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am saved through the blood of the crucified One."

What must I do to be saved? Nothing. Do you know why? Because "it is finished." The foundation is laid, the superstructure is raised, the last stroke is put to the building. You cannot work your way to heaven, my friend, you are too late. The work has been done. I wish the tens of thousands around us knew the force of those three words.

God is satisfied with the work of Jesus. His claims are met, the devil is defeated, the mighty deed is done.

"It is finished!" Let it be finished, then, with prayer, and penance, and sacrament-taking, for salvation. Finished! "It is finished!" What does the Lord mean by these three words? He means this, that sin is put away, that the work of redemption is done, that God's righteous claims are met, that all is past, and all is over. Therefore the Victor says, "It is finished!"

"I thought if I said my prayers and lived a moral life, if I gave up bad habits, and turned over a new leaf, if I attended a place of worship and gave tracts away, I might get to heaven at last."

Oh! dear hearer—"It is finished."

When those three words were said by Jesus, the whole mighty work was done. Now, on the ground of that finished work, God has proclaimed

A PERFECT PARDON.

There may be those here who say their prayers like parrots—they keep on asking God for forgiveness of sins. Do you mean it? Do you want it? God proclaims it now, offers it to you now. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Will you have this pardon?

In a certain state in America, the governor determined to free five prisoners—to give five pardons. The day came—the official sat at a table, and the prisoners were ranged before him. “Reuben Johnson,” he called, “come up and receive your pardon.” The man’s face turned pale, and his knees began to shake. “I wonder who he means?” he thought. “He does not mean me, I know, there must be another Reuben Johnson.” Again the official called, “Reuben Johnson, come forward.” Still he did not move. At last the official went down to where he sat, and, putting his hand on his shoulder said, “You are the man we want,” and the pardon was put into his hand. When it was over, and the prisoners were taken back to their cells, Reuben Johnson rose to go with them. He could not believe he was free, it seemed too good to be true.

Just think, of God sending right out of heaven, through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, a present and perfect pardon of sins to all who put their trust in Him. You may say your prayers, you may read your Bible—that will not give you pardon. Nothing but the blood of Christ can purchase pardon, and that pardon is for you to-night.

The mighty debt was paid when Jesus died on Calvary. If I were to ask all here to-night who have forgiveness of sins to stand up, I wonder what you would do. God knows you well, He knows you have not got it, but you may have it to-night. Yes, dear friends, it costs you nothing, but it cost the Lord Jesus Christ everything.

When you travel with a friend, and he pays your fare, do you pay as well? It is cheap for you, but your friend has to pay.

On the ground of the shed blood of Christ, we have a free and everlasting forgiveness of sins. Will you have it to-night? God give you to desire to have it to-night, and then to put out your hand and take it—to accept, in faith, the forgiveness of sins through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now I come to a grand point. Christ is

not dead. What God wants the believer to have is

PERFECT PEACE.

I heard from a friend of mine the other day. His mother had just passed away. “My mother died this morning,” he said. “She was unconscious for hours, but just before she died, she opened her eyes and said, ‘Peace! peace! peace!’ My father said, ‘Yes, through the blood of His cross.’ She tried to repeat the words, but she could not get the last word out—she went to be with Christ.”

Sinner, if death nipped your pulse, if the wheels of your life stopped this evening, have you got peace? I want to ask you in the presence of the living God, have you got peace? There are five things about peace that I want to speak of.

First, Christ made it “by the blood of His cross.” Do not make a mistake just here, you have not to make it. It is a solemn thing to have to say it, but you have been at war with God all your life, if you are unconverted. Your hands have not served Him, your heart has not throbbed for Him, your feet have not followed Him, your tongue has not spoken for Him. But Christ has “made peace.”

Sinner, Christ has died on yonder cross. The living God looks right across your soul at this moment: can He read these five letters there—PEACE?

There are two words that are born out of heaven—“peace” and “rest”—and you have not either. Christ has made peace through the blood of His cross. He has made it, you have not to make it, it is all done.

The *second* thing about peace is “preaching peace.” People ask, “Have you heard Dr. So-and-So, and Mr. So-and-So? Have you listened to this or that preacher?” But, dear friends, I want to ask you, Have you ever heard *Him*. Have you heard Jesus preach peace? Have you heard Him saying, “Peace unto you?” His five wounds spell peace—P, E, A, C, E. Have you by faith seen the risen Jesus and read in those wounds peace with God. He has

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made it, and He preaches it. He says "Peace unto you." To-night we preach peace by Jesus Christ. He is Lord of all. Let me preach to you, this evening; let me breathe into your ear—peace.

The *third* thing is that He *is* it. "He is our peace."

The trouble with many people is that they are not always perfectly happy. On Sundays they are up, and on Mondays they are down, and they get more and more down as the week goes on. Sometimes they think they are all right, and at other times they doubt it.

That is not Christianity. "He is our peace." He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." He never changes. If you have trusted Him, look right away from yourself, look right up to heaven and see Him yonder. He is our peace, the unchangeable Christ. This peace is always the same. "He is our peace." When? All the week long, all the month through, all the year round. "He is our peace." He never changes.

If you want to have this peace, my friend, let your eye rest upon Him who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The *fourth* thing is that Christ has left it. He says "Peace I leave with you." People are always interested in wills. If any one dies and leaves them money, they are very much interested in the will.

Sinner, Jesus says, "Peace I leave with you." Will you take it? Mark, that is His will. Christ has left for you peace. What are you to do? Take it, receive it. Put out your hand in faith and accept what Christ has left for you.

The *fifth* thing is that we have it; "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." When you put your head down on your pillow, to-night, can you say, "Thank God, there is one thing that I have—I have peace with God?"

I implore you, face that question. Can you to-night, in solitude in your room, say to yourself, "If I died before morning, if Christ comes before to-morrow, I have peace with God?" "Being justified by faith, we have

peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, that is four for Him, and one for you—He made it, He preached it, He is it, He left it, and I have got it. Have you, dear friend, got peace with God? If not, just where you sit to-night, take it. Let Christ say to you, "Go in peace." Let Him say, "Peace unto you," and there will be a great calm. Now He gives—

A PERFECT PATTERN.

Do not you try to be a Christian? No one can be a Christian by trying. Suppose I tried to be the Prince of Wales. Should I succeed? Suppose I tried to be you, or you tried to be me? There is no such thing as trying to be a Christian. Suppose I took a class in the Sunday-school, and gave up all my bad habits, do you think I could be a Christian that way? No; you do not make Christians by trying. How is a man made a Christian? By trusting in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, by receiving peace with God. Then He hears the Lord saying, "Follow thou Me."

I will tell you why some of you do not get pardon and peace—They are ashamed to follow Christ. They *dare not* confess Christ. And He says, "Follow thou Me." Why, if I went up to many people, and spoke to them of Christ, they would either laugh, or blush to the roots of their hair. Why? Because people are going to hell, ashamed to confess Christ.

God knows you all. He knows who are ashamed to follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have heard of a soldier who was converted, and who went down on his knees before everybody in the barrack-room to pray. Most of his comrades cursed him, and threw boots at him, but that man had taken his stand for Christ. One in the room said to him, "Look here, my friend, don't you make an exhibition of yourself. Say your prayers in bed; take things quietly."

This brave man thought, "No; never! By the grace of God I have taken my stand, I have raised my colours, and I mean to keep them up."

At last, finding all their opposition was in vain, they said, "Let him alone." The world knows who is who. If you are ashamed of Christ, the world knows it. Do you say, "I don't make a public spectacle of myself"? No, I know you don't. But the Lord Jesus says, "Follow thou Me." What does it mean? That Christ is now your pattern to follow. What do I get if I follow? Perhaps some will sneer, or turn their backs on you, but you will have the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost on your side.

Oh! dear hearer, do not be ashamed of following Christ. Let the worldling scorn. Dear Christian, if you should get a laugh from the world, thank God for it. Rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

Now, I should like to read, before I close, a few verses in Matthew viii. 18-24, to show what a man will get if he follows the Lord Jesus Christ. If you follow Christ you will find a storm—a tempest in the sea.

But, my dear friends, will you have God's frown and the world's smile, or the world's frown and God's smile. Are you prepared for a tempest? The Lord got into a ship and His disciples followed Him. They were not prepared for a tempest. If you follow Jesus you will find a tempest—at home, behind the counter, in the kitchen, or in the drawing-room. For there are all sorts of tempests. Depend upon it, if you follow Jesus, somebody will turn his back upon you, but you will get His presence and His love. I would rather be in a storm with Jesus, than in a calm without Him. Peter followed Christ. He was crucified, he followed Him up to glory, and is there with Him to-night. What are you following? Pleasure? Drink? Novel-reading? What are you following? What is the end of the worldling's path? Hell. If you follow Christ, what is the end? Glory. Which are you following?

A lady longed for the blessing of a game-keeper, and therefore went up, seeking an opportunity of speaking to him. She began to admire his dog, saying, "What a nice dog you have here."

"Yes," he replied surlily.

"What is his name?" she asked.

"Rover," he answered.

"I suppose you are very kind to him; you feed him and look after him?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose he follows you very well, and obeys you?"

"Well, yes."

"Look, now, God has fed, and sheltered, and cared for you all your life, and you are following the devil, following sin."

The arrow went straight into his soul.

He said, "Rover, you have taught your master a lesson to-day."

He went to the prayer meeting that night—a week-night, mind you—and when he got there, he cried, "What must I do to be saved?" They told him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And what then? Oh! then he began to follow Christ. You cannot follow Christ. Do you know why? You are not pardoned yet. Pardon first, then peace, then a pattern—follow Christ. You never yet met a sergeant going to a school to drill boys without feet! That is what you are trying to do. You cannot follow Christ? He does not ask you to follow Him, unconverted sinner, sham professor. Whom does He ask to follow Him? Those who have pardon, who have peace.

Would you rather follow the novel, the dance, the theatre? That path will land you in hell. Which path are you following to-night?

I beseech you, just where you sit, to accept that pardon to-night. Take it from the hand of a Saviour-God. Say, "Lord, I thank Thee for it; my sins are all put away, and now I have peace with God; henceforth I want to follow Thee, and serve Thee, and glorify Thee. Come storm or calm, come sunshine or clouds, I desire to follow Thee."

Boy, girl, man, woman, I ask you before God, which path are you in? Oh! decide for Christ. Trust His finished work, trust His blessed words, and then set out to follow Him.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.



HERE is an old saying which maintains its place on account of its evident truthfulness—

“A friend in need
Is a friend indeed.”

It is the dark hours that test the reality of friendship. When all is fair and sunny, acquaintances may surround one and be pleasant company; but when the sky is clouded, and a tempest of trouble is breaking over us, these will leave us to ourselves, and only those who are genuine in their attachment will remain, but these will then be seen at their best.

Fair weather friends are numerous,
Foul weather friends are few.

Our Lord Jesus is presented in the Scriptures as a true Friend whose love and attention are changeless, and whose resources are infinite.

“There is a FRIEND that sticketh closer than a brother.” Just one such friend there is. Who can it be? The proverb does not answer our question, but surely we who live in these glad Christian days need not be long in doubt. This friend is the Lord Jesus.

The elder brother in our illustration is showing his care and affection for his sisters and brother in a time of danger, and they cling confidently to him as he leads them forth to a place of safety. Truly a brother is born for adversity. It is at such times that a brother's love is displayed; though the constant patience and care, year in and year out, exhibited by some for a weak brother or sister manifests it equally, though in a less striking way.

But there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

The whole path of our Lord Jesus Christ is the expression of a friendship that nothing could alter, of a love that no waters could quench and no floods could drown.

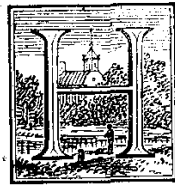
Knowing what it would cost to bring us into blessing, He left His glory, became

man, humbled Himself, and went down to death—even the death of the cross. There He endured the righteous judgment of God, there the cup of wrath was drained by Him, there He laid down His life for us.

Now risen out from among the dead, He lives in brightest heavenly glory, but His love has not changed one jot or one tittle. “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” He is now the Advocate and Great High Priest for His people. He bears them all along life's journey, and comforts their hearts as He says, “I will be with thee in trouble.”

Well may we who know Him rejoice in His friendship, and well may we seek to show our friendship in return by glad service and faithful confession of His name.

THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT.



HUNDREDS of years ago, so the legend runs, in the time of the Crusades, a poor pilgrim, weary and footsore, applied late one evening at a stately castle for a night's shelter.

Angrily the haughty knight refused him, saying, “Do you take my castle for an inn?”

“Yes,” replied the pilgrim, “and I can prove to you that it is *only* an inn, if you will but answer me three questions.”

“First, who lived here before you?”

“My father,” answered the knight.

“And before your father, who occupied this castle?”

“My noble grand-sire,” was the answer.

“And who,” continued the pilgrim, “do you expect to rule here after you?”

“My son,” replied the knight proudly.

“Then,” said the pilgrim, “I have proved to you that after all *your castle is but an inn*; you are here but for a little while, and, like your ancestors, you must soon remove, and another will fill your place. Adieu!”

Yes, reader, and that fine mansion, that middle-class house, or that rude cabin, it

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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may be, which *you* call "home," is but an inn—a stopping-place, and *you* are but a passing occupant.

Crape may soon be hanging on its door, for *you* may soon be gone. Are you ready?

If washed in the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, all is well, and the bright glory is your sure and certain portion. But if still unsaved and out of Christ, eternal gloom is your dreary prospect; for if you die in your sins, where Jesus is you can never, never come. (Col. i. 12. John viii. 21.)

You are passing away—dying by the moment, by the inch. It is only a question of time, and you *must* go. But where?

If a Christ-rejecter, to eternal misery; the burning lake shall be your home—your eternal dwelling-place. You shall be no temporary visitor *there*.

Hell is no inn, no mere stopping-place, but as fixed and everlasting as the throne of God itself.

But, reader, your destiny is not *yet* unalterably fixed. You may still choose life, you may still have peace and pardon through repentance and a simple faith in Christ. Thus you will indeed be ready, and, like one of old, you may sing in triumph:

"There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me;
The torment and the fire
Mine eyes shall never see."

And why? Is it because you have "quit your meanness," and are "doing good"?

Away with the unworthy thought! *Jesus alone* shall have the ransomed sinner's praise. *He* bore the condemnation, the fire of divine judgment fell on *Him*, and as the Substitute for all His own, He suffered at the hand of God for them on Calvary what they otherwise must have suffered in the lake of fire for ever. Blessed, thrice blessed, be His holy name!

Unsaved reader, I would say to you, Remember AT INNS THE GUESTS HAVE BILLS TO PAY. You may have your sport, but you shall as surely have the bill, and you will be found a bankrupt. Joke on, mock on,

sinner, then, if ye will, but remember the day of settlement. "Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (Eccl. xi. 9.)

There thou shalt stand a guilty culprit, a naked sinner. Thou shalt hear thy sentence.

O, thou who makest a jest of hell, and a mock of sin, "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?"

And it is "*everlasting* punishment." (Matt. xxv. 46.) This is what makes it so fearfully solemn.

Were an angel commissioned to-night to stand at the portals of hell, and proclaim to those suffering rebels that after they had lain and been tormented there one million years they should be free, one shout of joy would surely rise from throats already hoarse with wailing. But no, no shout of joy shall ever ring in that dread prison-house; no ray of hope shall ever penetrate that gloom of darkness. Their doom is fixed.

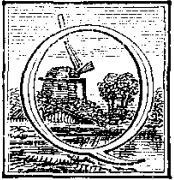
Christian, the blood of Christ has made you ready as to conscience. Are you ready in heart, or are you sound asleep, and making this scene your dwelling-place? Only a little while since I met a Christian, who said that *money* was the best friend he had. Poor bemired backslider! He professed that he could read his title clear to heaven, but the Lord's sudden coming would be a terrible surprise to him.

Oh, that we had more of the spirit of Whitefield, when he said, "I preach—a dying man—to dying men"; and, like his Master, wept over sinners. Are we, with all our light and privileges, found minding earthly things? Perhaps our shelves are strewn with unused gospel tracts and books, while our nearest neighbours are as ignorant of the way of salvation as though they had Hottentots for neighbours, instead of such enlightened Christians as we profess to be.

Awake, fellow-believer, to the claim of Christ, who has redeemed you, and remember that *you* are but in an inn. In glory you cannot serve Him in the way you are called to do now.

C. K.

THE
YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.



VIII.

PROVED a difficult letter to many of the searchers in connection with the alphabet of our blessings.

QUICKENED

seems to be almost the only word obtainable.

But how much it speaks!

We were dead in our trespasses and sins; we had no thought of our need, and drifted on in the current under the power of Satan. But God in His great love has quickened us, and we, who were dead, are now made alive in Christ.

It is henceforth our privilege to live, no longer to ourselves, but to Him who died for us and rose again, and the Holy Spirit has been given to us that we may serve God and glorify Christ in all our walk and ways.

R will give us

REDEEMED.

We who believe are redeemed. We *know* we are redeemed, and we know the cost at which we are redeemed, even the precious blood of Christ. (See 1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

Well may the apostle exhort us to walk in obedience and holiness. The death of our Lord delivers us from all our former course, so that we may now be pilgrims here, seeking to please our God who has called us to His glory.

S will serve to bring before us one of our highest blessings. We are

SONS

of God "by faith in Christ Jesus." It is not only that God is saving *sinners* in this glad gospel day, but God is "bringing many *sons* to glory." He is going to fill His house with a company who shall for ever delight before Him. All of the number will be with Christ and like Christ—conformed to His image that He may be the firstborn among many brethren.

Even now the Spirit of God's Son is sent forth into our hearts, and we cry, "Abba, Father," in the sense of the nearness and dearness into which we are brought. (See Rom. viii. 29; Gal. iv. 6; Heb. ii. 10.)

T shall remind us that we are

TRANSLATED

into the kingdom of God's dear Son. What a blessed rule is His. Once we were under the power of darkness, now we are in the kingdom of God's dear Son. We have been taken out of the one and put into the other.

Another translation may be ours sooner than we expect. We may hear our Saviour's voice and be caught up beyond the power of death—like Enoch was. (Heb. xi. 5.) What a blessed translation that will be!

"I HAVE CHRIST."



HOW often do the Lord's servants meet with disappointment and trials of various kinds in seeking to serve Him in spreading the gospel of His grace, thus calling forth the exercise of faith and patience, but there are times when the Lord graciously allows them, after many days, to see the fruits of their labour of love, and of this the following is an instance:

Mrs. B., the wife of an officer, an earnest Christian lady, was in the habit of giving away tracts, and speaking a word for her Master whenever she had an opportunity. On her passage from Bristol to Cardiff, she distributed, as usual, a good many tracts to those on board, which were readily received.

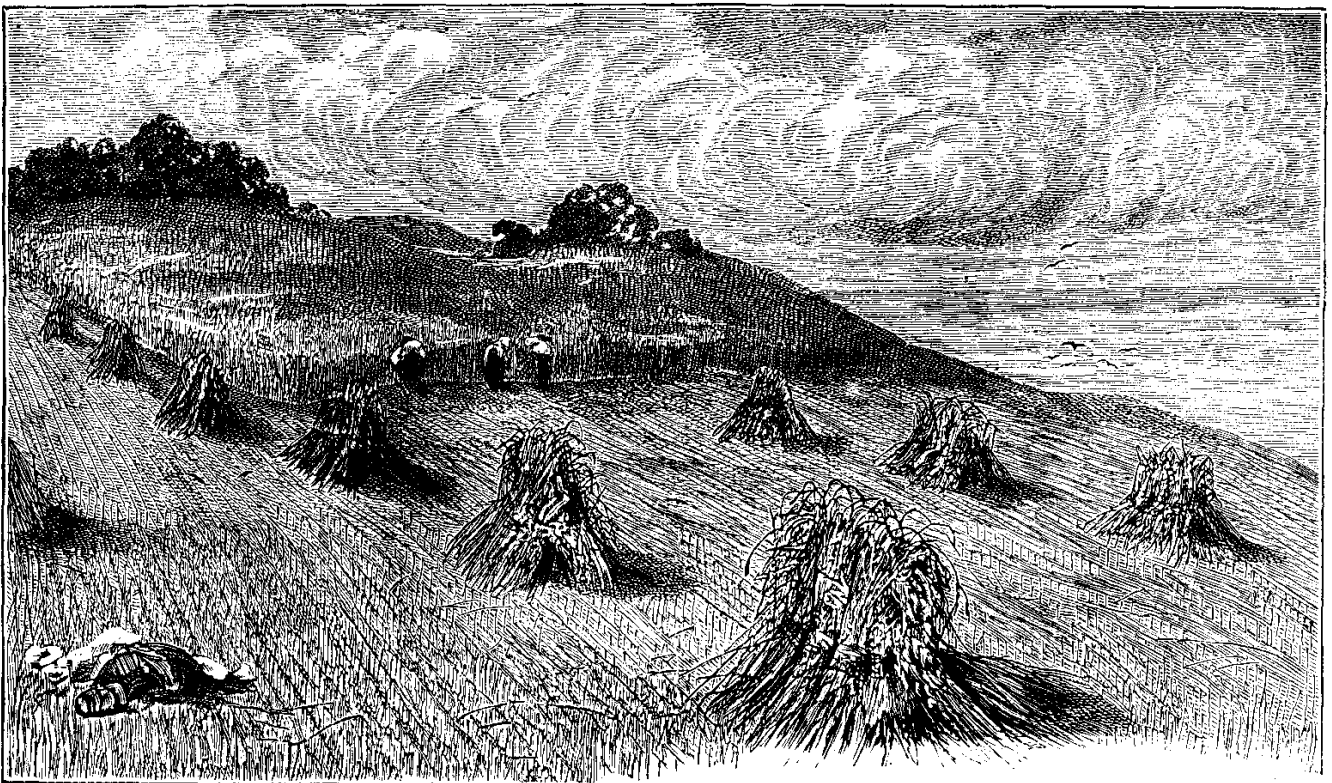
Among the passengers was a Roman Catholic priest, sitting by himself reading. Mrs. B. went up to him and offered him one of her little leaflets, which he politely refused, saying "Thank you, madam, I have my religion." The lady at once replied,

"But I have Christ." Nothing further seems to have passed between them. Two years after this incident Mrs. B. was again taking the same passage to Wales, and, to her surprise, met the same individual on board. He recognised her, and coming up, said "Do you remember once offering me a tract, which I refused. Your words to me, in reply to what I said, were 'I have Christ.'" "Yes," she replied, "I quite

remember it." "Well," he added, "I never forgot those words, which made a deep impression on my heart, and, by the grace of God, I, too, can now say 'I have Christ.'"

Like one of old, he could go on his way rejoicing, his heart filled with that peace and rest which all his former religious practices and penances could never give. A word in season, how good it is?

Have you Christ? or only religion? † †



HARVEST TIME.

"SAY NOT YE, THERE ARE YET FOUR MONTHS, AND THEN COMETH HARVEST?
BEHOLD, I SAY UNTO YOU, LIFT UP YOUR EYES,
AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST."

JOHN iv. 35.

"Broad fields before thee,
Reaper, press on;
Clouds darken o'er thee,
Day's almost gone;

White does the harvest stand,
Waiting the reaper's hand,
Louder the Lord's command,
Reaper, press on!"



EARLY DEVOTEDNESS.



IN reading the account of the "singular vow" (Lev. xxvii.) it is worthy of notice that estimation is made according to age. Thus, in the case of a child being devoted to the Lord, from one month to five years of age, the value was set at five shekels of silver for a male; at twenty shekels, from five to twenty; at fifty shekels, from twenty to sixty; and then down to fifteen, from sixty upwards. The highest estimation is placed on that period of life—twenty to sixty—when the faculties and energies are most fully in play. But this is striking, that a higher value is placed on the years between five and twenty than on those between sixty and upwards. A man who begins to devote himself to the Lord at sixty years of age is only worth fifteen shekels, whilst a youth under twenty is reckoned at five shekels more. This is significant. The earlier the better.

I have been struck of late by the thought that those whom God has deigned to use specially to instruct the church, have been led to surrender themselves to the Lord when young.

Saving grace may reach the soul at any period, and then surrender to the claims of Christ follow; but, as a rule, the best servants of Christ have been early converted, and early led to yield their hearts and lives to Him. The result is that such have been more signally owned in the help of His people, and the unfolding of His word.

And there is a moral ground for this. If a man live the best of his days in the gratification of his own pleasures, and set the will of God practically aside, must he not suffer the consequences in time, even though pardoned and brought to God? Grace may work wonders, and lead an old man thus converted to accomplish great things—doubtless; yet when, through the same grace, the young heart is won for Christ, and has thereby escaped the dulling, deaden-

ing effects of sin, it is certainly more easily trained and taught, and is therefore enabled to form a more correct judgment of truth, of things that differ, of those shades of meaning that call for a spiritual mind and a clear, undimmed eye.

Thus Saul was a "young man" when he was converted, and Timothy was a "youth"; and so in the history of the church it will be found that the prominent teachers and distinguished leaders have been early found of the Lord. True it is that more than mere youth is needed. Our passage speaks of *devotedness*. But a young heart devoted to Christ, and seeking to sustain that devotedness, is the heart that is used of Him.

This may well encourage the young. Sin is a dread master. Christ is worthy of our all. He died for us; He seeks our trust, our confidence, our love. He says, "Who will go for us?" He could send an angel. He would rather have you, dear young reader.

J. W. S.

"DON'T!"



"DON'T!" was the title of an address to be given in B—, one Sunday afternoon.

What was said upon this subject I know not, but I would repeat the word and say through this printed page, "Don't" put off your soul's salvation, "don't!" for "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

Did you ever think of how soon this day of salvation may be for ever past and gone? How awful it would be to miss God's wonderful gift!

Now it is offered so freely, and offered to *you*. Why not accept it?

Four times over in the book of God are the words, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Then why not obey?

THE OFFERING UP OF ISAAC.



MOST of you, dear children, know what a type is in Scripture. It is a figure or picture of a person or thing. The Old Testament abounds in types of Christ, for all the sacrifices offered up by the Jewish priests were pictures of Jesus, God's dear Son, who, when the world was about four thousand years old, appeared and fulfilled them. But now I want you to open your Bibles, and turn to Genesis xxii., where you will find a touching story, in which we have a type of Christ, of which I wish to say a little to you.

You have, I am sure, often read of Abraham, and what a true servant of God he was. He has been called the father of the faithful, and the friend of God, as he was "strong in faith," and delighted to obey God.

God had promised him that He would give him a son, who should be his heir. But not till Abraham was a hundred years old, and Sarah, his wife, ninety, was little Isaac born. You can fancy how his parents loved and treasured the babe, and how they must have looked more like his grandfather and grandmother than his parents.

Well, when Isaac had grown up, God saw good to try Abraham's faith, to show that he really loved Him, and would obey Him at any cost. So one day God told him to take his son, his only son, whom he loved, and to offer him up for a burnt offering on one of the mountains in the land of Moriah.

Abraham at once obeyed God. He rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and with Isaac, his son, and two of his young men, and the wood for the burnt-offering, he set out on his long journey.

On the third day after his leaving home he reached a spot where he saw the "place afar off."

Here he left the young men and the ass; and Abraham, and Isaac with him, began the ascent of the mountain, Isaac carrying

the wood for the burnt-offering, and Abraham the fire and the knife. As "they went both of them together," the lad said to his father, "My father... Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" And Abraham said, My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

So when they had reached the summit of the mountain, Abraham built an altar, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham lifted the knife to slay his son, when suddenly the angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven, and said, "Abraham, Abraham... Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me." Then Abraham looked, and behold behind him was a ram caught in a thicket, and he went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering instead of his son. And he called the place Jehovah-jireh, which means "the Lord will see (or provide.)"

You can fancy, dear children, how glad Abraham was not to have slain his son; but even if he had been permitted to do so, such was his faith in God that he knew He could have raised him from the dead, "from whence also he received him in a figure." Isaac's life was spared because the ram was offered up in his stead. This ram is a vivid picture, or type, of the Lord Jesus, who gave Himself for us "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." (Eph. v. 2.) Do you think Isaac ever forgot that wondrous moment when God interposed to save his precious life? It must have been to him a dim foreshadowing of the scene transacted on Calvary many hundred years afterwards, when Jesus died, "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

May you, dear children, learn to know and love the Lord Jesus, the blessed Son of God, in your youth.

M. S. S.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.



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 wrought 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 compassion 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 from a stranger!

Finally, as if to complete the picture, He says "When I come again." What a lovely picture! And yet it is all a divine reality. It is the simple story of our blessed Lord 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 ful-

filled 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 at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. The One who was nailed on 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." Precious words! Say, wouldst thou be glad to see Him? Dost thou know Him as the good Samaritan? Hast thou felt His loving hands binding up thy spiritual wounds? Hast thou known the healing virtues of His oil, and the restoring, invigorating, and cheerful influence of His wine? 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 the reader of these lines, to the eternal praise of Him who has proved in ages past and to this day—in this country and in all other portions of this sin-stricken world—the GOOD SAMARITAN.

"O come, ye wounded ones, submit
To treatment so divine,
And know the healing virtues of
Christ's priceless oil and wine.

"It matters not how bad you are,
How deep your wounds may be,
His remedy gives full relief—
From sin it sets you free."—*Extracted.*

THE *love* of Christ *disposes* Him to bless.

The *death* of Christ *enables* Him to bless.

The *resurrection* of Christ *proves* that He can bless.

The *word* of Christ *pledges* Him to bless.

Have *you* come to Him for His blessing?

SCATTERED SEED.

A DEAD DOG.

IF you wanted an illustration of one thing more vile than another, you would select "a dead dog." How loathsome does the carcase of the dog appear when you see it floating in the canal, or lying on the river-bank—how vile and horrible!

And yet it was to this that Mephibosheth, the grandson of King Saul, likened himself, when he, being called into the presence of David, learned that he was to receive immense, and undeserved, and unexpected kindness at the hand of the very man, who, in his earlier days, had been well nigh hunted to death by his unreasonable grandfather.

Being so closely allied to David's most bitter foe, he could naturally look for nothing but any measure of retribution which the king might see fit to render.

Imagine his surprise then, when, instead of revenge, he heard from kingly lips, first, that he need not fear; second, that David intended to show him kindness; third, that there should be returned to him all the lands which Saul had really forfeited; and last, that he should sit always at the king's table.

A burst of kindness, and a flood of love, so wholly unexpected, thoroughly overwhelmed him, and he could only reply, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am!" David's "look" was one of royal and kindly favour. His "countenance" signified much more than a cold and kingly pardon. He had learned in days of keen adversity, the tenderness and sympathy that is acquired only in circumstances of trial, and under the pinch of poverty. Now he could not only feel for a beaten rival, but he could act in the generosity of a tutored and truly noble heart. As his heart, so his hand. He wished to exhibit

THE KINDNESS OF GOD.

Ah! that is not human kindness, wonderful as it sometimes is. The kindness of man has often melted the heart of an enemy, but the kindness of God is superhuman. Five words speak volumes, "*God so loved the world.*" That is the familiar and precious announcement of His attitude toward an evil and guilty world, and we know how He acted. He had one Son, His beloved, whom He gave! More He could not have given—less He would not. His Son, the Son of His bosom, was given, so that, by His death, and faith in Him, we, poor sinners, might have life eternal.

Such is grace, and such the kindness of God.

In this spirit did David act towards Mephibosheth.

And the result in the latter?

He could not take too low a place, or brand himself with too strong an epithet.

"*A dead dog,*" said he.

But this is most appropriate. A sense of the kindness of God humbles and annihilates the wretched pride of the heart as nothing else can. And increasingly certain I am that the secret of all blessing lies in a broken and a contrite heart. Secure that, secure a spirit divinely broken, and a heart humbled by one of the many processes that grace can use, and then, whether for saint or sinner, there awaits a rich unfolding of grace and glory.

It may cost us not a little humiliation to say truly, "Such a dead dog as I am"—the figure may seem too repulsive, yet notice how David himself, when, in Psalm lxxiii., he entered the sanctuary of God, could likewise say, "I was as a beast before Thee!" Oh! what revolutions are wrought in the soul when in the conscious presence of God!

Light or love may produce them, but produced they are, and then the lower down

we take our place, the better and the happier for us!

Let a "dead dog" lay himself down alongside the kindness of God, or a prodigal place his guilty head on the bosom of eternal love, and the key of all true blessing is obtained. A continual seat at the table in everlasting communion is the certain result.

Fear not, friend, to go down; the lower the better, the wiser, the truer.

So learned the publican when he smote upon his sinful breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

J. W. S.

THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST; OR, HOW TO BE SAVED.

I.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit."—1 PETER iii. 18.

HAVE read of a ship on her way across the Atlantic Ocean, in the winter season, having been enveloped in dense mist for many days; but, all at once, an aperture opened in the thick fog, through which were poured the rays of the noontide sun, when, to their horror, the passengers and crew discovered that they were only a few lengths of the ship from a floating mountain of ice, upon which, in a few minutes, they must have struck and gone down, but for the timely providential intimation of their danger by the sudden downpouring of the solar light.

In a few seconds the mist again closed in upon them; and they were in the same position as before. But what did they *now* do? Did they despise heaven's kind warning, and run on in the same track? Did they say, If we are sincere in wishing to steer rightly, there is no fear of our perishing? Did they say, If we are to be saved, we shall be saved, and so we need give ourselves no trouble about the matter? No! But they turned

the helm right round, and ran for days in the opposite direction, that they might make sure of escaping the danger, and they did so.

My unsaved reader! I long by God's grace to bring the light of divine truth to shine upon your present path, that you may see your fearful circumstances, and escape the destruction that is ahead of you.

As concerns your sin, guilt, and danger, you have, all your days, been sailing in the mist, across the sea of life. You may not be a designing hypocrite; you are not intending to perish; but as long as you sail in the mist you are in equal peril with the scoffer and the profane. It is very likely you may have had no conviction of your danger, for your life may be such as to lull your soul to sleep, and prevent you from being alarmed. You attend church or chapel, and go to the communion; you pray, read your Bible, try to lead a good life, and expect to go to heaven when you die; but you have not been so enlightened by the Sun of righteousness, as to discover your lost condition, and through faith in Jesus turn from sin to holiness. You are in the *mist* up to the present hour, for you are not sure whether you are on the narrow way that leadeth unto life! Is it to be *heaven* or *hell* at the last? *You cannot tell.* Ah, how true it is that you are *sailing in the mist*; and, if you sail on, everlasting destruction will be the end of your pleasant but bemisted course!

Look at this "*good news*," and let it be as light from heaven to thy soul! Christ has once suffered for sins and died; Christ has been quickened by the Spirit, and raised from the dead; Christ is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God. The whole matter of your salvation lies in that one passage about Christ Jesus, at the head of this paper, as I shall now try to show you. Let us look at it word by word.

SINS.

I. "SINS"—*The procuring cause of Christ's sufferings was our sins*—Christ hath suffered *for sins*. He, the "Lamb without blemish

and without spot," once suffered "*for sins*." We have become so accustomed to "*sins*" in this world of "*sinners*," that we do not think of the nature of *sin*, and what it deserves at the hands of a holy God; but it must be viewed very differently in heaven, for it was because of *sins* here on earth that the God of heaven sent His Son "in the likeness of sinful flesh," that He might condemn *sin* by making Him to be "*sin for us*," thus expressing His abhorrence and opposition to sin by visiting it with its due award of punishment in the person of the sinless Christ, who, in His great love to us, took human nature, and stood in the sinner's place.

It was our *sins* that brought Jesus down from heaven, nailed Him to the accursed tree, and laid Him in the grave. What love! that He should come to be treated as we deserve for our *sins*; but, oh, what a hateful thing must *sinning* be, that could deserve such punishment as He bore when He *suffered for sins*!

What numbers of pious people have never been awakened to see themselves as sinners; even many who are engaged in Christian work and are members of churches are sailing in the mist regarding their *sins*. A young lady had just died; a servant of Christ visited the family and found her sister much softened and ready to converse about the solemn event; but he longed to do her spiritual good, and after trying in vain again and again to give the conversation a *personal* bearing, he resolved, in love to her soul, to make a more decided home-thrust rather than fail to win her soul. It might seem rude, but he felt he must speak plainly. "I speak not of these things generally," said he; "*it is your conversion, Miss W., I seek.*"

She could scarce reply, for a choking feeling of wounded pride. My friend soon left, leaving the word to work. And under God it did work powerfully. Her whole nature was in arms. She was mortified at his impertinence. To think that he should dare to speak of her conversion, as if she needed anything of the sort! The thought

was humbling above measure! Ah! the word had found its way home. She cannot draw out the arrow. It rankles in her bosom. "*My conversion!*" The unwelcome words will come back. Much as she dislikes them, she cannot banish them from her mind. "*My conversion!*" "Yes, your conversion," a voice seems to reply. "*Your conversion.* You have never been truly turned to God. You must be, or perish eternally among those who are at enmity with Him."

She is silenced. The voice within seals the preacher's words. She is convicted as a sinner before God. She feels that it is a great truth that she is yet unreconciled to Him. She has never loved Him. All her religion, which she so proudly trusted in, has been mere formality—a heartless, unloving service. "Ah! he might well say, indeed, that he sought *my* conversion. All is yet to begin with me."

Thus she reasons with herself. The Spirit leads her onward. She sees her ruined, helpless state. She finds Christ, the blessed Saviour, and God, her Father in Him. She gladly accepts forgiveness through His blood, and gives herself unto the Lord; and tasting His preciousness, and the happiness of His service, she gives God thanks that His servant had said to her, "*It is YOUR conversion, Miss W., I seek.*"

CHRIST SUFFERED.

2. "CHRIST SUFFERED for SINS."—This sets before us *the reality of the sufferings of Christ*. The Lord Jesus Christ was holy when He came into our world, holy when conceived and born. He lived by faith and prayer, exercising perfect trust in God, a life of holiness and righteousness, doing always the things that pleased the Father. He manifested, and was in His own person the living expression of, the Father's holiness, love, and grace. Nevertheless, He *suffered* as if He had been chargeable with innumerable *sins*. And His were real sufferings; for, from being infinitely pure and perfect, He was all the more capacitated to endure unutterable sufferings in body and in soul.

He was, indeed, the perfect Sufferer; for He alone could bear the infinite stroke of God's sin-avenging sword. He *suffered* for righteousness at the "wicked hands" of men; but He also *suffered* "for sins," as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." God drew the curtain of "darkness" around Jesus, and shut out the world when, on the cross of Calvary, He laid our sin on Him, the willing, perfect Substitute—the sinless One.

The death of Jesus on the cross was attended with all the shame and ignominy of a public execution. He died in the same terrible way, and in the midst of the same circumstances, as the murderer died, when, as one "accursed," He was "hanged on a tree" on Calvary."

Oh, what love was this, that Jesus should take the place of the sinner, and die his death, that we *might* "not perish, but have everlasting life!"

A spiritual sight of the *reality* of the sufferings of Christ is sometimes used to produce real conviction of sin.

"Tell me, Jenny," said a minister, in speaking to one of his people in a time of great awakening in his congregation, "Tell me, what led you to such a deep sense of sin?"

The poor woman was in the greatest distress of mind, earnestly seeking salvation.

"Oh, sir!" said she, "it was yon that Mr. M'D—— told us the other night, about his visiting the garden of Gethsemane, when he was at Jerusalem, and standing in the very place where Jesus was in an agony, and sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground."

The minister did not know what to make of this, and feared that it was a mere burst of feeling, arising from her emotional nature having been touched by the remarks about Gethsemane.

"But Jenny," said he, to prove her, "what had that to do with you? How did that make you feel your sins?"

"Ah, sir!" said she, "I then saw that

Jesus was a *real Saviour*. I thought before that He was only a story in a book. But when I saw that He was a real Saviour, I saw that I was a *real sinner*."

It is one of the most interesting studies in these days to consider the Lord's doings—how He works, what means He uses, what word, to send home the sense of sin to the heart.

This woman had often heard of Gethsemane, and of the Lord Jesus before, but it was all to her a mere "story in a book." It did not come home to her heart as real. But hearing the minister tell that he had been at the very place where Jesus suffered the agony and bloody sweat, all its reality flashed before her mind by the power of the Spirit. These sufferings of Jesus were no mere *story*, Jesus was a real Saviour. But, ah! if Jesus was a real Saviour, then she is a real sinner. The whole is a reality, not a story. The real Saviour opens the eyes of the real sinner, and she awakes to feel her great need, cries for mercy, and finds forgiveness.

FOR SINS

3. CHRIST suffered FOR SINS.—This declares *the substitutionary character of Christ's sufferings*. As Jesus died a death of awful anguish and public shame—"even the death of the cross"—so did He die *as our Substitute to make atonement for our sins*, and to put away sin "by the sacrifice of Himself."

The epistle to the Hebrews shows us Christ offering Himself without spot to God "*to put away sin*," by bearing it "in His own body on the tree"; just as the epistle to the Romans shows us Christ, after He had died, and risen, and gone into heaven, offering Himself to sinners for their salvation in "*the Gospel of God*."

He, the JUST ONE, took the place of "the unjust," of "sinners," of "the ungodly," of the "enemies" of God. "Christ also hath once suffered FOR sins, the Just FOR the unjust." This word "FOR" shows that He did not merely suffer in some vague way for our general good, but that His suffer-

ings were as really substitutional as are those of the soldier who goes into the sufferings of actual warfare for the man for whom he acts as a substitute.

Believing in Christ Jesus, I can speak of Him—looking back to Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary—as “the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself *for me*.” “Christ died for the *ungodly*.” “While we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us.” “He that believeth not shall be damned,” said Jesus. But whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, because believing in Christ is believing that, as my Substitute, He gave Himself for me—He suffered FOR sins, “the Just for the unjust.”

The gracious substitution of the righteous for the guilty is the very essence of the gospel of the grace of God. Looking unto Jesus on the cross, we can say, in the confidence of faith, “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, *being made a curse for us*.” “There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.”

As Noah went through the waters of wrath, that drowned a world of sinners, and emerged from them to begin life in a new world, so Jesus passed through the billows of the flood of wrath, and is to be found beyond it all in resurrection-life—in life taken up after death, life “for evermore.” So all who now become *one* with Him by believing in His name, may be as certain that they cannot be overwhelmed by the waves of wrath which passed over Him, as we may rest assured that the flood which destroyed “the old world” cannot harm us. To us who believe in Christ Jesus, wrath, curse, and hell are as certainly things *behind* us, and not before us, as is the flood which took place in the days of Noah. Is not this good news to you, a sinner? Believing in Christ, who died for us and rose again, you have already borne the punishment of your sins in Him, and will not have to bear it again. “*Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*”

How blessed to look up to the throne of God, where Jesus now sits, and, while we

exult in His finished work—for He said, “IT IS FINISHED”—to be able to say:

“Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?
If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment He will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.”

THE WAY TO CONFESS CHRIST.

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. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.” (Rom. x. 9-11.)

Having to do with God affects a man in a twofold way. Both heart and mouth are the subjects of its influence. The heart rests in a glorified Saviour whom God has raised from the dead; the mouth confesses Him as Lord unto salvation.

Being linked together in this scripture as conditional to salvation, they should be connected in the soul's history.

The endeavour to separate these two things which God has joined, has caused untold misery to thousands.

Perhaps, my reader, you are one of them.

Let me describe your case. Troubled with a sense of sin, you desire salvation. You have not the least shadow of a doubt that Christ is both able and willing to save; you feel, moreover, that there is no other person but He in the wide universe to whom you can look for salvation—yet you are not happy.

Tell me. *Have you ever confessed Him?*

Here lies the secret. For some reason, or

reasons, you have never yet confessed with the mouth unto salvation.

You plead your timidity and lack of moral courage; then let me call your attention to the well-known incident of the woman with the issue of blood, found in Luke viii. 43-48, which clearly presents *the way to confess Christ*.

She had received blessing from His Person, and was going away—prompted by natural timidity—without any testimony to His grace. The Lord Jesus, by His question, brings her to the point of *confession*.

She did not stand forth, and, in an elaborate speech, declare the blessing she had received from Him, and confess the One who had healed her—that would have been going out of her proper place and position—nor did she meet the haughty Pharisees in private, as the man of John ix. —she was but a poor, weak woman; she had not courage for that.

But this she could, and did, do—"she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared UNTO HIM *before all the people* for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately."

She confessed *to Him*—surely an easy and delightful task—and in confessing to Him, she confessed *before all the people*.

My timid reader, *go, and do thou likewise*. Get into the presence of that living, loving Saviour, and confess *unto Him*: it will not then be long before *you* confess "*before all the people*."

F. B. H.

NO TRACTS IN HELL.

"TRACTS everywhere!" impatiently exclaimed a youth, as he tore up the gospel leaflet and cast it contemptuously from him.

"No," replied the distributor, "*there are none in hell*," and passed on.

Awful fact. No tracts in hell. Not a chance of mercy *there*. Not an offer of salvation *there*. Not a gleam of hope *there*. Reprobate branded on every brow. The

die cast. The day gone. The sentence pronounced. The gloom of despair settled down on every soul.

Once some of them imbibed the notions of "annihilation," "final restoration," "the larger hope"; but now these delusive theories are exploded, and "*Everlasting* destruction from the presence of the Lord"—"The blackness of darkness *for ever*"—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust *still*: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy *still*"—stand forth in all their eternal clearness and reality before the eye.

Sinner, it has been said, and rightly said,

There never will be another Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the present Saviour.

Now is the accepted time. *To-day* God offers you salvation. But if you die in your sins, then in your sins you will have to face God, in your sins you must bear the wrath of God and be cast out of His righteous presence into outer darkness: where there shall be weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

"To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done,
Eternal woe—the second death
Awaits the Christ-rejecting one;
Thine awful destiny foresee,
Time ends, and then—*Eternity*."

S. J. B. C.

"BLOTTED OUT AS A THICK CLOUD."

The past it is gone;
Like the gloomy night shades flee away,
When the sun proclaims the dawn of day,

So fade my fears
Before the Bright and Morning Star,
Who lights my soul and casts afar
The sins of years.

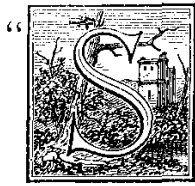
The past it is gone;
By the precious blood of my risen Lord,
I enter the future trusting His word,
And know not a care;
For He who's forgiven and forgotten the past,
In the hour of fierce trial and temptation's blast,
Will still be there.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



PLAY-TIME.

PLAY-TIME.



"SHALL I be able to play if I am a Christian?" I should not wonder if some such question as this has crossed the minds of many of my young readers.

So many of the children and young people of religious story-books die early, while others are pictured as invalids unable to stir from their couch or bed, and, therefore, never enjoying a romp or game, that it has occurred to them, possibly, that Christians never play.

Now this is a mistake.

The knowledge of the Lord Jesus, as a personal Saviour and Friend, sheds gladness and joy into our hearts and makes us bright and happy in our lives, and, instead of rendering boys and girls gloomy, makes them joyous.

Christians can play, and glorify Christ in their games, too, like little Mary of whom I now speak.

"Mother, I'm sure Mary — is a Christian," said a child to her mother.

"Why, my child?" asked the parent.

"Because she plays like a Christian," was the ready response.

Unselfishness, and fairness in play, had borne a witness that no words of the lips could have given. Her ways in the playground had been watched, and had produced an effect of which she was little aware.

Play on, dear young believer.

When? Not in work-time, of course, but in the proper hours.

How? Fairly and heartily, seeking the happiness of others; ready to give up your own way; willing to do anything that will further the pleasure of the game.

With whom? Not with those who speak lightly of Christ or of the Word of God, but with all who honour Him and seek to walk worthy of His name.

Two verses have often helped me and may help you, in work and play, and everything else, if you lay them to heart. The one is:

"Whether therefore, ye eat, or drink, or

whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31), and the other is:

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him."

If you cannot join in this or that in the name of the Lord Jesus and to the glory of God, keep out of it. It is our privilege as Christians to live to Christ, and to glorify God in our bodies which are His.

"I NEVER KNEW IT BEFORE."



"BELIEVE it, because it is in the Bible, but I never knew it before."

So said a little girl, about twelve years old, who lived up one of the Welsh mountains.

I had been asking her what kind of people Jesus came to save.

"Good people, sir," was her reply.

"And are you a good girl?" I asked.

"Yes, I am sure I am."

"But it says in the Bible that Christ Jesus came to save *sinners*. Are not you a sinner?"

"Oh no, sir, I really am a good girl; ask mother."

"But listen to a verse from the Bible," I said. I saw she was listening, so I read the verse that tells that "There is *none* that doeth good, no, *not one*."

"I believe it, because it is in the Bible," exclaimed she, "but I never knew it before."

Dear young reader, I want you to learn the same lesson about yourself that I tried to teach the little Welsh girl, that, however good you may be to your parents and others, yet in *God's* sight you are not good, but evil.

It is for such that Jesus died. He "came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance."

Dear boy or girl, confess that you are a sinner, and flee for refuge to the great Saviour of sinners.

READY—STEADY—OFF.



MOST of the people of Thessalonica, in the days of the apostle Paul, seem to have been worshippers of idols. There was, however, in the city, a synagogue of the Jews, in which the word of God was read on the Sabbath-days.

It was a grand day for Thessalonica when Paul came to the town. In due course he preached the gospel in the synagogue, and some of these idolaters heard about the true and living God. The result was that a number of them believed, and, turning to God, found that He had made a rich provision for them, in that His beloved Son had died on the cross, so that they might escape the judgment which they deserved for their sins. They believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed Deliverer from the wrath to come.

They were therefore

“READY.”

Come what might, all was well with them.

It is a blessed thing to be ready: to be prepared even if death should come to us very suddenly, but I want to speak about two other things.

When I was young, and we were having a race, the starter used to say:

“One to be ready,
Two to be steady,
Three to be off.”

Now we find these Thessalonians were not only ready, through the finished work of Christ, but they were also “steady,” for we read that, after their conversion, they served the living and true God.

It is the grace which makes us ready which alone can keep us steady.

But, then, besides that we learn that they were waiting for God’s Son from heaven; they were, as you may say, on the tiptoe of expectation for the

“Three to be off.”

Happy, indeed, it is, if we have been made ready by the work of Christ, and are not only seeking day by day to serve Him, each of us in our little corner, but are also listening attentively for that blessed summons, when all true believers shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. It is of the utmost importance that we who are “ready,” should always be “steady,” “always abounding in the work of the Lord,” and really expecting the

“Three to be off.”

Fellow-Christian, are you expecting it?

A. F. R.

IS IT NIGHT OR DAY?



“WHAT are the people on the other side of the globe doing now?” asked a little boy one morning.

“I expect they are beginning to think that it is time to go to bed,” replied his mother, “for when it is day-time here in England it is night over in Australia.”

But it is also true in another sense that day and night are going on together.

It is *night*-time now for the children of God. The prophet said, “The morning cometh,” but it has not yet come. The bright day of glory will soon dawn, the midnight hour will soon be past, and those who love the Saviour will be happy with Him for ever. His presence will change their night of sorrow into an eternal day of joy.

But what about the Christ-rejecters, boys and girls as well as older people? Ah, they are having *their* day *now*, but it will soon come to an end. “The morning cometh,” said the prophet, “*and also the night*.” Yes, a long dreary night of woe is about to come upon this wretched world.

Dear young friend, when Jesus comes, what will it mean for *you*? An everlasting day of joy, or an eternal night of despair?



NINETY-NINE, AND NINE.



SHORT time since, I was wending my way down one of the lovely Devonshire dales, calling at the houses by the roadside to scatter the good seed of the gospel.

At one of them, being asked in, I entered. The occupant was an old woman. Having spoken about various things, I ventured to ask her her age.

She answered, "Well, sir, if I be alive till the 11th of next month, I be 99."

"Then you have lived to a good old age on earth."

"Yes, sir, I have," was her answer.

"Now tell me, do you know the Lord Jesus?"

Looking at me earnestly, as if a little surprised at such a question, she said, "Me know the Lord Jesus! Why, sir, He be my own blessed Saviour, and I be going to spend the glory with *Him*."

Such was the exultant reply of this dear old saint of God. She had spent the spring, summer, autumn, and nearly the winter of her life, and there was no uncertainty in her soul. No hoping or doubting. As certainly as the sun shone in the heavens, so certainly was she going to spend the glory with Him who had loved her.

"Perhaps you will tell me what makes you so certain of your going 'to spend the glory' with Jesus," I replied.

Looking still more surprised, she said, "Why, sir, it is because the blood of Jesus has cleansed me, and made me fit for heaven, and Jesus would not be happy, if I was not there, because I am His."

Oh that all God's people could give such a ready answer as this poor old tottering saint of ninety years and nine!

Now come with me to one of our market-towns, where little D—— lives.

She is a child about nine years old, bright and intelligent. One day she and I had a little talk together about the Lord Jesus.

Our conversation ran thus: "Well, D——, do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, that I do."

"Why do you love Jesus?"

"Because He is my Saviour, and died for me."

"Then do you mean to say that Jesus has washed your sins away?"

"Yes, He has."

"Are you sure, D——?"

"Yes, I am."

"What makes you sure?"

"Because Jesus says so in His Word."

"Where does He say it, D——?"

"He says, in 1 John ii. 12, 'I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.'"

"Are you quite sure of going to be with Jesus when He comes?"

"Yes," was the speedy reply, as her little bright eyes sparkled with joy.

Like the aged one of ninety-nine years, she too was certain of "going to spend the glory" with Jesus.

Now, my dear young readers, would you not like to be able to say just what little D—— said?

Well, indeed, you may. He is the same Saviour, and loves all little ones. None are too young for Him, even as there are none too old. When He was on earth, they brought unto Him *infants*. (Luke xviii. 15.) What did Jesus do? Send them away? No. He took them in His arms and blessed them.

"And still the kind Saviour bids little children welcome,

For Jesus' loving tender heart to children is the same;

Though here His voice is no more heard,

From heaven itself He speaks this word,

'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

Little D—— could not have been much over eight years when she came to Jesus, and got all her sins washed away.

Then Mary, Lillie, Harry, Willie, or whatever your name is, why do *you* not come to Him, and trust in His precious blood now?

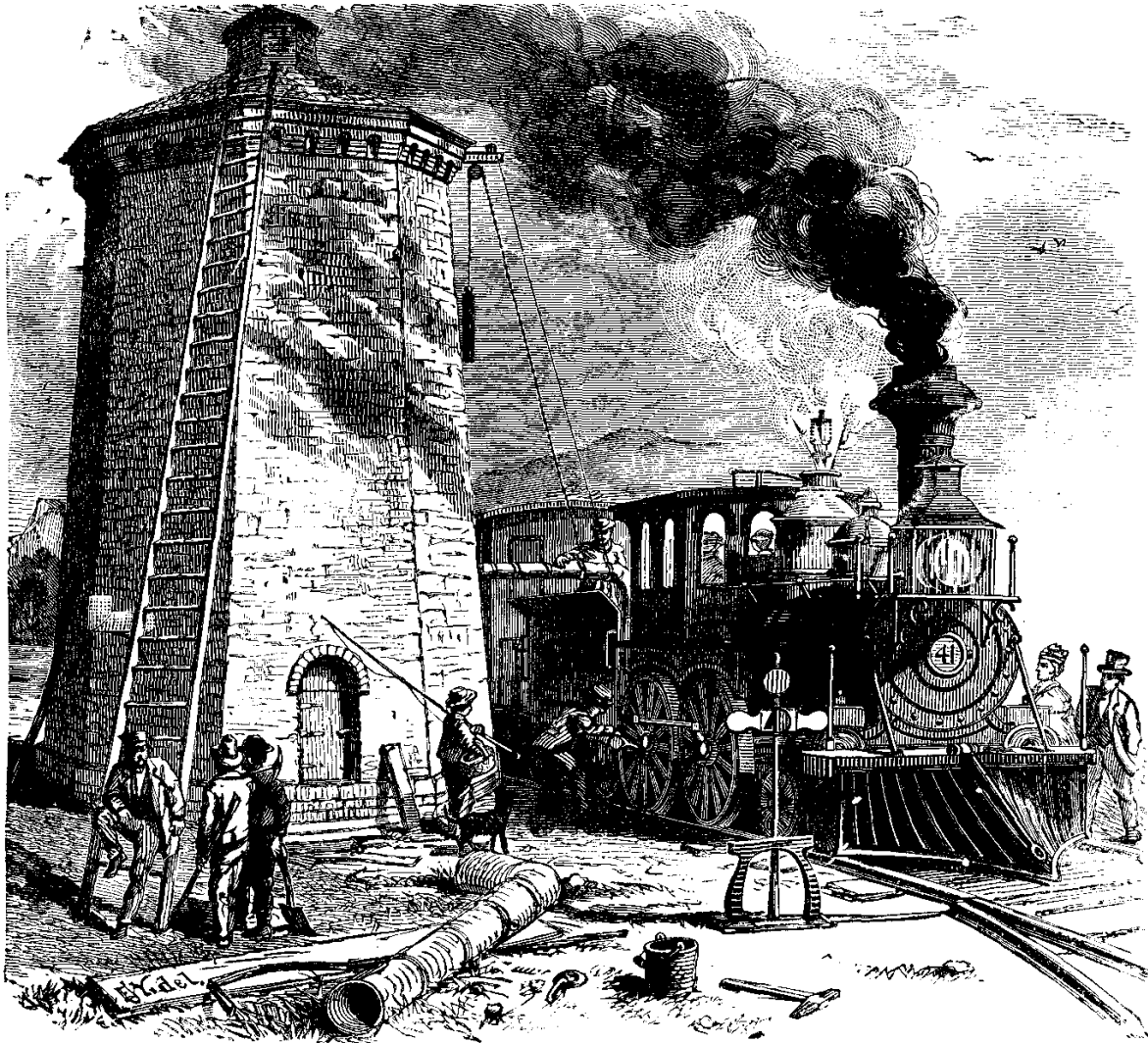
You are a sinner, and if only you knew how many sins you have committed, you

would think what a *great* sinner you are. Go and tell your sin and need in Jesus' ear, and trust His precious blood, which cleanses from all sin. You will then be able to say, like the ninety-nine year old believer, and the nine year old believer, "I am going to spend the glory with Jesus." J. H. I.

arranged that they should travel in the train driven by him.

It was on this journey that she displayed the confidence of which I have spoken.

An old lady entered the compartment in which they were travelling. She was exceedingly nervous. If the train passed under a



ON AN AMERICAN RAILWAY.

FATHER ON THE ENGINE.



HAVE heard of a very little girl who one day taught a person much older than herself a lesson of trust.

For a treat she was taken by her mother for a ride on the railway. Her father was an engine-driver, and they

bridge, she cried "Oh!" If a fast train rushed by, she cried "Oh!" If the engine whistled she cried "Oh!" and sighed as if she longed to be out of the train.

The little girl looked upon her with surprise, and seemed sorry, although not a little amused. No fear was in her heart—she was trustful, and so she was happy. Why was this? The answer is threefold.

She had faith in her father's power. He was on the engine. He could control it. If she had no strength he had plenty, and would govern the engine completely.

She had faith in her father's wisdom. He understood all the signals, and points; the valves and the brakes. He knew all that was needed to guide the train in perfect safety.

She had faith in her father's love. He cared for her and he cared for her mother, and he would surely see that no harm befell the train in which they travelled.

Suddenly, with a shrill shriek of the whistle, the train plunged into a dark tunnel, and the old lady cried "Oh!" more loudly than ever

Drawing nearer to her, and looking up into her face, the child said "You needn't be a bit afraid, for my father is on the engine, and he will not let any harm happen to mother and me."

Happy child, her confidence was in the power, wisdom, and love of her father, and thus she was at rest.

And thus it should be with the Christian, his heart's trust reposing in his God and Father.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

His power, His wisdom, His love, are infinite. Nothing can overcome His power, nothing can baffle His wisdom, nothing can alter His love.

We who believe are His children, and our Father knows the way we take, and cares for us every step of our journey.

Need we fear if the way is dark, or if unforeseen difficulties seem to block our goings? No, indeed, for our Father's hand of power and heart of love are both engaged for our welfare, and the believer knows that all things are made to work together for good to those

who love God, and are the called according to His purpose. Thus may we joyfully say—

"Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been."

Soon the journey will be over, the goal be reached, the Father's house with all the warmth of its love and all the light of its glory will be gained, and then our glad hearts will be able to trace all the way that our gracious God has brought us, and sound for ever our praises in His ear.

"THANK YOU, JESUS."



WELL, it is getting late, and we shall have to go. What is it going to be—Yes or no?" was the question put to little Alice by a Christian lady, who had been seeking to point her to the Saviour after one of our children's meetings.

The answer being indistinct the lady asked, "Did you say No?"

"No; I said Yes," was the reply, and getting down on her knees, she said in beautiful simplicity, "Thank you, Jesus."

Up till then we all had thought that she was a little believer; but three weeks before we found her weeping at one meeting, and anxious to be saved, and from that time she was in soul-trouble, and it was only on the fourth Sunday that she was able to accept Christ as her Saviour.

She is now a bright, happy, little Christian, seeking to live for Jesus, and I would ask my young reader, Are you?

Perhaps your father and mother are Christians, and you go every week to the Sunday School; but for all that you may not be on the way to heaven.

It may be that, like Alice, your friends think you are a Christian, and you may even have said that you were one, but do you really know Christ as *your Saviour*? If not, do not rest until you can answer "Yes!" truly.

But, perhaps, you often wish to be sure that you are saved, and yet are afraid to speak to anyone about it. If this is so, I would give you a verse out of God's Word to rest upon. If you turn to the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of John, you will find these words of Jesus. "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment); but is passed from death unto life."

Or, it may be, you intend to take sides with Christ one day, and you certainly hope to land in heaven at last. To such I would say decide *at once*, for "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." And besides, Christ is coming quickly, and no man knoweth the day nor the hour. Then delay not, but accept Christ as your Saviour *to-day*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and then, like little Alice, thank Him.

A. F. P.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET.

IX.



HE letter U may remind us that we are

UNKNOWN

by the world.

It knew not Christ when He was here. He was totally misunderstood by all around Him, and now the world knows us not. (1 John iii. 1.) We are not of the world at all, even as Christ was not of it. We have other joys, other objects, other pursuits, other hopes, and the world cannot enter into these.

Let us be content to remain unrecognized by the world. Our Lord knows us, and He recognizes us, and it is our part to seek to glorify Him in separation from everything which is not according to His word.

VICTORIOUS

we choose as the word for the letter V.

The victory is ours. The fear of death is gone, the power of the grave is broken, and our hearts can exult. God has given to us the victory. Let us ever remember that it is, like all our other blessings, *through our Lord Jesus Christ*. Everything flows to us through Him, and to Him the believer gladly ascribes all the honour.

"His be the Victor's name,
Who fought the fight alone;
Triumphant saints no honour claim,
His conquest was their own."

Never can we forget the cost of victory for us was the death of our adorable Lord. In no other way could He reverse the defeat we had suffered through sin, and nothing turned Him from His purpose of assuring eternal victory to us.

W

speaks to us of the blessed fact that He has washed us from our sins in His own blood, and this should lead to the song of praise given in Rev. i. 5, 6, in which every believer may join:

"Unto Him that loved [or *loveth*] us,
and washed us from our sins
in His own blood,
and hath made us kings
and priests unto God and His Father;
to Him be glory and dominion for ever
and ever. Amen."

He loves us and has washed us, and His love shall for ever be our theme—a love which was proved in the past, in that He laid down His life that we might be washed from our guilt; a love which we know is set upon us now while we tread our way through this world where He is not; a love in the light and warmth of which we shall bask through unending ages.

"In His own blood" tells of the depth of our need, as it tells of the depth of His grace. If we were to be washed He must die. His love was equal to this, and is equal to all. Nothing could quench it, nothing can change it. Well may we revel in it now and for ever.

X, Y, and Z have to be omitted, as no words have been found to suit these letters.

Thus our alphabet of what believers are "in Christ" is ended.

We have seen that Christians are

Accepted,	Led,
Blessed,	Made Meet,
Complete,	Nigh,
Delivered,	Owed,
Enriched,	Purchased,
Forgiven,	Quickened,
Gathered,	Redeemed,
Heirs,	Sons,
Illuminated,	Translated,
Justified,	Unknown,
Kept,	Victorious, and

Washed.

Surely while we survey all these blessings and privileges that are ours, and there are very many more which we might consider, we must ascribe to our Lord eternal homage and everlasting praise, seeking now to live for Him who died for us.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE.



FROM the Capstone Hill, Ilfracombe, we have watched the tide, pressed on by the vast power of the ocean, rising over the endless labyrinth of dark, wild rocks covering the Wildersmouth bay, and it has spoken to us of another flood-tide, that nothing could stay, flowing from another ocean—the ocean of the love of God.

The rising tide, finding its way amidst the rocks, their jagged edges covered by the foam, only bringing out its beauty, has presented a picture of the Saviour's path through this scene, cold and heartless as the rocky bay.

The dark, hidden crevices have seemed to speak of unutterable wickedness, receiving the tide with a deep murmuring sound, as though hating, while bound to admit it.

The sharp, knife-like edges pointing seaward recalled the manifested and deadly hatred, which would fain have stoned Him, or thrown Him from the brow of the hill, long before the moment when, between two thieves, He was nailed to the cross of Calvary.

And then the smooth and polished boulders, lying sullenly along the shore, have reminded us of those who displayed callous and heartless indifference.

And the tide has flowed on, until the waves have broken upon the beach at the feet of the throng of giddy sight-seers enjoying the lovely summer evening, and we have thought how the tide of infinite love flowed on till, with those words, "It is finished," the Saviour bowed His head in death at the cross of Calvary, and the waves of the love of God broke on the shore of a Christless world.

The hour of high tide thus seemed a fitting time for the evangelist's message, and his voice was heard above the dash of the waves, the words, "Behold the Lamb of God," sounding in the ears of the thousand listeners.

Perhaps you, dear young reader, have looked upon the story of the love of God simply with admiration, as the throng of sight-seers at Ilfracombe looked upon the tide, but you have never realized that it is flowing to *you*. The hatred of man, the malice of Satan, the terrible judgment due to sin, could not hinder that love. Have you yet received it?

Terrible thought. The tide will soon turn, and leave nothing but the dark rocks of man's hatred and pride, and the judgment of God for eternity, but it will ever be true that the love of God has lain out before you as a boundless ocean.

Listen to the words, and let them speak to you *now*, "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.)

THEO. W.

SCATTERED SEED.

THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST; OR, HOW TO BE SAVED.

II.

4. "CHRIST also hath ONCE suffered for sins." This indicates *the completeness of Christ's sufferings* for sins. He once suffered, but He will never suffer anymore, because His work was perfectly done. He became "obedient unto death." He was "put to death in the flesh"; but He was "quickened by the Spirit," raised from the dead, and received up into heaven to sit on the right hand of God. He "dieth no more"; for He, "after He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." The *oneness* (if I may coin a word) of the sacrifice of Christ indicates its completeness, perfection, and perpetuity, "Now *once* in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

A man was brought before the magistrate, charged with some breach of the law. Once the magistrate had been an associate of the criminal before him, but now he was a true Christian. Grace had delivered him from his former sins and companionship. But it was not so with the other.

Many present in court, knowing the old intimacy between the culprit and the judge, expected a lenient sentence, or perhaps his being dismissed with a reprimand. But many a hard judgment was hastily passed on the worthy judge, as he severely condemned the crime, and passed the severest sentence the law would permit. It was a heavy fine, with alternative of imprisonment.

The man was poor; sin had kept him so. To pay the fine was, for him, impossible, and his only prospect was *the jail*.

Upon this the judge, whose object was to show how God had pardoned him, and to preach the gospel to all assembled,

came down from the bench, took out his purse, and paid the fine at once and in full.

The man was astonished, but he was free. The officers of justice, who before were *against* him—who were to deliver him to his doom—were in an instant *for* him—to protect and free him.

The law's heaviest demand was met, the penalty borne by the judge on behalf of the offender.

Exactly such is the death of Jesus, to the soul that believes in Him.

The court of justice is held. The Judge is there, whose holiness is unapproachable. His righteous condemnation of every offence must be carried out. His justice in condemning the guilty must have its way. And yet He loves the criminals. He desires to spare them. But justice stops the way to mercy. The trial is over. It is short work in this court. One offence makes men guilty. No need to investigate the extent or number of the crimes. The unuttered sinful thought, once harboured for an instant, constitutes each one a sinner. None plead "not guilty" here. They dare not in the presence of the Holy One. No escape on that ground is possible. The Judge pauses as case after case pours in, and each and all are at once proved guilty. He hesitates to utter the dreadful words, "Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness." Is there none to bear the stroke of justice in their stead? The Judge's Son comes forward in character holy and righteous, and yet loving and pitiful. "Lo, I come," He cries. "Let the punishment fall on me."

Justice is satisfied with this. The Judge accepts Him as offering, though it cost Him dear to deliver His Son to death. Yet so greatly does He love the offenders, He consents.

Will *they* consent? Will they accept this

way of escape? Whoever will, may then be free.

Some leap at the proposal and go free at once.

Some hesitate; and, wonderful to say, some are quite indifferent or refuse, and go to their doom in outer darkness.

Of those who accept the pardon, it is proclaimed in court, "*Who shall lay anything to their charge?*" There is none to accuse. (Romans viii. 31-39.)

Again, there is no condemnation for them. It is *God* that justifieth. There is none to judge.

Again, who shall separate them? There is no officer to carry them away. Their security is complete, and their salvation everlasting.

Thanks—eternal thanks be unto God for *His unspeakable gift!*

The Judge, who could only in justice condemn, has descended from the judgment-seat, and *once* paid the awful penalty due to me for my sins; and that *once* paying answers for my sins for ever: and now, believing what He has done for me, I am set at liberty!

5. CHRIST was "QUICKENED by the Spirit." *This was God's deliverance of the sin-bearer after He had suffered for sins.* If Christ, who came to suffer for sins, has been quickened by the Spirit, and raised from the dead by God, He (that is, God) must be satisfied in every particular with His redemption-work; for it was as "the God of peace," or a God *fully propitiated*, that He raised Him from the dead; and to everyone who is anxious to be saved, God presents Jesus in His risen life as *His Christ*, who has borne sin, and fully atoned for it, has been in the grave, and is now the living One at the Father's right hand, possessed of all the blessings which a hell-deserving sinner needs. How important, then, is the *resurrection of Christ*, who "once suffered for sins," seeing that it is the fundamental *fact* on which our acquittal before God rests; for "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." "But now is Christ risen from the dead," and believing in Him we

are not in our sins. The gospel as preached by Paul contains four capital elements. 1. *Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.* 2. *He was buried.* 3. *He rose again the third day.* 4. *He was seen.* (1 Cor. xv. 3-5.) And now by faith *we see Jesus* crowned with glory and honour in the highest heavens.

"Jesus I know has died and lives;
On this firm rock I build."

GOD—whose righteous judgment against sin was borne by Christ in death—hath raised CHRIST from the dead; and the importance of shewing you that it is a Christ who has been *raised* from the dead, on whom we ask you to believe, can be made very obvious. Look at this point for a little, and think over it in view of this supposed case.

If you were about to be cast into prison for a heavy debt, and a dear friend of yours came and said, "I will go out to Australia and try to amass a fortune, and if I succeed I will come back and pay every farthing of your debt"; that would be acting kindly towards you, but it would not answer your present necessity. But if a friend with whom you were wont to be at school heard him speaking in that strain and said, "I have just returned from that distant land, having made a fortune: here is a cheque for the full amount; take it to my banker, and you will get the money." That friend in need would be the truly valuable friend.

6. Such a friend is a *risen Christ, who has gone into heaven*, for He has in Himself relief for your every necessity. He has acquired the "unsearchable riches," so that believing on Him who is at God's right hand, gives you the benefit of all He acquired by His God-glorifying death, and the same standing in righteousness in the presence of God in heaven, and the same "newness of life" which He now has after having gone through the doom of sin at the hand of God: which is *death!* For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is *eternal life in Jesus Christ*, who is risen

from the dead, having paid the uttermost farthing that the sinner owed who cleaves to Him.

He is the life-boat at the edge of the wreck ; He is bread brought into the house of the starving family ; He is the reprieve brought into the cell of the criminal ; He is life brought into the very place of *death* ; salvation come to supplant damnation ; heaven brought into the very vestibule of hell.

7. "Christ also hath once suffered for sins"—died, rose, and ascended—

TO BRING US TO GOD.

Not within a short distance of God, but TO GOD, where He is, in the light of His perfect *love* and perfect *holiness*.

A way from the land of bondage was miraculously opened for the Israelites through the Red Sea, and the waters stood as walls on either side of them all the way as they marched through it. So also the veil of the temple was "rent in twain from the top to the bottom" (as by a hand from heaven) when Jesus died, in token of the opening up, by His death, of a passage for lost sinners from the throne of God in heaven to the very place of condemnation where they stand, so that they may pass from their present position under condemnation into heaven itself, where Jesus is, in virtue of His own blood, and in "the power of an endless life."

Christianity is not, then, a preparation for death and judgment, as is commonly thought, but a life (eternal life in Christ Jesus) beyond death and judgment. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and *shall not come into judgment*, but is passed *from death unto life*." (John v. 24.)

This then, dear friend, which I have now told you about a dying, rising, living, accepted, glorified Christ, contains the very essence of the gospel—the *good news of God* ; and by knowing it and believing it, you have *salvation*, and can say—I have been already condemned for my sins, and

have died ; and now I live for ever, for I believe in that Christ who was dead under the wrath of God for me, and God assures me I am now as free from my sins as is the risen Christ at God's right hand ; and on that account I can sing from the heart :

"I bless the Christ of God ;
I rest on love divine ;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

"His cross dispels each doubt ;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each *lingering shade of gloom*.

"'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives ;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

"My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day."

I now, therefore, bring you tidings of a risen Christ, whom the gospel places before you in all His majesty, grace, and fulness, and assure you, in God's name, that He is *given* to you personally by the gospel, that you may believe on Him, and be saved *this very moment*.

He that believes is looked upon by God as He looks on Christ ; and when an anxious one sees that it is so, what a flood of light enters the soul ! "Suddenly," says one such, "the light flashed upon my mind that God is pleased only with Jesus, and with sinners in Jesus. That moment taught me more of the plan of salvation than I had learned in thirty years. I then began to sing, but I sang notes that no man ever composed, and words no man ever wrote, and the burden of it all was—

Glory to Jesus my Saviour !
Glory to Jesus my Saviour !"

In the Gospel message God puts His Christ into every man's hands who hears it, and you have to thrust Him away from you before you can now succeed in being damned ! You cannot *really* hear the gospel and not be saved : for God says "*Hear*, and your

soul *shall live*." Christ is yours already in the gift of God (John iii. 16), whether you receive Him or not, for God in His compassionate love so GAVE Him to "the world" as a Saviour, that anyone in all the world may receive Him and be saved; for surely the *unlimited* nature of the gift is indicated by the words of Jesus Himself—who only knows the Father—when He assures us that He has been so generally given to all, that "WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Your believing in Him will give you the blessed realization of Him as yours in your personal experience; but if He were not yours in God's gift before believing, He could not be made yours in possession by believing. God does not give you a dry offer of salvation—He presents you in all your sinfulness with the precious gift of His Son. "We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD." (1 John iv. 14.)

A drunkard had somewhere heard this fine sentiment, "God's love is like the sun." He was sitting in his own miserable dwelling, when a ray of the sun's light entered through his window and fell upon his person; he repeated the thought, "*God's love is like the sun; a ray of the sun falls on me, why not a ray of God's love?*" He retired to rest full of the same thought; in the morning the sun was up before him, filling his room with its splendour. He arose, started to his feet, and basked in its morning beams, and then repeated the thought, "*God's love is like the sun, the sun is all over me; if God's love is like the sun, His love is all over a poor drunkard.*"

It is this kind of love that melts our hearts and wins them back to God. We who believe unto salvation, can account for it only in the way mentioned by the apostle:—"God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved)."

The most harrowing representations of

"wrath to the uttermost" will never reclaim us; the most pungent convictions of our sinfulness will never lead us to the enjoyment and service of God; but when the eyes of our hearts are divinely opened to see Christ once suffering for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, to be forgiven, purified, and glorified, we cannot resist the drawing influence of celestial love, and we consecrate ourselves to the service of our Father in heaven.

One of Brainerd's Indians furnishes a beautiful illustration of this. He came to him one day in great joy, and gave the following account of his conversion: "I often heard you say, that in order to come to Christ, we must feel ourselves utterly helpless and undone. I long strove after this, thinking it would be a good frame of mind, and that, in return for it, God would bestow on me salvation. But the longer I strove, the more wretched I became. At length I heard you setting forth the glory of Christ, and inviting sinners to come to Him naked and empty. That night *I saw with my heart the glorious Saviour; and it stole my heart away.*" Dear friend, have you seen the glorious Saviour with *your* heart, so that the sight has stolen *your* heart away? "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." (1 John v. 11, 12.)

I charge you, then, in the presence of that loving God who gave His Son to suffer for sins, *the Just for the unjust*, and who presses Him upon your immediate acceptance, not to put away from you the precious gift, but receive Him now and live; for be sure of this, that if you perish it will not be because no Saviour was provided for you, or because you were not made aware of the fact, but because you refuse to accept Christ as yours that you might be SAVED: and, oh, what a damnation must be yours, should you stumble over a GOD-GIVEN Christ into "THE LAKE OF FIRE"!

W. R.

"I'LL QUIT."

WHILE occupying an official position in a religious institution I had occasion to speak to a man about his soul's salvation.

After a little conversation with him I found him to be a hopeless case. Do you ask what it was that led me to this opinion? I will tell you. He was trying to get to heaven

WITHOUT A SAVIOUR.

When the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work were presented as being the only ground on which he could be saved, and he was urged to accept Christ as his Saviour, he kept on saying, "Well, I'll have to brace up, and try and be better." Sad at heart I left him.

Some months passed, and one day when sitting in the same institution this man entered. I was struck with the change in his expression. Taking him by the hand I said, "Well, is the matter settled yet?"

"Yes," he said, "I have been trying to be a better man for some time for I knew I was not fit for heaven. I had made resolutions, but found I was not able to keep them, and in spite of all my attempts at self-improvement and moral reformation I was not one whit better. I was growing thoroughly discouraged, when sitting alone one day I said 'Lord Jesus, I've been *trying to save myself* for some time, and it's a failure.

I'LL QUIT

and just *trust You to save me.*' At that moment I knew I was saved, and have never doubted it since."

Now there are scores of people just like that man. They want to be saved and long for peace with God, but they will try every method of self-improvement not knowing that not until they come to the end of themselves will Christ save them. The strong swimmer who sees the drowning man struggling in the water stands coolly by, ready at every moment to make a plunge, but he waits. What for? Why, until the man ceases his struggling and begins to sink.

Then he makes the plunge, and with a strong arm seizes the drowning man and pulls him ashore. Do you wish to know, dear reader, why you have not been saved before this? The Saviour has been watching all your struggles and efforts to save yourself. He has waited, waited until you have ceased your own struggles, until He hears your cry of despair, "Lord, save me, I perish," for then, and not till then, will His own arm bring salvation. He will not help you to save yourself. No,

HE MUST DO IT ALL

or nothing. It must be *all of Christ* and *nothing of self*. But then *He is able for it all*. Beside Him there is no Saviour. (Isaiah xliii. 11.) He is *willing* to save. (Psalm cxlv. 19.) He is *mighty* to save. (Isaiah lxiii. 1.) He *shall* save His people from their sins. (Matt. i. 21.) Cannot you trust a Saviour like that? None ever perished that did.

H. G.

GOD'S PROVISION FOR MAN'S NEED.

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."—I PETER iii. 18.

"By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."—HEB. x. 14.



F we examine the value of the death of Christ, what do we find attached to it in Scripture?

Do I need REDEMPTION?

We have redemption through His blood, an eternal redemption; for "neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." (Heb. ix. 12, 14, 15.)

Do I need FORGIVENESS? That redemption which I have through His blood is the forgiveness of sins; yea, without shedding of blood is no remission. (Eph. i. 7.)

Do I need PEACE? He has made peace through the blood of His cross. (Eph. ii. 14; Col. i. 20.)

Do I need RECONCILIATION with God?

Though we were sinners, yet now hath He reconciled us by the body of His flesh through death, to present us holy and unblameable and unreprouable in God's sight. When we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son. (Col. i. 21, 22.)

Do I desire to be DEAD TO SIN, and have the flesh crucified with its affections and lusts? I am crucified with Christ. Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed; for in that He died, He died unto sin once, and in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. This is my deliverance also from the charge and burden of the law, which has dominion over a man as long as he lives. (Rom. vi. 6; Col. iii. 3.)

Do I feel the need of PROPITIATION? Christ is set forth as a propitiation through faith in His blood. The need of JUSTIFICATION? I am justified by His blood. (Rom. v. 9; 1 John iv. 10.)

Would I have a PART WITH CHRIST? He must die; for except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abides alone: if it die, it brings forth much fruit. (John xii. 24; Eph. ii. 4, 5.)

How have we boldness to enter into the holiest? By the blood of Jesus, by that new and living way which He has consecrated for us, through the veil, that is, His flesh; for, till that was rent, the Holy Ghost signified by it that the way into the holiest was not yet made manifest. (Heb. x. 19.)

Hence it was a lifted-up Christ that was the attractive point for all. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." (John xii. 32.)

In the power of what was the great Shepherd of the sheep brought again from the dead? Through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

How was the CURSE OF THE LAW taken away from those who were under it? By Christ's being made a curse for them; as it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." (Gal. iii. 13.)

How are we washed from our sins? He

has loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood; for His blood cleanseth from all sin. (Acts. xiii. 38, 39; 1 John i. 7.)

If I would be delivered from the world, it is by the cross, by which the world is crucified to me and I unto the world. (Gal. vi. 14.)

If the love of Christ constrains us towards men in the thought of the terror of the Lord, how is it so? Because I thus judge, if One died for all then were all dead, and they that live should live not to themselves, but to Him who died for them and rose again. Hence the apostle knew no man after the flesh—no, not even Christ. All was a new creation. If I would live in divine power, it is always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus may be manifested in my mortal body. If He would institute a special remembrance to call Him to mind, it was a broken body and a shed blood. It is not less a Lamb as it were slain that is found on the throne. (2 Cor. iv. 10.)

All was love, no doubt; but do I want to learn it? Hereby we know it, that He laid down His life for us, and that even of God, in that He loved us, and gave His Son as a propitiation for our sins. It is to the sprinkling of that precious blood of Christ that we are sanctified, and to obedience; and through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once (contrasted with the many Jewish sacrifices) sanctified and perfected for ever, so that there is no more offering for sin; for having offered one sacrifice for sins, He is set down for ever at the right hand of God. For He should not offer Himself often, as the high priest entered into the holy place once every year with the blood of others; for then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself: for as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and to them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation. (Read Heb. ix. x.) J. N. D.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



LOST IN THE FOREST.

LOST.



"HALLO, little stranger! What is the matter?" asked a tender-hearted waggoner of a weeping child.

"I'm lost! I can't find my father!" was the sorrowing reply.

The child had wandered from his parent, and had been happy enough until the fact that he was lost dawned upon his mind. Then the heart was filled with sadness, and the eyes were filled with tears, as the endeavour was made to find the loving father.

But the rough-looking man had good news to tell of the father, and asked, "Is he a big man, with a long white beard?"

"Yes, that's my father!" the child gladly answered.

"It's all right then, because *he is looking for you*. Keep right along, and if you don't find him, he'll find you.

Sweet were such tidings to the weary child, who brushed away his tears and sped along the road.

Sinner, Christ seeks thee. From heaven's glory He descended, in order that He might seek and save that which was lost. Nothing stayed His blessed footsteps or turned Him from His purpose of love. He must go to Jerusalem. He must suffer for sins, the Just for the unjust. He must bear the wrath of God. He must die if one lost one were to be saved and brought home to the Father's house.

Now, by His servants, He seeks the wanderers still; and the glad, good news of salvation for all is published through the land.

You are lost. You may never have discovered it. You may refuse to believe it. You may be fast asleep in your sins, and utterly indifferent to your peril, but you are lost for all that. The follies of the world, its fleeting vanities, its passing show, its giddy pleasures, may have occupied your thoughts, and attracted you further and further on in the course of this age, and

you may have never given a moment's thought as to how you stood with regard to God and eternity. You are lost, but you know it not.

This is the reason you have never really cared for the wondrous story of the Lord Jesus, and His wondrous work.

It is only those who know they are lost who long for a Saviour.

How glad would the two girls of our illustration be of the coming of a faithful friend and trusty guide. They were lost in the forest long before they knew it, but now that they have learned their condition, they are anxious lest night, with its dangers, should overtake them.

The jailor at Philippi was lost before he knew it, but when he learned his state, his agonizing utterance was, "What must I do to be saved?" To him the answer came, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"; and this blessed, peace-speaking message is still sounding for every penitent soul.

Christ still seeks sinners. He has found me. Has He found you?

THE CRIPPLE'S CONVERSION.



PREACHER of the glad tidings was returning from ministering the Word in a village in Hampshire. He was almost a stranger to the neighbourhood, and as he walked in the direction of his home, his attention was attracted to a desolate cottage which showed abundant signs of squalor and neglect, for the thatched roof was ragged, the window-panes were broken, and bunches of rags and wisps of straw filled the holes to exclude the wind.

His interest was awakened, and he entered the open door of the wretched dwelling, determined, if possible, to become acquainted with its inmates. Sitting on a low stool he found a deformed young man, whose limbs were not larger than a child's, and whose

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whole appearance was distressing and revolting in the extreme. Poor William was the victim of neglect and cruelty. His mother had been a drunkard from his earliest days, and he had never known aught of the tender care bestowed upon so many of our readers.

A broken chair and a rickety table, with the stool, made up the furniture of that miserable tenement.

The young man, who was about twenty-nine years of age, was reading, and it was evident that the book which occupied him, engaged much of his attention.

"How do you do? What book are you reading?" enquired the visitor.

"The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ," was the answer.

Wishing to learn the spiritual condition of the poor man, without for the moment making himself known as a believer, the preacher asked:

"Do you find it true, as religious people say, that a great deal of good may be got from reading that Book? Do you think it would make me better?"

Looking up earnestly, the poor, deformed man answered, "If the same Spirit that moved holy men of old to write it, opens your heart, then it will do you good, not else, but 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'"

The Holy Spirit had wrought in his soul, giving him to see beauty, where some of the wisest of this world see none.

Still following out his thought, the visitor now asked questions, which drew out the crippled man's account of the Lord's gracious dealings with him, which are detailed in his answers.

"How came you to understand this? You surely cannot be a learned man?"

"I don't know who you are, sir, nor what brought you here, but this Book tells me to be ready to give every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me; and I pray God I may be able to do it with

meekness and fear. You see, sir, what a cripple I am; but you don't know what a sinner I am."

"How is that? You can't get about to drink, and gamble, and carouse, as others can. How, then, have you sinned?"

"I am one of the vilest sinners for all that. I thought because God made me such a poor, lame cripple, and punished me so much for nothing, as I thought, that therefore I might take liberty to sin: for I said He would never be so hard as to punish me here and hereafter both. And because it was the easiest sin for me to get at, I took to cursing and swearing horribly. However, about three years ago (and blessed be God for it), one day, when I was moving on my crutches over to the door, to catch a bit of sunshine, I was taken with a terrible pain, and I cried out and fell down. Presently a thought came into my mind, 'What good have I ever done in my whole life? Why, none at all. Then I shall not go to heaven; and if I don't go there, I must go to the other place.' For, you see, sir, I didn't know any other way to heaven than by my own works."

"Well, is there any other way than doing all the good we can to gain God's favour?"

"By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin;' 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.' But in this distress I prayed, and they were the strangest prayers I suppose, but God heard. I then took to reading a Testament we had in the house. At first, I could find nothing but what condemned me—awful words, words about 'serpents, and generation of vipers—how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' Then I took to reading it over again; and when I came to the blessed first chapter of the first epistle of John, and read those blessed words 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' I felt that that

precious blood healed me, and I seemed as if I were in a new world, I could love God; and if I had a thousand lives I could have laid them all down for Christ."

Such was the simple account he gave of his conversion to God. The visitor was charmed with the story, and delighting to hear of God's great goodness towards one of the weak things of the world, continued the conversation, saying:

"Well, have you never sinned since that time?"

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us?"

"But if you were to sin so as to fall away after this, had you not better have remained in ignorance?"

"Being confident," was the ready reply, "that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins."

"Do you think, then, that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live, now that He is become your Saviour?"

"God forbid," was the reply, with evident warmth of feeling. "How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that HE died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto HIM which died for them, and rose again."

"I am sure, sir," he added, looking up enquiringly into the visitor's face, "you are more than what you seem. Tell me what you are, and why you came to see me?"

"My dear Christian brother, I am a poor sinner, who has been led like you, by the Holy Spirit, to trust in that Jesus who died for the ungodly. I have just been telling your neighbours that 'the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

The result of this statement upon poor William was that he seized both hands of

the visitor, and, falling on his knees, uttered a glad note of praise, saying, "Oh, my God, I thank Thee; Thou hast answered my prayer. I prayed that I might see, and talk to one of Thy people before I died."

His heart's desire was gratified. That was by no means the preacher's last visit to the squalid hut. Amid its dingy surroundings the two believers enjoyed communion in the things of God, until poor William departed to be with Christ which is far better.

KEEP IN THE SUNSHINE.



BE much in the presence of God, dear young believer. Nothing will make up for the lack of this. It is to the Christian spiritually what the sunshine is to the natural creation.

How sickly and feeble plants look which are accustomed to the warmth and light of direct sunshine, but have been deprived of it; and is it not so with many who are believers? Are we not weak in witnessing because we are little with our Lord?

Attending meetings, reading periodicals and the like, will never make up for individual prayer and the dependent study of the Word of God.

If you and I are to be bold in our testimony for Christ, we must be much in His company. An hour there will often entirely change our thoughts and plans, and abiding there will enable us to bring forth fruit for His praise and glory.

I have read of two ladies helping one another. The one was in delicate health, and had been under medical treatment for a long time. The other, who was robust physically, said, "My friend, you want the SUN—that's the best tonic." She then counselled her to sit in the sunshine, and to walk in the sunshine.

Thanking her friend for the good prescription, and promising to carry it out, the invalid replied, "I will take your advice for

my body, and this is just what we want for our souls—a good blaze from the Sun of Righteousness. He will strengthen them

Soul-sunshine is what every Christian needs, and there is never a need for a child of God to be under a cloud.



A WONDERFUL GIRL.



ES, certainly, she was remarkable, if her state-

ments had been true. Alas! like thousands of others, she was grossly deceiving herself. A bitter disappointment is in store for her when at last she really learns the truth about herself.

It was at the close of a gospel service that I became acquainted with her, and, entering into conversation, discovered how exceptional a child she believed herself to be.

"Do you ever trouble about your sins?"

"No!"

"Have you ever been troubled about them?"

"No!"

"Are you not a sinner, then?"

"No!"

"Then, has God made a mistake, my child? He has said, 'There is no difference: for *all* have sinned.'

But it was without apparent effect; the child was so well satisfied with her own self-righteousness, that the truth of God failed to awaken her.

and make them joyful, for the joy of the Lord is our strength."

"Ah!" said she, in return, "I see now why I came. You wanted *body* sun, and I wanted the *soul's* Sun. I wish I could rejoice more!"

"You'll never get to heaven, my child," I said as I left her. "It is only sinners who reach that home—sinners whose sins have

been washed away by the precious blood of Christ."

How little is the word of God believed!

ALL HAVE SINNED.

Have you believed it? Have you taken it up as a personal thing, and cried,

"I HAVE SINNED"?

None are excepted. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

THE YOUNG SLAVE'S PRAYER.



MISSIONARY in India, passing one day through a school-room, observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him saying, "O, Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me and bring me here, that I might hear about Thee and love Thee."

Do my young readers set the same value upon the truth that this little fellow did? To him, all the sorrows of being a slave had been more than made up for by the joys of being a Christian. He had learned in his cruel bondage the blessed liberty wherewith Christ sets us free, and could thank the Lord for having permitted the slave-traders to steal him from his home.

Not only so, his heart turned to his old home, and he prayed a strange prayer for his parents. It was that they, too, might be brought as slaves to India, in order to hear the gospel tidings which had given him such happiness.

And surely our hearts must long that others should share the sunshine of salvation which has streamed into our souls. Let us plead *for* our friends, and plead *with* our friends, that they may walk with us in the light of the Lord.

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

WHICH IS THE WAY OF PEACE?



THE way of peace have they not known," is the solemn testimony of God concerning every unconverted man and woman on the face of the earth. All are plunged in one common ruin. All are alike guilty. None are righteous, none are good, none have understanding, none seek God, and none know the true way of peace.

Do *you* know it?

Possibly you have never sought it—you may as yet be satisfied with your state, and not at all troubled on account of your sins.

Sooner or later, however, you will wake up to the fact that you are lost. This may be in time, or it may be in eternity. It may be in the day of grace, or in the day of judgment. Now the way of peace is open—then it will be closed for ever. Now, as Saviour, Jesus sits on the throne of grace; then, as Judge, He will sit on the great white throne of judgment.

But I wish now to speak a little to those who are anxious to find the true path of blessing. I well remember the time when this was my most earnest desire. I had learned that I was not fit for God—that I could not be in His presence—that my sins must banish me from Him for ever. I longed to be at peace with Him, but knew not the way. I imagined that my prayer-saying, hymn-singing, bible-reading, would help to turn the heart of God towards me. Little did I then believe that His heart had been towards me even while I had gone my own way. Glad indeed am I that, through God's grace, the truth of God's way of peace was made known to me, and now I long that you, dear anxious reader, should know it too.

Let me seek to point out a few facts concerning it. First, then, as to

THE PLANNING OF THE WAY.

It was God Himself who did this. He was *for* man, and not against him, and He desired that man should be before Him at perfect peace.

He would have all men to be saved and

to come to the knowledge of the truth. He did not wish that any should perish, and thus, of His own heart's love, He thought of a means by which we might be saved.

But God was holy, and man was sinful, and if He were righteously to bless guilty sinners, and bring them near to Himself, sin must be judged and put away. Who could bear this judgment? Who could blot out our sins? No man, nor angel could accomplish atonement. There was but One—the only-begotten Son of God; and in order to bless us God gave Him. He spared Him not, but delivered Him up for us all. Here, then, we find

THE COST OF THE WAY.

We walk along a road in the city or country, and little consider, perhaps, how long it took to construct, or how much money it required to form it; but road-making is nearly always a costly proceeding. Some roads have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds, and many years of labour for hundreds of men; but this highway of peace cost God His own beloved Son.

You and I can never understand the expense at which the way of peace was formed. But you and I may tread the way, thankful to God for the wondrous love He has displayed in planning and providing it.

Let us now think of

THE MAKING OF THE WAY.

It was by the sufferings and death on the cross. Nothing but these could open up the way for us. Thus we read in Isaiah liii. 5, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

If we were to have peace, Christ must endure the chastisement of God's righteous judgment.

So we find in Col. i. 20, that peace was made "through the blood of His cross."

How all this shows what our sins were! Nothing but the infinite sufferings of Christ could put them away—nothing but His precious blood, shed on the cross, could blot them out.

Well may we praise His name that He has done all the mighty work, and thus wrought salvation for us.

When Jesus said, "It is finished," and bowed His head in death, all that was needed for our salvation was done; God was glorified, sin was purged, and the way of peace was made.

Now Christ is risen, and has gone into glory at the right hand of God, His servants have been sent forth to announce

THE OPENING OF THE WAY

to all. And, thank God! it is a free way—free to us because paid for by the precious blood of Christ.

The other day, a friend and myself were crossing a bridge in the North of England, when we were stopped by a man, who demanded the payment of the toll, before we could be allowed to proceed. Happy it is for us that no toll is demanded of the sinner, for we have "nothing to pay" with—we are all bankrupt debtors, and thus could never purchase a right to travel the road.

God sends forth His messengers to say the way is free. He preaches peace by Jesus Christ—peace for *all*. None are too vile, none are too poor, none are too guilty to tread it.

Our public highways are as open to the pauper as to the prince, and God's way of peace is made for everyone. The rich and the poor, the noble and the needy, the mightiest monarch and the meanest peasant, may alike journey along it. None are shut out by reason of their poverty, for the poorest are as welcome as the richest.

Now let me say a word or two of

THE ENTRANCE TO THE WAY.

It is by *faith* we enter. If we turn to Rom. iv., we read of our Lord Jesus Christ that He "was delivered for our offences"; that is, He was given by God to go to the cross and was judged there for our sins, and has been raised again for our justification. God has brought Him again from among the dead. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The moment we believe on God, who gave His Son to die, and raised Him again from the dead; the moment we by faith rely on the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work, that moment we are justified from every charge of sin, and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ becomes our present portion.

If God has dealt with His own beloved Son on account of my sins, and is satisfied about the whole question, I may certainly be at rest in God's presence about them. And God would have it thus. He would have us believe what He has done, and delight before Him in the knowledge of His grace.

We have looked at the planning of the way, at the cost of the way, at the making of the way, and at the entrance of the way; now let me ask, Are you treading the way? Have you repented towards God, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? That is, Have you, in your heart, accepted as true what God has said of you, and, taking your place as guilty and lost in His sight, believed in your heart on the blessed Saviour He has provided for such?

Remember there is

NO OTHER WAY.

If you miss this way of peace, you must wander in darkness and trouble for all eternity. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Do not neglect such a blessing, but,

"Now, in salvation's day,
Tread the blood-sprinkled way,"

glorifying God for His matchless love by living to His praise.

FORGOTTEN OR REMEMBERED.



ARE you trying to forget your sins, or has God forgotten them?

Of those who believe, God says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." If you have

come to the Lord Jesus as a poor sinner, and trusted Him, God looks at the blessed Saviour in all the value of His work and of His precious blood, and, seeing you in Him, remembers your many sins no longer.

There is nothing more solemn in the Bible than the parable of the rich man, in Luke xvi. He had lived for self, and had died in his sins, "and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments," and in his anguish he longed for a drop of water; but Abraham said, "Son, *remember*." Oh, dear children, memory is not gone in hell; but those who live for self, and die in their sins, will remember all the loving words of Jesus. How terrible to be there! lost, lost for *ever*, and yet to remember, and be able to repeat, the neglected words, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." To remember that salvation had gone forth full and free to "whosoever will," and that you had neglected then, and that now it is too late.

Well do I remember the night when I thought Jesus had come, and nought was left for me but the lake of fire; and I shall never be able to praise God enough that Jesus had not come, as I thought, but that He brought me to Himself as a poor worthless sinner, and that now I am His and He is mine.

A. J. H. B.

ATONEMENT, NOT AMENDMENT.



REFORMATION does not bring salvation, but the grace of God brings it for all men. (Titus ii. 11.)

Atonement, not amendment, puts away our sins.

Religion does not bring us to God; but Christ "hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust," to do so. (1 Peter iii. 18.)

It is not *works*, but *a work* that saves, and that work is the *finished* work of Calvary.

Trust Christ, sinner. Trust Him with thy soul, and all heaven will celebrate the glad event. It will cause more joy in the courts of glory than the transient reformation of a multitude.

C. K.