

SCATTERED SEED

AND

Good News for the Young.



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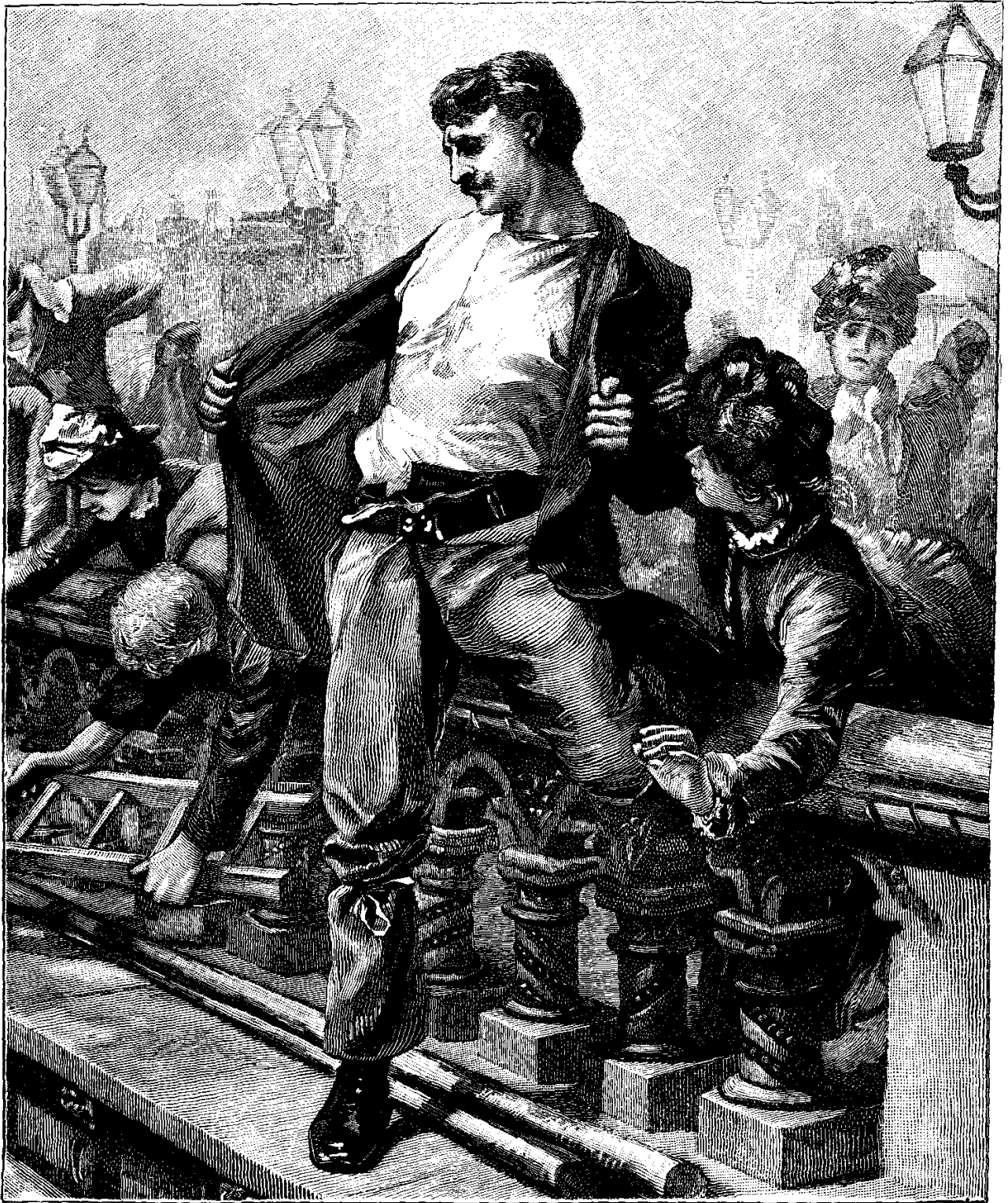
1889.

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TO THE RESCUE.

[See page 134.]

SCATTERED SEED.

THE WRONG PASS-WORD.

DURING the civil war in America several earnest Christians left their comfortable homes for the scene of conflict, in order to minister comfort and blessing to the wounded and dying on the battle-field.

On one occasion, in carrying out his work of love, one of them required to move to a distant part of the camp. This had to be done under cover of night.

During a short lull in the cannons' roar, having obtained the pass-word, he started, taking his perilous journey on horse-back.

On reaching one of the outposts, he was met by the sentinel's challenge, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," he answered.

"Advance, friend, and give the counter-sign."

He advanced to the very muzzle of the loaded gun, and gave the word, "Massachusetts."

The soldier raised his musket to his shoulder, and was ready to fire.

There was a dead silence. The Christian stood trembling; another minute and he might be hurried into eternity.

What a moment of suspense!

The silence was at last broken by the soldier. "You have given the wrong pass-word. I know you. But for this knowledge you would have been a dead man by this time. At the risk of my own life I'll spare yours. Go back at once, and get the right word."

Hurrying back, he reached headquarters, from whence he had started.

"Whatever is the matter?" was the inquiry.

"You have given me the wrong pass-word, 'Massachusetts.'"

"Yes, then, indeed we have! It was

changed to-night, after you started, and 'Lincoln' is the word now."

With this new word he again took his journey, and on reaching the outpost was again challenged by the sentinel:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance friend, and give the counter-sign."

He advanced, and boldly gave the word, "Lincoln," "Lincoln."

"Pass on, and all's well."

He passed on, but only for a step or two; then turning to the soldier, he said, "Friend, I cannot pass on without at least first grasping your hand, and thanking you for sparing my life. You and I are travelling to eternity. The weary march of life will soon be over. You, no doubt, hope to reach heaven, and spend eternity with God's beloved Son, and yonder throng, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?"

"I do, indeed, hope to be there!" was the reply.

"But a pass-word for heaven is wanted, and will be asked for; and if you pass the narrow archway of time into the wide expanse of eternity with the wrong word, how awful will be the result. You will not then have the opportunity you kindly allowed me to-night, of returning to have it changed. Now, may I ask if you know the pass-word for heaven?"

"I do."

"What is it?"

"JESUS."

"Blessed, precious, never-failing pass-word! Tell me *where* and *when* did you learn this?"

"I learned it when a boy from your own lips at your Sunday-school in P——."

Reader, do you know Him—*Jesus*? Is His name your pass-word? He is indeed the chiefest among ten thousand; the altogether lovely One.

"Sweet His name, that name transcending,
Every name on earth, in heaven ;
Praise through ages never-ending,
To the Son of God be given !
He alone the Saviour is,
Everlasting praise be His."

It was at the close of an unsuccessful day's business, feeling tired out in mind and body, that I took my seat in the far corner of a compartment of the railway-train which was to carry me, during a journey of about six hours, towards my home.

The disappointments of this weary, weeping, wretched world were weighing heavily on my spirit, and I was musing on the darkness of my surroundings, when I heard, amid the din and bustle of the busy platform, the name of Jesus sweetly wafted to my ears again and yet again.

"Jesus ! Jesus !"

The voice was soft and sweet, and that name filled my sad heart with overflowing ecstatic joy.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

What swift-winged messenger of mercy brought such a cup of refreshment to my weary soul ? Whence came music of such exquisite sweetness, like a message from yonder throne-seated, glory-crowned Saviour at God's right hand ?

It was no angel brought the comfort. No angel knows, nor ever can know, what is the exceeding preciousness of that Name to one who has proved the cleansing power of the precious blood. This is the portion alone of ransomed sinners, whose hearts are tuned by God.

Quickly pressing to the platform-side of the compartment, and looking out of the carriage-window, I witnessed a sad, and yet a glad, sight—a mother and daughter, clinging to each other in an affectionate, parting embrace.

A few more brief moments, and they would be separated to meet no more on earth.

The daughter was seeking to comfort her dear, sorrow-stricken, weeping mother, using "the healing balm for every wound"—the name of *Jesus*.

"Trust Jesus, mother darling. Tell Him all your sorrow. Oh, there's none like Him ; He's a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. By-and-by, when the morning dawneth, and the shadows flee away, up yonder we will meet around Him. No partings there, dear mother ; only a wee, wee while longer, and then 'for ever with the Lord.'"

Glorious meeting, indeed !

"No breaking heart is there,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath roll'd, and left its stain."

I felt that I must be slow to intrude upon such a scene, but longed to let them know that the mention of that precious name had so refreshed and cheered me. With my pencil I wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and, waiting an opportunity, handed it to them.

The daughter stood at the door, and in a clear, sweet voice read :

"No name on earth so sweet as 'Jesus,'
No name in heaven more sweet than 'Jesus.'"

It seemed to send a thrill through each heart, as if a voice from heaven's far-off land had spoken to each one.

Our time was up. The guard's whistle sounded, and the train started, separating mother and daughter.

That daughter's simple confession of Christ led to much conversation with my travelling companions, and I trust that two, at least, of the company who were seated in that compartment learned, before our six hours' journey ended, for the first time the value of that precious name, in which alone salvation is found—*Jesus ! Jesus !! JESUS !!!*

Fellow-traveller to eternity, do *you* know Him, the once crucified, now risen, exalted and coming Saviour ?

On all hands are to be met those who are

full of *their* works, *their* religion, *their* righteousness, *their* feelings, *their* experience; but where is the Lord Jesus the Saviour in all this? The religion of thousands begins, continues, and ends with themselves, like the elder brother of whom we read in Luke xv.; or like the proud, religious, self-occupied Pharisee of Luke xviii. It is I, I, I, from beginning to end; morning, noon, and night.

Jesus, the Saviour, is the great theme of Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation, and He is the *only* Saviour for sinners. There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men—the man *Christ Jesus*. Every inspired writer points to *Him*, and to *Him alone*. “To Him give all the prophets witness, that through *His name* whosoever believeth in *Him* shall receive remission of sins.” (Acts x. 43.) *All the prophets*, like finger-posts along the pathway of time, *all* pointing to Him.

Receive Him by faith, and you are saved for ever; die without Him, and you are for ever lost.

J. McK.

SAVED BY ANOTHER.



FEW months since, three young girls were bathing in the open sea. In the full enjoyment of youthful strength, they swam out against the rolling, breaking waves, until they were wearied with the pleasant exercise. They then made for the beach, but, before landing, one of them said she would have another short swim.

The other two reached the shore safely; but when the third tried to return, she found her strength gone, and that it was impossible to swim against the strong, ebbing tide that was now setting out to sea.

As all effort on her part was useless, she was forced to the conclusion that she could not save herself. Another must save her; she could do nothing herself. Help must come to her, or she would be lost. Turning on her back, she floated on the water, and

looking up to God, earnestly cried to Him for help.

Her friends were watching from the beach, and their shouts for aid reached a man who was working close at hand. He came running up, on the way casting off his coat and hat; and when he reached the little group at the water's edge, he said, “I can't swim much, but I will do my best,” and, plunging into the water, he attempted to reach the drowning girl. But it was beyond his strength, and soon he was overpowered by the rushing, roaring waves, and sank before the eyes of the anxious watchers.

Heroic though his purpose was, his ability was inadequate to its accomplishment. Unable to deliver himself from the awful power of death, which he had so nobly ventured to meet, it was impossible for him to rescue another.

But help was near. A life-buoy and line were found, and a strong swimmer went out with them, and soon both he and the young girl were drawn safely to shore,—she saved by another, and at the cost of a precious life.

And now, dear reader, has the record any voice for you? Are you battling in life's stream? and have you found that all your efforts to save yourself from the awful waters of judgment that are rising round you are useless? Have you found that all your desires to be better, your seekings “to turn over a fresh leaf” are fruitless, and that you are without strength? (Rom. v. 6.)

Perhaps you are now learning this; or you may realize that you are lost, and that unless help comes from *another*, there is nothing for you but death: and after death the judgment. (Heb. ix. 27.)

Let me tell you, whether you have discovered it or not, that this is so. If you are in your sins, you are hopelessly lost.

But there is help in *another*: there is a Saviour; One who laid down His life; One who went forth, not in nature's strength to do his best, but One “who through the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God.” (Heb. ix. 14.) And God has

accepted the sacrifice, for He has raised Him up, and seated Him at His own right hand, a full and blessed proof of the righteous acceptance of His work in laying down His life for poor sinners.

And now again, dear reader, let me ask you, Have you given up *all* that is of your own *strength*, and in simple faith looked up to Him, and found One able to save to the uttermost? (Heb. vii. 25.)

May God grant that you may turn to Him just as you are, and know Him as your Saviour and your Lord. W. H. S.

A LETTER TO ONE DURING ILLNESS.

DEAR—



I am going to the other side of England, and hear you are very bad, I come to pay you a visit with this little note, as I had the advantage of talking with you when I was at—; yet I have but few words to say to you, as what God has graciously set before us is very simple; and thankful we ought to be that it is so. And what is deepest is simplest; that is the perfect love of God. Our difficulty is to reconcile our state, sinners as we are, with His loving us.

Now that is exactly what the Gospel shows us. Through that unspeakable fact of the death of the Son of God, His love has been shown to us in what He did *for our sins*. He commends His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us—His love brought quite near to us where we are.

Hence it is, that it is only when we know where we are that we understand this love; that is, when we have learnt by divine teachings that we are mere sinners in ourselves, that in us (that is, in our flesh,) dwells no good thing, we find that Jesus, in this love, has come to us there, and, though the Holy One, has been made sin for us.

Oh, what a thought that is! How it opens the heart to guileless confession of what it is, and *all* the sin that is in it, so that it gets rest and peace with God.

I trust you enjoy this rest of heart. The

work of Christ is perfect: He knew all our sins, and all we were when He gave Himself for us, and has put all away, made us, if our sins were as scarlet, as white as snow.

Think of your being really as white as snow before God, and you are bound to believe that, because it is the sure and revealed value of Christ's blood.

Death has put an end to all that we were in God's sight. And now, trusting you have this peace, and assured that it belongs to you, let me speak of another thing—the love of Him who has done this work for us.

Think of Him, of His love, of His becoming a man for us, of His going willingly to death for us, that we might escape. How He must have loved you to do it!

Do you think He loved *you* so as to do it?

What a wonderful thought, that the Son of God should love a poor thing like you, and want (He who wants nothing) to have you with Himself for your happiness, and as a part of His own, the fruit of the travail of His soul.

See what a difference this makes of death. It is not dying as some think it; it is going to Him, to One we love, to One *we know*, to One who has loved and loves us. It is departing and being with Christ.


If your soul has peace, think much of Him and His love, and may He be very near you. He refreshes the spirit, raises above weakness and pain, to think these are but outward things for a little moment, and what we are going to leave is only sickness, and what is mortal and perishable to be with One who has loved us in spite of all, and takes us to be with Himself.

Think much on Jesus. I do not mean as if you could *think* much in your weak state, but look to Him, and lean on Him, as a sick child lies in its mother's arms because it has no strength, not because it can do much.

Peace be with you, dear—, and much of His presence, the true source of joy and strength. If you go a little before us to that blessed One, it will surely not be your loss.

Your affectionate servant and brother in Christ, J. N. D.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

"OUNG Edwards is dead!"

Such was the startling and unexpected news which was quickly circulated through our little village a few weeks ago. At first it seemed impossible to realize the fact, for no one who had known the strong, sturdy horseman of only twenty-three years of age, who had been married but a fortnight previously, would have thought that he would have been the next to be called suddenly to face death.


"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" is the divine warning.

Full of health and vigour, Edwards entered the stables one morning to attend to his daily work, when a violent kick from one of the horses laid him prostrate, and in forty-eight hours he was *gone*! Where? I know not; but solemnly would I entreat you, my reader, to pause and consider what would be the consequences to your never-dying soul should a like thing happen unto you. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take *thee* away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

Alas! how many are deluded by Satan's suggesting the possibility of a death-bed conversion. A dying lady once exclaimed to her family, who were gathered at her bedside, "Had I put off being converted until I was dying, I should never have been saved, for my pain is too intense to enable me now to think of such things." Thank God she had availed herself of the offer of salvation while it was called "to-day."

"Accidental death" was the verdict given at the inquest, but however man may reckon, with God things never happen by chance. He alone knows which of those who read this paper may be the next to be called into eternity. "No man is sure of his life," and therefore would I beseech you not to trifle with a subject so important, since even "To-night may decide thine Eternity: where?"

HIS POLITICS.

E had always taken an interest in politics, and had been an ardent supporter, as far as lay in his power, of the party which he believed to be on the side of law and order, but this year, how could he?

He had learned what it was to be dead and risen with Christ; he was standing for a rejected Master, a cast-out King: how could he vote?

They pressed him. "You have always voted," they urged. But he repeated his refusal; and then his wife interposed: "It is of no use your asking him," she said. "I will tell you what he told me this morning. There was a great Friend of his once whom they would not have. They crucified Him, and sent Him back to heaven, and so my husband will never vote again."

Finding they could not prevail on our friend, the canvassers left him, not very well pleased at the ill-success of their errand.

In years gone by he had been of great use to them in inducing others to side with him, but now it was all at an end, for his politics, his interests, his hopes were in heaven, where his Lord had already gone, and where he too is soon going; and he does not wish now to have any voice in the politics of the land he is leaving behind.

Fellow-Christian, will you ponder the thought a little? You are not of this world, you do not belong here; your Master is not here. Oh! which side do you take? Do you side with the world? Then you are against Christ, for He says, "He that is not with Me is against Me."

May He give you to stand faithfully for Him here, confessing His name, knowing assuredly that if you do He will confess yours before His Father and before the angels.

Y. L.

"Our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." (Phil. iii. 20.)

"They are not of the world, *even as I* am not of the world." (John xvii. 16.)

WORSHIP.

THE full assurance of sin put away is the alone basis of worship. It ministers not to a spirit of self-confidence, but to a spirit of praise, thankfulness, and worship. It produces, not a spirit of self-complacency, but of Christ-complacency, which, blessed be God, is the spirit which shall characterize the redeemed throughout eternity.

It does not lead one to think little of sin, but to think much of the grace which has perfectly pardoned it, and of the blood which has perfectly cancelled it.

It is impossible that any one can gaze on the cross—can see the place which Christ took—can meditate upon the sufferings which He endured—can ponder on those three terrible hours of darkness, and, at the same time, think lightly of sin.

When all these things are entered into, in the power of the Holy Ghost, there are two results which must follow, namely, an abhorrence of sin in all its forms, and a genuine love to Christ, His people, and His cause.

Nothing is of any value, in the judgment of God, which is not immediately connected with Christ. There may be a great deal of what looks like worship, which is, after all, the mere excitement and outgoing of natural feeling. There may be much apparent devotion, which is merely fleshly pietism.

Nature may be acted upon, in a religious way, by a variety of things, such as pomp, ceremony, and parade, tones and attitudes, robes and vestments, an eloquent liturgy, all the varied attractions of a splendid ritualism, while there may be a total absence of spiritual worship.

Reader, beware of all this. See that your worship stands inseparably connected with the work of the cross. See that Christ is the ground, Christ the material, and the Holy Ghost the power of your worship.

Take care that your outward act of worship does not stretch itself beyond the inward power. It demands much watchfulness to keep clear of this evil. Its incipient work-

ings are most difficult to be detected and counteracted. Our only security is in keeping close to Jesus.

If we lift up our hearts in "thanksgiving" for some special mercy, let us do so in the power of the name and sacrifice of Christ. If our souls go forth in "voluntary" worship, let it be in the energy of the Holy Ghost. In this way shall our worship exhibit that freshness, that fragrance, that depth of tone, that moral elevation which must result from having the Father as the object, the Son as the ground, and the Holy Ghost as the power of our worship.

C. H. M.

Grains from the Seed Basket.

FOR a Christian the secret of *peace within* and *power without* is to be always and only occupied with Christ.

GRACE gives the truth, faith lays hold of it, the heart enjoys it, and the walk manifests it.

G O D I S

Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies ;
E'en crosses in His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

OUR ways and habits should be those of strangers, citizens of a foreign country, whose language and laws and customs are but poorly known here. Flesh and blood cannot appreciate them, and therefore it is not well with the saints of God when the world understands them.

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

(1 Pet. i. 5.)

The Lord will go *before* you. (Isa. lii. 12.)

The glory of the Lord shall be thy *reward*.

(Isa. lviii. 8)

The Lord is *round about* His people.

(Psa. cxxv. 2.)

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

(Deut. xxiii. 27.)

His banner *over* me was love.

(Song of Sol. ii. 4.)

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



AN AWFUL PRECIPICE. (p. 9.)

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,



HE year 1888 is past and gone, and New Year's Day, the birthday of 1889, has come: A day of good resolutions and fair promises, I doubt not, on the part of many of my readers. Thoughts of misspent moments during the past year will press upon the attention at such times; and thus the opening hours of the new year generally commence with vows of amendment, and good plans for the future.

Thus it once was with me; but alas! the solemn determinations of the New Year's Day were soon frustrated, and passed away like the morning vapour, and day after day glided on, stained with sin upon sin—one sin above all others being

NEGLECT OF CHRIST.

He had suffered for me upon Calvary's cross, but I loved Him not; His precious blood had been shed to cleanse me from my many sins, but I thanked Him not. His heart of love was yearning over me, and His voice of love was bidding me come, but I heeded it not.

I had not as yet cried unto Him,

"THOU ART THE GUIDE
OF MY YOUTH!"

I believed that it only needed a firmer determination on my part, and the formation of more stringent rules, to enable me to earn salvation and eternal glory; and I would say to myself, "Now, NEXT YEAR, I really will try once more." I knew not then that I must have a new start altogether, that I must be BORN AGAIN; that the secret of all my repeated failures was the corrupt nature within, which was enmity against God; and that I had no power to save myself at all, for I was DEAD IN SINS.

Year after year passed on, and I learned my own vileness more and more, until at last I was brought to despair of ever being saved, and gave myself up for *lost*.

Have you reached *that* point yet, my reader? Have you cried, "LORD SAVE ME, FOR I CANNOT SAVE MYSELF?" This was at last my earnest cry, and the blessed promise,

"WHOSOEVER SHALL CALL
UPON THE NAME OF THE LORD
SHALL BE SAVED,"

was proved to be blessedly true, for the light of the Gospel shone into my heart, and ere long I saw that I was just the very one for whom Jesus came; for He, the Son of man, came "to seek and to save that which was *lost*."

This was some fifteen years since, when I was but a lad; and the peace and the joy I knew when first I LOOKED AWAY FROM SELF TO CHRIST have deepened and deepened as years have rolled on, and I have learned more and more of the fulness of His so great salvation, and that He is not only a Saviour from judgment and sin, but a Friend and Helper in every sorrow. The Lord Jesus who DIED lives again; and now in the glory ever makes intercession for His own, and soon will come and claim them, and introduce them into that glory which He now enjoys as the fruit of His wondrous work. Yes,

Jesus is a *living* Saviour,
Seated on the throne of God;
Ever caring for the loved ones,
Purchased by His precious blood.

Jesus is a *coming* Saviour,
Soon His welcome shout they'll hear;
Then 'caught up' with Him for ever,
Free from sin, and grief, and fear.

He still says, "COME UNTO ME."

Let this first month of 1889 be indeed a beginning of months to you. Perhaps your history is like mine, and you are now all but giving up in despair. God grant, then, that you may be led the one step further, to

GIVE UP ALL HOPE IN SELF,

and to look right away to Him who says, "LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED."

I remember being once in the

HAMPTON COURT MAZE,

and having wandered far in, at last reached the arbour in the centre ; then, seeking to retrace my steps, I walked and ran, what seemed to me, miles, seeking to find my own way back. But in vain ! I had at length to give up for *lost*, and to look right away from myself to a guide, who, with a long rod in his hand, was standing upon a tall platform, visible from any part of the maze, waiting for a word from me to direct me the right way. Following his guidance I was soon at the entrance. Had I but looked to him before, many, many weary steps would have been saved.

Do you yet know your need of a guide through the maze of life ? You know not the paths along which you may wander, and without Christ as your guide you will never reach the goal. He alone can lead, and He is willing even now, young though you may be, to direct you in all your way. Yearning over you, He asks :

**"WILT THOU NOT
FROM THIS TIME CRY, . . .
'THOU ART THE GUIDE OF
MY YOUTH ?' "**

It may be that at present you are self-confident, thinking that your own discretion and judgment, aided by your education, will enable you to escape the traps and pit-falls of the enemy, and to find your way safely to the goal. But He knows *all* ! knows your danger knows that apart from Him you must be eternally lost !

Look now to Christ, dear young friends, He is a

GREAT GUIDE.

Wondrous in His love, He, the Son of God, the Creator and upholder of all, has once suffered for sins. He has fully glorified God, and is risen again. Now, seated at the right hand of God, He is crowned with glory and honour. He knows your sins in thought, word, and deed, they are all before Him ;

and yet, in marvellous grace, He is willing to be your guide.

Blessed it is to know Him as our Leader, for He is an

UNERRING GUIDE :

He never mistakes the way. Dark clouds of doubt and difficulty may seem to obscure the path, and believers may at times wonder if all is right with them, and whether after all they will reach the end of their journey ; but their safety depends not upon themselves, but upon Him who has undertaken to be their guide ; and they may well give to the winds their fears, for He knows the way, and will never let one of His own perish. Faith can say, as it lays its hand in His mighty one :

" I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide ;
And, with child-like trust, I give my hand
To the Saviour by my side."

Neglect Him no longer ; go not one step further without Him, for He is an

INDISPENSABLE GUIDE.

None can get forgiveness, salvation, and glory, apart from Him.

How many a daring traveller, little knowing the dangers of mountainous ascents, has declined the proffered assistance of a guide, and paid the penalty with his life. Scarcely an autumn passes without our hearing of some tourist being found frozen to death on a snow-capped mountain. Having refused to take a guide ; and missing his way, the poor traveller had wandered on until, exhausted, he has lain down to sleep—to die ; or missing his foothold, has plunged down some awful precipice on to the rocks beneath.

You cannot do without Christ. Do not then *try* to do so any longer. He is willing and able to save, and not only to save but also to *keep* you the whole journey through. He has proved His love in His wondrous death of shame for sinners. Allow, then, His love to melt your hearts, and lead you FROM THIS TIME, yes, from this very day, to say, "THOU art the guide of my youth."

Do not delay. Do not pass on heedless

of His love. Do not hurry on to the judgment in spite of all He has done. Shall He, who so loves, have to turn away, and say of you, "YE WILL NOT COME TO ME"? How will you escape if you neglect so great salvation?

All you need is found in Him. He provides, not only for the past, but for the present and future too. He knows every step of the way we have to go, for He is a

DISCERNING GUIDE,

and meets every difficulty from His own abundant resources. Leaning on Him, depending on Him alone, we need fear no evil, for His wisdom and His strength are exhaustless; and though without Him we can do *nothing*, yet we can do all things through Him who strengthens us.

Then He is, too, an

EVERLASTING GUIDE,

who will never leave nor forsake those who have said to Him, "Thou art the guide of my youth." Bold indeed may the believer be in having such a guide, for His own blessed words, whispered into the ear of faith, are, "I will NEVER leave thee, nor forsake thee." So that he can *boldly* say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me," and, turning to Him, can say, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

Once again then let me urge you, on this the first day of 1889, to commit your soul and your way to His care and keeping, saying:

"THOU ART THE GUIDE OF MY YOUTH."

I know many, many boys and girls, and young people, who have found in Christ their Saviour, their Keeper, their Guide, their All; and never have I heard one say, "I wish I had not come to Him so early." On the other hand, I know very many who have said, "I only regret that I did not come to Him before."

True happiness I never knew until I found it in Christ Himself, and though I

have often failed, and wandered from Him, yet He has never failed nor left me, but in grace has ever restored my faltering, wandering feet.

My earnest prayer is, that many who read my New Year's Message may find the Lord Jesus, the

GREAT,
UNERRING,
INDISPENSABLE, } **GUIDE,**
DISCERNING,
EVERLASTING

and then seek to make His work, and worth, and ways known to those who as yet are strangers to Him, and so to walk here that His holy name may be glorified.

Your loving Friend,
THE EDITOR.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.



ES, a Saviour-God is "mighty to save" weak and helpless sinners who have no might and no strength to save themselves.

Will you submit yourselves to be saved by Him? He is "mighty to save" us from *our sins*. (Isa. lxiii. 1.) "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from *their sins*." (Matt. i. 21.)

He is also "mighty to save" us from that terrible and most-to-be-dreaded of all foes—*ourselves*. (Gal. ii. 20.) And He is "mighty to save" us from that subtle and dangerous enemy—the *world*. (Gal. vi. 14.)

Yea, He is "mighty to save" right through into glory, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us." (Heb. vii. 25.)

Do credit it with all your heart, and
"Sing of His mighty love, 'MIGHTY TO SAVE.'"

H. M. H.

Oh, bliss of the purified! Lord I am Thine!
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of Thy grace,
Who lifted upon me the light of Thy face.
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

"ALWAYS IN THE LIGHT."

THE sweet summer flowers were blooming gaily, and filling the air with their perfume; while numerous birds made the garden resound with their songs of praise.

There was, however, no responsive echo in the heart of one who sat amidst it all. The mourning dress she wore harmonized but too well with her sorrowful face. Birds, flowers, and sunshine only seemed to jar upon her feelings. She could think of nothing but the recent loss of her beloved and only brother.

As long as she could remember any thing distinctly, Edward and herself had been inseparable companions. In childhood they had played and studied together; and as they grew in years, they had still shared many pursuits in common; their tastes were similar; they loved the same earthly friends, they believed in and obeyed the same Lord and Saviour. But now this cherished brother was gone, and she missed him more and more every day, while over and over again the longing arose: "Oh! that he were but still here!"

Helen's little nephew, a boy of about three years old, had been playing quietly on the floor by her side. The bricks which had long kept him amused now lay spread all

around; he was tired of them at last, and something else had attracted his attention.

"Auntie," he began, breaking the long silence, "what are those wooden things on each side of the window?"

"Those are called shutters, my dear," she replied, rousing from her reverie, and turning at the sound of his voice. "Shutters, because they are *shut* at night."

"Shut at night?" repeated the little one.

"Yes," was the answer. "When you are lying in your little bed, fast asleep, it gradually becomes darker and darker. We call that darkness *night*, and we shut all the windows and doors, and soon go to bed too."

"And then it is dark everywhere," said the child, thoughtfully, as though his little mind were taking in some new idea. "But, auntie, do you mean that it gets dark even up in heaven? Do they have to close the shutters there?"

"No, darling, there are no shutters in heaven. They never need them, for there is no darkness, no night *there*! Where God and the Lord Jesus are, it is always bright day!" (Revelation xxii. 5.)

Looking earnestly at his aunt for a moment, and clasping his little hands together, Teddie cried, joyously: "Oh! how glad I am! How happy dear uncle Edward must be! Mother told me he had gone to



live with Jesus, so he is *always in the light!*" At the same instant he caught sight of a butterfly, and, with an exclamation of delight, sprang to his feet, and was very soon at the other end of the garden.

But the words spoken by the tiny child had, through divine grace, turned his aunt's thoughts from herself and her loneliness to her God and Father's love, and to her brother's heavenly bliss. She had mourned for him as dead; now she could rejoice that he was alive for evermore.

"Always in the light! Always in the light!" she whispered to herself. "Yes, I may indeed take comfort! I have been faithless and rebellious to give way so long to this despondent grief! My dearly-loved brother is for ever in the light, and even here on earth, the soul that knows and loves God need not remain in darkness. *His* light overcomes it all; and out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He has perfected praise."

CERTIFICATES WILL NOT DO FOR GOD.

"**Y**ES, sir, I have had one or two certificates for Scripture," said a boy to me the other day, in answer to my question as to whether he knew the Saviour.

Perhaps my reader is like him, thinking it is all right, because he has taken the Scripture prize at school, or obtained a few certificates. But these will not do for God. He says there is none other name for salvation but Jesus, and it is His name, through *faith* in His name alone, can save your soul.

Can you say, like the apostle Paul, when speaking of the Lord, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me"? If not, with all your religious knowledge, certificates, and prizes, you are *lost*. Christ is coming *quickly*. Look away to the Lord Jesus on the cross as the Saviour. His precious blood can cleanse you from all sin, and then you will be able to say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

A. J. H. B.

"YES OR NO."

"**W**ONDER, Harry, that you are not afraid to die; I am terribly afraid!"

Such were the words an old man addressed to a little boy, who lay on the next bed to him in a large ward of one of our city hospitals. Harry was about eleven years old; his fevered cheek, too bright eye, and quick breathing, telling plainly that his short life was fast nearing its end.

A faithful minister had just left, after pressing on the old man an immediate acceptance by faith of pardon and eternal life, as the free gift of God's great love in Christ Jesus.

"I know it all," he had replied, "but I do not understand how I can get it, how I can make it my own."

"How did you get it, Harry?" said the visitor, turning to the dying child.

"Why," said the boy, "when the Lord Jesus said to me, 'Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi. 28), I just said with all my heart, 'Yes, Lord, I come,' and He was true to His word, and gave me rest. And when He said, 'Come now,' I just said, 'Yes, Lord, now; not to-morrow.' And when He promised to forgive me freely, to make me His own, and fit me to be with Him for ever, I just said,

'YES, LORD,'

for I knew He could not break His word. How could I say 'No' to Him?"

Tears filled Mr. Clayton's eyes as he listened to these simple, childlike words of unquestioning faith, and he remembered the scripture, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 3.)

"Yes, Thomas, Harry has told us the truth; it is just saying 'Yes' or 'No' to God's own words. It must be one or the other. It is a solemn thing to know, if we are not saying 'Yes' to His gracious invitations, to His blessed promises, we are saying,

'No, Lord, I do not believe Thee. No, Lord, I will not come to Thee.'"

After praying with them he left. Just as he did so, the old man himself turned to the child to know why he was not afraid to die.

"I have nothing more to tell," said Harry, "nothing but just that I say, 'Yes, Lord,' to whatever Jesus says to me. If you are afraid, Mr. Browne, it must be that you are saying 'No.' He says, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' (Isa. xliii. 2.) And I just say, 'Yes, Lord; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' (Psa. xxiii. 4.) He says, 'It is I, be not afraid' (John vi. 20), and I say, 'Yes, Lord, I am not afraid.'"

"You are right, Harry. I have been saying 'No' all my life to His gracious words; but it is too late now. I wish I had known before that it was just that, saying 'Yes' or 'No.' Oh, that it had been 'Yes' that I had said!"

"But, Mr. Browne," said the child, "it is not too late; Jesus is able 'to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.' (Heb. vii. 25.) Uttermost will surely reach as far as you, as far as 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.) That 'whosoever' must mean you as well as me. Will you not now say, 'Lord Jesus, all my life I have been saying "No" to Thee, but now I will say "Yes"?' Yes, Lord, I believe Thy words, that *whosoever* believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Yes, Lord, I believe.'"

The sick boy was exhausted by the very earnestness with which even with his dying breath he had told out the glad, good news. They were his last words, for when Browne awoke in the morning, and turned again to speak to the boy, the bed was empty.

During the night Harry had quietly passed away to be with Christ, and his body, according to hospital custom, had been silently removed.

Old Browne's days were not much longer. Very different, however, was his state of mind after that last conversation with Harry. He took promise and invitation as addressed to him personally; and often, as the precious words were repeated or read, you could hear him say, "Yes, Lord, yes." The unbelieving "No" was no longer his utterance; he received God's words with a grateful "Yes," and when his last moments came his words were those of the aged Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." (Luke ii. 29.) And as one redeemed by Christ's precious blood, throughout eternity he will join his praises with those of the dear child, whose simple words and childlike faith had been blessed by God the Holy Ghost to open his eyes, and to turn him "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." (Acts xxvi. 18.)

Extracted.

I am not what I was.

Eph. ii. 2-12.

I am not what I shall be.

1 John iii. 2.

I am not what I should be.

Eph. iv. 1.

I am not what I would be.

Phil. iii. 12, 13.

BUT

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

I am what I am.

1 Cor. xv. 10.

THE SPIRIT'S ANTIDOTE FOR AN UNQUIET
EARTHLY MIND.

Go on — with Him.

John xv. 5.

Go on — for Him.

2 Cor. v. 15.

Go on — to Him.

1 Thess. iv. 17.

1889.

A WORD TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.



HAT may "1889" teach us.

Let us look for a few moments at the four figures which make up the number, and seek to learn a lesson from each.

ONE.

"One Lord." (Eph. iv. 5.)

"One" seems to bring before us the Lord Jesus Christ, the well-beloved Son of God, sent in grace to meet us in our dark, desperate need, and to bring us back in righteousness to God. To Him we owe the fullest allegiance, for we are His, bought by His own precious blood. We need "consider Him" continually.

EIGHT.

"Aeneas . . . had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy." (Acts ix. 33.)

This may remind us of our weakness.

In the past we were *without strength*, in our sins, and unable to free ourselves from the cruel slavery of sin. Had it not been for the work of our Lord Jesus, we must have been lost eternally; but He "died for the ungodly," "died for us," "died for our sins," and rose again, and thus set us free from the guilt and power of sin to seek His glory, and honour, and praise.

But we are of ourselves *without strength* still, for unless He kept us, we should stumble and fall. But He is our strength, and it is when we are weak then we are strong, for when we realize that we have no power, we lean upon Him to whom all power is given.

EIGHT.

"Wherein . . . eight souls were saved."
(1 Peter iii. 20.)

This second eight may recall for us the preserving care of our God. He is the Saviour, or Preserver, of all, specially of them that believe. Through all the desolation and distress of the great flood of waters

which God brought over the earth to wash it of man's sin, Noah and his family, eight souls in all, were safely kept. The Lord had shut them in, and they were saved, whilst all others perished.

Christ is the ark now. In Him every believer is preserved. Held in His strong grasp, the waters of judgment and wrath can never reach us, for He, by His own power, keeps, and will keep, His own until He at last presents them to Himself in glory.

NINE.

"Where are the Nine?" (Luke xvii. 17.)

Ten lepers were cleansed by the Lord Jesus, the rejected Messiah, but only one returned to give glory to God, or to pour out thanks and praises at the feet of the Saviour. All healed, but only one acknowledging the Healer. All cleansed, but one alone worshipping the Cleanser.

And is it not so to-day? How many are *saved* who know little of, and seem to care little for, the Saviour? How many are *delivered* from the coming wrath, and yet seem content to go on hand-in-hand with the world, out of which their *Deliverer* was cast.

Surely our "Nine" should stir up our hearts to bear *witness* for, and to give *worship* to, our *one Lord*, who died for us in all *our weakness* and need, and now lives to sustain and keep us by *His power* through all our journey home.

Jesus on trial to-day we may see,

Thousands deridingly ask, Who is He?

How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine,—

Bring in the witnesses, Where are the Nine?

S.G.

WATCHWORDS FOR 1889.

PAST—*Ebenezer*. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. (1 Sam. vii. 12.)

PRESENT—*Jehovah-nissi*. The Lord our banner. (Exo. xvii. 15.)

FUTURE—*Jehovah-jireh*. The Lord will provide. (Gen. xxii. 14.)

SCATTERED SEED.

"TIS THE BLOOD, AND THE
BLOOD ALONE."

SOME time ago, when in a small village, I asked an old man if he would come to a gospel meeting that evening.

He refused, for alas! the welfare of his never-dying soul did not trouble him.

What madness—with an *eternity* before him, he was not yet anxious to know where he was going to spend it.

Is it so with you, my reader?

Let me entreat you, before reading more, to ask yourself the question—Where am I going to *spend eternity*? Mark, there are only two places, *heaven* and *hell*, and in one of these you will be *for ever and ever*. Which will it be?

If your soul is not saved you are on the way to an eternity of misery and woe. Stop before it is too late. Hearken—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

After some few months had passed by, being in the same village again, and hearing that the old man had fallen off a waggon, and was seriously hurt, I went at once to see him, and found he was still careless. Time after time I visited him, but with apparently no result. Never having been awakened to the solemnity of the fact that he was

"GUILTY BEFORE GOD"

(Rom. iii. 19), and that he *must* sooner or later have to do with God about his sins, the wondrous story of how "Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" was nothing to him.

One day, however, I put this question to him. "How old are you?"

"Over seventy," he replied.

"Have you sinned three times a day?" I continued.

"I don't think so, I always paid my way, and brought up a large family, and I don't owe anybody anything; you can see my baker's and grocer's books if you like. My cottage is nice and clean, and I does all the work myself. What more can I do? I think I be a pretty good man."

"Have you had one wicked thought a day?" I asked. "Remember, 'The thought of foolishness is sin.'" (Prov. xxiv. 9.)

"Well, I suppose I have had that," he said.

"Have you said one idle word a day? God says 'That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'" (Matt. xii. 36, 37.)

"Yes, no doubt I have," he replied.

"Have you done one thing not right each day?" I said.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then, on your own confession," I continued, "you are guilty before God of three sins daily, which is over one thousand sins each year, and you are over seventy years old. Therefore you are guilty of more than seventy thousand sins: and one sin is enough to sink you into the lake of fire for ever. What will you do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"How will you escape the damnation before you?"

"Can't tell."

"O think! what an awful thing it would be to spend eternity outside the presence of God for ever and ever!"

He replied, "It's very dreadful," and shook his head, saying again and again, "It's very dreadful."

After pressing upon him the solemnity of having sinned, and the great danger he was in, I left.

A few days after I called again, and spoke to him about his state, and all the sins he owned he was guilty of, over 70,000.

"It's very dreadful," he replied.

"Yes it is, and all those sins must be got rid of, or you will be shut out of the presence of God for ever, and if you die without having them forgiven, you will go where the rich man did; we read, 'In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.' (Luke xvi. 23.) What can you do? How are your sins to be put away? for God is holy, and must punish sin."

"I can't tell—It's very dreadful," he answered.

I then proceeded to tell him how God, in perfect love, gave His only begotten Son, to go to the cross, and suffer in the poor sinner's stead; and how He did everything there was to be done, and Himself said, 'It is finished,' and, therefore, there was nothing left to do, only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved.

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

"What's that?" said he.

Time after time I repeated, "'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Mark what God says! '*The Blood*,' not your prayers, not your good works, nor anything of the kind, but '*the blood of Jesus Christ*,' and that cleanseth from all sin. If you rest on that, you are perfectly safe. Take God at His word. Believe it now, before it is too late."

The next time I called, and began to speak to him about his sins and danger, he looked up and replied, "But the blood cleanseth from all sin."

"Yes," I rejoined, "God says so, and if you are simply trusting to that, you are quite safe. 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you.'" (Ex. xii. 13.)

About twelve months afterwards, being in the same village again, I went to see him. The instant he saw me, he exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord—I thought you was never coming again; come in, do." He

went on to say, "I've had a gentleman to see I, and he wanted me to go and take the sacrament; but I told him I was saved by the blood, not by the sacrament, for you read it, and it says so, 'the blood cleanseth us from all sin—not the sacrament—'tis the blood, and the blood alone, that saves. Bless the Lord, I don't want anything else,—the blood is enough, I can go down now on any stone in my house and pray, Bless the Lord! Ah! 'tis all through the blood, and the blood alone, and now please to read I more about it.'"

Such, dear reader, were some of the conversations with the old man, which I have given from memory; but now, how is it with you? Can you say like him, *you are saved* by the BLOOD, and the BLOOD ALONE?

The remembrance of the Lord in His death, in the breaking of bread, is most precious and important as a memorial of accomplished redemption, but to make it a sacramental means of obtaining salvation is a fatal mistake, a mistake which thousands of poor perishing sinners are making in this day of boasted intelligence and advanced civilization.

If *not saved*, dear reader, there is no time to be lost, to-morrow may be too late. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

"Without *shedding* of blood is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.) "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

ZEUXIS, the celebrated Grecian painter, used, towards the latter part of his life, to give away his pictures, without deigning to accept of any pecuniary recompence. Being asked the reason, his answer was, "I make presents of my pictures because they are too valuable to be purchased. They are above all price."

GOD is a Giver—Salvation is free.
The wages of sin is death, but

THE GIFT OF GOD
is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Rom. vi.

DRIVER PACEY.

The last words of a beloved brother in Christ, who was killed in the collision at Hampton Wick, August 6, 1888.

DON'T lift my head so high—my back is broken—it pains my back.

"Send for my wife.

"No, I shan't get over it, I am dying."

(They told him that his mother was come.)

"Mother, where are you? I can't see you now; but don't grieve for me, mother. It was not my fault. Thank God, it was not my fault.

"I am going home to my blessed Lord Jesus. I found Him in life, and He is now with me in death.

"Don't cry, mother. It is I who grieve for *you*. I only grieve for *you*, mother, for I am afraid you have not come to Jesus. Don't put it off, mother, you must come to Him. Oh! don't put it off. I—I am going home to Him—going *home*."

And thus he "fell asleep." (Acts vii. 60.)

Reader, have *you* come to Jesus? People come to everything else. They come to their law-keeping, their feelings, to the amount of their faith, to their morality, yea, to anything of theirs, but not to Christ. "You *must* come to Him" to get relief, to get salvation, to get life. Come to Jesus. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,

And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to His voice lest in judgment He meet thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee:

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee:

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

H. C. A.

"CAN THERE BE MERCY FOR ME?"

ONE Sunday evening, whilst visiting in one of the lowest parts of London, I called, by request, to visit a young woman in the last stage of consumption. She had been deserted by her husband a few weeks before, and was now living in an underground kitchen.

I shall not readily forget the scene that presented itself as I entered. The young woman was partly raised in bed, and wringing her hands in despair as she cried aloud, "I am dying! I am lost! Oh! what shall I do? I am going to hell, and it is so terrible."

I sat by the bed, and, taking one of her poor, wasted hands in mine, quietly said, "Jesus came from heaven that you might not be lost, but be saved."

Her crying ceased, and, looking me in the face, she said, "But I am so bad; can there be mercy for me?"

I slowly repeated to her the glorious verses, John iii. 16, and 1 Timothy i. 15, and told her of the dying thief who obtained mercy at the hands of Jesus in his dying hours. The words of Scripture fell like oil on troubled waters, and at last she was enabled to see that Christ had died in her stead, and told how she really believed on Him.

Several of the neighbours were around the bed, one of them soothing the dying woman's babe, which was soon to lose a mother's care, and be cast upon the mercy of a cold, heartless world.

At last the child had fallen asleep, and now all was still, for both mother and child were at peace, and a great calm seemed to have come over that scene of sorrow in that underground kitchen. Not only did the Word go home to her who would soon be laid in the silent grave, but I do not think those poor and hard-working, but sympathetic women, who surrounded her bed, will forget the message of love and mercy from God's Holy Word, to which they listened that night.

I called next day, and learnt that during the night the poor sufferer had sung some

of the hymns she had learnt in the Sunday-school during her childhood, and had soon after passed quietly and peacefully to be with the Lord.

How wondrous are God's ways of grace. He takes the beggar from the dunghill, and sets him among princes.

If my reader has never yet known the joy of His salvation, I would entreat him to neglect this vitally important matter no longer, lest,

"Mercy's day he sins away,
For a night of dreadful woes."

Now God is preaching peace by Jesus Christ, and He gives peace to every soul who has faith in the Lord Jesus; but, presently, this day of grace and long-suffering will be over, and unmitigated wrath will overwhelm every Christless soul. T.S.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

(Rom. iii. 10-26.)



WE have in these verses a divine photograph of man as he is by nature: a photograph taken in divine light by God Himself.

Everything He says or does is perfect.

Thus we have here a correct and perfect description of every soul who has not believed on the Son of God; a divine and absolutely true picture of man as he is by nature. Every soul who is in the light can say, "What a true photograph it is."

But some religious, self-righteous (but unsaved) person may say, "That is *not true of me*, for I do that which is right and just towards my fellow-men. I am benevolent, strictly honest and straightforward in all my business transactions, and I spend the whole of my time in the *improvement of man*, and the advancement of science, art, and commerce, and I——"

"Stop! stop! All these things, and many more, may be true of you, but God has said that *all* have sinned, and *come short of His glory*; and the mind of man in his natural state is enmity against God; thus he cannot be improved, and nothing in him can be made suitable to the presence of a holy God; so that all your good deeds and works *come short!*"

Do not fall into the snares of the devil; his object is to fill men's minds with anything and everything but Christ. God has said that "There is none righteous; no, not one" (v. 10). "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Isa. lxiv. 6.)

What a blessed thing it is that God, against whom we have sinned, and who has pronounced judgment upon man, has come forth in the person of His own blessed Son, as a Saviour of sinners. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 15), *not the righteous*. Christ "came *not* to call the righteous, *but sinners* to repentance." (Luke v. 32). "All have sinned." "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) "Come now, 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.)

The Lord Jesus never sent away without a blessing any soul that ever came to Him; and He never will. No! He came into the world to save sinners, and He saves all who come unto Him. He came into this world, and met every claim of God's righteousness, and now it is simply for the sinner to rest on what Christ has done, then God can righteously say, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.)

Delay no longer accepting this free salvation, or it may be too late! One of the world's greatest poets said, "Delays have dangerous ends," and this is most solemnly true of every soul who is neglecting God's salvation. God's time is "*now*," the devil's time is "*to-morrow*." "*Now* is the accepted time; . . . *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) To-morrow may be too late; the door of mercy may be eternally closed against you, and you left outside, without Christ, without hope, without God. You will *then* have to go before Him for judgment, as a guilty, bankrupt sinner, with nothing to meet His claims upon you.

J. M.

ASLEEP!



T is a dreadful thing to be on the pathway of death. There is a path of life and there is a path of death.

I was travelling, some time ago, in the States, when the train was pulled up so suddenly that the wheels seemed to spring from the metals. The whistle was sounded again and again; something had surely happened. What was it? We had just rounded a curve, and there, in front of us, were two men walking along the lines, treading the pathway of death, unmindful of the danger which threatened them. Another moment and the advancing train would have cut them down; but they heard and obeyed the warning in time, sprang aside into a place of safety, abandoned the way of death for the way of life, and *were saved*, though at the last moment.

It is not a question of time, but of eternity, with you, my reader. If you are still in the way of death, and know it, leave it *at once*. Delay not, there is not a moment to lose; quit *now* your own way, which leads to death, and accept God's salvation, which is the way of life.

These two men were aroused by the warning, knew their danger, and were saved. But, alas! there are many who are in a worse case than they were: they are on the pathway of death, and *fast asleep* there! Do you *know* your danger? or are you asleep? The warning voice has often sounded in your ears; have you obeyed it?

On another occasion I was taking a train-journey through the same country, when the brakes were again suddenly applied, and the train jerked to a stop. Many of the passengers alighted, myself among the number, and followed the railway-men, who carried lanterns, back over the way we had come. The sight that met our eyes I shall never forget. Two men had evidently lain down to sleep close to the lines of rail. They had slept in the "way of death!" One of them must have turned in his sleep, so that his body lay across the path of the advancing

train. It was night, and when, at the last moment, the headlight on the engine revealed him, it was so close that to stop was impossible; the train passed over him, leaving him a mangled corpse.

The other man slept on—slept while his friend was killed by his side—slept amid all the noise of the passing train—amid the tramp of feet, and the voices of those around. They roused him up, and carried him away in a dazed condition.

Terrible indeed is it to be in the pathway of death, though awake and alive to the danger, but tenfold more terrible to be asleep there! Yet thousands are in that condition: they are lost, and know it not; in danger of everlasting death, and are unmindful of it; heeding not the warning so often proclaimed, and sleeping while judgment is fast overtaking them. Judgment is coming! As surely as that train was rushing on towards those sleeping men, so surely is judgment advancing upon this world. Men may say, "Peace and safety," but sudden destruction will come upon them, and they shall *not* escape. (1 Thess. v. 3.) Is there time to escape now? Yes, thank God, *now* is the day of salvation. Leave the path of danger and death, and enter on the way of life.

What is the way of life? The Lord Jesus Christ Himself is the way. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12), but the precious name of Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners. Come to Him just as you are, trust to Him, and judgment can never reach you; for "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. (Rom. viii. 1.)

IN *Creation* it was Omnipotence acting upon unresisting matter; but in *Redemption* it was boundless love and grace dealing with a rebel heart and a ruined creation.

TWO STILES ONLY.

IT is now more than three hundred years ago since aged Rowland Taylor, of Hadleigh, proved that he was willing not only to suffer, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus. As the sheriff was taking him away, his daughter Elizabeth cried out, "Oh, my dear father! . . . Mother! mother! there is my father led away;" and his wife called out, it being very dark, "Rowland! Rowland! where art thou?" So he said, "I am here, dear wife"; and when they would have led him away, the sheriff said, "Let him stay, and speak to his wife." So he knelt down, and prayed with her, and with his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. After they had prayed, he kissed his wife, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife; be of good comfort. . . . God shall still be a Father to my children." Then said his wife, "God be with thee, dear Rowland."

"All the way," says the chronicler, "he was as merry and cheerful as one going to a most pleasant banquet or bridal." Coming within two miles of Hadleigh, he lighted off his horse, and set a frisk or train, as men do for dancing.

"Why, master doctor," said the sheriff, "how do you now?"

He answered, "Well, God be praised, master sheriff, never better; for now I know I am almost at home. I lack but two stiles to go over, and I am even at my Father's house."

On reaching Oldham Common, he asked what place it was, and they told him it was the place where he was to suffer, and the people were come to witness it, on which he said, "God be thanked; I am even now at home."

He was not allowed to speak any more, and, after praying, he went to the stake, and kissed it, and set himself in the pitch-barrel, and so let himself be burned. One of the executioners threw a fagot at him, which wounded his head, and then another struck

him with a halberd; and so he died, sealing with his blood the truth that he had preached.

Would not you like to know that which could give such peace and confidence in the presence of death. It was because he knew that Christ has died, and thus robbed death of its sting, and that now nothing could separate him from the love of God. Once a sinner in danger of eternal wrath, he had fled to the Lord Jesus the Saviour, and proved that He was able to save to the uttermost.

The same peace and joy which he knew may be yours, my reader, through repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust this mighty Saviour now, and you will receive the gift of God, which is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

H. F. C.

CHRIST IN GLORY.

YES! there Thou art, the One True God, and yet a man—"the man Christ Jesus," "God in flesh"—in all Thy radiant beauty, seated there at God's right hand, THE REPRESENTATIVE of *each* of all Thy members here on earth. Fountain of life eternal!—where a troubled conscience is cleansed of *all trace* of sin! Thou River of my deep and perfect peace! Rock of my rest! Shelter from every storm! Balm of my wounded spirit! Morning star of all my future! Haven of my hopes! OH! DAYSPRING from on high! whose cloudless light *has beamed* upon me, banishing *my* night with dawn of heaven's unfading brilliancy! Thou *hast* for ever risen on my soul, Thou Sun of Righteousness, and Life, and Peace."

C. G. E.

God takes up our hearts and wrings them, to show us what is in them.

WHERE is love to be seen? In God; and by it He breaks hearts.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



PEACE.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.



WHEN the misery, desolation, and bloodshed of war have wasted the fields and families of a nation—when its armies have been again and again defeated, its garrisons capitulated, and its resources exhausted—when the enemy is in possession of the fairest provinces and the finest cities, and all hope of waging successful warfare is over, then “Peace! Peace!” is the cry, and terms of peace are desired of the victorious foe. When these are arranged between the heads of the nations—when the treaty is signed, and the indemnity paid, far and wide the messengers are dispatched to carry the welcome tidings, and in cities and towns, through villages and hamlets, over hill and dale, the good news is told, causing joy and gladness in many a heart and home.

Peace has been *made*, but at what a cost: A large tract of land to be yielded to the conquerors; a vast sum of money to be paid. The cost, however, is now but lightly esteemed, for once more rest and comfort may cheer the homestead and brighten the hearth.

Peace has been made—peace has been proclaimed, and now, as the message is believed, peace is enjoyed.

Thus it is as to *peace with God*.

I was an enemy in my mind by wicked works; an enemy warring a vain and foolish warfare against a God of love. My sins had turned my heart from Him, and I longed to be out of His presence, away from His sight. Then, by His grace, I was given to see my misery—my need. My eyes were opened to see what the end of my mad course must be, and to see in some little way the rich grace of God. I was brought to own my defeat, and to long for peace. Then, wonder of wonders, marvel of marvels, I found that

PEACE HAD BEEN MADE

by the blood of the cross.

That the Lord Jesus, in infinite love, had

left the heights of glory, and had gone down to death, even the death of the cross, to bear there all the righteous judgment of God due to me; to pay there all my indebtedness; suffering there, yes, *suffering*—SUFFERING—and who shall tell the depth of *that* suffering—for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring me to God. Then, as victor, He had cried, “**IT IS FINISHED,**” and had laid down *His* life.

As risen from the dead on the third day, He had visited His loved ones, and *proclaimed the peace* He had made, saying,

“PEACE UNTO YOU,”

and showing them His hands and His side, which told of the cost at which He had won rest for them—for me.

Now in the glory,

HE IS MY PEACE,

seated there at God’s right hand, where judgment never more can reach Him, and I, by grace, am given a place “**IN HIM,**” where “there is *now* no condemnation.”

PEACE IS ENJOYED;

calm, quiet, undisturbed peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

He was delivered for my offences, and raised again for my justification; therefore, being justified by faith, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

My reader, can you say the same?

“TELL IT ALL TO GOD.”

“TELL it all to God,” were the words of a dear little boy to a lady, as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks at the thought of her sorrow in the recent loss of her husband.

Those who know Christ as their Saviour can go and tell Him all their sorrows as well as all their joys. He is always ready to listen. It may be to-night He will call them away to be with Him for ever in yonder bright regions of joy, where sorrow, suffering and sin are all unknown.

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE Americans call a very rough snow-storm a blizzard. Very often these tempests block up railways and roads, and stop all business in the districts where they rage, and even men and women perish in them.

One such was raging some time since. During its fury a doctor had managed to go his rounds and see his patients. Probably much exhausted from battling with wind and driving snow, he had at last reached his own house. There he was found lifeless, with his hand upon the knocker, buried in the deep snow drifted against the door. The doctor was just *too late* to gain a refuge from the storm.

God's storm of judgment will burst sooner or later upon this world, Solemnly and affectionately we urge you to flee to Jesus, the Refuge of sinners. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is *SAFE*." (Prov. xviii. 10.)

The storm of Calvary burst upon the head of Jesus, that God's judgment might never reach any one who believes. Christ became the substitute, the just One suffered instead of the unjust.

Many intend to be saved some time before they die; but none know when that will be, for death is busy all around. Besides, the Lord Jesus may come for His own, as He has promised, and then the opened door of salvation will be for ever shut against all who have refused the Gospel!

I remember about fourteen years ago, before I was saved, how startled I felt when I awoke in the middle of the night. The city was all slumbering, and the solemn silence of the midnight hour was wrapped over all. Then a sudden fear stole into my heart, and I asked myself the question, "Has the Lord come at last, and left me behind?"

I can well remember the relief I felt when I knew my father and mother were still on earth, and that it was not *TOO LATE* for me to be saved. The Lord Jesus Himself says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise

cast out." (John vi. 37.) And again, "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.)

If you come to Him, you will never have to regret nor repent your choice, and you will never come into judgment; the storm of God's wrath will never touch you.

A. J. P.

"LORD, SAVE ME!"

DAVID had been a scholar in our Sunday School. One day I was grieved to hear that he had been stricken down with a fatal illness. I hastened to his home, only to find that all I had been told was too true. He was dying, sure enough; his power of speech being already almost gone.

He was, however, glad to see me, and seemed anxious about his soul, listening very attentively while I spoke of the Saviour's willingness and power to save old and young, the healthy and the dying, and of how He was able to save him at that moment.

David got very restless, for he felt it was not all right with him. He knew he was not ready to die, but he did want to know how he could be saved.

As I was leaving, and the lad was still unhappy, I read to him a little from Matthew xiv., especially verse 22, laying stress upon Peter's cry,

"LORD, SAVE ME!"

These words comforted the dear boy very much, and he repeated several times the three words, "Lord, save me!"

I never saw him again after that night, but I have reason to hope that that very night the Lord heard the dear boy's prayer for Him to save him; and he soon after passed away from this world, simply trusting the Saviour who had loved him, and washed him from all his sins in His own precious blood.

GOD *reserves* the inheritance for the heirs, and *preserves* the heirs for the inheritance. (1 Peter i. 4, 5.)

THROWN TO THE WOLVES.

IN many parts of Austria there are forests, some of which are infested by large numbers of fierce and hungry wolves.

A few months ago a peasant, and his son aged 13, were driving a sleigh through the forest, when they were surrounded by a pack of these terrible creatures. The man whipped up the horses, and by shouts sought to frighten off the wolves, but all to no purpose; and, at last, in an agony of despair, he took up his son, and flung him amongst the hungry pack, which quickly devoured the poor little fellow.

The man drove on, and at last reached the town, where he went at once and delivered himself up at the police station, on the charge of causing the death of his son.

Poor, unhappy man! Who can describe his state after he had thrown his own son among the wolves? His love was not sufficiently strong to die for his boy.

How different to God's love to us. We read, in Rom. viii. 32, that He "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all"; and in Rom. v. 6, that "Christ died for the ungodly."

Such was God's love to the sinner that He gave His only Son to take our place in suffering and death, in order that we might be reconciled: that we might know our sins forgiven. And such was the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to sinners, that He willingly left His glory that He might meet their need.

If my reader knows not this love of God, go at once to Him as a poor, needy sinner, and tell out your true state before Him. It does not say that you must love God before you can be saved, but "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43) "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) "We love Him because He *first* loved us." (1 John iv.)

THE CAPTAIN'S PRAYER.

MANY years ago the Christian captain of an American vessel was, during one of his voyages, surrounded by fog and darkness for days, and became, in consequence, very anxious about the position of his ship.

At last he went down into the cabin and prayed to God, asking Him to preserve the vessel and all on board, and that He would be pleased to give a cloudless sky at twelve o'clock, as he desired to make an observation at the time to ascertain their real position, and whether they were on the right course.

At eleven o'clock he came up on deck, with the quadrant under his coat. As it was still thick and dark around, the crew looked at him with amazement. Again he went down, prayed, and came up. There still seemed no hope. Again he descended to his cabin, prayed, and again appeared on deck with the quadrant in his hand.

It was now ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and as yet there was no appearance of a change; but he stood on deck waiting on the Lord, when, in a few minutes, the mist seemed folded up, and rolled away by an unseen hand, and the sun shone out clearly from the blue vault of heaven.

There stood the man of prayer, with the quadrant in his hand, but so awe-struck, that he could scarcely take advantage of the answer to his prayer. He, however, succeeded, although with trembling hands, in making the observation, and found that all was well. But no sooner had he finished, than the mist rolled back over all.

Was not this a direct answer to prayer. What an encouragement to us, that whatsoever *we* shall ask in prayer,—believing *we* shall receive. (Matt. xxi. 22.) Our Father, God, ever answers the earnest and believing prayers of His children.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done."

THE SERPENT OF BRASS.

THERE is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford a valuable old manuscript, which contains on one of its pages an illustration of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness.

Drawn by some cloistered monk, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, that simple outline has outlived its originator, and now to the careful observer conveys the lessons which it is evident had been learned by the mediæval recluse.

Let me seek to describe it.

In the centre of the engraving is the pole upon which the brazen serpent hangs. Upon the left hand side, pointing with his rod to the serpent, Moses is seen; his lips are parted, as though saying to those around,—Look! Look, and live!

Behind the leader of Israel is a man standing with his arms crossed, and his eyes fixed upon the suspended figure. Near to him are others, who, like himself, have evidently obtained the life and healing promised to those who looked. All seem restful and happy. There are no fiery serpents to disturb the peace which they enjoy.

Upon the other side are the figures of five men, in differing states and varied postures. All have been bitten, but none have obeyed the command to look at the brazen serpent lifted up above the desert sand.

One is lying stretched out, as though perfectly at ease, perhaps wrapped in sleep—a sleep of death,—whilst close to his ear, as though whispering into it, is one of the venomous serpents.

How many are in a similar condition to-day! As it was in the days of that monastic, so it is now! All around we may see those who, in fancied security, are taking their

ease. Although dying in their sins, they are unawakened, unalarmed, hearing not the Saviour's call, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." His solemn words of warning, telling of judgment to come, are alike unheeded; the lullaby of the soul-deceiver and soul-destroyer is so soothing; for he whispers, "Peace, peace!"—when there is no peace.



Are you in such a state, my reader? Are you still careless and unconcerned?—content to live without Christ,—content to neglect the "so great salvation" provided at so great a cost by the Lord of glory? "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God!" A little longer, and you may have passed the unknown boundary-line of the accepted time—the day of salvation, and then your poverty—your eternal poverty—

will come as one that travelleth, and your want—your eternal want—as an armed man. “How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?”

In the background of the picture is another man, but not asleep. No, indeed; he is wide awake, and, with a heavy cudgel firmly clasped in both his hands, is earnestly endeavouring to slay the serpents, which, however, still raise their poisonous heads, and dart at their would-be destroyer. His gaze is so fixed upon their wily movements that he cannot turn to look upon the life-giving serpent, but continues his useless labours; soon, doubtless, to wax feebler and feebler, until the poison overcoming him, he sinks lifeless to the ground.

And are there not many such—aroused to see their danger, knowing their sinful state,—who seek, in their own fancied strength, to overcome sin, struggling day by day to obtain the victory; often defeated, and yet, with enfeebled efforts, labouring on? They think not of the work of Christ, for their own doings occupy their whole attention. As yet they have not received the truth, so often declared upon the sacred page, that salvation is “to him that *worketh not*, but believeth,” that it is “*not of works*, lest any man should boast”; that “*not by works* of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy” God saves; and that it was while “we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.”

If the sinner could have accomplished his own salvation, would God have given His own Son to die? If the sinner could have delivered himself from the bondage of sin, why *must* the Son of man be lifted up?

Not *your* doings, my reader, but *His*; not *your* work, but *His*, avails for forgiveness and salvation, and His one work once done, and done once for all, avails for “*every one* that believeth.”

A little to the left of the man last described are seen two figures with most rueful faces, both bitten, both dying, but neither obeying their leader's call to “Look!” The one sitting upon the sand is plainly nearing his

end, growing weaker and weaker every moment. The other, bending over him, is seeking to soothe and comfort his dying friend; but, alas! he, too, is bitten, and must soon succumb to the effects of the serpents' venom.

Surely this also may speak to us of many who are seeking to do temporal good to those around them, but forgetful of their own deep need, forgetful that they, as well as those whom they seek to serve, are sin-bitten, and thus in need of the “so great salvation.”

In the foreground is another who, knowing his need, is kneeling near the pole at the feet of Moses. Plainly he is praying or confessing to the man of God, for his eyes, instead of being directed to the object upon the pole, are fixed upon the servant of the Lord. Near though he is to the means of healing, he is, as yet, not a whit the better, but like the rest, is dying, slowly dying, when a look at the right object would bring virtue and healing to his heated frame.

Alas! how many have heard of our Lord Jesus Christ, of His finished work, and glorious resurrection and ascension, and yet are looking for healing to professed servants of the Lord, are seeking forgiveness through the affected power of the priest, and salvation through the ordinances which he administers. But all this is only to fail. The unerring Word of God declares that there is salvation in one Name alone, the Name of Jesus, whose precious blood flowed forth upon Calvary.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so the Lord Jesus, the Son of man, has been lifted up.

Then, the blessed promise made to those bitten Israelites was, “*It shall come to pass*, that EVERY ONE that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live”: and the faithful record is, “*It came to pass*, that if a serpent had bitten ANY MAN, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.”

Now the message runs “that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him” who has been lifted up upon the cross, and who is now on the throne, “should not perish, but have ever-

lasting life;" and the blessed fact is told, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life."

Awake, awake, O sleeper! Death is approaching, and judgment is nigh.

Cease, cease your work, O worker! Your vain efforts cannot avail. Turn, turn ye, from all of self, from all of man! Look! look to Christ, and live!

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

"It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the blood which atones for soul,
On Him then believe, and the pardon receive
Of thy sins, not of part, but the whole.

"Oh doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
There remaineth no more to be done.
Christ once in the end of the world hath appeared,
And completed the work He begun."

TELEGRAMS.

DO not send any more telegrams," said a young girl to her Bible-class teacher, who was about to start for four or five weeks' visit to the sea-side. The year before a telegram had come on Saturday, saying, "I shall not be home until Monday," and that meant another Sunday afternoon without the usual Bible-reading. Hence the injunction to send "no telegrams" this year.

Nor was this the only reason that telegrams were not in favour among them. Some time before, the boys and girls of that Sunday-school were invited to a meeting, where they expected to see and hear a friend whom they loved, but a telegram came from a far distant town, bringing the message, "I cannot come."

One can easily understand the disappointment those young people felt at such unwelcome tidings, for it *is* trying when one is looking for a dear friend, to hear that he or she cannot come. "Do not expect me; I cannot come."

How different when the message is, "Watch for me, I am coming soon." How carefully, then, do we see that all is in readiness; how anxiously we listen for an approaching footstep!

Have you ever had this joyful "telegram" sent to you? I have, and many others have also; not from a distant country town, but from Heaven itself. Not from an earthly friend, but from the One "who loves us, and has washed us from our sins in His own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) When on earth, before He went to the cross, He told His disciples that He would come again, and exhorted them to *watch*. When the cross was over, the work of redemption finished, when He had risen from the dead, and ascended into glory, He sent a message to those whom He loved on earth, that He would come soon. "Behold, I come quickly." "Behold, I come quickly." "Surely I come quickly" is the blessed message thrice repeated in the last chapter of the New Testament. Is it a blessed message to all? Sad, indeed, is it to those who are not Christ's, for only those who are "Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. xv. 23) will go to be with Him when He sounds the summons to meet Him in the air, only those whose sins have been washed away in His precious blood.

Is it a blessed message for you, dear young Christian? Are you *really* glad that the Lord may come at *any* moment? Suppose a mother has left her children for a few days. The time for her return draws near, and she sends a telegram, "I am coming soon; expect me at any time." How glad all those children must be! Stop a moment, and look at that little girl: she hangs her head, and the tell-tale colour flushes her cheek; *she* does not look very glad that her mother is coming home! Does she not love her? Yes; she loves her; that is not the reason for her sadness. What is it?

Before her mother went away, she had left all the children something to do for her during her absence, and this little daughter

had neglected her wishes, and had spent the time in pleasing herself, doing, as far as possible, "what *she* liked." Now "mother is coming, and nothing is ready."

The Lord has left us all something to do for Him during His absence. He has asked us to live for Him, to do "all things," even our daily duties, "in His name" (Col. iii. 17), and for His glory (1 Cor. x. 31). He has asked us to speak for Him, to shine as lights for Him.

Should He come at any moment, would He find us so doing? He *is* coming; it is no mere fable when we speak of His return, but a positive fact. The moment *will* come when He will call His loved ones to meet Him: the trumpet *shall* sound, the dead *shall* rise, and the living saints will join them, to be for ever with the Lord.

Have you ever thought that then we shall have said the last words we shall ever say as men and women, boys and girls, on the earth? People think a great deal, and rightly, too, of the last words of a Christian on his death-bed; but even now we may be saying our last words in time, the next may be the shout of triumph when we see the Lord. How sad for the last word of a Christian to be an unkind, angry, or foolish one.

Dear young friends, let us look to it that *whenever* the Lord may come, we may be found thinking, saying, and doing what is pleasing to Him. In our own strength? No, indeed; the same One who died for us, and who is coming again, gives us grace to live for Him during His absence. Shall we do what *we* like? No, for "even Christ pleased not Himself"; that is, His object was not to please Himself, but to do His Father's will. "I *delight*," He said, "to do Thy will, O my God." (Ps. xl. 8.)

Let us "*labour*," therefore, that whether present or absent, we may be acceptable (or well pleasing) to Him who has done so much for us (2 Cor. v. 9), that from our hearts we may say, in response to the Lord's message, "Even so *come*, Lord Jesus."

N. N.

"IS HE YOUR SAVIOUR?"



YOUNG lady asked a little girl, as she overtook her, when walking in the country, "Can you tell me who Jesus is?"

"Yes, Miss," the little girl replied, "He is our Saviour."

"But is He *your* Saviour?"

To this the child answered, "I do not know."

How many there are like this little girl. They speak, sing, and talk about *a* Saviour, but do not know Him as their own personal Saviour. They cannot truly say, "He is *my* Saviour."

Just to know that there is a Saviour, without having to do with Him personally, will benefit no one.

Let me earnestly entreat my reader not to rest till, in the presence of God, he can really say, "Christ is *my* Saviour," for nothing short of knowing Him thus will avail for salvation. Be wise; take God at His word, and the result will be eternal blessing.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*."

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe *IN THINE HEART* that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For *WITH THE HEART* man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 8-10.)

OUT AND OUT.

KE-SAN-LONE, a converted Chinese, when on a visit in America, was much affected by the little difference he saw between Christians and worldlings, and referring to the matter, said, "When the disciples in my country come out of the world, *they come clear out*."

SCATTERED SEED.

"IT IS ALL DONE—ALL DONE."

DURING the autumn of 1885 a company of the Lord's people had visited a small village, and distributing Gospel books from house to house, had announced an open-air preaching.

In the quiet of the eventide, with the full moon shedding its calm light upon all around, the preachers, by the roadside, began to tell out the glad tidings; and many of the villagers gathered to hear the old, yet ever new, story of the grace of God. The hymn commencing:

"God in mercy sent His Son
To a world by sin undone;
Jesus Christ was crucified,—
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

Oh! the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face;
Telling sinners from above,
God is light, and God is love,"

was sung at the beginning of the meeting, and its simple, Gospel language pressed upon the listeners.

The person of Christ; His death; His resurrection; His glory; the value of His precious blood; the certainty of the believer's salvation; the coming of the Lord for His own, and His subsequent return in judgment, were simply set forth in the stillness of that autumn evening, and many hearts seemed stirred, the attention and interest throughout being most marked.

The hour of their return approached, and the meeting closed with the hymn:

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary:
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

Precious blood that hath redeemed us:
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

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

* * * * *

"They—send—for—people—to—pray—with—me, but I—tell—them—that—it—is *all—done*,—that it is a finished—work—a *finished—work*; . . . and—it's—a—good—thing—it—*is*—all—settled,—for—I—can—think—of—little—now—with all this suffering."

Such were the words of a dying woman, spoken between paroxysms of pain, to one of the preachers who, hearing of her desire to see him, had visited her in her illness.

A terrible internal disease was slowly, but surely, effecting its deadly work, causing the sufferer intense agony, and, at times, wringing from her heart-rending cries. But, *within*, all was *peace*; the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ were everything to her, and the precious blood shed upon Calvary had purged her conscience, and given her rest. "The work of Christ made her safe, and the Word of God made her sure." Nothing now disturbed her confidence that the finished work of the Saviour had met all her need as a lost sinner before God.

The words, "It—is—all—done," were again and again upon her lips; and thus it was that, while thankful for the sympathy and kindness of those who came to see her, she rejoiced to know that the atoning death of the Son of God had settled every question, made her clean every whit, and fit for the inheritance of the saints in light.

"I—often—sing—to—myself—the—hymns—you sang—that—first—night—you—came, 'Precious—precious blood—of Jesus,'—and—'God—in—mercy—sent—His—Son.' I—shall—never—forget—that—night."

Her husband and herself had been much affected by that quiet evening preaching, and

seemed to gather assurance as the Word of God, in all its living power, pressed itself home.

"H-A-T-H spell HATH," one of the preachers had said. "A-R-E spell ARE." "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life." "All that believe ARE justified." The simple message was received by their anxious hearts, filling them with peace and joy, and giving a calm assurance and holy confidence which nothing could destroy. The work of Christ *for* them, the Word of God *to* them, formed the firm foundations of their faith.

In view of death, this certainty gave a restfulness of spirit which resulted in a simple, earnest testimony to those around her; for though the anguish was such at times that her reason failed, yet, in her moments of consciousness, the preciousness of Christ, and the value of His blood, seemed constantly before her. Again and again she sought to press upon others the folly of delaying, until upon a death-bed, concern for their eternal welfare.

After twelve months of most acute suffering, she quietly fell asleep in Christ, departing to be with Him, which is far better; while her body, buried in that lonely hill-top churchyard, awaits the resurrection trumpet-sound to awake in His likeness.

Reader, there will be a resurrection of life, and a resurrection of judgment. In which will you have part? S. G.

HOW SINS ARE GOT RID OF.

ONE bright day in December I was walking in a country lane in Surrey, when I came upon a plough-boy, who was endeavouring to clean his boots and leggings of the mud that clung to them.

I went up to him, and, offering him a little book, said, "Your muddy boots make me think of your sins and mine; they cling to us till we find the way to get rid of them." The lad willingly took the book, put it into his pocket, and then looked up at me with a surprised expression.

"You have got sins, have you not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know how to get rid of them?"

"Yes; by prayer."

"You don't pray for what is offered to you as a free gift! You didn't pray for that book I offered you; you took it." I then told him how God, in the Gospel, was offering salvation to lost sinners through the precious blood of Christ, and warned him that if he went into the presence of God in his sins, he would be cast out in judgment into the lake of fire.

"You don't want to go to hell, do you?"

The boy, with an anxious, earnest look, said, "No, sir!"

"Well, God's Word says, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation.' I was talking to a dying man lately, and I said to him, 'R——, are you going down into that lake of fire?'

"'No, sir; He won't let me,' he replied.

"'Who will not let you?' I asked.

"'Jesus Christ.'

"'Why, what about your sins?'

"'Gone!' he gasped out.

"'Gone where? How's that?'

"'Precious blood!' sweetly sounded from his parched lips."

I parted from the boy, saying, "Take care, my boy! don't neglect God's salvation; God's way of taking away sins. You may have difficulty in getting those boots and leggings clean, but if you take God at His word, the precious blood will wash away all your sins, and make you quite clean in His sight. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Dear reader, are you still praying, while a "finished" work is presented before you as God's remedy for all sin? God calls Himself, in His Word, "God our Saviour," adding, "who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." And again we read, He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Are you still PRAYING, when God says, by His Apostle, "The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy

heart; that is, the word of *faith* which we preach: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou *shalt be saved*"? V. V. V.

CHRISTIAN JOYS.

I USED to think that to be a Christian was to be very miserable, to have no joys, no brightness in life. What a mistake! A Christian truly following Christ is, on the contrary, the only really happy person, because his joy depends neither on anything within him nor around him, but on what *the Lord* is to him, and has done for him. "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

I remember asking a Christian why he looked so miserable sometimes, instead of happy, as he should be. He said that he could not be happy because atmospheric influences and bodily condition were often against him.

Atmospheric influences! Bodily condition! Well, let us try and see if such reasons are enough in themselves to tip over the balance of a Christian's joy. Look at Paul and Silas in Acts xvi. Any one who knows what the prisons were in Roman days, in the southern countries, can imagine that the atmosphere of that inner cell was not very invigorating or savory. Look at them! thrust into the inner prison, their feet made fast to the stocks.

What about their bodily condition? Their backs were lacerated by the Roman scourge, and bleeding from the many stripes that had just been laid upon them. Was that a condition of body likely to produce joy? No, indeed. Atmospheric influences and bodily condition certainly did not help these two prisoners. It was night, though little difference would there be between day and night there, for no ray of sunshine could pierce as far as that inner prison.

Ah! but do they not sink under such treatment, and groan beneath such burdens? Let us see. "And at midnight Paul and Silas *prayed, and sang praises* unto God."

Surely atmospheric influences and bodily conditions did their worst here, but only with the effect of forcing prayers instead of grumbles, and praises instead of groans from the prisoners. Why? Because Christ was the object of their hearts; the joy of the Lord was their strength. The other prisoners heard them; strange sounds indeed to them,—praises to God at midnight.

Fellow-believer, we are not told to rejoice in ourselves, nor in our circumstances, but, Rejoice *in the Lord* alway, and, yet again, rejoice. (Phil. iv. 4.)

MY BURDEN GONE.

THE Lord had graciously blessed me with Christian parents, and from a little child I always longed to be able to say I was one of the lambs in the Good Shepherd's flock.

It was not, however, until I was fourteen that I had that peace which I so desired. One Lord's Day evening in May, 1884, I was present at a preaching in the village of W—, where an earnest servant of the Lord told out God's message of a full and free salvation through faith in the finished work of Christ, and my anxiety was increased; but being very shy and reserved, I did not like to confess my soul-sorrow.

For a few days I said nothing of what I felt, until at last I could bear the load of sin on my heart no longer, and resolved that I would not rest until the question was settled.

I was almost afraid to sleep, lest, when I awoke, I should find the Lord Jesus had come and taken His own to be with Himself for ever, leaving me behind for the judgment.

I was filled with fears and anxiety, until one morning the Lord directed my attention to two verses upon an almanac on the wall: "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shalt not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) And Rom. x. 9.: "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."

I knew that I did believe on the Son of God, and did in my heart believe that God had raised JESUS from the dead, and now saw that God said I had everlasting life.

In a moment the burden was gone, and all was joy and peace in believing, and from that hour to this I have not dared to doubt Him.

There are many who are, as I was, waiting for happy feelings before resting on the word of God. The Lord Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Come without feelings; wait no longer; come as you are. Faith comes first, and happy feelings follow.

Time is short, eternity is at hand. It is still the day of grace, but to-morrow may be too late. When once the Master of the house rises up and shuts to the door, it will be for ever too late; there will be no admittance for you then.

The Lord Jesus offers salvation now, without money and without price. Accept then His great gift, the great salvation purchased at such infinite cost. L. M. L.

FOUR BOOKS.

NOTES OF A GOSPEL ADDRESS,

Heb. x. 1-22; Gal. iii. 10-13; Mal. iii. 16-18; iv. 1-2;
Rev. xx. 11-15.



I HAVE turned to these passages of God's Word, which, at first sight, might seem to have but little connection, in order to bring before you "*four books*" which are mentioned in these scriptures.

In Heb. x. we find the first book that ever existed, the first volume ever formed—

THE BOOK OF GOD'S COUNSELS.

We are privileged to enter into the very presence-chamber of God, and to hear words which passed between the eternal Son and the eternal Father. To what had they reference? To this poor world, rolling on in iniquity.

In the beginning, when the earth had been formed by the hand of God, He had pronounced it very good; but it had soon been defiled by the serpent's track, polluted by sin. God, in His foreknowledge, knew the ruin that was to come, and in answer to that ruin the Son of God said, "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of Me,) to do *Thy will*, O God."

Behold Him here! Born in Bethlehem, laid in a manger, passing on to the cross, where man's iniquity was declared to the full, and God's glory perfectly manifested, He wrought out the will of His Father in every circumstance of His pathway; the very first words recorded of Him, when a lad twelve years of age, being, "Wist ye not that I must be about *My Father's business*?"

How beautifully that question dovetails into these words reaching us from eternity: "Lo, I come, . . . to do Thy will, O God!"

His life everywhere revealed God's heart of love towards the sinner, and man's heart of bitter enmity against God. See Him among the proud Pharisees, those who made clean the outside of the cup and platter, while the inside was full of extortion and excess. The self-righteousness of their hearts was revealed; He shewed them to be but whited sepulchres. The generation of Pharisees has not yet passed from the world. There are many still who thank God they are not as other men are; who say, "I go to worship God regularly" (as though an unsaved sinner *could* worship a holy God!), "I say my prayers night and morning, and I read my Bible." Trusting to all that they cannot be saved. There is no blessing for the Pharisee so long as he remains such.

The Lord turned from the Pharisees to those to whom God's heart might be told out. The poor Syro-Phœnician woman comes to Him with a real need. The disciples say, "Send her away, she crieth after *us*," for they do not know His heart. She first addresses Him as "Son of David"; but she has no claim on that ground. "It is not meet," the Lord says, "to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." She takes her

right place, and using the wider title, says, "Truth, Lord," and receives the blessing she craves. Blessed title! for "The same *Lord* over all is rich unto all that call upon Him," and "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the *Lord* shall be saved."

Grace can flow out to this poor Gentile woman. And, sinner, there is grace in the heart of God for you!

From exhibiting grace to needy souls who came to Him, the Lord passes on to show it to the full at Calvary. To accomplish the *will* of God, the Son of man *must* be lifted up. (John iii. 14.) If God is to be glorified, if a sinner is to be saved, Christ *must* suffer, He *must* bear the judgment. He did suffer, and did bear the judgment; the work is done, and now, by the *will* of God, the believer is sanctified (or set apart) by the "offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." (Heb. x. 10.) God's will has been perfectly wrought out.

Turning now to Gal. iii., we find another book—

THE BOOK OF THE LAW—

which God gave to His earthly people, Israel. It was never given to the Gentiles, never proclaimed far and wide as the Gospel is. The Lord's command to His disciples was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the *Gospel* to every creature." The law was given to make man's sin appear exceeding sinful. One sin, one act of disobedience, had shut man out of Eden. God let man go on without law until, having called out Abraham to make of him a chosen nation, He brought His people up out of Egypt, and gave them the law; they accepted it:—"All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." Did they do it? No, they could not. The law is like a looking-glass let down from heaven to show what man is. Man could not keep it.

Have you kept the law? You put yourself under law, and thereby seek to win life. Have you kept it? If not, listen: "It is written, *Cursed* is every one that continueth not in *all* things which are written in the book of the law to do them." (Gal. iii. 10.)

"It is written," not in my thoughts, but in God's Word, which will last when the heavens are folded up like a garment, *Cursed* is every one who does not keep the *whole* law. Look now at v. 13: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, *Cursed* is every one that hangeth on a tree." *He* bore the curse for those under that broken law, so that now the glad tidings can be proclaimed, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man," who was once on the cross, but who is now on the throne; once in the darkness of Calvary, now in the brightness of glory, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him," not by your works, nor by the law, "*all* that believe *are* justified from *all* things, from which *ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.*"

The law could but curse those who did not continue in it in *all things*; Christ, through His work, can justify from *all things* those who believe on Him. The law says, *Do and live*; the Gospel says, *Live and do*. Test yourself by the plummet of His righteousness; you will find how crooked you are; the law cannot put you straight, only Christ can meet your need. Believers on that blessed One are saved *from* judgment, saved *from* sin, saved *from* the power of Satan, saved *for* glory. There is nought worth calling a "giving-up" in Christianity, for, on the contrary, the believer *receives* forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are sanctified (Acts xxvi. 18); he is made a child of God, is sealed by the Spirit of God, and is waiting for the Saviour to take him home. Meanwhile, what has he? Christ for him on the throne of God as Great High Priest and Advocate, caring for him all along the road.

In Malachi iii. we find the *third* book mentioned—

THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

"They that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it."

We read of one in Luke iii. who acted thus. Anna, the prophetess, "spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." Are we following her in this? Is He, the risen Man in the glory of God, the subject of our speech? "The Lord hearkened." He listens, He lends His ear to catch the sound of Jesus' name: "And a book of remembrance was written *before* Him for them that feared the Lord, and *thought* upon His name." Here is a comforting word for those who cannot often speak of Him; they can *think* upon *His Name*. Can you say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my *thoughts*"? (Ps. cxxxix.) Once we were filling the book of judgment with our sins; are we now filling the book of remembrance with our thoughts and words about Him?

The *fourth* book is that of which we read in Rev. xx.—

THE BOOK OF JUDGMENT.

For the believer judgment is past; he cannot come into it; the Lord has said, "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.) The Lord Jesus endured all the waves and billows of the judgment, so that not one spray of it can touch the believer; for him it was past when the Lord said, "It is finished"; and we know it because He is risen and glorified. In Rev. xx. it is the judgment of the dead (the judgment of living nations being given in Matt. xxv., which is distinct from this); the books are opened, and each is judged according to his works.

Your life's history is written by God, not by one of earth's biographers, who leave out nearly all the faults, and exaggerate what seems good. Read God's biographies! Look at David's history, and see how his sins stand out in all the solemnity of truth. If you die in your sins you will rise in your sins, be judged for your sins, and spend a Christless eternity. The books, when opened, will show the justice of your eternal doom:

"Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Is *your* name written in the Lamb's book of life? Happy, indeed, the portion of those whose names are there written, saved by God's grace, washed in the precious blood of Christ, they shall be with Him for ever.

BERRIDGE'S PREACHING.

"My lord," said Berridge to the Bishop of Ely, "I preach only at two times."

"What times?" asked the Bishop.

"In season and out of season," replied Berridge. "Such are my orders; and my Master has also said, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.'" (2 Tim. iv, Mark xvi.).

Berridge's Epitaph, written by himself.

HERE LIE

The earthly remains of

JOHN BERRIDGE,

Late Vicar of Everton, and an itinerant servant of the Lord Jesus Christ,

WHO LOVED HIS MASTER & HIS WORK,

And, after running on His errands many years,

WAS CALLED UP TO WAIT ON HIM ABOVE.

Reader, art thou born again?

No salvation without a new birth.

I was born in sin Feb.	-	-	-	1716
Remained ignorant of my fallen state				
till	-	-	-	1730
Lived proudly on faith and works				
for salvation till	-	-	-	1754
Admitted to Everton vicarage	-	-		1755
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge	-	-		1756
Fell asleep in Christ, Jan. 22	-	-		1793

'Tis all "attention" for believers now, and must be so, for everything around is attractive and defiling; but it will be "stand at ease" throughout eternity in the glory, for nought that defileth can ever enter there.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



A FATHER'S SORROW.

"LITTLE NELL."

LITTLE NELL was a winsome child of about six years. Her mother was a gentle, quiet, loving woman, her spirit crushed by sorrow, for, alas ! the love of drink ruled her husband.

Nell went to a Sunday-school, where she learnt the love of Jesus, and loved Him in return. Her heart was oftentimes very sad when thinking of her father. He had not always been a drinking man, but had fallen into bad habits through an easy nature and bad companions ; and now he neglected his home, and his wife and children often knew what it was to want. Little Nell had heard that a Bible, for which she had a great desire, could be bought for sixpence ; she thought if she could only get one, and read it to father, he might be a different man. So, whenever a penny fell to her lot, which was not often, she did not buy sweets, although she liked them well, but saved it to buy the much longed-for Bible.

It took her some time ; but one Saturday she found she had the required amount, so she thought she would go to meet her father, and buy the book. Her mother was looking very sad, for there was nothing in the cupboard, and father brought home so little now, that it did not last long.

"Don't cry, mother," said Nell, "I'll bring father home quick to-day, before he has spent the money, and then you can go shopping."

So she started, hoping to be able to persuade father to come. She knew the public-house where he usually spent his earnings, and thought she should get there before he did ; but it was raining, and Nellie's shoes were old. She could not get along very quickly, so when she reached the house, father was already at the bar, asking for drink.

"Oh ! father," said Nellie, who could only just touch his hand as it lay on the bar with the precious money in it, "do come home to mother ; she is crying, and there is nothing to eat, and I want you to come so bad."

"No, child, no. You go home ; I am coming presently."

"Oh ! father, do come now," pleaded the child, looking up in her father's face with her winsome blue eyes, "do come now. I want you to go with me to buy something."

"Now, Nellie, go home," said her father ; and, taking her by her shoulders (not roughly ; he was not an unkind man), he put her outside the door.

But Nellie could not go ; her heart was set on taking her father home, and buying her Bible on the way. But father was a long time, and the rain came down pitilessly. Poor Nellie was soon drenched through, and felt so tired she could hardly stand.

At last father came, and was much surprised to see his little girl waiting for him in the wet.

"Why, Nellie ! why did you not go home ?" he said as well as he could speak, for neither his speech nor feet were as steady as they should have been.

"Oh ! father, I wanted to wait for you."

He said no more, but silently took her hand and turned homewards.

Nellie was so wet and tired, she had hard work to walk at all ; and much as she had longed for the Bible, she had no heart to propose buying it now ; so, wearily she trudged home to mother.

She, poor woman ! was in a sad way on seeing Nellie so wet, and at once rubbed her dry. But Nellie was not strong, and the exposure was too much for her.

On the Wednesday following, when her father was at her bedside, she said, "Father, I shall never get up again."

"Oh, yes you will, Nellie, dear ! You have only got a cold ; you will soon be running about again."

"No, father. I'm going to Jesus, for He has told me so, and going very soon. But, father, I want you to promise me one thing before I go : I've been saving up my pennies to buy a Bible," and, lifting her pillow, she shewed him the money. "I want you to buy the Bible with this money, and oh ! father, I want you to read it, and

then, I believe, you will give up drink and be a different man. Oh! father, do promise me," said little Nell, sitting up in bed, and putting her hand coaxingly on the father's shoulder.

"Oh! Nellie, dear," said her father, in a broken voice, with the tears starting in his eyes, "you must not talk so; you will get well again, and be able to buy it yourself."

"No, father, I know I shall not," said the child, with a tone of conviction in her voice; "I'm going very soon, and I want you to promise me."

"Well, Nell, dear, I will; I promise all you wish. I will buy a Bible with this money. I will read it, and I do hope I shall be a different man, and never cause any of you such sorrow again as I have done. But, oh! I do hope you will get better."

Nellie, however, was right. The Lord had marked her for His home. She was no longer to be hungry or weary; a place was ready for her, with Himself. The next day, calling them all round her, and kissing her brothers and sisters, she told them all to love Jesus, and try to please Him; and then her tired head drooped, and her spirit took flight.

How they all sorrowed around her, you can well imagine, and how broken-hearted her father felt I cannot tell you, but Nellie's mission had been accomplished. Her father became another man; he read the Bible he bought with dear little Nellie's sixpence, and, by God's mercy, the words sank deep into his heart, and he sought and found pardon of his sins, and now that man is to be seen (for this is a *true story*), leading his remaining little ones to learn of Jesus; and highly does he prize the memory of little Nell, and the Bible she so longed to buy him.

"SURELY I know that

IT SHALL BE WELL

with them that fear God, which fear before Him: but

IT SHALL NOT BE WELL

with the wicked." (Eccl. viii. 12, 13.)

THE ONLY NAME.



AN old man had been brought into the Infirmary at L—— to die. A friend of mine was asked, by one who had known him formerly, to visit him. One afternoon I accompanied her to the Infirmary, and when we had gone through some of the wards, enquired of the lodgekeeper for the old man—William.

"Oh, yes," he said, "he is here; but he is quite unable to understand anything, and does not know any one. However, if you care to try, you will find him in Ward No. 1; but I am afraid you will not be able to make much out of him."

This did not sound very encouraging; however, we decided to go and see him. Passing through some long corridors, we came to the ward indicated. In the last bed, on the left hand side, lay a very old man, who was pointed out to us as the one we were in search of; so my friend went up to him.

He did not appear to take much notice of her; and when she inquired if he remembered the lady who had asked her to call, he scarcely roused himself at all as he replied, "No, no, I don't remember; I don't know." His mind was in a very feeble state, and he seemed to fancy he was speaking to some one in his old home. My friend had heard that he was one of those whose sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus, so, bending over him again, she said, "I think you know the Lord Jesus, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, brightening up at once at that well-known and dearly-loved name, "I know Him, and He knows me."

A beautiful answer, indeed! William knew no earthly friends, but there was one Friend whom he could never forget, and, better still, one Friend who would never forget him. His answer always reminds me of those words of the Lord Himself, in the 14th verse of the 10th chapter of John: "I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."

When we called again, a few days after,

old William was gone from his bed in the workhouse, to be with the One whom he knew and loved when everything else had faded from his mind.

If you, who read this, would like to have a friend who will never forget you, you must come to Jesus, and know Him now, while you are young and strong, and you will find how true it is that "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

E. C. D.

TOO LATE!



CONSPIRACY had been formed to kill Archias, an ancient Greek magistrate. A friend, hearing of it, sent him a note warning him of his danger, which he was requested to read at once. In the midst of his feasting and pleasures, not knowing the death that awaited him, he put it away with the remark, "Serious matters to-morrow." For him no to-morrow was to come: that night he was slain. "To-morrow" was too late.

* * * * *

TOO LATE!

KING JAMES I. of Scotland was dead—killed by his subjects in his own castle, and in the midst of enjoyment. Little had he thought of danger that night as he left the banqueting hall, and retired to his room. Little had he thought that before the morrow he would be cruelly slain. Yet he, too, had a chance of escape.

That same evening a woman had knocked at the door, and urgently requested that she might see the King. He, however, not wishing to stop the amusements, replied, "Let her come to-morrow." What folly! The listening to her message or not was to be for him a matter of life or death, but he still refused, putting her off till the next day; and then it was *too late*!

* * * * *

TOO LATE!

ALL the fighting had been for nothing. The brave soldiers had at last reached Khartoum, but only to find it had just been

taken by the troops of the Mahdi, and that brave General Gordon was dead.

* * * * *

TOO LATE!

DURING the Zulu war, some officers hurried back to see if they could save the Prince Imperial, who was missing from their company; but their errand was vain. He had already been killed by the assegais of the Zulus. They were too late.

* * * * *

TOO LATE!

THE "Bywell Castle" and the "Princess Alice" steamers had come into collision. A few moments earlier and the engines might have been reversed, or the course altered, and the collision averted; but now it had happened, and several hundred people met with a watery grave.

* * * * *

TOO LATE!

THEY had only gone a little distance to buy oil, but these five virgins are now shut out! What a pity they did not find out sooner that they had no oil in their lamps. They might then have obtained it in time; but now the door is shut, and they are outside, too late to get in.

* * * * *

TOO LATE!

Will one day be said of the boy or girl who has heard of Jesus and His love, and again and again neglected so great salvation. How sad to think that all these events might have been prevented. Only a day earlier, and Khartoum would have been saved. Only a few hours earlier, and neither the Grecian magistrate nor the Scottish king would have perished. Only a few minutes, and the life of the young prince might have been spared. Only a few moments, and the "Princess Alice" might have been altered in her course, and no collision would have taken place. Only a very brief space, and the virgins might have been ready for the Bridegroom.

But what about the boy or girl reading

this, who is still unsaved ; fast going on to destruction, little dreaming of the danger ahead? We want to warn you that soon—very soon—you will be too late. You, who intend to come to the Lord Jesus when you grow up, beware! Scripture says, “Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” (Jas. iv. 14.)

P. W. D.

and character, to the one common condition of *sinner*s before God.

The Apostle has been showing in his Epistle, that the Gentiles, without law, had sinned ; and that the Jews, who boasted in being entrusted with it, had broken it, and had been the occasion of Jehovah's name being blasphemed among the nations.

Thus *all* were proven sinners, and the matter is summed up with, “All the world



SCENE IN AN ORPHANAGE.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

“ALL HAVE SINNED.”

THE most comprehensive of the short words in the English language is the little word “all.” In the passage quoted above, that word includes every one—omits none—it levels all—of every rank and condition, every age

guilty before God ;” and the Apostle declares, therefore, that

“There is *no difference*,
for *ALL have sinned*,

and *come short of the glory of God.*”

Some years back, I was in an Orphan Home, where I was well known. It had been arranged that the Home should be enlarged,

in order that more children might be safely sheltered under that kindly roof. With my two measuring rods, I was busily employed taking the plan of the School Room, when a little girl, whom I had often seen, came up to me, saying, "Will you measure me, Mr. F——, please?" In a few moments I had complied with her request, and, as far as I can remember, told her that she was three feet two inches in height. Having thanked me, she hastened away to her friends and home-mates, and told them that she had been measured. This, of course, aroused at once the desire in each of the girls to know her height, and, one after another, forty girls passed under my measuring rod.

Among the whole number there were no two children of exactly the same size. Of course one was the tallest of all, whilst one was least, and all were different heights between, and yet in one way there was no difference. They were all shorter than the one who measured them.

The biggest girl might say, "I am the tallest in the Home;" but any of the others could have answered, "Yes, but you are just like us in this, you come short of Mr. F——'s height."

So it is as to our position as sinners.

One, perhaps, may be able to say, "I am taller than all around me—I am righteous, moral, and religious;" but the solemn answer is given by God, to all such assertions,

"There is no *difference*, for *all* have sinned," and were you the best boy or girl who ever breathed—even *you*

"Come short of the glory of God," and thus need a Saviour from the coming judgment.

It does not require much fruit to declare the nature of a tree. One cherry upon a tree will prove its character, and *one* sin proves the condition of the person who commits it, just as much as ten thousand times ten thousand could.

If a *sinner* (whether a small one or great one is not the question)—if a *sinner at all*, you are subject to the just judgment of God;

and apart from salvation through Christ, will hopelessly perish.

The circle described by the word *all* embraces every one. You, my reader, are enclosed in it. You need a Saviour, and you need Him now.

THE NEWS.



IMAGINE yourself standing with me near the bookstall in one of the large London railway stations. It is about four o'clock in the afternoon, and those who have been busy earning their living in the City are beginning to return to their homes.

An incessant stream of human beings pours into the station, and we can hardly help remarking what a large number make their way to the bookstall by which we are standing, to obtain papers before taking their places in the train. The air resounds with the requests for the *Evening News*, *Globe*, and other papers. We notice the boy who is folding up the great pile of newspapers. How quick his movements are as he proceeds to fold up dozens of them, all to be sold within the next few minutes! If we were to ask him, he would tell us that this scene occurs every day, and that it is nothing in comparison with the rush that is made at the bookstall when some terrible railway accident has happened, or when some great man has made a speech; and all are eager to hear the news.

But how different is the way in which God's "Good News" is treated! No eager rush of multitudes is made to hear the way to be saved, or to hear about Christ in whom they might find eternal life. No. Those business men, so shrewd and sharp as to everything that affects their interests here, seem blind to the eternity before them, and pay no heed to things which concern their own everlasting welfare. Are you like these men, taking more interest in the passing events of this world than in matters of eternal importance?

You all know, I should think, that the Gospel is God's good news about Christ,

telling of all the blessings which may be ours through Him; and God is sending His printed Word and His servants all over the world to tell the wonderful news. Even *children* are invited to believe it, and, indeed, children all over the world *are* believing it, and getting the blessing and joy of it. Lying on the table before me are several little books, containing the glad tidings of One who can save sinners, in words which the little ones can understand. One is in the Bohemian language, another in the Polish, while a third bears the title, "Te Hoa Maori," or, "The Maori Friend," and is intended for little ones in far-off New Zealand, whose parents know nothing of the true God, and can only teach them to pray to the "Green Stone." And sad it is that, while little Maoris, and Poles, and Bohemians, are being saved, lots of little English children, with God's message in their hands, remain without Christ.

God has been sending this message to sinners like you and me for the last 1800 years and more. The message tells how sinful we are, and that God is holy, and cannot have sinful creatures in His presence; how that, in spite of our sinfulness, God has loved us, and has provided a way of salvation in which all His holiness is upheld. Since the Lord Jesus has died and risen again, He extends His message of pardon to all; and proclaims that our sins will all be forgiven if we come to Him as poor sinners, owning our need.

Among the first men whom God employed to carry His welcome news far and wide was the apostle Paul. He delivered it to thousands of people, who received it in different ways, some believing it, and some refusing it. I want to tell you about six people who heard the Gospel in those early days of Christianity—three of whom believed it, and therefore received forgiveness, salvation, eternal life, and the Holy Spirit and glory; while the other three did not accept it, and—as far as we can judge—perished in their sins. You will find that the initial letters of their names spell the word, "Gospel," and this will help you to remember what I am

going to tell you. G, S, and E, the first, third, and fifth letters, stand for three rejecters of the message; O, P, and L, the second, fourth, and last letters, represent three accepters of the joyful tidings. [Will you refer to your New Testament, and read about all of them for yourself?]

GALLIO.

1. GALLIO (Acts xviii. 12-17) was the deputy of Achaia, and it was before his tribunal that Paul was brought for having preached the Gospel. Gallio had thus an opportunity of hearing the gracious invitation of God, but we are told that when Paul was about to open his mouth to speak, Gallio drove all Paul's accusers away from the judgment-seat, and the Holy Ghost records the solemn words, "And Gallio cared for none of these things." He did not say, "I will not believe the Gospel," but he neglected it, and, consequently, lost the blessing equally with the open rejecters. I sincerely pray that none of my young readers may be "Gallios."

ONESIMUS.

2. ONESIMUS (Philemon 10-20) was only a poor runaway slave, yet, believing the Gospel, he became a saint of God. He had wronged his master, Philemon, perhaps had robbed him, for the apostle speaks of him as "in time past . . . unprofitable," but he was one of the thousands who heard of Christ through Paul (who calls him, "My son, Onesimus"), and had gladly believed. Henceforth he was "a brother beloved"; and Paul writes a letter to Philemon, asking him to receive him back as such, saying, "If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account." What a lovely picture, reminding us of the precious atoning work of Christ for the outcast and the wretched.

SIMON.

3. In SIMON. (Acts viii. 12-24.) we get an example of a false professor. To all appearance he had received the Gospel, and so had been baptized; but he was thoroughly unreal, and therefore brought forth no "fruits

of the Spirit" (which are evidences of the presence of that blessed Person in any one), but only "works of the flesh"; and so Peter had to say to him afterwards, "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." He was like one of the foolish virgins of whom we read in Matt. xxv. : he had no "oil," though, outwardly, he at first *looked* as if he were a real believer. Take heed, dear young reader, that *you* are neither a "Gallio," nor a "Simon."

PAUL.

4. PAUL (Acts xxvi. 4, 5) was, in his unconverted days, an intensely religious man; yet, with all this, he was a violent persecutor of those who held the name of Jesus precious. God, in His grace, aroused him, and made him see the truth of the Gospel in a very remarkable way, as you may read for yourself in Acts xxvi. Afterwards, as we know, he became a devoted carrier of God's message, and many were brought to God through him. If any one of my readers is resting satisfied with "religion" without Christ, and without believing God's Gospel, may he profit by the history of Paul.

ELYMAS.

5. ELYMAS (Acts xiii. 8-11), the sorcerer, is an example of the downright *rejecter* of Christ. It says that he "withstood," that is, "opposed" Paul and Barnabas. There are many "Elymases" to-day, who boldly oppose the Gospel. They, like the "Gallios," or neglecters, and like the "Simons," or unreal professors, will, if they remain such, be lost for all eternity.

LYDIA.

6. LYDIA. (Acts xvi. 14, 15, 40.) was but little known to the world, as she carried on her occupation as a "seller of purple." She, too, heard the Gospel and was converted. No mighty upheavings of Nature accompanied her conversion; no light shone from the sky as in the case of Paul; all was done very quietly, and we are only told that she was one "whose heart the Lord opened." But

the work was none the less real for all that, and it seems to me that in *this* day God *generally* works in souls in the same way in which He dealt with Lydia; hence the folly of expecting some bright vision, or some angelic appearance in order to have the assurance of salvation.

I would just like to add that all three of the accepters of the Gospel of which I have told you were afterwards *servants* of God. Onesimus served Him by going to comfort the hearts of His saints at Colosse. (Col. iv. 8, 9.) Paul, we know, was a most devoted servant; and last, but not least, Lydia served the Lord in her own quiet way by caring and providing for His messengers. (Acts xvi. 15, 40.) So, in Matt. xiii., the seed sown in good ground in *every* case brought forth *some* fruit. May my young reader first believe the Gospel, and then serve and work for Christ as He may appoint.

E. V. G.

"ARE YOU SAVED, ALICE?
I AM."



HARRY was a bright little fellow, eight years of age, to whom I often spoke about the Lord Jesus. One day Harry said to a little girl, "Are you saved, Alice? I am. Bill, the porter, is saved, too" (meaning a porter at W— station).

She asked him how he knew he was saved.

The answer Harry gave her was: "Jesus died to put my sins away, and He says, 'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' And I do believe Him, for He CANNOT LIE, and I must be saved."

Are *your* sins put away, my young reader? If you, believing in Him, have been made clean by the precious blood of Jesus, you ought indeed to be happy, for Jesus now liveth again, and ever watches over you, loving you ever so much. No one can measure HIS love: it is like an ocean without a shore.

SCATTERED SEED.

THE ONLY WAY OF SAFETY.

ABOUT the year 1869, H.M.S. *Renown*, after one of her trips, came to anchor in Plymouth Sound. Permission was given to some of the men who had relatives at Plymouth to go on shore.

In the morning, as they were returning to the ship, the boat was caught by a sudden gust of wind, and, being over-crowded, capsized, and the men were thrown into the sea. All this happened within a few hundred yards both of the ship and shore. Boats were immediately put off to the rescue, and all the men except five were saved. A rescued one said to me, "One of those poor fellows who have gone, might have been saved had he but held on to the oar I pushed to him. Instead of doing so, he thought if he could only get hold of me he would be all right, he let go the oar and sunk beneath the waves." My informant was rescued in an exhausted state.

The terrible position that poor drowning man was in is a true picture of yourself, my unsaved reader. Had he only accepted the simple way of escape he would have been saved from a watery grave. You are a poor sinner, without strength, away from God, and unable to help yourself, and if you turn away from the only way of escape, you will be *lost, and that for ever*. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners."

Yes, dear reader, to *save* them, not to help them to save themselves. Let me entreat you to take your true place as a lost sinner, and accept Christ as your only Saviour. All the work for the sinner's redemption has been done. "*It is finished*," were the words of the blessed Saviour on the cross. "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all

that believe are justified from all things." There is nothing to do but to cast yourself implicitly upon this all-powerful Saviour, and you will be saved, and that for ever.

Think, dear reader, of the love of that blessed One, which led Him to come down from heaven to this sin-stricken, death-doomed scene, in order that sinners resting on that finished work of His upon the cross, might know the present forgiveness of their sins, and go on their way rejoicing in the prospect of coming glory with Himself. All who believe in Him, who thus died upon the cross, and rose again, and has ascended up to the Father's right hand on high, can say, He "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." This same blessed One is coming again to take up His own blood-bought ones, to be with Him and like Him in glory. Will you be amongst that number? Or will you be found amongst those who, having rejected Him, will be left here for judgment? May God help you to decide for Christ now!

The scene on shore was heart-rending in the extreme; only a few hours before the accident, wives, children, and relatives were joyous in welcoming their dear ones to them once more, and now they were thrown into terrible anguish and sorrow at the fearful sight before them.

Dear reader, however bright and cheerful things appear, recollect *death* is here, doing its deadly work all around.

You may be young, and in the enjoyment of health, and not think of these things; but supposing you should be suddenly struck down by sickness, how will it be with you then, when death stares you in the face? What madness to go on living in this world without Christ, when such a bright scene of glory awaits all those who have believed in His blessed Name, and know

their sins have been washed away in His precious blood. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." J.M.B.

SALVATION—LIBERATION— SATISFACTION.

NOTES OF A GOSPEL ADDRESS BY A. M.

John x. 9.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."



HERE are three things in this verse which are promised to every one who enters the door.

1st.—He shall be saved.

2nd.—He shall be liberated.

3rd.—He shall be satisfied.

Salvation—Liberation—Satisfaction.

At the outset the question may arise, "Why does the Lord Jesus present himself to us under the simile of a door?"

"It is," I answer, "because the door is the way of access, the only right and proper means of entering a building." To enter by the chimney, or skylight, or window, is *not* the way—the door alone is.

If we turn to the third chapter of Genesis we shall find

MAN TURNED OUT

of Paradise, and God shutting, as it were, the door behind him by placing at the entrance to the garden a flaming sword, which turned every way. God was thus shut in—and man was shut out, while a flaming sword gleamed between the two.

The difficulty then to be solved was how man thus away from God could be brought into His presence.

For 4000 years various ways were tried; rivers of sacrificial blood flowed, offerings were brought every day for centuries, but still there was a veil between the sinner and God.

But the Lord Jesus has now solved the difficulty. He says in my verse—

"I AM THE DOOR."

Notice that it is the present—"I am"; the *ever* present I AM.

Man, however, is not satisfied with this door; and all kinds of religious carpenters are endeavouring to make all kinds of religious doors into the presence of God, but without result. There cannot be another way found, for the Lord Jesus says: "I am THE door."

In large public buildings there are generally several doors—at the front, at the back, at the sides—and one may pick and choose which door he shall enter by, but if you want to obtain these three blessings the Lord Jesus Christ is *THE* door—the *only one*—just as when Noah made the ark there was but one door, but one entrance, but one way in.

If you were wishing to travel from Liverpool to New York, you might determine the line of steamships which should convey you—"the Guion" "the Cunard" or one of the twelve or thirteen others. But if you want to travel from the spot on which you now are to the everlasting glory of God, there is but one way.

If you are to be saved, to elude the grasp of the world, the flesh, and the devil, it must be by Christ. He is the one exclusive way—the one passage, the one route, the only one. Are you *outside*? There *is* a way in—but one alone.

Long since, some clever Spanish robbers planned to break into the iron room at a banker's establishment, where most of the valuables on the premises were kept. Their efforts were successful. They forced the door, and eagerly seized upon the gold and notes which lay before them. Unperceived by them the door closed, and by a secret spring, securely imprisoned the robbers. When they had filled their pockets, they turned to make good their escape, but to their dismay found that the only exit was fast shut. Doubtless they strived, and worked, and shouted, but all alike in vain.

It was three days after when the strong

room was visited, and then the thieves were discovered—DEAD.

They had got in, and could not get out.

You, on the other hand, have got *out*, and cannot of yourself get in.

Yes, sinner, you are *turned out*, and a flaming sword bars the way back. How can you enter? By Jewish sacrifice? No! By ashes of a heifer? No! By works of any kind? No!

The Lord Jesus says: "*I am the door.*"

In the 3rd of Acts we get a divine illustration. A man, of about forty years of age, lame from his mother's womb, is carried daily and laid at the beautiful gate of the temple. Do you notice where they laid him?—at the gate. He could not enter—he was not allowed to go in—no lame offering or lame offerer could be accepted. He sees Peter and John entering, and perhaps says to himself, "I shall get something now." For the moment his hopes are shattered, for Peter says, "Silver and gold have I none," but adds, "such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And rising up he follows them *into* the temple (at the gate of which he had lain so long) "walking, and leaping, and praising God." Had he been asked—"How came you in here?" he might have replied—"No sacrifice or priest has introduced me, *one name alone* has brought me in—the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth."

If in the glory you could meet a Bartimeus or a Nicodemus, the penitent thief, or Mary Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, one and all would tell you that they came in by one way, by one door, by Him who says, "I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

"ANY MAN."

The high-born aristocrat—"any man" means him. The low-born ruffian—"any man" means him. The drunkard and the teetotaler, the millionaire and the pauper—"any man" is for each, "any man" is for all—it shuts out nobody—it includes every one. "God so loved the world, that He

gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Whosoever is for each, *whosoever* is for all.

In this world there are differences, and we must recognise those differences, but before God

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE,

for all have sinned, and come short of His glory.

Now, let me ask you, Have you entered in? The Lord says, "By Me if any man *enter in*, he shall be saved."

Imagine, for a moment, a man standing on a station platform, from which a train in a few moments will leave for Victoria. He asks, "Is this going to Victoria, guard?"

"Yes, sir, step in," is the answer, as the official opens the door.

"Well, I'd very much like to go to Victoria. I have a pressing engagement, you're quite sure it is going, guard?"

"Yes, sir, only step in, we are off in a moment or two now."

"Well, really, I want very particularly to reach Victoria."

"So you said, sir, and you have only to step in, and you shall get there, but we can't wait any longer," and, giving the signal, the trains starts, leaving the would-be passenger behind.

What would you say of such a one—that he was out of his mind?

So it is with many now, the door is open, "Step in, step in."

To decide for Christ, is to step in. One step only, one yard between you and salvation.

You may be very near Christ, and yet perish.

Judas was near enough even to kiss Him, and yet went to perdition.

The unrepentant thief was near Him, within an arm's length, and yet was lost.

Trust Him. Flee to Him now, and the step will be taken, and you will have entered in.

At Baltimore, in the United States, a dear

woman was saved at the preaching one night through faith in Christ. The following morning, a neighbour coming in commenced singing, "Only a step to Jesus." "Stop, stop," cried the new-born child of God, "it is not like that now, I've taken that step, and I'm saved."

Let me urge you, now, to step in—not merely to look in, but to enter—the choice made, the heart surrendering to Christ, the soul resting on His finished work, as the hymn puts it :—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me."

Entering in thus, you will "be saved"—
Saved from sins, saved from the world.

Saved from judgment, saved from Satan's
power,

Saved from hell.

Saved *to* the heights of Glory—the Father's
house :

Saved *for* Christ's glory, on this earth,

Saved, *how long?*—for ever, for it is an
eternal salvation.

Saved by whom? By Christ.

"Salvation is of the Lord," from first to
last.

Let me ask you, Are *you* saved? If not,
you are lost—either you are outside the door,
and lost; or inside the door, and saved—one
step reverses all.

"By Me if any man enter in, he shall be
saved."

But this is not all—

"And shall *go in and out*." This is
LIBERTY.

Many suppose Christians have nothing
but miserable bondage, thinking that they
must sing so many hymns, and say so many
prayers, and go to so many meetings, and
do so many good works; but they are
mistaken indeed. Christians alone are *free*,
all else are slaves.

One is a slave of novel-reading, another
of card-playing, others of money, of dress, of
society, of fear, dreading the laugh of their
acquaintances, if they should decide for

Christ. All are the slaves of their varied lusts;
they can't give them up, they are held fast
by the chain of their sins, and cannot escape.

Christ alone can free you, and "If the
Son . . . shall make you free, ye shall be free
indeed," you shall go in and out, at perfect
liberty.

Thank God the true year of Jubilee con-
tinues still, the trumpet of deliverance is
being blown.

Think of a slave hearing that trumpet
blown on the day of Jubilee, as recorded in
Lev. xxv. He at once prepares to leave,
saying, "Farewell, master, the trumpet is
sounding, the Jubilee is come, and I am free."
And if the master would seek to hinder him,
he refuses his claims, and passes out a free
man.

So he who enters in by Christ is set free, he
goes in and out.

But more still,

"AND SHALL FIND PASTURE."

The heart of the worldling is barren—
"thirst" and "want" are engraved upon it.
Not physical, but *moral, spiritual*, ETERNAL
thirst and want.

Can you lie down to-night at perfect rest,
with perfect satisfaction, able to say—Come
death or life, come weal or woe, come time
or eternity, I am satisfied—I am content?

Sheep, turned on to a barren field, wander
about restless and hungry, so with the
worldling. Sheep, turned into clover, on the
contrary, find pasture, eat, and lie down satis-
fied. So with the Christian. He can say—

"Satisfied with Thee, Lord Jesus,
I am blest.
Peace, which passeth understanding,
On Thy breast.
No more doubting, no more fearing,
O what rest."

Or in the words of Suso, who lived in the
fourteenth century—

"Now have I seen Thee, and found Thee,
For Thou hast found Thy sheep;
I fled, but Thy love would follow;
I strayed, but Thy grace would keep.
Thou hast granted my heart's desire,
Most blest of the blessed is he,
Who findeth no rest, and no sweetness,
Till He resteth, O Lord, in Thee."

The salvation is *without*, but the satisfaction is *within*.

Entering by the one door, there is thus salvation, liberation, and satisfaction.

If there is but one door to heaven, there are many doors to hell.

Procrastination is a trap-door by which numbers enter there. Felix passed in that way.

Fear is another, and by this Agrippa entered.

Popularity is a third, and Pontius Pilate went in by this.

Over one and all of these approaches may be read—

"I am a door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be damned, and shall never go out nor find pasture."

The door of salvation is open now; enter then before it is shut; enter, and you shall join that blessed company, who fill heaven with their praises. You shall be

Saved *in* Christ,
Liberated *by* Christ,
Satisfied *with* Christ:

but if you delay, the door may to-night be shut, and when once the master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, then in vain you will knock. It is shut then forever. Step in then now, saying—

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood;
This my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God."

"I CRAVE FOR PARDON."

IN a one-roomed cottage on the south-east coast of Kent, there lived an old woman, who had for years been crying to God about her soul. One day when visiting her, a friend asked her if she knew that she was a sinner. "Oh, yes! yes!" she answered, "night after night as I lie awake, I crave for pardon."

Little she seemed to know that God de-

lighted in mercy, and that pardon was proffered to her; that, through Christ Jesus, the risen Saviour, is preached that for which she so longed, even the forgiveness of sins; and that by Him all that believe are justified from all things. She knew her danger, and was alarmed as to the future, but as yet had not relied upon Christ's finished work.

And surely there is enough for every unsaved soul to be alarmed at. Every moment is carrying us nearer and nearer to eternity. We know not at what hour death may lay us low, and we are warned by the solemn scripture, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," not to count too surely upon any future at all.

And what will eternity be for those who have never repented before God and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? A never ending existence away from God, away from Christ, away from light and love, purity and peace, holiness, and happiness, beyond the reach of mercy, and not only shut out from God, the true source of blessing for His creatures, but shut "in torment" with the devil and his angels. May your eyes be opened to see your danger.

If you were to see yourself as God sees you for a moment only, you, too, would "crave for pardon." Thanks be to God, that besides showing your awful and imminent peril, His Word presents the Saviour whose work alone can meet your need, and whose presence in heaven to-day is the assurance that God has been glorified about sin, and can righteously receive the vilest sinner who pleads the precious name of Jesus. The repentance of one sinner towards God makes heaven's courts to resound with joy, for our Lord tells us, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth."

Will not you cause joy there to-day?

A. J. H. B.

"If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who should stand? But THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH THEE, that Thou mayest be feared." (Psa. cxxx. 3, 4.)

THE OLD MISTAKE OF "DOING MY BEST."

SOME time ago a Christian was out giving away little books containing good news about the One who saves sinners. While thus employed, he met an acquaintance, who, he had every reason to believe, was unsaved. Having shaken hands, he offered him a little book, bearing on its outside the words, "Are you a Christian?" The book was accepted, and they separated. The next day they again met, their daily occupation being at the same place.

"Well, S——," said the Christian, "did you read that little book? and *are you* a Christian?"

"Yes, I hope so," was the reply; and then something interfering, the conversation had to cease.

An hour later, however, the two were standing side by side once again.

"S——, you told me an hour ago that you *hope* you are a Christian; may I ask you on what grounds you base your hope?"

"Oh, I really do think I am one. I always go to church, and do the best I can; and I can't do more than that."

"And is that all that you have to build your hopes upon?"

"Well, God is merciful, and if one does his best, I don't see what else can be expected of him."

"Ah, S——, it is indeed true that God is merciful. He has shown His mercy by providing a way of salvation; but what claim can *you* have to His mercy, whilst you are neglecting the one channel through which it flows? God's mercy will not flow through your channels, but it flows fully and freely through Christ; and if you are to be saved, it must be through Him. Paul says, in his Epistle to the Galatians, that 'if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain?' For what was the use of the Son of God suffering for sins, if 'doing your best' is all that is needed."

I cannot now relate all that was said, but

if one among my readers is trusting to "doing his best," may he at once abandon every such thought, and look to Christ, and to His finished work, for salvation.

E. V. G.

NONE OTHER NAME.

Acts iv. 12.

WHEN sin-sick, weary, and oppressed,
The longing soul doth crave for rest,
For power from sin to cease;
One Name alone can all supply,
One object wholly satisfy,
And give the yearned-for peace.

And when, from sin, and shame, and grief,
The guilty conscience finds relief
In Jesus—crucified;
One object still, one aim and goal,
Is placed before the ransomed soul—
Jesus—the Glorified.

Thus, in that vast, unnumbered throng,
Treading 'mid scenes of light and song
The mansions of the blest,
One peerless Person, pure and fair,
Is all the joy and glory there,
By every tongue confest.

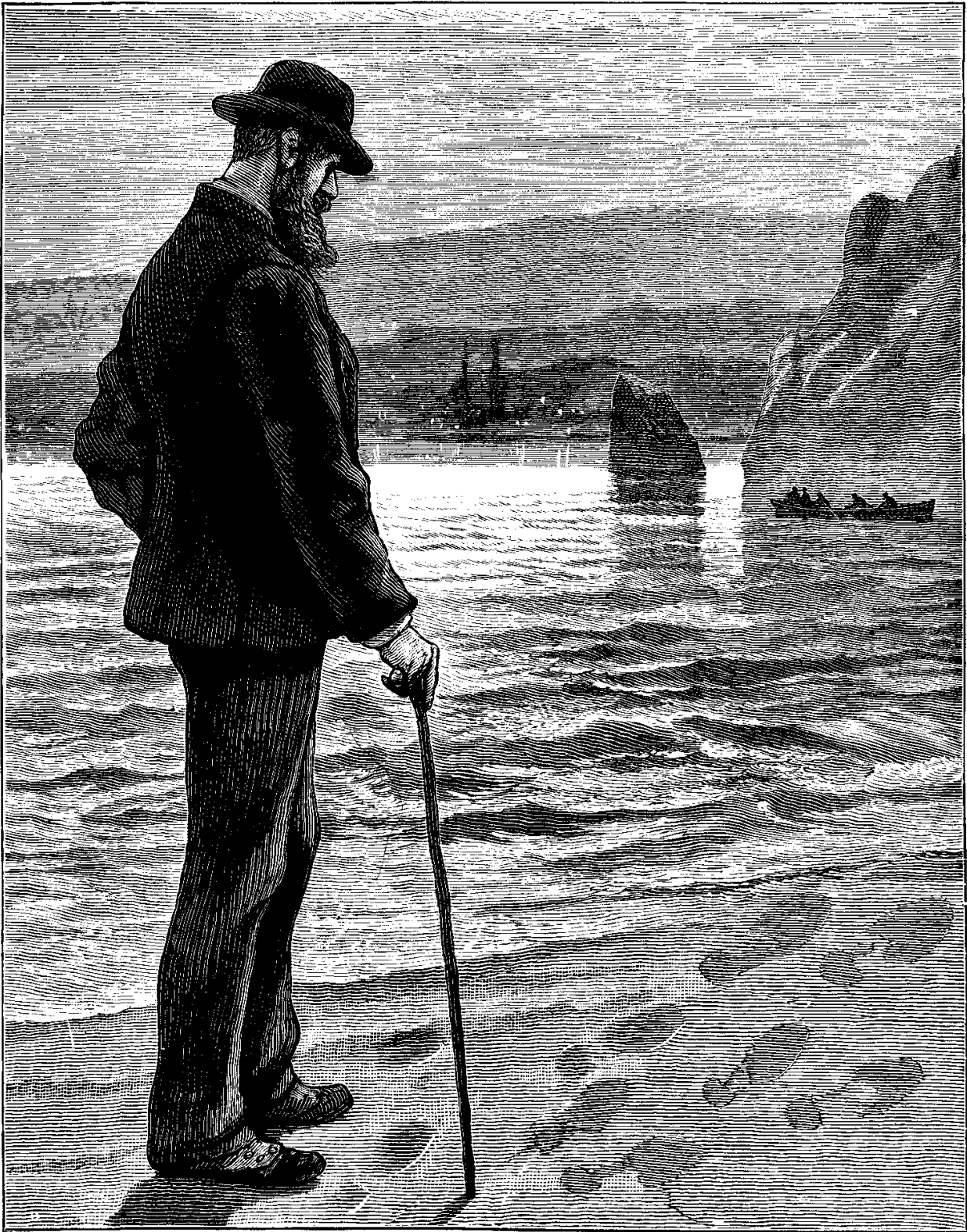
"None other Name" to men is given,
"None other Name" adored in heaven,
The Christ is first and last.
Before His throne all kings shall fall,
At His blest feet, both great and small,
Their crowns of gold shall cast.

W. A. I.

WILLIAM HONE, a converted infidel, wrote:

"The proudest heart that ever beat
Has been subdued in me;
The wildest will that ever rose
To scorn Thy word, and aid Thy foes,
Is quelled, my God, by Thee.
Thy will, and not my will, be done;
My heart be ever Thine;
Confessing Thee, the Mighty Word,
I hail Thee, Christ, my God! my Lord!
And make Thy name my sign."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

AMONG the visitors at a seaside mansion were two gentlemen. The one, a preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, was telling out the glad tidings in the neighbourhood; the other, a man of business, was spending a short holiday among his friends.

Many were the earnest questions asked by the latter of the evangelist. Recently the false peace of his earlier years had been disturbed. Faithful servants of God had told out their solemn messages, giving a plain, unmistakable witness of the danger of resting for salvation upon anything save the precious blood of Christ. Hitherto, all his hopes had been in this—that he was sober, honest, and respectable. True, he was a sinner. To this his conscience ever and anon bore testimony; but he always quieted himself with the thought, that, at any rate, his chance was as good as that of most people. Now this refuge of his lies been swept aside; he saw his real position—the awful danger in which he was, and in true conviction, he asked, “What must I do to be saved?”

It was at the close of a Gospel-preaching, one evening, that the two wended their way to the quiet, deserted shore. The tide was out, and earnestly conversing, they walked along the hard sands.

As yet, the eye of the anxious one was looking within, to seek for something to bring to God. He was hoping to do some great and good work: to answer for his selfish, misspent, sinful life. He knew not yet that the message of salvation was “to him that worketh not”; that “by grace are ye saved, . . . not of works, lest any man should boast.”

They had gone some distance in the stillness of that eventide, and turned to retrace their steps.

“My dear friend,” said Captain B., the preacher, “you can no more remove the stains of sin by anything you have done, or can do, than you could remove every mark made by you on the sand of this shore.”

“The latter I could easily do,” was the response.

“Proceed then,” answered his companion.

Stooping at first, then kneeling, the other speaker sought to smooth the sand that had been disturbed, but soon found, that while he removed one footprint, he was making others as prominent as, or more so than, those he sought to hide.

“No, you are right in this,” he now replied, “I cannot erase the footmarks I have made.”

“And yet you seek, by works of your hands, to purge your sins. This also is beyond your power. Now wait but an hour or two, until the rising tide shall advance upon this sand; then look upon the shore, when again the waves retire. All will be even as before; every footprint gone, every trace of our path removed. Thus the flood-tide of the grace of God rises high above the sin of man. Man, in all his sin and weakness, could do naught to cover his transgressions or his sins. In love, God sent His Son, His only Son. This blessed One has offered to God a perfect sacrifice, fully meeting all His righteous claims; and more than that, glorifying Him about sin. Jesus, the Son of God, is risen from the tomb, and now is seated at the right hand of God. Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

The light broke into the troubled soul. Now he could see it was the grace of God that brought salvation, through the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, which cleanseth from all sin. Believing upon Him he knew that every stain was gone, every trace of sin removed. By faith, he entered into peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and forthwith, confessing with his mouth the Lord Jesus, sought to tell others of the great things the Lord had done for him.

TOMMY'S FAITH.

ATEACHER in a large school was one day giving a lesson in geography to a class of the youngest boys. In the course of the

lesson he had occasion to speak of the size and shape of the earth on which we live, its roundness like a ball or an orange, and of many other things which seem strange and wonderful to children.

At the close of the lesson, the teacher, in order to ascertain what his pupils had learnt, commenced to ask them about it.

The first few questions were answered very well, every boy seemed quite sure that the earth was round like an orange, but the next question caused a complete stop, and not a hand was seen uplifted to signal that a reply was forthcoming. The teacher had asked for a *proof* that the earth was round, and thirty or more busy brains were hard at work trying to solve the difficulty, and win the honour of answering this puzzling query.

Again the question was put, "Now tell me how you know that the earth is round like an orange?" but still no answer, and whispers went from boy to boy that after all the teacher must be wrong, for did not the earth look quite *flat*? how could it then be a great round ball? Just, however, as the teacher was about to explain, a hand darted up from the middle of the class, and all eyes were turned upon Tommy S——, a merry little fellow, whose face was all aglow with eagerness to give the answer. The teacher at once put the question. "Well, Tommy, how can you prove that the earth is round?" Tommy looked round in triumph on the rest of the class for a moment, and then answered, "Because *you* say so, sir."

Now this was faith. Tommy believed that the earth was round, because his teacher said so, and he knew no better proof. He had faith in his teacher that he would not deceive him; his teacher's word was enough, and Tommy rested satisfied.

And now I wonder how many of my young readers have exercised a simple faith like this little boy's in the matter of their own souls' salvation. How many boys and girls there are who will confess they are sinners, and as such unfit for the presence of God, and for heaven, and yet have never

taken God at His word, He who declares that whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall not perish, but have everlasting life. (John iii. 16.)

The writer knew a boy who was under deep conviction of sin, and earnestly desiring salvation. He needed no one to tell him what a sinner he was, he knew that full well, and had felt the weight of his sins for a long time. He would declare too that he believed Jesus bore the judgment due to his sins on the cross; but he could not say he was saved. Earnestly he prayed that God would show him where he fell short, and that He would remove the hindrance, so that he might have the joy, like others, of knowing that he was really and truly saved. Some days passed, however, and still he was as unhappy as ever, though continuing his praying, until at length light dawned in upon his soul, and he found out that he had never understood that little word *trust*. He had fallen short of faith.

When he simply believed in the Lord Jesus for his salvation all the clouds vanished, and he has known what true joy is ever since. What could give him greater happiness than to know now that Christ is his Saviour, God his Father, and Heaven his home.

H. H. H.

FROM A TOMBSTONE
IN MARGATE CEMETERY

Sacred to the Memory

OF

THOMAS DAKIN,
Who died May 13th, 1888,

In his 85th year.

E'EN here would I record His name
From whom death cannot sever;
Jesus! whose love is still the same,
Past, present, and for ever.
Sinner! bowed down with weight of guilt,
No hopeless sorrow cherish:
For *such* His precious blood He spilt,
Not willing you should perish.

ATTEMPTS AT SALVATION.

YEAR or two ago I was staying for a few weeks at Margate.

One afternoon, I was sitting at the end of the long jetty, occupied with the various sights and sounds around.

All at once a loud splash was heard, followed by shriek after shriek. Quickly leaving my seat, I rushed to the edge of the jetty, and leaning over the parapet looked down into the sea. What do you think I saw? A little boy lying motionless on the surface of the water, and being gradually carried by the tide further and further away. He had been fishing, and having had a "big bite," got so excited that he forgot how near he was to the edge, and fell over, and soon lost consciousness. What a pitiful object! What a picture of our own natural state! In danger without knowing it, and without any power to help ourselves. Truly, all would be over with us, unless salvation had come through another.

The screams which had alarmed me had come from the little boy's nurse, who, in her frantic terror, did not stop to think of the *best* way to save him; but taking hold of just anything which came to hand, she threw out to the drowning child first a reel of cotton, then a newspaper, then a walking-stick; all of which were, of course, of no use whatever, for each fell in the water a long way from the boy, nor could any of them have borne his weight, even if he had had the power to grasp them. Even a strong rope thrown to his very side would have been of no value, because he had not the power to avail himself of it. He was perfectly helpless!

Will my young readers turn to Romans v., and read there four things which we are said to be? "Sinners," "ungodly," "enemies" (perhaps you are ready enough to own these three things, that you have sinned, and are ungodly, and an enemy of God), but now let us come to the fourth thing: "without strength." Not only is the sinner deeply sunk in sin, but power-

less to better his condition one degree. All his struggles can only increase the wretchedness of his state. But to return to our narrative.

While all this was going on, a gentleman had divested himself of his coat, and then, jumping into the sea, swam swiftly to the little boy, and lifting him in his strong arms, placed him safely in a boat which came up at that moment. Thus the child's life was saved.

Yes "Saved," but how? By his own endeavours? By the well-meant but ill-advised measures of the nurse? No; but by the strong arms of one who was both *willing* and *able* to save him.

I would ask all my young readers who are not yet saved, to remember that far greater danger to which they are exposed, unless the Lord Jesus has rescued them—the danger of judgment—eternal judgment. And I would invite them to come to the Saviour, and *let* Him save them. He is both *willing* and *able*. Why be lost, with *such* a Saviour close at hand? E. V. G.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

ANY of my young readers have, I doubt not, numbers of little tracts and booklets, and, perhaps, copies of SCATTERED SEED and other Gospel magazines, which they long since have read, and which now lie stored away in some drawer or box—done with—laid aside as a worn-out garment, whose work for the present is over. Just, however, as left-off clothes are valued by those who, with threadbare rags, can scarce keep the wind and frost from their shivering limbs, so the "silent messengers" may be valued by others who have not the same privileges which many of the readers of my message enjoy.

Now, take out your little store of tracts, &c., and see if there is not one which might help some far-off friend or relative; perhaps in Australia or America.

The printed Gospel news may be words whereby that loved one may be saved.

I remember one little book being taken by a dear child at a children's meeting, and when she had read it, and found it a blessing to her own soul, she took it, and read it to two friends of hers, both of whom received peace through its pages. Many a tract has been passed from hand to hand, read and re-read, and, doubtless, could it but speak, could give quite a history of its journeyings.

Away in New York, a lady placed in the hands of a merchant a copy of the well-known hymn, commencing:

"My faith looks
up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of
Calvary,
Saviour Divine."

He put it in his pocket, and took his leave of her.

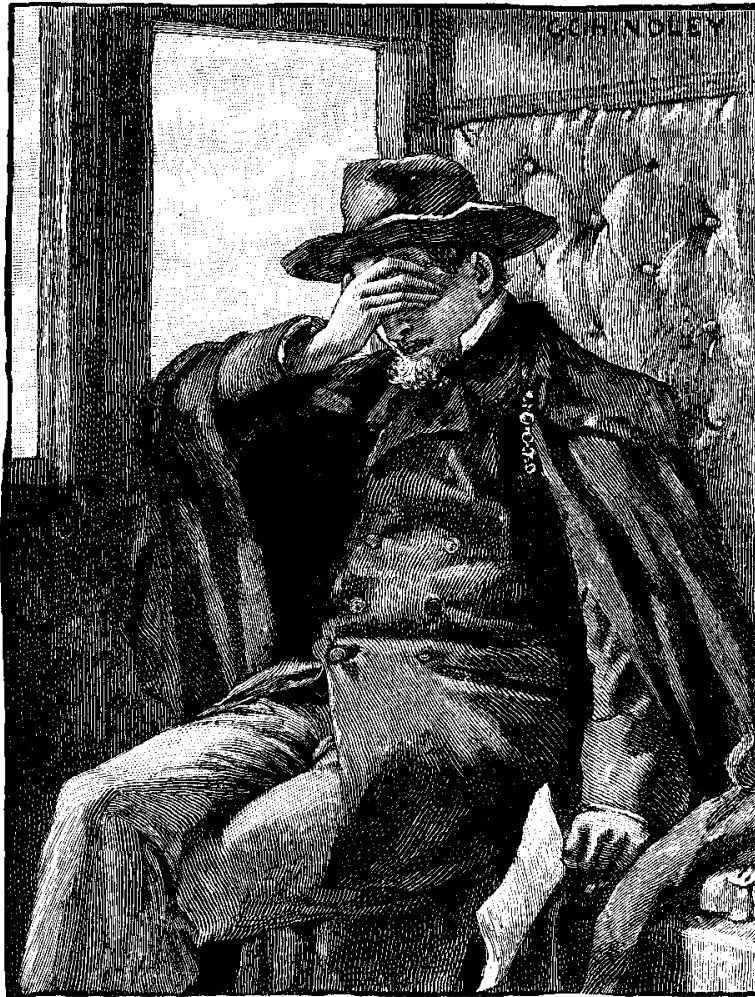
Riding in a car towards his home, he sank into profound thought. He had but a few hours before seen a physician, who told him that a swelling, which had been somewhat troubling him, would prove a malignant tumour, and would probably end his life ere many months had gone by. The blow had almost stunned him, for though believing in the historical facts of Christianity, he had never yet believed on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of his soul; and now, face to face with death, he had no hope. His whole life, filled with divine

goodness, seemed to pass before him, his neglect of the "so great salvation," and his disobedience to the Gospel.

Sorrowing thus over misspent years, he remembered the leaflet, and taking it from his pocket, read and re-read its simple lines, and, by faith, adopted its language, and passed from death unto life, from sorrow into joy.

The physician's warning proved correct: in a few months he departed to be with Christ, having the hymn which had proved such a blessing read over to him at the very last.

It may be that one of your little books may be used thus of God to open the eyes of some blind sinner, or to give peace to an anxious soul. Sow, then, the seed; distribute what Gospel books you have to those who probably have never heard the message. Water by prayer the seed that is sown, and in "that day,"



IN THE CAR.

when sower and reaper rejoice together, there may be found some to whom the books, now lying idle in your room, may have been the greatest boon.

"IN the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi. 6.)

THREE SEALS.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS.



SHORT time ago I was going to visit some country friends. The train in which I travelled arrived very late at night, and I found that all the cabs and omnibuses had ceased running, and that there was no way of driving into the town but on the mail-cart ; so my bag being put up, I was allowed to sit on the front seat. Behind me were great bags of letters, and baskets of parcels of many different shapes and sizes, but one thing was common to all ; each bag and basket was *sealed*. Why ?

So that the letters should not fall out ?

No, there was no fear that the contents of those bags would be lost, so securely had the post office authorities fastened them ; the *seal* was added to make sure that no one but the right person should open them without its being discovered. Had any one wanted to reach the letters within those bags, he must first break the seals.

If you turn now to Job xiv. 17, you will read there of a sealed bag ; *not*, however, containing letters. What does it contain ? "My transgression is

SEALED UP IN A BAG,

and thou sewest up mine iniquity." It contains *sins*, the sins of those who are not believers in the Lord Jesus. God has not forgotten your sins, though perhaps *you* have. He remembers them *all*, and, unless they have been washed away in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, God takes care of them, shuts them up, as it were, in a bag, and *seals* it, so that no one can open it but Himself. What a dreadful thing, to have a great *bag of sins* : to go about day by day with this fearful load upon you !

When will the seals be broken, and the sins, many of them long forgotten by you, be disclosed ? Unless removed now in the "day of salvation," your sins will all be brought to light before the Great White

Throne, where all who have not believed in the Lord Jesus Christ will be judged "according to their works." (Rev. xx. 12.) *Now*, God's heart is toward you ; He is willing to take away from you that bag of sins ere that day of judgment comes. He *wants* to bless you ! How can He righteously bless a sinner burdened with his sins, and free him for ever from his load ? Because *Jesus died*. He died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. (1 Thess. v. 10). He *wants* us to live with Him in His glory, so He *died*. His precious blood was shed, that all who believe on Him might be released from their burden, for all such receive "the remission (or forgiveness) of sins." (Acts x. 43.)

We have now spoken of the first seal ; the seal that fastens up securely the sins of the unbeliever, so that not one of them is lost or forgotten.

The second seal tells us of the Saviour's death. The Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died on Calvary's cross for sinners, and, after His death, Joseph, one of His secret disciples, went to Pilate to beg for His body. Joseph came out in his true colours then. He no longer followed in secret for fear of the Jews, but openly, for the rich man became a beggar for the body of Christ. Oh, dear young Christians, do not be *secret* disciples ; nail your colours to the mast, and be whole-hearted for Christ.

Pilate let Joseph do as he wished, so he took the body of the Lord Jesus from the cross, and laid it in his own new tomb, in a garden ; as we read, "In the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." (John xix. 41.). Then Joseph rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.

Now, the Pharisees heard of this, and began to fear that the disciples of Jesus would come in the night and bear away His body, and then say He had risen ; so they went to Pilate to ask him to make the door of the tomb very sure, to prevent any one from going in ; they never thought of any

one coming *out*! Pilate told them to make it as secure as they could, and they

SEALED THE STONE,

so that it could not possibly be rolled away without the seal being broken (Matt. xxvi. 66), and they thought the sepulchre was quite safe then. Two days after, some women went to the garden to see the sepulchre, which they thought contained the body of their Lord. When they reached the place, they found there had been a great earthquake, and an angel had rolled away the stone, and was now sitting on it. He said to them, "He is not here: for He is *risen*. . . Come, see the place where the Lord lay." He rolled away that mighty stone, not that the Lord might come out; for He had already risen; but to show to those trembling women that the tomb was empty. "*He is risen!*"

Yes, dear boys and girls, *Jesus is risen*. Thank God the seal of that stone *was* broken, and we, by faith, can look in and see the place where the Lord lay. The work is finished, God has been glorified, the state of the sinner met, the sins of the believer borne away, and Jesus the Lord *is* risen, a proof that all has been perfectly done. The broken seal of Jesus' tomb shews that the seal of the believer's terrible bag of sins has been broken, and the load removed for ever!

The third seal is that which God puts upon every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the Word of Truth, the Gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed,

YE WERE SEALED

with that Holy Spirit of promise." (Eph. i. 13.)

I was staying in the country some time ago, with a friend who is a farmer. One morning we went out to see the sheep branded; he was having them marked because they belonged to him, and so marked that others might know they were his. On the back of each of them, one letter was placed; it was the first letter of the owner's name. "That is *mine*," he said. So the

believer is sealed by the Holy Spirit, and set apart as belonging to the Lord Jesus Christ. "That one is *mine*," the Lord says, "I have put my seal upon him."

Suppose I go into a shop, and buy something. The shopkeeper packs my purchase; and I pay for it. He then writes my name, and the words "*Paid for*," upon the parcel, and I tell him I will leave it, and come again for it in an hour or two; and under the words "*Paid for*," he prints four other words, "*To be called for*." That is what is written on every believer. "*Paid for*." How? By the precious blood of Christ (1 Peter i. 18-19), and "*To be called for*"; for the One who paid for us will call for us very soon, that we may live with Him for ever. Is that what is written on each of you? "*Paid for*"; and are you waiting "to be called for"? Blessed indeed is this third seal; "that Holy Spirit of promise."

The second seal was broken, that we may know that the first seal *can* be broken, and that the third seal *can never* be broken.

"Jesus is the 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."

GRIEVE NOT

THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD,
WHEREBY YE ARE SEALED
UNTO THE DAY OF REDEMPTION.

Eph. iv. 30.

THE SNOW-PRAYER.—A little girl went out to play one day in the freshly-fallen snow, and when she came in, she said, "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play." "What did you pray, my dear?" "I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday-school: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a sweet promise to go with it: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And what can wash them white—clean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—*Extracted.*

A SAVIOUR FOR YOU!

OH, children dear, to me give ear,
I speak of Christ the Lord :
God's well-loved Son, His only One,
The everlasting Word.

Before He spoke, and all things woke,
Before the sun had shone ;
Before His hand outstretched the land,
He dwelt with God alone.

Yet even then He thought of men,
His thoughts were thoughts of grace ;
Said He would die to bring us nigh,
And save our ruined race.

And this to do, "faithful and true,"
In human form He came ;
As Mary's Child, all meek and mild,
Jesus, the Christ, His name.

Behold what love, all ill above,
He cures all woe and pain ;
Lightens the blind, restores the mind,
Makes lepers without stain !

Now see Him sleep, whilst billows sweep,
Disciples quake for fear ;
They weakly cry, "Lord, must we die ?"
Not knowing God so near.

He speaks His will, the waves are still,
They hear their Maker's voice ;
A calm ensues, th' astonished Jews
Wonder, and yet rejoice.

But Christ must die to bring us nigh,
He dies to do us good ;
For all our sins, He pardon wins,
Who trust His precious blood.

And now He's risen, the veil is riven,
All saints in Him brought nigh ;
His victory gained, glory obtained,
For all His own on high.

Then, children dear, by faith draw near,
Christ's evermore the same ;
Believe His Word, own Him your Lord,
Confess the Saviour's name.

J. H. S.

THE HOURS OF THE LORD JESUS.

IN reading the gospels I am very much struck with the way in which every hour of the time of the LORD JESUS is filled up. There is no "loitering" in the path of the Blessed One through the world ; no seeking (like we seek) for ease : life with Him is taken up with the untiring activities of love. He lives not for Himself : God and man have all His thoughts and all His care. If He seeks for solitude, it is to be alone with His Father. Does He seek for society ? It is to be about His Father's business. By night or day He is always the same. On the Mount of Olives praying, in the Temple teaching, in the midst of sorrow comforting, or where sickness is, healing ; every act declares Him to be the One who lives for others. He has a joy in God man cannot understand ; a care for man that only God could show. You never find Him acting for Himself. If hungry in the wilderness, He works no miracle to supply His own need ; but if others are hungering around Him, the compassion of His heart flows forth, and He feeds them by thousands. Oh ! that we were more like Him !

HEART.

KEEP thy HEART with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life.

MOUTH, LIPS.

Put away from thee a froward MOUTH, and perverse LIPS put far from thee.

EYES, EYELIDS.

Let thine EYES look right on, and let thine EYELIDS look straight before thee.

FEET.

Ponder the path of thy FEET, and let all thy ways be established.

HANDS.

Turn not to the RIGHT HAND, nor to the LEFT. (Prov. iv., 23-27.)

SCATTERED SEED.

"FRIGHTENED TO DIE."

SOME years ago my sister and I were walking one day along the dreary corridors of a country workhouse, when a nurse stopped us, and curtsying, said, "Please, would you mind going to No. 6 ward?"

We hesitated, for "No. 6" was a ward where only the very worst cases were put, and no one but the doctor and nurses usually went into that room.

"Yes, we will gladly go," we answered; and as we went the nurse explained the case to us.

I cannot describe the woeful spectacle which met our view on entering the ward; but all hesitation was gone when, with terrified eyes, looking into my face, a poor girl said, "Oh! I's frightened to die! I's frightened to die!"

Sitting down by the bedside, we tried, as tenderly as we could, to point her to Jesus, and told her of His dying love, and of the freeness of His great salvation.

"But ye dinna know, ye canna tell; I've been so awfu' bad!"

The wondrous words of love were repeated to her in answer: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

There seemed to come a sort of calm as Mary listened, and the scared look passed away from her face, but it was more because she was not wholly left in her misery, and that some one had spoken kindly to her, than the entrance of God's words giving light. We did not know then how the poor girl was clinging to us, and to the love that we felt in our hearts to her as one for whom Christ died.

Day after day we went to see her, but the eager looks that were fixed upon us had no trace of peace or gladness in them. Mary listened with longing, wistful eyes, but each day we left her in apparently the same state as we found her.

Suddenly, to our sorrow, we were obliged to leave home for a few days, and we had not even an opportunity of explaining to Mary the cause of our enforced absence. As she had not yet found the Lord Jesus, it was all the more trying to leave her.

Immediately on our return we hastened to the workhouse.

"Come through my ward when you have seen Mary," I said to my sister; "I shall see by your face how it is with her as you pass."

It seemed best for one to see her alone, as she was so weak, and yet I hardly knew how to wait for the news which I longed to hear. So I began to read to an old woman whilst my sister went to No. 6 ward. I had not read long when the door opened, and I saw my sister's face was radiant. Passing down the ward she just stopped to say: "It is more than peace! It is unspeakable joy!"

As soon as I had finished reading, I hastened to Mary's bedside, and heard the glad story from her own lips. Mary was sitting up in bed, her face shining with joy.

"Tell me, dear Mary, how the joy came," I said, as I sat down by her.

"Well, ma'am, you know you didn't come, and I was sair frightened. I thought perhaps you would help me to get saved, and I watched, and I watched, but you didna come. Ay, and I knew I was lost, and there was nabody to help me. I was going straight doon to hell. You had telt me He wad save me, and so I just cried oot to Him, and I telt Him nabody wad help me; wad He? And He took and saved me just as I was, sa bad, sa awfu' bad; and astead of being frightened, I's sa, sa glad!"

As she told me this, the Roman Catholic nurse listened with awe, and never had I felt more conscious of the presence of the Lord as "Jehovah-Rophi." He had loved her freely, and had healed her, and now she was "ministering to Him" in the simple telling of the story of her healing.

A few days afterwards, on going into her room, we found Mary pleading with her father and uncle, beseeching them to come to Jesus, who had forgiven her "so much."

So complete was the change that those around her looked on her with wonderment and love, and she breathed her last, surrounded by tenderness seldom shown in a workhouse ward.

WORKING FOR SALVATION.

SOME months ago I was sitting alone in a railway carriage, on a short journey. On arriving at one of the stations, a person, whom I knew by her dress to be a nun, entered the compartment, and seated herself immediately opposite me.

My thoughts, which up to this moment had been buried in my book, now changed their course into quite a different channel.

I felt bound to speak to her, and after looking to the Lord for that strength and grace of which I felt my especial need, I remarked that I thought it was the first time we had met, and asked, if we should not meet again on earth, should we in the glory where Christ is at God's right hand?

To this, and several other questions, her only answer was, "I hope so."

"But can you not be certain?" I asked.

"Oh, we are not perfect," she said.

Only a few more words passed between us, and, arriving at my destination, I was obliged to leave her, seeking first to assure her of the perfectness of the work of Christ upon the cross.

Are you trying to make yourself perfect, as this poor nun was doing?

If you have not yet believed on the Son of God, who accomplished that perfect work, you are still "in your sins." And how is it possible for you to make yourself perfect, fit for the presence of a holy God, while "in your sins"?

The Lord Jesus has done all the work that can be done for a soul's salvation, for He said "It is finished." Can you add to

it? It is already finished, completed. Now all that is left for an anxious sinner to do is to believe it.

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

"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.)

"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." (Eph. ii. 13.)

"For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.)

"We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Heb. x. 10.)

F. S. H.

A SUNNY SCENE.

ONE day I was attracted by a large van passing along the street, covered all over with beautiful coloured pictures of children enjoying themselves in the bright sunshine. The van was in charge of a commercial traveller, a driver, and a boy. The commercial handed me a little book, giving full particulars, together with a sample of that which they were so diligently advertising, and said it was considered the best of the sort in the world.

After thanking him, I got his permission to ask him a question, and asked, "Has the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings, shone into your heart, to show you your state in God's sight? And have you received Jesus as your Saviour, and been washed by His precious blood, which alone cleanses from *all* sin?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have got my sins washed away in the blood of Christ, and am saved."

"Praise His name for that," I added. "Soon, you and I will be in the eternal sunshine of His presence, where He is the light, and where there is no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine."

The driver's answer to a like question was much the same, and so was that of the boy, who told me he had been converted only three months.

After a short but happy conversation, we had reluctantly to part company, to meet again in the brighter clime, where partings are unknown, where no cloud can dim nor mar the joy, and where there are no tears nor any crying!

Where will you spend your eternity, my reader? Will it be in that everlasting, joyous sunshine of glory with the Lord Jesus, or in eternal misery of blackness and darkness, with the devil and his angels in hell, where not one single ray of light can ever enter? Which place is it to be? Oh, think of the *reality* of it; but, do more than merely think about it, we beseech you! Have the question *settled now* in the day of God's grace, before it is for ever too late.

Saul of Tarsus, you know, said to King Agrippa, "At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, *above the brightness of the sun*, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art Thou, Lord? And He said, I am JESUS whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet," etc.

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." (Acts xxvi.)

Then, reader, leave the ranks of the "*almosts*," where King Agrippa was, and be amongst the "*altogethers*"; like the Apostle Paul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts. xvi. 31), and you will ere long bask in the eternal sunshine of the One who is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person.

J. N.

WAITING.

BY the pool of Bethesda, in Jerusalem, lay a great multitude of afflicted people

WAITING FOR SALVATION

from the disease which distressed them. An angel went down at certain seasons and troubled the waters, and the first who stepped in after the troubling of the waters was cured of whatever disease he had. Among these blind, halt, and withered folk was a poor man who had been ill for thirty-eight years. It may be that again and again he had seen salvation provided for one of that sad crowd, and again and again he had seen another than he receive the salvation, and walk away cured, while he had to remain waiting, hopelessly waiting, for the next opportunity. So ill was he that he could not get into the pool quickly enough by himself, and no one cared for him sufficiently to put him in; there was nothing for him to do but to wait on year after year, his hope of release getting daily fainter. What a sad plight to be in! How bitter his repeated disappointments! How helpless and hopeless his condition!

Are you, my readers, like him? If unsaved you are suffering from a worse disease than his, the disease of sin. Are you too waiting for salvation? Many wait, and wait on, until they at last die in their sins. This man's salvation had depended upon what he could do; hence his hopeless state; and if your salvation depended on *your* doing or *your* feeling, your case would indeed be hopeless too.

You are *blind*, for as yet you see no beauties in Christ; and *halt*, for you cannot walk like a Christian, though you may try to do so. People often mimic Christians just as a parrot mimics a man. A parrot may talk like a man, and may try to walk like a man, but it never can become a man; nor will trying to talk like a Christian, or trying to walk like a Christian make any one a Christian. An unconverted man can, however, no more walk

like a Christian than a parrot can walk like a man: he is *halt*. You who are not converted are *blind, halt*, and not only so, but *withered*—in God's sight you are "without strength."

The blind, halt, and withered folk around this pool in Jerusalem present a sad but true picture of you who are not yet saved.

While he was thus waiting, the Lord Jesus Christ came quite near him, and said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Sir," he answered, "I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." A sad story truly it was for the Lord to hear.

How did He answer him? Did He tell him to wait on patiently till the next time the angel should come, and hope to be cured then? Did He promise to help him into the pool if he would do his best himself? Indeed no; there was not any further need of waiting, for the Lord, the Saviour, was standing by his side. "Rise," He said, "take up thy bed, and walk." Does the man argue about it? Does he say he does not *feel* he can walk? Not at all, he *believed* what the Lord said, he took up his bed, and walked. After thirty-eight years of suffering, he was made perfectly whole in a moment, by simply believing the word of the Lord.

To you who are still wearily waiting for salvation, the Lord speaks as distinctly as He did on that Sabbath-day at Jerusalem. In His Word He says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9.) Men said He was an impostor, and crucified Him: I confess Him, with my mouth, to be Lord. Men saw Him last in *death*: I believe in my heart that God has *raised* Him from the dead. The result is that *God says* I am saved. The first two "shalts" are what the sinner is to do; the last "shalt" is God's answer, made possible by the work accomplished by His Son. Have you confessed with your mouth the *Lord Jesus*, and believed in your heart

that God has raised Him from the dead? The Word of God to you then is, "Thou *shalt be saved*"; not, Thou shalt *feel* saved. God never tells us to feel anything. He tells us to believe His word; and the believer can say, "The Lord Jesus has died for me, His precious blood has washed away all my sins; and instead of any longer waiting for salvation I can thank Him for *having* saved me, and I am now

WAITING FOR THE SAVIOUR ;"

waiting, as we read in 1 Cor. i. 7., "for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Luke tells us in his Gospel of an old widow who went about speaking to those who were waiting for salvation in Israel. By-and-by the Lord Jesus was born, a little babe in Bethlehem, and the *waiting* for salvation was over, for salvation had *come*. When aged Simeon held the babe in his arms, he said, "Lord, *now* lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have *seen* Thy salvation." God's salvation was there in his arms in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. Since the Lord Jesus has been here, has died, and gone back to glory, the believer waits no more for salvation, but for the Saviour to take him home; and beyond that, for the day when the Lord shall come out in glory to have His rights in the place where He was rejected. His work then will be *judgment*. He "shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thess. i. 7. 8.) How can the believer await that day without fear? Because, when the Lord appears in glory, all believers will also appear with Him, and like Him; the question of their sins having been settled long before. Now, instead of waiting for our sins to be put away, we are waiting for the Lord to put our sorrows away for ever, and until He come we are to be

WAITING UPON THE LORD

(Is. xl. 31), expecting to receive everything from Him. Some Christians say, "I have no

strength to go on." Then you have not been waiting on the Lord, for it says here, "They that wait upon the Lord *shall* renew their strength." Go into His presence, and wait upon Him, and you will be stronger than before. There is no doubt about it, they "*shall* renew their strength." "They *shall* mount up with wings as eagles," is another result of waiting on the Lord. Wait on Him, and your hearts will rise up above the murky clouds of this life in worship and praise to Him who is everything to you. "They *shall* run, and not be weary." That is work, service to the Lord, just as Philip ran up to the Ethiopian's chariot. If we are waiting on the Lord we shall find something to do for Him, and we shall never weary of running at His bidding; we may be weary in our service, but never of it. "They *shall* walk, and not faint." That is more testing than running, the daily *walk* of the believer. Enoch walked with God for 300 years, and we never hear that he fainted. We can only walk thus when waiting on the Lord. As results of waiting on the Lord the believer can worship, work, and walk in the power of the strength He gives. Have you reached the end of the first waiting? Have you ceased *waiting* for salvation so near to you? Are you now *waiting on* the Lord, while *waiting for* His coming?

A FRIEND IN NEED.



ABOUT six years since there were living, in a lonely part of the Isle of Wight, a man and his wife who had both received Jesus as their Saviour, and knew God as their Father; to whom they were able with confidence to commit themselves for guidance and protection throughout each day.

One afternoon, as the wife (who was naturally of a timid, nervous disposition), was sitting alone in her cottage, a loud knock came at the door. Upon opening it, there stood before her a sturdy beggar, of forbidding appearance. He asked her for money. She replied that she had none to

give, as her husband, who was employed on a neighbouring farm, was very poor.

At this the man became most angry, and told her that he would allow her a few minutes to get together for him all the money she had; and that if, at the expiration of that time, she still refused to give him what he demanded, he would kill her, and search for it. Meanwhile he would, he said, take a walk down a lane close by the cottage.

The same afternoon a Christian gentleman (known to the writer), residing several miles away, was out for a walk in the neighbourhood. As he went along, it occurred to him to visit the poor woman, whom he well knew. So, crossing some fields, he reached her door, unperceived by the beggar, just as the latter had turned away to walk in the lane, as he said, while the money was being got ready for him. Finding the door open, the gentleman stepped in, and beheld the now trembling and terror-stricken woman in prayer to God for help. She started on hearing a footstep, and to her joy found that, instead of the man whose return she so much dreaded, the Lord had sent a friend to deliver her. She soon explained the cause of her distress, and the gentleman was quite prepared to suitably receive, upon his next appearance, the one who intended, at least, to rob her of the small sum which she possessed.

In a few minutes they heard the beggar again approaching the door; but when, instead of a weak woman, he found himself confronted by a strong man, he was quite taken aback, and, without uttering a word, ran off as fast as his feet could carry him.

The two Christians then knelt down together, and unitedly thanked God, their Father, that He had heard the cry of faith, and had sent the needed help in a time of deep distress.

All who have, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, become children of God, may, in seasons of trial and danger, confidently count upon His ready hand to help, His outstretched arm to save, when they call upon Him. He says, "Call upon

Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." (Psa. l. 15.)

We would earnestly warn the unsaved reader that he is exposed to a peril far more dreadful than that of the one of whom we have written. He has a fearful foe, who, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. v. 8), who "was a murderer from the beginning" (John viii. 44), who first deceives, and then destroys. Jesus, the Son of God, came into the very place of the sinner's danger, that He might rescue him from his perilous position, and be his Deliverer "from the wrath to come." (1 Thess. i. 10.) The Lord Jesus is in heaven now, "mighty to save" those who cry to Him in their need. Such He will always receive, and "in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

ALL.

"God . . . now commandeth *all men* everywhere to repent." (Acts xvii. 30.)



OD warns in mercy before He strikes in judgment, and He warns in order that He may not strike.

He is indeed a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.

This is shown out clearly in Jonah's mission to Nineveh, to make known to the inhabitants of that vast city the threatening storm of wrath.

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown," was the prophet's solemn declaration ; and the people of Nineveh believed God, and humbling themselves, from the greatest of them even to the least of them, and taking thus the suited position before God, and turning from their evil way, His judgment hand was for the time removed from them.

Nineveh's wickedness then was but small in comparison with man's sin now. In the cross of Christ, the heart of man has been fully exhibited ; all his hatred of God—even when revealed in grace, in the person of His Son—has been expressed, for Christ the beloved of His Father, has been gibbeted upon the cross. The religion of Judea, the

learning of Greece, and the power of Rome were combined in the most awful crime ever perpetrated—the foul, iniquitous murder of the Son of God.

God has raised Him from the dead, and crowned Him with glory and honour, and has ordained Him to be the Judge of living and dead. Yes,

THE DAY IS APPOINTED,

AND

THE JUDGE IS ORDAINED.

"God . . . now commandeth all men everywhere to repent : because He 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."

Repent ye now, in this day of God's grace, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

In long-suffering grace God is waiting, not willing that any should perish, but that they should come to repentance.

His heart yearns over sinners still ; and as there was a welcome for the wayward prodigal, of whom we read in Luke, when he came to his father, so there is now a welcome for every one who returns to God ; and heaven makes merry over a sinner who thus comes back.

Do not despise the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, but allow the goodness of God to lead thee to repentance.

Do not think that if you go on unrepentant, unbelieving, you will escape the just judgment of God. The resurrection of Christ, which is the proof to every believer that he will never come into judgment, is the proof, also, for every unbeliever, of the certainty that ere long he will stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

This "*all*" includes each reader of this magazine, and every one else besides, "for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom iii. 23.)

All are commanded to repent.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



THE DOGS OF ST BERNARD

SALVATION.

THE noble St. Bernard dogs are sent out by the monks to find poor travellers who have been overtaken by a snow-storm on the mountains, or who have missed their way, and are lost. Sometimes with rugs strapped around them, and generally with flasks of wine attached to their collars, they sally forth accompanied by the monks, who have been warned by telegraph of the start of some travellers whom they know should, had all gone well, have reached the monastery long before this. Quick scented and intelligent—the dogs well know their work, and although the lost ones are often buried in the snow, the dogs will find them out, and the monks, carrying them to the monastery, are able, frequently, to use effectual means to restore them. That is the salvation of the lost ones. They are brought out of a place of danger into a place of safety.

The salvation of God brings me out of a place of sin, and misery, and death, and puts me into a place of blessing, and favour, and life.

Pharaoh sought to keep the Israelites as his slaves in Egypt. At last, when the first-born of Egypt had been slain, God's people started; but no sooner were they off than Pharaoh repented that he had let them go; so his chariots were got ready, and he pursued with his army, to recapture them. The Israelites had just reached the Red Sea, when they saw Pharaoh's host coming after them, and they were much afraid. They had not yet learnt what their God was. This was the time for Him to come in, and to show His mighty hand and outstretched arm.

They were, indeed, in a terrible position. The Red Sea in front, Pharaoh and his army behind, and impassable land on either side. The people murmured, and cried unto Moses, and he cried unto the Lord. What did Moses say then? "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Grand words! You wonder at them, and think it

strange for the Israelites to be told to stand still when Pharaoh's host was drawing so near them. It seems as if they ought to be getting away as quickly as possible. No, salvation is wholly of God, and the people were to have no part in it. They were not to do anything, not even to help, but only to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

God now formed a passage through the Red Sea, and all they had then to do was to pass safely over by the path God had marked out for them.

Pharaoh tried to follow, and he and all his host were drowned. What a salvation! It is not surprising that they should raise a song, as soon as they reached the other side. The one whose hand they had been under, and all his host, were dead. God had wrought a great salvation for them.

That is a picture of what salvation is with us. Pharaoh is a figure of Satan, and Egypt of the world.

Our salvation is connected with a Person, "the Lord Jesus Christ." Turning to Luke ii. 25, 30, we shall find Simeon had a little babe, the infant Saviour, in his arms, and he was content to depart in peace because he had seen God's salvation. Then, in Acts iv. 12, we find, "Neither is there salvation in any other." The Lord Jesus is God's salvation. Justice must be satisfied, God's claims must be met, the Son of man *must* be lifted up, must die, before salvation could be brought to any one of us. The holy, spotless Son of God came down, was born a little babe, and went through the world to the cross. Do you believe that *your* sins brought Him down from glory to Calvary's depth of woe? That your sins made God hide His face from His Son?

The Lord Jesus Christ is risen again, having passed through death that He might destroy him that had the power of death, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

The way is open now for us who believe. Judgment is past, all the billows rolled over Jesus the Saviour, and the believer is free.

Satan is discomfited, our sins are gone in Christ's death, there remain "not so much as one of them."

Just as Pharaoh tried to keep the children of Israel, so Satan is trying to keep you under his power. The apostle Paul, when writing to the believers at Colosse, said, speaking of God the Father, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son."

Hath—what a blessed thing! It is not our trying to deliver ourselves. We never could. It is God coming in, and taking us out of a place of misery, and putting us into a place of blessing.

Satan is in earnest to keep you away from Christ. Look then at our verse, "How shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation?"

If the Lord Jesus comes, and you have not accepted God's "great salvation," there is nothing but judgment for you. *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. Come then now, and take this

GREAT SALVATION.

Do not put it off, nor neglect God's gracious message. Satan keeps hardening you, binding the rope of your sins round you, and leading you captive at his will. You are under his power; but delay no longer, believe on the Lord Jesus *now*, and He will save you.

Two boys were in a Sunday School class, in one of the villages. Their names were Nathan Smith and John Wilde. In some respects these boys were much alike. They were both the children of poor parents, of the same age, sharp lads, and fairly well-behaved.

In the course of time their teacher, a gentleman, left the locality, and was absent for twenty years. During that period great changes took place. On his return he went to hear the gospel preached, and to his great surprise saw in the pulpit his old pupil, Nathan Smith. After the meeting he went up to him, and had a chat about old times, and presently asked, "What about your old companion, John Wilde." Instantly the smile

left Nathan's face, and he said, sorrowfully, "Oh! his is such a sad history. He became disobedient to his parents; left Sunday School; got into bad company; began to play cards, became a regular gambler; and in company with two other men killed a man in order to get his money; was taken up, tried, and found guilty, condemned to death, and next Friday he is to be hanged."

That is the way Satan leads on step by step. Both those boys were in the same class; one accepted God's great salvation, came to Jesus, and walked in ways of peace and happiness; the other remained in the bondage of Satan, and went down step by step to death. "Oh," you say, "I haven't gone to such extremes." That may be, but you never will be free and safe till you have accepted God's salvation; and you don't know where you may get to if you neglect it. God grant you may wait no longer, if you have not yet come to Jesus.

May all we who have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ be stirred up, and see to it that our lights are not dim, but burning brightly; that we may be showing that we love Him, and trying to get others to love Him too, for soon our Saviour, Lord and Master, Himself will come.

"NO WORK TO DO."



HOSE of us who live in London, or other large cities, may have often heard, during winter time, the words, "We've got no work to do," sung in pitiful tones by groups of men, who, either from idleness or from genuine lack of work, seek to move the compassion of the people by their woful song.

My young friends, we can sing this song, but by no means in a distressing sense! We can sing with exultation, "No work to do to be saved." "A full salvation offered free," "not of works," is that of which God tells us in His Word.

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no!
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

How we should rejoice that God has said, "Not of works"! If He had demanded *one* good work from us to procure the salvation of our soul, we should all have been lost, for we were all "without strength" (Rom. v. 6); that is, without power to move on our own behalf.

The Jews of old had to do a lot of work; they had to offer sacrifices continually. But with us the case is different; we have no work to do, because all is done. Jesus said, "It is finished." We who are believers are cleansed from every sin by the blood of Christ.

But if you turn to John xiii., you will see that the Lord says that those who *are* washed (that is, completely cleared from all guilt), need to wash their "*feet*." Why is this? Because, though we have not to work for salvation, we have to *walk*. I do not mean we have to walk well to get saved; oh, no! But we have to walk well *after* we *are* saved, because we are children of God, and, therefore, must be careful not to dishonour our Father. It is to those who have been washed completely that the Lord speaks in John xiii. about washing their feet. Pray do not confound washing the feet with being washed (or "bathed" once for all,) whiter than snow.

A young man said to me one afternoon:

"I think we must walk consistently in order to be saved."

To such a one I would reply, "We've got no work to do." Had he said, "We must walk consistently *because* we *are* saved," he would have been right.

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Romans iv. 5.)

Let us not forget, however, that every believer on the Lord Jesus *has got a work to do*. The Lord has appointed "to every man his work" (Mark xiii. 34), and He would have us "*stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding*" in that work, knowing that our "labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.)

E. V. G.

ROCK OR SAND?



LOSE to Weymouth there are the remains of a very fine old building. It seems to have been built strongly and with good materials, and I have no doubt the original owner thought it would last for centuries. But there it lies, nothing but a heap of ruins and a proof of his folly. It was not because the bricks were bad, nor because inferior mortar had been used in joining them together, that this strong house fell; for even though the walls have fallen down they are not much broken, but remain in great, solid masses.

Why, then, did all the trouble and expense of building the house go for nothing? Why is it that the house is now in ruins? "Oh," you may answer, "because it was built on a bad foundation." Just so. The owner had thought he would choose a beautiful spot close to the sea, and build a magnificent house upon it, but he forgot that the foundation was only earth. There was no rock where he was building, and so it happened that when the waves dashed against the ground below, they washed it away, and the house fell.

Was it not a pity to waste so much time and money over a building on a bad foundation? But how many are doing the same! Perhaps you are? Reading your Bible, giving money to help missionaries to tell the heathen about Jesus, trying to be unselfish, truthful, and honest, is building a very fine exterior, and people looking at you may think, "What a good boy or girl!" But how will your building stand when the storm of judgment comes? The other building did very well until the waves dashed against the foundation, and then it fell; and when God, who sees the heart, judges, He will not look merely at the outside, He will try the secrets of the heart; and, unless you have been washed in the blood of His well-beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, He will shew yours to be a sandy foundation. How your house will totter, and shake, and fall then! A dress which others thought so good, God

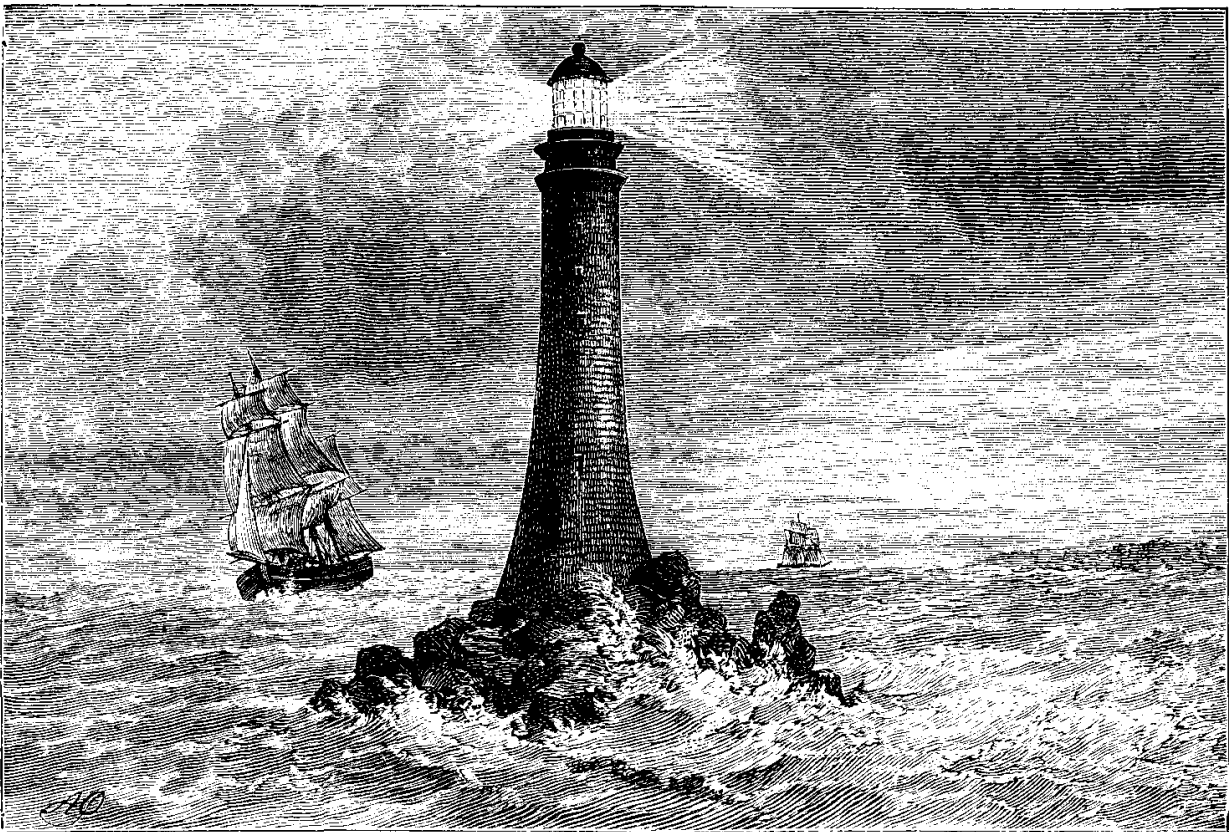
will call rags. Instead of being praised, you will be banished from His presence, because you trusted in your own good deeds, and not in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But let us turn now to see what is a good foundation. If our prayers are no good, if our Bible reading and our good deeds are not a proper foundation, is there nothing that we can rest on for eternity? nothing that we are sure will not give way?

To illustrate this sure foundation on

no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. iii. 11.)

A few days ago I went to see an old man who was lying very ill on his bed. I asked him on what he was resting for his eternal blessing, and his answer was given in these three words: "Christ, Christ, only." He said nothing about his good life. That would have been a bad foundation. Jesus Christ is a foundation that will never fail. He has, by dying on the cross, fully settled all that



which I want you all to build, let me tell you of another building that I saw. In the midst of the sea, with the waves dashing all round it, and exposed to all the fury of the gale, the Longship's lighthouse (close to the Land's End), has stood for many years. Why is it no storm has overturned it? Because of the foundation. It is built on a rock. Now, Scripture tells us of a rock upon which to build—even the Lord Jesus Christ. "Other foundation can

was against us who believe. He said, "It is finished," and now we have but to trust in Him. This foundation is of God's own providing, and therefore it will satisfy Him. Is it on this you are building? If not, take care! Your building may look very well now, but it will surely fall when the storm of judgment comes, and it will be too late then to seek another foundation.

P.W.D.

THE DYING CONFESSION.



ADA G— had been for many weeks upon a sick-bed. Now she lay dying, and she knew it quite well.

There had been a long, inward struggle, for she dearly loved, and was beloved by, her parents, sisters, brother, and many relatives and friends. She had thought it hard to leave all after scarcely thirteen years of life; still, she was quite sure that she was ready for eternity, having, long before her illness, trusted her soul's interests to Jesus, her precious Saviour, and well knew that His blood had cleansed her from *all sin*. But there was a great calm in Ada's heart now, and, though often too weak to say many words, her large, lustrous eyes told to others of deep-felt happiness.

"Mother," she said, one day,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

I know what those lines mean; Jesus has made everything easy for me. There is no fear, no darkness; all is light!"

At another time she said: "I like this text better than that," pointing to two on the wall of her room, "I will trust, and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2), and, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." (Psa. lvi. 3.)

Upon looking closely at the first text referred to, the mother saw underneath, faintly written in pencil in her handwriting, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you." (Josh. xxiii. 14.) Happy child! She had trusted the Lord while in health, and now, in the time of sickness, could record His faithfulness by His Word.

When questioned as to her soul's safety, she replied:

"All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There exhausted *all* their power,"

and, perhaps thinking the lines needed explanation, added, "Jesus bore all the weight of my sins when He died upon the cross, so I can go free."

But I want to tell my young readers of Ada's dying confession, before I speak any more of her closing words.

"Put your ear close to my face, dear mother, and, please, do not interrupt me, for I feel almost too weak to hear you speak. I've been asking the Lord Jesus to strengthen me while I tell you the only secret your Ada has kept from you, and now, it's a sort of a dying confession that I must tell you. Two years ago we came to this house, and, while you moved into it, I went to stay with my cousin. Her neighbour had a very nice garden, and along by the fence were the gooseberry bushes; the ripe, red berries almost touched me when I passed by. Well, mother, I did long so much for some of those berries, and so I gathered a handful, and put them into my pocket, and then I ran home. I did not taste one, for I knew directly that I had done wrong, and felt too unhappy to eat them. When cousin came in to tea, she asked me why I looked so sad. I threw my arms around her neck, and told her all. We then knelt down together, and asked God to forgive me my sin for Jesus' sake, and I felt He did. Cousin then went in with me to her neighbour, and I gave her back the gooseberries. She did not seem to think I had done very wrong, but I did, mother; for I knew it was stealing, and you had ever taught me not to take another's without permission. I knew how it would pain you, mother, to know your little Ada was a thief, so I begged cousin not to tell you. Now I'm dying, I do not want you to think me better than what I am. There is my secret, and I die happier now."

When I heard of Ada's confession, I was very glad to find that she was *real*, both toward God and man. And, dear young readers, if you want to be happy while you live, you, too, *must be real*; that is, be exactly what you are, and do not pretend to be what you are not. If you know you are a poor, lost sinner, go and tell God so; if you want a Saviour, go and tell Him that, too. If you are saved through faith in the Saviour's blood, tell Him that, too. Yes, tell

Him everything, and you will get courage to tell those around you *what you were, what you are, and what you will be.*

While Ada lay upon her sick-bed, she used to tell God what she wanted, and without anyone else knowing her requests, He used to send her what she needed. One day some strawberries were sent to her.

"Mother," she said, "I had asked God to send me some; isn't it good of Him?"

Such gifts were very sweet to the dear girl. It was very different to receive good things thus at the hands of God, from taking the gooseberries with her own hands.

Ada had one brother named Jackie, and a day or two before she died, she asked to be left alone with him. Very lovingly she spoke to him, begging him to be quite sure that he was a true believer in Jesus. "For, oh, Jackie!" she said, "you are older than I am, and you may be called ere long to lie upon a dying bed, and unless your sins are forgiven, how can you face death? Will you meet me in heaven?"

While the tears rolled down Jackie's face, he promised to meet her there, and I do think he is on the right road.

Then came her young friend Millie, who, stooping to kiss her, heard her say, "I'm dying, Millie!" "Are you afraid, dear?" "Afraid, Millie! Why, you don't know where I'm going; I'm going home!"

The doctor stood near—a kind man, but an unbeliever—amazed at her calmness at such a moment, "And one so young, too!" as he afterwards said. "She is going as fast as possible," he exclaimed, as he hurried from the room.

Ada heard his voice, and said, "Tell him I wish him good-bye, and I'm going home."

"It is really wonderful," he said, and he began to think that she must be going to a happy place, seeing her so ready to go.

Yes; Ada has gone to a happy place. She is with Christ! The precious blood of Jesus, God's Son, had alone saved her, a poor, lost, guilty sinner. And that same precious blood can save the doctor, who was so kind to her, and all her unsaved

relatives and friends, as well as any reader of this little paper. Will you not come, and prove the value of the blood for yourself? Do you wish to wait a little longer? Take care what you are doing, for God means what He says. Read the following invitation given by Him to a guilty people:—"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.) Now read verse 20 of the same chapter, "But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." (Heb. xii. 25.)

Simply accept God's Word as a little boy did whom I met in the accident-ward of a London infirmary. He was lying in bed with a broken leg, but had such a bright face, that I at once asked him what made him look so happy. He answered, without any hesitation, "If you please, it is Jesus."

"Do tell me," I said, "how Jesus has made you so glad."

"Well, I was lying here the other night, full of pain, feeling very lonely and sad, when, suddenly, I looked across the ward and saw a large text upon the wall. I read: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' I thought Jesus was speaking to me, and saying, 'Come unto Me,' and I said, 'I come.' Then I felt very happy, and have been glad ever since, for He has given me rest."

Happy little saved one to find such a Saviour as Jesus the Lord, and to accept His invitation through faith in God's Word!

If Ada and Willie could speak to you, they would say, "Come now." E. E. S.

—:o:—

"Surely I know that

IT SHALL BE WELL

with them that fear God, which fear before Him: but

IT SHALL NOT BE WELL

with the wicked." (Eccl. viii. 12-13.)

TRAPPED.

A SAD but familiar sight met my eyes one morning. A poor little mouse firmly held in the deadly grasp of a spring-trap, its nose just touching the bait that it had lost its life to obtain.

Looking at it, I saw that it had died with its eyes open. This simple, every-day incident sent me thinking—thinking of the boys and girls who are, I fear, more foolish than even the little mouse. Not heeding the call of God, they are careless of their soul's salvation, heedless of the solemn words: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Attracted by the bait which Satan holds out for them, they are going in the way of darkness which ends in death. (Prov. xiv. 12.)

Satan does not use the same bait for all. He uses pleasure for some, money for others; but how many, like the poor little mouse, only touch it, and then die! Many a one has never enjoyed that which drew him on to destruction. God's Word says that "the expectation of the wicked shall perish." (Prov. x. 28.) And the solemn words went forth to him who purposed to enjoy himself, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." (Luke xii. 20.)

The poor little victim in the trap doubtless knew not of that which hung over its head, as, attracted by the savoury bait, it went to its death. But how often you have been warned of your danger! yet the pleasant bait lures you on, and you will not listen to the warning.

Will you still pass on saying "Peace and safety," only to find "sudden destruction" come upon you, with no way of escape, to pass into eternity with your eyes open. Oh, pause now!

Delay not to come to Jesus; believe in His precious Name now; and you will be able to say, on the assurance of God's word, that you have passed from death unto life.

H. F. C.

AN OLD VERSE LOOKED AT
ONCE AGAIN.

AT the close of a Gospel preaching, the subject of which had been John v. 24, a little girl, about thirteen, I should think, came up to me, and said, "I should like to tell my mother about what I've heard to-night."

It seems that the child was impressed, and wished to carry the good news to her mother, but could not trust her memory either for the chapter and verse, or for the substance of the preaching. So, taking out pencil and paper, I wrote down just these few words:

"John v. 24: *Three* things that God says about people who do *two* things," and gave it to her to take home with her.

If you, dear young friend, will just turn to this verse, you will see that the three things that the Son of God declares to be true of people who do these two things are: That they—

1. "Have everlasting life.
2. "Shall not come into judgment (condemnation).
3. "Are passed from death unto life."

Would it not make you supremely happy if you knew that these three blessings were yours now and for ever? Well, then, just see what two conditions you have to comply with, in order that they may be yours. I need not state them here, as doubtless you have a Bible. Turn to John v. 24, and read for yourself. And when you have done so, do not rest till you yourself have complied with both the terms, and then you will be able to say:

1. I *have* everlasting life; the Son of God says so.
2. I shall never come into judgment; the Son of God says so.
3. I am (already) passed from death unto life; the Son of God says so.

Satan will tempt you to substitute "I feel so" for "the Son of God says so," but, dear young friend, keep to "the Son of God says so," and then there will be no room for the devil to bring in doubts or fears. E. V. G.

SCATTERED SEED.

FROM TIME INTO ETERNITY.

AN actor is upon the stage. He has been perfectly successful; the audience have been thoroughly delighted, and now, as the climax is reached, the excitement is intense. Impersonating Satan—the destroyer, he seizes one of the other actors as his prey, and is about to hurry away with him, when he pauses, hesitates, stumbles, falls, and is carried from the stage a corpse.

Reader, would you like to die thus?

* * * * *

A well-known singer stands before a large company. The house is thronged with an entranced multitude. Arrayed in the habiliments, and acting in the character of a judge, he asks for the third time the solemn question, "Are you guilty?" Suddenly he leaves the stage, and in a brief space of time has passed into eternity.

Reader, you *are* guilty before God. You, too, must cross the threshold from time into eternity; it may be to-day.

* * * * *

An evangelistic company are in the street. One of the number stands forth, and earnestly exhorts the assembled crowd, telling of the Saviour's love, and of God's so-great salvation. He stops, drops to the ground, and expires. The servant's work is done. Absent from the body, he is present with his Lord.

* * * * *

A servant of Christ is reading Phil. iv. to his congregation. Long and faithfully he has laboured for his Master. "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice," he reads. With this as a parting message upon his lips, he sinks before them, and departs to be with Christ, which is far better.

* * * * *

Reader, these are no fables, but simple

and solemn facts. Surely they have a voice for *you*, for before another sunset, *you* may have passed away. Whither?

There is no time to waste; not a moment to lose; "Now is the accepted time, . . . now is the day of salvation." "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart." Flee at once to the arms of boundless mercy, extended wide to welcome all who will come.

The Lord Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

F.T.K.

NOT AFRAID TO MEET GOD, AND WHY?

ASERVANT of God recently called at a small cottage, situated near a village in Hampshire, the sole inmate of which he found to be an aged woman.

Noticing her visitor's tired appearance, she very courteously asked him to rest awhile, and share her simple meal. The invitation was gladly accepted, he deeming it a fitting opportunity of speaking for his Master. Accordingly, he soon asked her how matters stood between her and God.

"What about eternity? Where will you spend it?" he enquired.

The dear old woman, who had learned, and was realizing the blessedness of simply taking God at His word, and resting in what He said, readily responded, "that the Lord Jesus Christ had settled the matter for her, having died for her sins according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3.)

On being told that the same blessed Lord Jesus was coming to take those for whom He died, to be for ever with and like Himself; and that seeing He Himself said He would come quickly, the grave might never receive her body, she expressed great gladness; and tears of joy trickled down her wrinkled cheeks as she thought of Himself, and of the

depths into which He descended in order to win her poor soul.

"Were He to come now, as we are talking together, would you not be afraid?" asked the servant of God.

"Afraid!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! Why, man, I love Him!"

Surely, in her case, 1 John iv. 19 was verified: "We love Him because *He first loved us*." Who dares speak of fear to one who is the conscious object of the love of God. His "perfect love casteth out fear." (1 John iv. 18.)

S. M. J.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN."



Christian woman of seventy is passing away in Surbiton. Let us draw near, and listen to her words.

Her daughter asks, "Mother, do you want anything?"

"No, child, no. Do—you—know—the—seven—things?"

(The words came in gasps.) What *does* she mean? No one understands.

"The—seven—things? In—the—Revelation? Do—you—know?"

No one there present could comprehend, and, presently, she fell asleep. What is the explanation of her words?

A few Lord's-day mornings previously (though crippled), she had been privileged to remember the Lord in His death.

A brother in Christ present had drawn attention to the language of Revelation v. 12, the *seven* things that He is worthy of, things which the natural man covets and strives for in this world, from the cradle to the grave; He, the Lamb, obtaining them, and proclaimed worthy of them all, having gone down in obedience to death. He alone the *worthy*, ever-obedient One, who on earth made Himself of "no reputation."

The voice of this dear believer on Him shall soon be heard again, uniting in this one song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive *power*, and *riches*, and *wisdom*, and *strength*, and *honour*, and *glory*, and *blessing*."

Can *we* afford to wait for that day to have these seven things? To share them with Him?

H. C. A.

SHELTER FROM JUDGMENT.

(Joshua ii. and vi.)

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY E. C. L.



THE Word of God from the beginning to the end sets forth man as exposed to the swift and certain judgment of God. God has in His Word given examples of it, so that men may look back to see what has taken place in the past, and so learn what will take place in the future.

In 2 Peter ii. 4-6, God speaks of three things that have happened:

1. God spared not the angels that sinned, but "reserved" them "unto judgment."
2. He spared not the old world . . . bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly.
3. He turned the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes.

Pride, ungodliness, sensuality, were thus all judged.

Is there more judgment yet to come? Yes; turn to John xii. 31, where we read, "*Now* is the judgment of this world." That is, the judgment of the world is *already pronounced*, though not yet executed.

The Lord Jesus Christ was refused as Messiah, rejected as Saviour, but before He left the world He pronounced its doom, and shortly will come to execute it. Men refuse to believe that judgment is impending, but it is nevertheless a fact, and God foretells that, "Because sentence against an evil work is not *executed speedily*, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Eccles. viii. 11), thus clearly proving that God knew how slow men would be to believe in the wrath to come. (Luke iii. 7, 1 Thess. i. 10, Acts xvii. 31.) No one to whom the truth of approaching judgment

has come in power, as the Word of God, can rest until he *knows* he is sheltered from it. I am well aware that preaching judgment is unpopular, but is it real kindness to souls to hide from them the truth, when, at any moment, they may be beyond the reach of shelter?

The history of Rahab illustrates in a very clear way the certainty of judgment, and the shelter provided. Tidings of what God had done to Sihon and Og had reached Jericho, and Rahab believed them. She had also heard and believed that God had given the land in which she dwelt to His people Israel, that judgment must therefore be hanging over her. Then came messengers from the God whom she feared, and she would not rest until she had obtained from them a sure token that she should not be exposed to the judgment which she knew was coming. She says, as it were, "I know judgment is coming, but give me a true token that when it comes I may not be exposed to it."

Would not *you*, dear souls, like to know that you will never be exposed to judgment? Perhaps you say, "I believe judgment is coming. How can I be safely sheltered from it?" There is one thing, and only one, which can shield you. It is this which is set forth in figure in the Old Testament, and brought out in living reality in the New, of which Rahab's shelter is a type. See how earnest she is! "Swear unto me by the Lord," she says, "and give me

A TRUE TOKEN."

(Joshua ii. 12.)

Be in *earnest*, dear souls, as this poor woman was. If temporal things were concerned, there would be no half-heartedness. If you knew that the roof of your house might fall in, or that its walls were built on an unstable foundation, would you remain in it another day? Can you then remain unmoved when the eternal truths of God are in question? Do not rest until you are sheltered from the judgment that *is* coming.

Rahab asks not only for safety for herself. Her heart goes out to all her father's house,

her father, her mother, her brethren and sisters must be delivered from death, ere she is satisfied. She got what she desired, the pledge of those who came from the God she owned. "Our life for yours," they said. Moreover, they provided her with a perfect shelter. What was it?

THE SCARLET LINE!

That line which runs through the whole of God's Word, pointing to that which alone shelters from eternal judgment, the precious blood of Christ. "Without shedding of blood is *no* remission." The blood of many sacrifices, offered under the law, failed to take away sins; but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin. No judgment can reach the one who has been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

The Israelites in Egypt were to sprinkle the blood where God could see it *outside*, and He said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you" who are *inside*. Judgment was to fall upon all the land, but those were perfectly safe who were under the shelter of the *blood*; the blood signifying that judgment (death) had been there, that the claims of the Judge had been met by the death of a victim, thus pointing on to the death of Christ. Men may criticise as they will, may refuse to believe what they do not like, but, on the authority of God's Word I tell you, that the *only* shelter from impending judgment is the blood of the Son of God. Beware, lest in neglecting the *shelter*, you become exposed to the *storm*. (Ex. ix. 18-21.)

Rahab did as she was told, "According unto your words," she said, "so be it"; not "according to my feelings." She cast the responsibility of her safety upon those who had come from the God whose just judgment she feared.

Do the same, dear anxious soul; cast the responsibility of your safety upon Him who has said, "When I see the blood, I *will* pass over you." Trust God's Word about the shelter He, in His love, and at infinite cost to Himself, has provided.

In John xix. 34, we read, "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water"! There is the consummation of that which had from age to age been prefigured! God had waited centuries for that moment. It had come, and the Lord Jesus Christ had said, "It is finished," the work of redemption was completed, and nothing can shelter from judgment but that precious blood.

Rahab bound in her window the scarlet line. Not content with *knowing* what to do, *she did it*, and as the result shows, she got the full value of her act.

A little while after, the armies of Israel, having crossed the Jordan, began to encircle Jericho. Rahab's house was on the most extreme part of the wall, and from it she could, no doubt, watch all that was going on. How ridiculous the Israelites must have looked! A company of men going round the walls of that strong city once a day. How the onlookers must have laughed at them! "They will never take a mighty city like *ours* in so foolish a way!"

The seventh day came; and the mocking citizens saw the armies of Israel marching round their city again and again, instead of but once, as they had done for six days. What did it all mean? They soon learned. At the seventh time there was a blowing of trumpets, and a great shout, and the "*walls fell down flat*"! Where was their boasting then! All they had depended upon was gone, and now there was nothing to bar the entrance of God's people. One house alone stood erect amidst the ruin; one family alone were safe amidst the terrible destruction around; for both man and woman, young and old, and ox and sheep and ass, were utterly destroyed with the edge of the sword.

What made the difference? *One little scarlet line*. What absolutely sheltered Rahab and her household was that which prefigured the blood of God's Son. Judgment *did* fall upon Jericho, and Rahab *was* sheltered from it according to the word of the messengers of the Lord! Nor is this all. Joshua, a figure of Christ, remembered

the poor harlot. The messengers had told him about her, and when the moment of victory came, he thought of her.

Has the marvellous, stupendous truth ever reached your heart that you, a poor sinner on earth, are an object of interest to God? Is there anything to compare with it? Men talk of the great achievements of science; they speak of a tunnel from England to France. Would it fill your soul to know that men could make a tunnel from here to the antipodes even? Indeed it would not; but it *does* fill a sinner's soul to overflowing when once he grasps the fact that *God* is interested in *him*. "I, a poor sinner, am even an object of interest to the heart of God."

Joshua said, "Go into the harlot's house, and bring out thence the woman, and all that she hath, *as ye swore unto her*." Everything was made true to her, and her blessings were far beyond her highest expectations, for she dwelt in Israel, married a prince of Judah, and had the immense honour of being in the direct line of the genealogy of the Lord Himself. Surely, this brings out the free grace of God.

Do you know what it is to be sheltered from judgment by the blood of Christ? Do not trust your feelings, but God's Word. He who said to the Israelites of old, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you," says now that the one who believes on His Son "shall *not come* into judgment" (John v. 24), and "*whosoever believeth* in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

"THE MAN OF SORROWS."

O EVER homeless Stranger!
Thus dearest Friend to me;
An outcast in the manger,
That Thou mightst with us be!
How rightly rose the praises
Of heaven, that wondrous night,
When shepherds hid their faces
In brightest angel-light!

More just those acclamations
Than when the glorious band
Chanted earth's deep foundations,
Just laid by God's right hand.

Come now, and view that manger :
The Lord of glory see,
A houseless, homeless Stranger
In this poor world, for thee.

"To God, in the highest, glory,
And peace on earth," to find ;
And learn that wondrous story—
"Good pleasure in mankind."

Oh strange, yet fit, beginning
Of all that life of woe,
In which Thy grace was winning
Poor man his God to know.

Bless'd Babe who lowly liest
In manger-cradle there ;
Descended from the highest,
Our sorrows all to share.

Oh, suited now in nature
For love's divinest ways,
To make the fallen creature
The vessel of Thy praise !

Oh, love all thought surpassing,
That Thou shouldst with us be !
Nor yet in triumph passing,
But—human infancy !

We cling to Thee in weakness,
The manger and the cross ;
We gaze upon Thy meekness,
Through suffering, pain and loss ;

There see the Godhead glory
Shine through that human veil,
And willing hear the story
Of love that's come to heal.

My soul in secret follows
The footsteps of His love ;
I trace the Man of sorrows
His boundless grace to prove.

A child in growth and stature,
Yet full of wisdom rare :
Sonship in conscious nature,
His words and ways declare.

Yet still, in meek submission,
His patient path He trod ;
To wait His heavenly mission,
Unknown to all but God.

* * * *

But who, Thy path of service,
Thy steps removed from ill,
Thy patient love to serve us,
With human tongue can tell ?

Midst sin, and all corruption,
Where hatred did abound,
Thy path of pure perfection
Was light to all around ?

In scorn, neglect, reviling,
Thy patient grace stood fast,
Man's malice unavailing
To move Thy heart to haste.

O'er all, Thy perfect goodness
Rose blessedly divine ;
Poor hearts oppressed with sadness
Found ever rest in Thine !

The strong man in his armour
Thou mettest in Thy grace ;
Didst spoil the mighty charmer
Of our unhappy race.

The chains of man, his victim,
Were loosened by Thy hand ;
No evils that afflict him
Before Thy power could stand.

Disease, and death, and demon,
All fled before Thy word,
As darkness the dominion
Of day's returning lord !

The love that bore our burden
On the accursed tree,
Would give the heart its pardon,
And set the sinner free.

Love that made Thee a mourner
In this sad world of woe,
Made wretched man a scorner
Of grace, that brought Thee low.

Still in Thee, love's sweet savour
Shone forth in every deed,
And showed God's loving favour
To every soul in need.

* * * *

I pause :—for, in Thy vision,
The day is hast'ning now,
When, for our lost condition,
Thy holy head shall bow ;

When, deep to deep still calling,
The waters reach Thy soul,
And, death and wrath appalling,
Their waves shall o'er Thee roll.

O day of mightiest sorrow,
Day of unfathomed grief !
When Thou should'st taste the horror
Of wrath, without relief !

O day of man's dishonour !
When, for Thy love supreme,
He sought to mar Thine honour,
Thy glory turn to shame !

O day of our confusion !
When Satan's darkness lay,
In hatred and delusion,
On ruined nature's way.

Thou soughtest for compassion,
Some heart Thy grief to know :
To watch Thine hour of passion—
For comforters in woe.

No eye was found to pity,
No heart to bear Thy woe :
But shame, and scorn, and spitting ;
None cared Thy name to know.

The pride of careless greatness
Could wash its hands of Thee :
Priests, that should plead for weakness,
Must Thine accusers be !

Man's boasting love disowns Thee ;
Thine own the danger flee ;
A Judas only owns Thee,
That Thou may'st captive be.

O man ! how hast thou provèd
What in thy heart is found ;
By grace divine unmoved,
By self in fetters bound !

Yet, with all grief acquainted,
The "Man of sorrows" view,
Unmoved, by ill untainted,
The path of grace pursue !

In death, obedience yielding
To God His Father's will,
Love still its power is wielding
To meet all human ill.

On him who had disowned Thee
Thine eyes could look in love ;
'Midst threats and taunts around Thee,
To tears of grace to move !

What words of love and mercy
Flow from those lips of grace,
For followers that desert Thee,
For sinners in disgrace !

The robber learns, beside Thee
Upon the cross of shame,
While taunts and jeers deride Thee,
The savour of Thy name.

Then, finished all, in meekness,
Thou to Thy Father's hand,
Perfect Thy strength in weakness,
Thy spirit dost commend.

O Lord ! Thy wondrous story
My inmost soul doth move ;
I ponder o'er Thy glory,
Thy lonely path of love.

But, O divine Sojourner,
Midst man's unfathomed ill,
Love, that made Thee a mourner,
It is not man's to tell !

We worship, when we see Thee,
In all Thy sorrowing path ;
We long soon to be with Thee,
Who bore for us the wrath !

Come then, expected Saviour,
Thou "Man of sorrows," come !
Almighty, blest Deliverer,
And take us to Thee, home !

J. N. D.

—◆—
"He is despised and rejected of men ; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief : and we hid as it were our faces from Him ; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. . . .


"But 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." (Isa. liii. 3, 5.)

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



OFF TO SCHOOL.

SCHOOL.

"OOD-BYE! good-bye, my boy; God bless you." And the mother's loving kiss is given, and with sorrowing heart and tearful eye the lad starts for his first term at boarding-school. With new faces, under new rules, with new trials, and new surroundings altogether, how much depends upon the first few months at school.

Let us leave him in his loneliness on his journey, and when first ushered into his new circumstances, and turn for a few minutes to think of a verse or two which speak to us of

THE SCHOOL OF GOD.

The verses will be found in the second chapter of Paul's Epistle to Titus.

I call the 11th verse the School Door.

The 12th verse the School Room and its lessons.

And the 13th verse the School Window.

Many people desire to learn the school-lessons before entering the school itself, but this would be placing the 12th verse before the 11th. The Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scriptures, has placed them, we may be sure, in their proper order; and just as the little lad will be brought into the school-room of his new school, and given a position there before being set to work, so every boy and girl, every man and woman, must enter by the school-door before he or she can be set to do the school-lessons in the School of God.

The school-door is *salvation*.

The grace of God has brought salvation, and has brought it for *all*. This is the meaning of the 11th verse.

Do you understand it, my reader? Do you believe it? The grace of God has appeared. Just as the star appeared to the wise men in the East, announcing the birth of Jesus, so, upon the dark night of this world's sin, and of man's misery, the grace of God has appeared.

The grace of God means the free, unmerited favour of God: it is this which has

appeared, and it brings with it salvation for all. When the law was given, it brought a curse for all who were under it, for none could keep it. So, when all were proven sinful, undone, lost, God showed grace, even to those who hated Him, and who had refused His Son, and He proffered then, and proffers still, His salvation to everybody. By grace it is we are saved, not of works, lest we should boast. Salvation first; salvation by the free grace of God, and *then* works.

Not works in order to procure salvation, but salvation in order to produce works.

How vast, how complete a salvation, not only providing cleansing from the guilt of sin by the precious blood of Jesus, but deliverance from the power of sin by His death and resurrection, the Holy Spirit of God being now given to every believer on the Lord Jesus and His finished work.

The Saviour has opened this door of salvation, and He says, "By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

Have *you* entered in?

If not, enter *now*.

F.

FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY E. C. L.



ILL the boys put up their hands? (Most boys do so.)

Now, will the girls? (The girls' hands are raised.)

Now put them down, please, and spell the word ALL.

How many does that word mean?

Everybody.

Well, now do you understand that "all" means *everybody*, and, consequently, includes every boy and every girl here, and that whether they have thought about it or not.

Now for my first text. It is

"ALL HAVE SINNED!"

How many does that include?

Everybody.

Does it include you?

Yes! (One boy, No!)

Yes, it does; it includes that boy who said,

"No," as well as all those who said, "Yes." Now, who tells us that "all have sinned"? God.

Yes, and He always speaks the truth; whatever He tells us is true, so that we need not question it. It is very easy to say, "All have sinned," but many say the words who do not really believe the truth of them.

I want you to go a little further to another text: "David said unto Nathan,

'I HAVE SINNED.'

We shall find the words in 2 Sam. xii. 13. Do you see that there is a difference between saying, "All have sinned," and saying in truth, "I have sinned"?

You can all say, "All have sinned," but who can put up his hand, and say, "*I have sinned.*"

(A few hands are upheld.)

Yes, you have sinned. Who saw you? God.

There were two boys belonging to a boarding-school, who went one day to a farmer's orchard and got over the fence, and commenced to pluck and eat or pocket the apples, which were just getting ripe. They thought no one was looking, and so went on very contentedly until satisfied. Some long way off there lived a gentleman, an astronomer, who was possessed of a very powerful telescope; with one of these instruments the stars can be seen as well in the daytime as at night. This gentleman was endeavouring to pursue his study, but the clouds covered the face of the sky, and so, for the time, he was about to cease, and gradually lowered the telescope. As he did so, he saw away on the hill-top the two young thieves in the orchard, stealing and eating the fruit; he was far away, and beyond the sight of the boys, but they were not beyond his view.

So the eye of God looks everywhere. Perhaps father and mother, brother and sister, teacher and friend, know nothing of your having committed that sin; but God knows it, for He knows all.

Years back prisoners were sometimes punished by being shut up in a small room,

in the wall of which there was a small opening. Through this, the eye of a warder or sentry was always looking upon the prisoner; never for a moment could he get beyond the reach of that steady gaze. It was always there, at meal-time, and at bed-time; morning, noon and night he was watched. In some cases the prisoners were driven mad by thus being constantly under the eye of their fellow-creatures.

God's eye is ever upon you; at all times, and in all places. If you remembered this, would you act and speak as you do? Yes, God even sees boys and girls, and yet He desires the blessing of all, and gave His own dear Son in order that such might be saved. Some fear that they are too bad to be saved, but these are the very ones for whom the Lord Jesus came, the very ones whom God delights to bless.

In Psalm xxxviii. 18, we get farther even than one owning "I have sinned," for there we find one who says,

"I WILL BE SORRY FOR MY SIN."

I wonder how many of those who held up their hands, saying, as it were, "I have sinned," can say, "I am sorry for my sin." Some have never been sorry for their sins. Perhaps they fear the judgment, and are sorry because of the consequences of their sins. Just as a boy at school who is punished for pulling another boy's hair, is sorry because he gets the punishment, but not sorry that he pulled his schoolmate's hair. Thus many are not sorry because they have sinned against God, but sorry because of the punishment they know will fall upon them.

Before coming to the meeting this evening, I said to my little boy of four years, "What shall I tell them?" and he answered, "Tell them the text we are learning." Well. I will tell you my little boy's text, and two others, and I am sure all who are really sorry for their sins will be glad to hear them.

What did God say to David when he confessed, "I have sinned"? He said,

"THE LORD ALSO HATH PUT AWAY THY SIN."

This referred to one particular sin, and it does not show *how* God could righteously forgive and put away David's sin, but simply told the blessed fact that it was gone. This was, of course, before the Lord Jesus Christ came down from glory.

Now, who remembers a great sinner who came to the Lord Jesus when He was upon earth, and who heard from His blessed lips the comforting words,

"THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN"?

It was the woman of the city of whom we read in Luke vii. She came to the Pharisee's house, and stood at the feet of Jesus, behind Him, weeping; for she had learned something of His love, and was sorry for her sins; and the Lord said of her, "Her sins; which are many, *are forgiven*;" and when some murmured at this, He took her part, and, saying to her, "Thy sins are forgiven," bade her "go in peace." This was not one sin only as in David's case, but her *sins*, her many sins, were forgiven. This is the text my little boy wished me to tell you, "Thy sins are forgiven."

The third and last text is a message sent from the glory into which Christ has gone. He had been to the cross, and suffered for sins, doing there the wondrous work which puts away sin, and being now risen and seated at the right hand of God, He sends word to all who believe on Him, "I write unto you little children, because

YOUR SINS ARE FORGIVEN YOU
FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE."

Now, here we get not only the blessed fact that the sins are put away and forgiven, but we learn also the reason they are put away, the reason they are forgiven. It is "for His name's sake"; that is, it is on account of what the Lord has suffered, that they are blotted out. You all know that if you make a blot in your copy-books, you cannot perfectly remove all trace of it; you may scratch it out carefully with a pen-knife, but, though the blot is gone, you can still see the mark where it has been. But

the precious blood of Christ so perfectly cleanses us that not a single stain, or spot, or mark, or blot, remains upon the believer. The only marks of his sin left are in the hands and side and feet of his Saviour. Yes, "for His name's sake" alone are sins forgiven; not on account of your prayers, nor because you are good, but simply and only because of the value of Christ's work.

If you were kept in at school for inattention, and one of the pupil teachers suddenly said, "All those detained may go home," it would be a pleasant message, but would you believe it? Perhaps the pupil teacher had no right so to speak. If, however, the head master or head mistress were to say these words, how gladly you would rise and hasten off. Now, it is *God* who speaks to the anxious one who believes on the Lord Jesus, saying, "Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."

Will you not believe *Him*?

Remember the texts we have had:

"ALL HAVE SINNED." (Rom. iii. 23.)

"I HAVE SINNED." (2 Sam. xii. 13.)

"I WILL BE SORRY FOR MY SIN."
(Psa. xxxviii. 18.)

And, then,


"THE LORD ALSO HATH PUT AWAY
THY SIN." (2 Sam. xii. 13.)

"THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN." (Luke
vii. 48.)

And

"I WRITE UNTO YOU LITTLE CHILDREN, BECAUSE YOUR SINS ARE FORGIVEN YOU FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE." (1 John ii. 12.)

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

 WORD spoken in due season, how good is it! It may be but a simple message, given out in the feeblest way, but, if in season, it is a good word which makes the heart glad. (Prov. xv. 23; xii. 25.)

As we follow our Lord's path through the Gospels, we find how in season He ever was

with good words for weary, aching, sorrowing hearts. To the bereft widow of Nain He said, "Weep not"; to the terrified disciples on the Galilean waves, "It is I, be not afraid"; to the broken-hearted Magdalene, "Mary," from His lips, as the Risen One, spoke comfort; and "Peace unto you," uttered to His disciples, caused gladness and joy.

It is our privilege to be instant in season, too; and many are the occasions on which God has been pleased to use a simple word for the help and blessing of precious souls, and the glory of His holy name.

I have heard of an instance in which the utterance of the one word "GOD" checked a swearer in his sin, and caused his cheek to blanch, and his limbs to tremble; while the peerless name, "Jesus," has again and again fallen upon sin and sorrow-stricken hearts with healing, saving power. So it is with written words and sentences. A text of Scripture, or a line of a hymn, has been again and again the bearer of blessing.

A Prussian officer, whilst lodging at a roadside inn, sought again and again to speak to the landlady about the Lord Jesus Christ, his Saviour, but in vain. Desiring to leave behind some witness as to Whose he was, and Whom he served, he wrote over the door of his room, upon the plaster of the wall, the first line of the hymn—

"Him on yonder cross I love."

Shortly after he had gone the words were noticed by the landlord, who, calling his wife, pointed them out to her. The words seemed to affect her much, and she said, with tears,

"Oh, we are not what we ought to be; we do not love Him who was crucified for us."

This was the beginning of blessing for them both; and when, after a year's absence, the officer again called at the house, he was received with the greatest joy, and found that they both could now rejoice with him in a Saviour who was dead, and is alive again.

Can you look back, my reader, at the cross



of Calvary, and, as you remember the Lord Jesus there, say, "Him on yonder cross I love"? We know He is there no longer, that—


"He lives, no more to die,
Joy dwells upon His brow;
His agonies untold are o'er,
He triumphs now."

But from that glory He bids those who know Him use the opportunities He gives them in "this little while," before His return, in seeking the salvation of those around them.

There are many to whom one word, fitly spoken, may be the greatest blessing; and many, beyond the sound of our voice, may be reached by our pens. There are relatives, and schoolmates, far off, to whom some simple message may be the word of salvation.

Let us then seek to redeem the time, because the days are evil.

"WALK IN."

 VISITORS are requested to walk in." Such are the words inscribed on the inner glass-door of a house in the north of London.

The owner of the house is an artist, and one day I had occasion to call upon him. Arrived at the top of the steps, I looked for a knocker or bell. I saw neither, but read the words, "Visitors are requested to walk in," which were clearly printed upon the door. Never having been accustomed to enter private houses uninvited, I hesitated, ere I turned the handle.

"How foolish!" you say. "You were as certainly invited to enter as if some one had opened the door, and asked you to come in."

"Why so?"

"Because you were a *visitor*, and the owner's own words were before you, requesting you to walk in. Why hesitate?"

"Had any one met you in the hall, and asked for an explanation of your presence there, you would only have had to point to the words on the door, and say to your questioner, 'I am a visitor; visitors are invited to enter; so I *have* entered.'"

Yes, it was very foolish of me to hesitate even for a moment before the artist's door, yet many there are equally foolish; not about a trifling incident of time, but about the all-important question of eternity. Many there are unsaved because they do not believe God's Word to them, in its simplicity.

God's Word says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*." (1 Tim. i. 15.) It says also that, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the *ungodly*." (Rom. v. 6.) And yet again, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we *were yet sinners*, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) Yet there are those who stand trembling before these words, clearly written though they are, and strive to find some other means of gaining salvation. They would rather be saved by performing some good deeds themselves, by undergoing some severe penances, or by living during the remainder of their days a life of outward devotion to God.

They will *never* be saved thus. I might have stood for a long time before that closed door, had I not quickly decided to take the owner at his word. On entering, I met a suitable reception; my title of "visitor" had gained me admittance. It was the artist's house, and visitors had to enter in the way he had chosen. So it is *God's* salvation, not man's; the whole plan is His, and worked out at infinite cost to Himself.

Have you ever thought what it cost God to provide salvation for sinners, to bridge over the distance that was between Himself and the lost sinner? He had to give His Son. "*God* so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." (John iii. 16.)

What a gift! "He . . . spared *not* His *own* Son." And the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, did not spare Himself; He went down into death under all the waves of God's wrath. All the judgment of God against sin was borne by Him on the cross; *all* that hindered God from coming out in blessing to the sinner, was removed by Him there. He said, "It is finished," and God shewed His satisfaction by raising the Lord Jesus from the dead, and He is now seated in glory. Salvation is thus offered to *sinners*. God invites sinners to share His joys, and He receives them, and fits them to be near Himself. Are *you* a sinner? Do you say that "ungodly," "without strength," "sinner," are the words that describe *you*?

Then listen again to the blessed message. "When we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the *ungodly*." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*." As a *visitor*, I entered the artist's house. As a *sinner*, I have learned to say, "The Son of God . . . loved me, and gave Himself for me." Why can I say this? Because God has said, that "Christ died for *sinners*," I say, Then He must have died for me. B.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

"**I** AM not afraid of owning I belong to the Master. Those that serve the devil don't mind showing whom they serve," said a man to me the other day in a railway carriage.

Alas! it is true enough that many of those who serve the devil do not mind others knowing it; they give Christians to understand that they do not want the Bible; that they dislike, or even hate, the name of Jesus.

On all sides we may every day see those who openly serve the devil, and we can tell many a one at a glance.

Can they tell by a glance at us that we serve the Lord?

Alas, how the world and its god influence many of those who are saved! Are we not often afraid of letting others know that we serve the Lord, that we love His Word, the Bible, that we love indeed the name of our Saviour Jesus? Would it not be better if many of us were more like my fellow-traveller, in not fearing to own he served the Lord; and more like Paul, the prisoner, on the vessel, with many heathen soldiers and sailors around, speaking of the Lord, "whose," said he, "I am, and whom *I serve*."

May the Lord give all who are His more boldly to own the One who gave Himself for them.

A.J.H.B.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST
HIS SON
CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

(1 John i. 7.)

"I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO BE SURE."



CHRISTIAN mother, in Switzerland, recently told her three little children that a boy, twelve years of age, in the family of a friend, had found peace with God, through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. All smiled, and appeared pleased when they heard it, for salvation, peace, etc., were no strange words in that house.

"When shall we be able to say that of you, dear children?" she added.

I——, the eldest, an intelligent little girl of nine years, replied quickly, "Oh, mamma, I've had peace for a long time already."

Her mother, somewhat surprised to hear so ready an answer, although of late she had observed that she evidently wanted it to be understood that she was a Christian, continued, "Can you tell me what you understand by having peace?"

Hesitating a little, she answered, "It is trusting God fully, and knowing what the Lord Jesus has done on the cross. It's just to be converted."

This ended the conversation for the moment. A few days later, just after the preaching of the Gospel on Lord's Day evening, her mother said to her before she went to bed, "Your little friend, A—— S—— has gone home from the Gospel meeting very troubled. She wishes to know that her sins are forgiven. Let us pray for her; and you may ask her to-morrow, after school, whether she has not got the certainty of it yet."

I——'s radiant face, when she came home the next day, told at once she brought good news with her. Coming up to her mother, she said, "A—— tells me she is now really converted. Last night she was very unhappy, not being able to understand *how* she could lay hold of salvation. At last her mother said to her, just before she went to bed. 'Tell all to the Lord Jesus, and He will give you eternal life.' She did, and went to bed, but couldn't sleep for a long time. But little by little she grew quiet, and felt

she was no longer at all afraid if the Lord Jesus should come the next minute. And she could believe that His blood had washed her sins away, and she was so happy about it. She hadn't understood that we must simply believe, but had thought she must feel forgiven before she could be certain of it. And I asked E——, (her brother), afterwards, whether anything had ever happened to him, but he said, No, but that he thinks he is a believer. Now, do you think that's enough, mamma?"

"It is sometimes the case, my dear," replied her mother, "when children have heard the truth all their lives, that they cannot tell exactly when they believed unto salvation. But tell me, did anything happen to you? I never heard of it."

"Yet it has, mamma," said I——, "it was some months since. I was wondering very much, one morning, how I could get to know I was really saved. And I thought, nobody can tell me anything else but what I know already: that the Lord Jesus died to save us. And then *I told Him I wanted to be sure about it for myself*; and I knew it from that moment that I was saved, and that I had the forgiveness of my sins through His blood."

Within the next two days A——'s two elder sisters, after a good deal of trouble in their souls, also believed the glad tidings of God's love, and were happily trusting in the Lord Jesus.

How blessed to see the hand of God in saving the young! How happy when children are led to trust in the precious Saviour, before they become hardened through the sin and deceitfulness of the present evil world. Many of the people of God have been led to Christ whilst they were yet young and tender. And we have His own precious words for all, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, *to come unto Me*: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xix. 14.)

Have you come, dear young readers?

The Lord Jesus is the same to-day as ever; and with heart of love, and outstretched arms of mercy, He lingers at God's right

hand, ever ready to welcome, pardon, and save all who come to Him. He Himself has done the whole work. His precious blood, which cleanseth us from all sin, was shed on Calvary. (1 John i. 7.) Nothing is left for you to do, but to come to Him as a poor, little, guilty lost one, confessing your sin, and *to believe on Him*. Then will you find yourself

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

Oh, come to Him now, dear child, just as you are.

"Jesus ready stands to save you;
He is ready, He is willing, doubt no more."

And what have children to do when they *are saved*? Just to follow Him. To think of Him day by day. At home, at school, and at play, at all times to seek to please Him in all things, because they belong to Him, and are among the Good Shepherd's lambs. What a blessed path and life!

May God in His rich grace bless you, and make you happy in His love, trusting fully in the Lord Jesus, and following Him wholly till He comes again. E.H.C.

"SWEEP UNDER THE MATS."

THE preaching of the gospel was used to the conversion of a young servant girl.

A short time after, the preacher met her, and having made a few enquiries, asked her, "Do you find it makes any difference as to your work?"

She brightly answered, "Oh! yes, sir; *I sweep under the mats now*."

To the young Christians who may read this, I would say, "*Sweep under the mats*." The top may be well brushed; that and all around may be kept very clean, and the passer-by may not detect a speck; but we serve a Master *now* who looks *through* the mat. Do not let the dust accumulate in any corner; there are no dark corners to Him; His eye sees *through*. He "is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." F. A.

SCATTERED SEED.

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

"**F**IVE HUNDRED yards below the surface, and three miles from the pit's mouth, it was that the Lord spoke to me, sir," said a sick man, in answer to my question as to how it was he was converted. And in a few words he told the story of the grace of God, which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and given him a place of nearness and dearness in the Son of His love.

With all the vigour of his manhood, he had been working early and late in order to make money sufficient to enable him to get married. Stinting himself even in his food and clothing, only taking the barest necessities, he was adding sovereign to sovereign right rapidly.

Long hours and short rations were telling, however, upon his strong frame, when a letter from a near friend reached him one morning, in which the solemn verse was quoted—

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?"

Pick in hand, in the darkness of those coal "facings," the all-important question pressed its way into his very soul. "'What shall it profit,' indeed?" he thought. Resuming his work, he endeavoured to shake from his mind the newly-awakened convictions. Days and weeks and months passed, and still the words remained with him, and his anxiety increased, and his agony of soul almost deepened into despair.

Then, attending one place after another, he sought rest, but found none, until at last he heard the wondrous message of the grace of God—

"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."

The light streamed in. He had already learned his folly and his sin; and when convicted before God, had found his powerlessness to redeem himself, or to accomplish his own salvation. Now he discovered that *God*,—the God whom He feared, and from whom he fain would have hidden, had *loved*, "SO LOVED the world," that He had *given* His only Son, in order that "WHO-SOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In all simplicity the word was preached, and in all simplicity it was received; and the anxious miner knew, on the stable authority of the unalterable Word of God, that he, as a believer on the Son of God, should not perish; but not only so, he knew, too, that eternal life was his.

Reader, what will it profit YOU, if YOU gain the whole world and lose your own soul? A *very improbable* GAIN indeed, which, if possible, would not satisfy your aching, longing heart, and a *certain* LOSS of your precious, priceless soul.

You may heap together riches, and lay field to field, and house to house, but remember, "shrouds have no pockets"; and those who barter their precious souls for sordid gain, or passing pleasures, will find indeed they have made

A BAD BARGAIN,

for we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and the folly of frittering away eternal joys for the pleasures of sin for a season will be discovered when too late, before the great white throne.

Pause then NOW. Go not one step further in the fool's path to shame and sorrow and woe. Salvation is proffered, for the Son of God has died, and risen again,

and been glorified at the right hand of God, and the glorious Gospel is still sounded out that, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever*"—yes, even such a one as you—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

CUT OFF WITHOUT REMEDY.

THE words "Too late, too late," have a solemn sound from a death-bed. The writer cannot efface from her memory what the utterance of them was once to her.

For some years she had constantly visited in a certain street, and had had access to most of the houses there, and was from time to time enabled, as the Lord gave opportunity, to tell the Gospel message to those whom she met with.

There was, however, one house at which she had called but twice. On the first occasion she was received by Mrs. F—— civilly, but the next time she was forbidden to enter, and consequently for several weeks was obliged to pass that door. After some time she again sought entrance, for death had taken from the house one of its inmates, and she thought, through the solemnity of the occurrence, she might have an opportunity of saying a word to Mrs. F—— about her soul. Again the Gospel message was refused, and the messenger forbidden to call again. Months passed by, and another warning was sent there, in the death of Mrs. F——'s child. The writer then once more endeavoured to touch that heart and conscience, but it was all in vain.

The last time she visited her was under circumstances peculiarly sad and painful.

One day, going down the street, her attention was attracted by three persons in earnest conversation. One of them rushed up to her to tell her that Mrs. F—— was dying, and to entreat that she might be visited at once. The reception that had been given on previous occasions caused the thought to arise, What would be the result of again going into that house? However, the need seemed so pressing, there

appeared to be no time to wait, or even to think as to the consequence; so following those who had asked her to go, she was led upstairs to where Mrs. F—— was lying on her bed. To all appearance she was in health; her usual stout figure was in no wise diminished, and the natural high colour had not faded from her face, but she seemed utterly unconscious of what was going on. Her aged mother, her sister, and friends who had sought for her this visit, were weeping at the foot of the bed, and all they now seemed able to say was, "Ma'am, do pray." This was consequently done; and the Lord was asked to restore consciousness so that she might be able to speak. As they rose from their knees she opened her eyes, and in answer to several questions put to her, the heart-saddening reply was, "Too late, too late!"

Reader, we will not follow that soul further. Suffice it to say, within a few days she passed into eternity. When the soul has rejected Christ, there is no other way, for "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12)

The Gospel train, as it were, is still waiting to receive those who will enter. All that is required is to take our seats in it as lost sinners; there is nothing to pay. Some there are who can travel on any line throughout England without payment, because they have a free pass. Thus it is we alone can have eternal life: the Lord Jesus has laid down His life—His blood has given all believers a title to heaven, and they have boldness to enter there.

All that remains for an anxious soul now to do, is to come as a lost and guilty sinner before God. The blood of His Son has been shed, and has met His righteous demands, and there is nothing now to pay.

If we had a free pass on the railway, who would dare dispute our right to travel without further payment? Should any do so, we should only refer them to those in authority, who had granted the pass. So, if Satan, or any one, questions our title to

heaven, we have but to point him to Christ. His death has settled all, and He is at God's right hand as the witness of this. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God."

The door stands open wide; all may now enter; but ere long the Lord will rise up and shut too the door; then it will be too late.

" 'Too late! too late,' will be the cry,
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.' "

M.

FEELINGS FOLLOW FAITH.

WHILST staying some months ago at S——, a seaside place in the south of England, I walked, one lovely morning, across the common, to enjoy for a little the fresh sea-breeze that was then blowing, hoping at the same time that the Lord would give me an opportunity of giving away a few tracts.

I took my seat beside two girls, the eldest of whom was about sixteen. After some few minutes I handed her a little tract, entitled, "I want salvation now." She looked at it, and said, "Thank you."

"Can you say salvation is yours?" I asked.

"No! I wish I could," she answered.

I then spoke to her of the love of Jesus, and asked her if she believed He died for *her* and bore *her* sins.

"Yes, I believe all that," she said. "My mother is a Christian, and she often speaks to me of these things, but I don't know how it is I cannot *feel* that my sins are forgiven."

I saw she was just trusting to her feelings, and this kept her from being happy in the knowledge of the forgiveness of her sins. I sought to show her how she must first *believe* on the Lord Jesus, and what God says in His Word about believers, and that feelings would come afterwards in their proper place, following faith, and not preceding it. After repeating to her that well-known verse, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life," and asking her to read the little book very

carefully, I left, looking to the Lord to use it in blessing to her soul.

And now, dear believing reader, may I ask, "How is it with you?" Can you say, "I know my sins are forgiven," or are you like that young girl, trusting to your feelings? Remember, if you are, you will never have peace and joy in the Lord. Our feelings are like the shifting wind; one day you may feel very happy, and think your sins are all gone, and the next day you may be miserable. Just take God at His Word, and salvation will be yours for ever. "He that *believeth* on the Son *hath* everlasting life."

H. L. H.

DESERTED.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS ON 1 SAM. xxx. 11-17.

DAVID is one of the most perfect types of Christ given in the Old Testament. He was "a man after God's own heart"; though the Lord Jesus was that in a far fuller way than David.

As the chosen king, the Lord's anointed, who was to wield the sceptre of Judah and Israel, David foreshadowed the One who was anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, the sceptre of whose kingdom is a right sceptre.

In 1 Sam. xxx. David is not yet king. He is anointed, but rejected, cast out, hunted like a partridge on the mountains. In this, too, he is a figure of the Lord Jesus; for His reign over the earth has not yet begun. He is hidden now from the eyes of men; rejected and cast out by the world. Gladly would men banish all thoughts of Him from their minds.

David is here pursuing the Amalekites, who had burned Ziklag, and carried away the spoil.

On his way to *judgment*, David acts in *grace*; thus presenting a little picture of the full, free grace of God now being shown to sinners, ere the *judgment* falls.

"They found," we read, "an Egyptian in the field, and brought him to David." This poor man is an enemy, an Egyptian! See

how David acts towards him. Just as he afterwards acted when established on the throne of Israel. "Is there yet any," he then said, "of the house of Saul, that I may show *the kindness of God* unto him?" Do *you* know anything of the kindness of God, the grace, the love of God to a sinner, an enemy, a transgressor? Little indeed do men know of His heart—as little as they knew of Him when He was manifested in the person of Christ. Even the Lord's disciples were ignorant of the depths of His love.

This is shown out when, His face being steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem, He is refused by the Samaritan villagers. John, the most loving and gracious of their number, the disciple "whom Jesus loved," who afterwards lay on the Lord's bosom at supper, even he said, "Wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?" He was eager to bring down vengeance on the rejecting villages. "Ye know not what manner of *spirit* ye are of," the Lord answered, as they passed on. They did not know the One with whom they daily associated; they could not understand His heart.

Now, His heart and God's heart have been told out to the full. The Lord Jesus was revealing the Father's heart all His life here, and at the cross His love and grace were perfectly displayed. There God's righteousness was vindicated, His claims met, and everything was removed that could hinder Him from blessing the vilest sinner, so that now the believer can rest on the finished work of Christ, and rejoice in the Father's and the Saviour's love.

The Lord Jesus is in glory, and by the grace of God believers know something of His heart. They need no saint to intercede for them. They would rather trust the Saviour's heart than the heart of the holiest saint! They do not ask some disciple to go to the Lord for them. The disciples' hearts have been proved less trustworthy than their Master's! There is no heart on earth that they can trust so fully as they can the heart

of that Man in glory! They can trust Him because He is *trustworthy*.

David's heart is told out here. They "gave him bread, and he did eat; and they made him drink water." He was *saved*, and then *satisfied*. "They gave him a piece of a cake of figs, and two clusters of raisins: and when he had eaten his spirit came again to him." Notice these words, "They gave him." God delights in giving. "If thou knewest the gift of God" (or the *giving* God), the Lord said to the woman of Samaria. "The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) "God so loved the world, that He *gave* His only begotten Son." (John iii. 16) "I will *give* unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxi. 6.) David gave this poor man what saved and satisfied him.

He then asks him two very searching questions, "Whence art thou?" and "To whom belondest thou?" questions that God is asking each one to-day. The captive answers them honestly, holding nothing back: "I am a young man of Egypt, servant to an Amalekite."

He pictures a young man of the world, serving *sin* and *Satan*! Does that describe *you*? It is of no use to hide your real position. You must belong either to Satan and the world, or to the Lord Jesus Christ and heaven. Who is your master? You have a master, though you may think you can do as you like. Is Satan your master? Do you belong to the world? If so, see from this picture how you will be treated. Serve the world for ten years even, what will you get? A weakened, and it may be a diseased, body, and, *I know*, an aching heart! Your master is a deceiver. He tells you he will give you pleasure, satisfaction, fame; and he deceives you. He is a deserter, too; for when death is near, he leaves you as this young man's master left him. "My master left me," he said, "because three days ago I fell sick." That just means, "*I could* do nothing more for him, and *he would* do nothing more for me."

Your master will do but this for you when you come to die. A deceiver in life, a deserter in death. Will you serve such an one a day longer?

Who is the believer's Master? The Lord Jesus Christ, He who died for him, whose precious blood has washed his sins away. What a blessed Master to serve!

The young Egyptian, being freed from his old master, saved and satisfied, can now *serve* the one who has done everything for him.

"Canst thou bring me down to this company?" David asks him. One would expect his answer to be a ready and willing assent; but no, in spite of all the favour received from David's hand, he has not yet learned his heart; there is still a lurking fear that David will not be true to the end. "Swear unto me by God, that thou wilt neither kill me, nor deliver me into the hands of my master." How it must have grieved David's heart! and how it must grieve the Lord's heart for those who have known a little of His power to save, to be so slow in learning His heart of love. "They shall *never* perish," He says of the sheep for whom He laid down His life, "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. 28, 29.)

The Lord Jesus Christ went down into death, and bore the wrath of God against sin; He died and was laid in the grave; but the bars of death could not hold Him; He left the tomb, and brought peace to His loved ones—for redemption was accomplished, God was glorified, the believer saved! Are you longing for peace? Look at the risen Saviour in glory. God has raised Him from the dead; a proof of the fact that the work is finished, the victory won.

The Lord risen, gives the believer assurance; for *as surely as the Lord is raised from the dead, the believer is saved.* (Rom. iv. 25.) But another fact is equally true, that *as surely as the Lord is raised from the dead, the unbeliever will be judged*; because God says,

"He 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 resurrection of Christ is a proof that judgment is coming, just as swiftly and suddenly as it came upon those Amalekites. They were eating, drinking, dancing, *enjoying* themselves, as people do now, unmindful of the judgment so near them. "David smote them . . . and there escaped not a man of them, save four hundred young men, which rode upon camels, and fled." So is judgment coming upon this world; but there will not be four hundred escaping then, for God has said, "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and they *shall not* escape." (1 Thess. v. 3.) There is time to escape now. "*Now* is the day of salvation." The believer can look and say, "Christ was on the cross with my sins upon Him, and is now in the glory without them;" so that death and judgment are past for the believer. Instead of fearing judgment, we know we shall never come into judgment. (John v. 24.) And in view of the day of judgment, we have boldness, "because as He is, so are we in this world." (1 John iv. 17.)

May the grace of God, pictured in this young Egyptian's history, reach your hearts. Submit to the Lord Jesus now, that He may save you, satisfy you, and fit you for His service.

"ROOM FOR MORE."



IN a village in one of the south-eastern counties lived a man and his wife. Both were careful and industrious, and the result of their united energy and thrift was that they quickly accumulated money, and for many a long year seemed to have this as their only object.

They were laying up treasure for themselves, and were not rich towards God.

(Luke xii. 21.) Like many, they had not considered the fact that the things which are seen are *temporal*—only for a time—while the things which are not seen are *eternal*—for ever.

About two years ago a tract was handed to the husband, bearing the title, "The precious blood of Christ." The wife, who could read very little, was arrested by the title, which, at that time, was almost all she could read of the little book.

From that time, however, a new order of things commenced. She became increasingly interested in eternal things, and would listen with the greatest attention to the Word of God; was regular in her attendance at the Gospel preaching, and endeavoured to bring her husband with her.

They had no Bible in their house, but this lack was supplied by a friend; and although the wife was upwards of seventy years of age, and could at first only make out a few words, she soon learned to read it well. She had, some six years since, undergone a painful operation in the hospital; and a few months back became ill again, and gradually sank, bearing the brightest testimony to her Saviour's work and worth. "A few more storms," she would say, "and I shall be with Him. 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

Earnestly she pleaded with her husband, "Yet there is room; yet there is room; room for more, room for more"; and I trust it was the turning point in his life's history.

In the time of her greatest pain her face would brighten when the Word of God, which had become so precious to her, was quoted. Such scriptures as, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5), and, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25), gave her comfort, peace, and joy. Her last words were, "Jesus, *my* Saviour"; and her spirit was received by Him.

My reader, it is written, "There is *none* righteous, no, not one," and that "*all* have sinned." Thus the rich man and the poor, the peer and the peasant, the moral and profligate, the judge and the culprit, the

refined and the rude, have all been weighed in God's balances, and are found wanting, and thus need a Saviour.

To all who, knowing their need, are asking, "What must I do to be saved?" the reply comes as sweetly and powerfully as ever, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. (Acts xvi. 31.)

Rest your precious soul's salvation simply and entirely upon Christ's work and God's Word, and it all will be well. If you are resting upon religious ordinances, and not on the precious blood of Christ, you are far indeed from God. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin. (1 John i. 7.) Without it there is

NO REMISSION. (Heb. ix. 22.)

SALVATION IS FREE.

MANY who want to be Christians think they have to *do* so much before they can be saved.

The way of salvation, however, is simple indeed. All that an anxious sinner has to do, is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Many are not satisfied with such a simple way of salvation, and will not believe, because they think it is too good to be true. Oftentimes rich people, on their death-beds, are willing to do anything to know they are fit for heaven; and would gladly give much to obtain salvation. I dare say, if you were told that you could buy it at a certain place, you would go as soon as you could to make the purchase. Salvation cannot be bought with a price. It is *free*. It is "without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

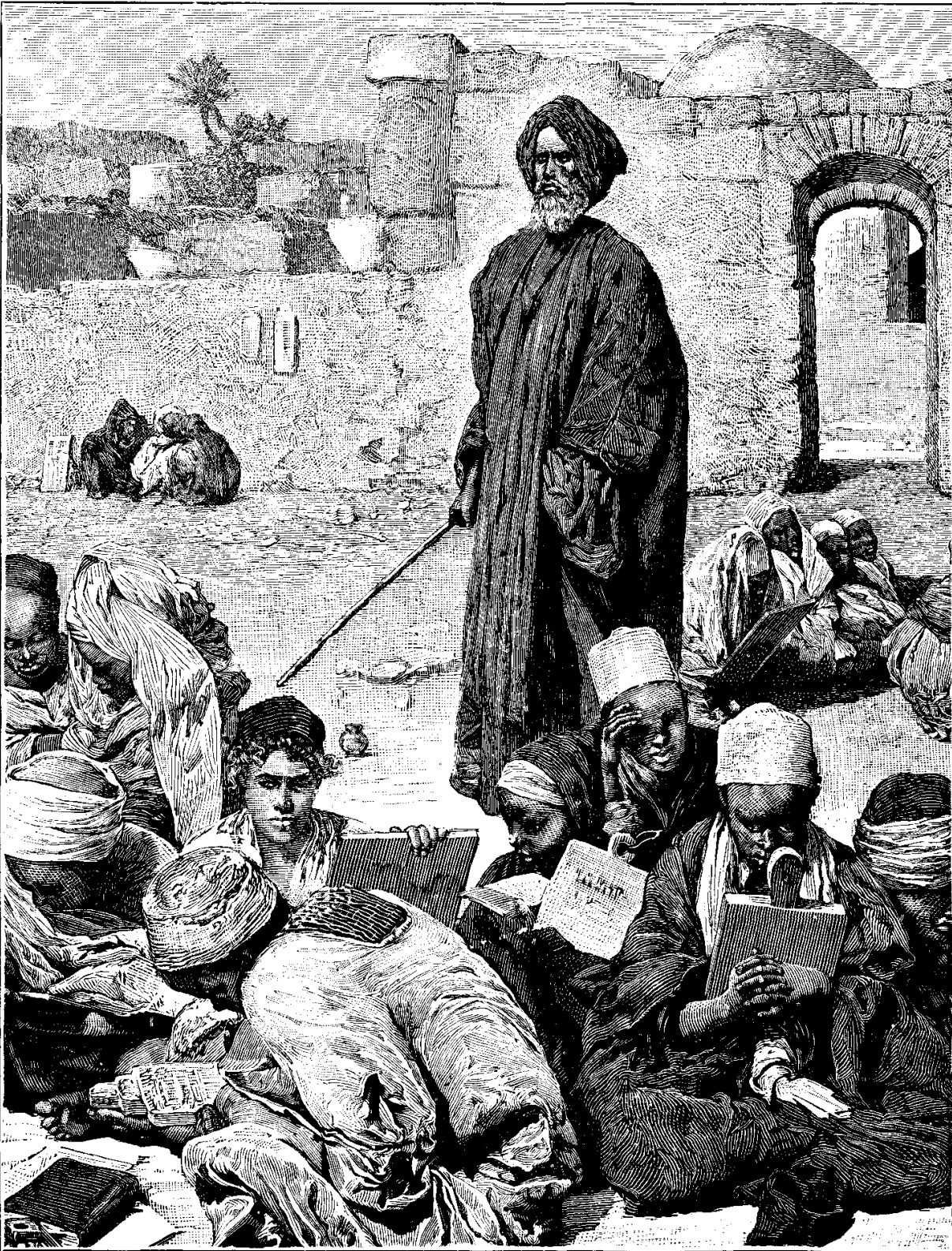
Christ, the ever blessed One, suffered upon the cross for sins, and now all who believe on Him with their hearts, and confess Him with their mouths, are saved.

What love on the part of Christ to bear such dreadful judgment! Will you let anything keep you from such love?

Come, come *NOW*. The Lord Jesus is waiting to receive, waiting to save; and if you come He will save you for ever.

C. W. B.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



A CAIRO SCHOOL.

SCHOOL.

II.

HAVING entered by the door "Salvation" into the school-room, we are now ready to work.

Our school-master is "Grace."

It is no longer the harsh, unbending school-master "Law." He only proved how bad all the scholars in his school were, for though he was a "holy, just, and good" master, yet his pupils never improved. He could do nothing with them, and they were ever groaning and sorrowing because of the hard lessons set them, and the severe punishments which threatened them for not performing their tasks.

The same "Grace" that has brought us salvation is our teacher now. How carefully should we seek to carry out the instructions of such a master!

Much depends upon the manner of the teacher or lecturer at school. In many cases the pupils are so nervous and timid, that they tremble before the severe looks and cold manner of the instructor, and learn only slowly in comparison with those whose teacher, whilst firm, is kind and encouraging.

Away in Oriental schools, among Arabs and Hindoos, fear of the school-master seems the only incentive presented for attention to their duty. Rod in hand, with severe air and constrained manner, the pedagogue passes among the classes gathered in the open air school, making many a child tremble at his approach, and in its terror to forget the lesson it has been endeavouring to commit to memory.

No such tyrant is over us.

How different would be the effect upon those children if they had been saved from a horrible death by that teacher, and if he, with gentleness and love, had won their affections, and entwined them around himself.

Our school-room is light, warm, and altogether cheerful; our teacher is loving and kind. The lessons—what are they?

1. To deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. All around us men are seeking to shut God

out of their lives—to forget Him altogether, and carry on their businesses, and enjoy their homes and pleasures "without God in the world." The Christian saved by grace refuses such a course. He has turned to God, to serve Him, "and to wait for His Son from heaven"; and he turns from all ungodliness and worldliness, in thought or manner, in words or ways, because he no more belongs to the world, but to Christ, whom he expects from heaven.

2. To live *soberly*. Well may the believer be sober, for all around him are those who, spurning the grace of God, by which he has been saved, are hurrying on, careless and Christless, to the judgment of the great day, to an eternity of woe.

3. To live *righteously*. To be upright in all his dealings with those around him, despising deceit, cheating, lying, cribbing, disobedience, running into debt, extravagance, and seeking to follow the steps of his Lord, who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, and who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.

4. To live *godly*—that is, acknowledging the claims of God in everything, and doing all as before Him and for His glory, as we read in 1 Cor. x.: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." One who carried into effect that precept, would be a godly person. The Lord Jesus could say, "I do always those things that please Him."

Is it possible to learn these lessons? Yes, indeed; the Spirit of God, who indwells believers, enables them, as they follow His leadings, to put into practice that which Grace teaches. Hence the apostle adds, "in this present world" (or time). May you and I be found apt scholars in the school of God.

THE SUTLER WOMAN.

AMONG various histories of brave deeds performed in different countries and times, the following touching little story attracted my attention:—

There had been a shipwreck, early in this

century, off the coast of Africa, and a raft, supporting a great number of people, was set adrift, without adequate provisions, without compass, or any means of navigation. The company contained men of the roughest character, a few officers, and one poor old woman.

Neither ship nor land was in sight, and the utter hopelessness of their condition caused the rougher soldiers and sailors to rise against the officers, around whom the better-disposed men gathered, and a fight ensued. During the scuffle, the old woman and her husband were thrown into the sea. The poor man did his best to save his wife, but seeing he was in the same helpless condition as she was, of what use could his efforts be? Would any one save this drowning woman? Was she worth saving? She was old—poor—despised, for she was a sutler, and to her fell the meanest and dirtiest work, as she followed from place to place the army to which the soldiery belonged. Moreover, should she die, there would be one less to share the all-too-quickly disappearing provisions. Would there be any to take interest enough in her to risk his life for her sake?

How truly does this poor creature's condition picture the state of a sinner to-day; *your* state, if you are still unsaved! You may be young, rich, and have performed even what the world would call great deeds; but what does God say of you? You are *lost, helpless, and totally undeserving* of favour. So ruined is the sinner's condition, that God calls even his best works, his righteousnesses, *filthy rags*; and says that the *imagination* of his heart is only evil continually! Do you believe that you deserve *no* favour from the hand of God? If you do not believe it, read Rom. iii., and Eph. ii. 1, 11, 12, and learn what *God* thinks of you. If you are to be saved at all, you must be saved by grace, *without* deserving it.

It was thus that the poor sutler was rescued. An engineer, who had from the first endeavoured to preserve the lives of his

comrades, jumped into the sea, and drew the now unconscious woman safely on board the raft. Her husband, too, was saved by another friend. As soon as she recovered a little, she asked of those around her the *name* of the one who had saved her. She was not satisfied with knowing that she had been rescued, she longed to *become acquainted* with the one whose interest in her had been sufficient to cause him to risk his life for her sake! "What is his name?" she asked.

Thank God, there was One found whose interest in lost, ruined sinners was great enough to lead Him, though rich in glory, to become poor for their sakes; to die in their stead; to bear the judgment due to them; to take upon Himself the sins of those who believe. Who is *He*? What is *His* name? *Jesus Christ*, the Lord, the Son of God, who, in order that God's love might flow out to sinners, offered Himself a sacrifice for sins. He came into the world to *save sinners*. (1 Tim. i. 15.)

Do you know *Him*? Do not rest content with knowing you are saved, and that your sins are washed away, but seek to know the One who did more than *risk* His life for your sake, for He *gave* Himself a ransom for all. (1 Tim. ii. 6.) He is now a risen Man, in the glory of God. May you make His acquaintance there, so that besides rejoicing in *salvation*, you may rejoice in the knowledge of the Saviour. (Heb. i. 3.)

The old woman had her desire, and the engineer came to her side. Her heart was overflowing with thankfulness, and she longed to prove, by some token, her gratitude to the one by whom she had been saved. She was poor enough at the best of times. Now, all that she possessed in the world was a small packet of *snuff*; this she drew from her pocket, and begged her deliverer to accept! *He* had proved his interest in her by rescuing her from death at the risk of his own life; *she* proved her love and gratitude to him by giving him *all* that she had! Did she offer her gift in order that he might save her? No; she gave it from a full heart, because he *had* saved her. Surely, if she was so

moved because she had been saved from the sea to the comparative safety of the raft, how deep should our love and thanksgiving be to One who, at the cost of His own life's blood, rescued us from eternal judgment, and brought us into the bright and blessed favour of God, having obtained *eternal* redemption, a full salvation. He has made heaven ours, with all the joys belonging to it, and has prepared us a place in the Father's House.

May we know what it is to give *Him* all we have! How? By giving Him first our *hearts*; then hands, feet, lips will follow, and possessions too! L. A. M. B.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

"GOD OUR SAVIOUR; WHO WILL HAVE
all MEN TO BE SAVED, AND TO COME UNTO
THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH."

1 Tim. ii. 3, 4.



OD desires that *all* should be saved.

He is willing to welcome every sinner to His open arms of love.

His heart is not *against* the sinner, but *towards* him, for

GOD IS LOVE,

and His love has told itself out in the most marvellous manner, even in the gift of His own well-beloved Son.

This is declared again and again upon the pages of the Holy Scriptures. Hear what the prophet Isaiah says: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, *all the ends of the earth.*" (Isa. xlv. 22.) "Ho, *every one* that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." (Isa. lv. i.)

The apostle John tells us that John the Baptist "came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that *all men* through Him might believe." (John i. 7.) "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." (John iii. 17.)

The apostle Paul tells us that the righteousness of God is *unto all*. (Rom. iii. 22.)

The apostle Peter tells us, "The Lord is . . . not willing that *any* should perish." (2 Peter iii. 9.)

The Lord Jesus Himself said: "Go ye into

all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*" (Mark xvi. 15.) And the last page of our Bible contains His blessedly free invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely." (Rev. xxii.)

The compassions of God have been manifested by the presence of the Lord Jesus here in this world, where man was in rebellion against God. His wondrous life and death alike declare that "God is love."

There is a story told of a gentleman who, whilst walking in the city of London, came upon a crowd gathered around a costermonger's dead donkey. Many were expressing in words their sympathy with the poor fellow in his loss, when the gentleman, seeing what the state of things was, stepped forward, and taking off his hat, threw a silver coin into it, and passed it among the people, saying as he did so, "I am sorry two shillings. How much are you sorry?" As the hat passed from hand to hand, one after another told out the extent of their sorrow; and, by this means, quite a goodly sum was collected towards enabling the poor coster to purchase another beast of burden. Thus, a practical exhibition of their pity was given, each telling, by his donation, the reality of his sympathy.

So has our God declared the depth of His desire, that all men should be saved by the gift—by the most marvellous gift ever bestowed—the gift of His own well-beloved Son.

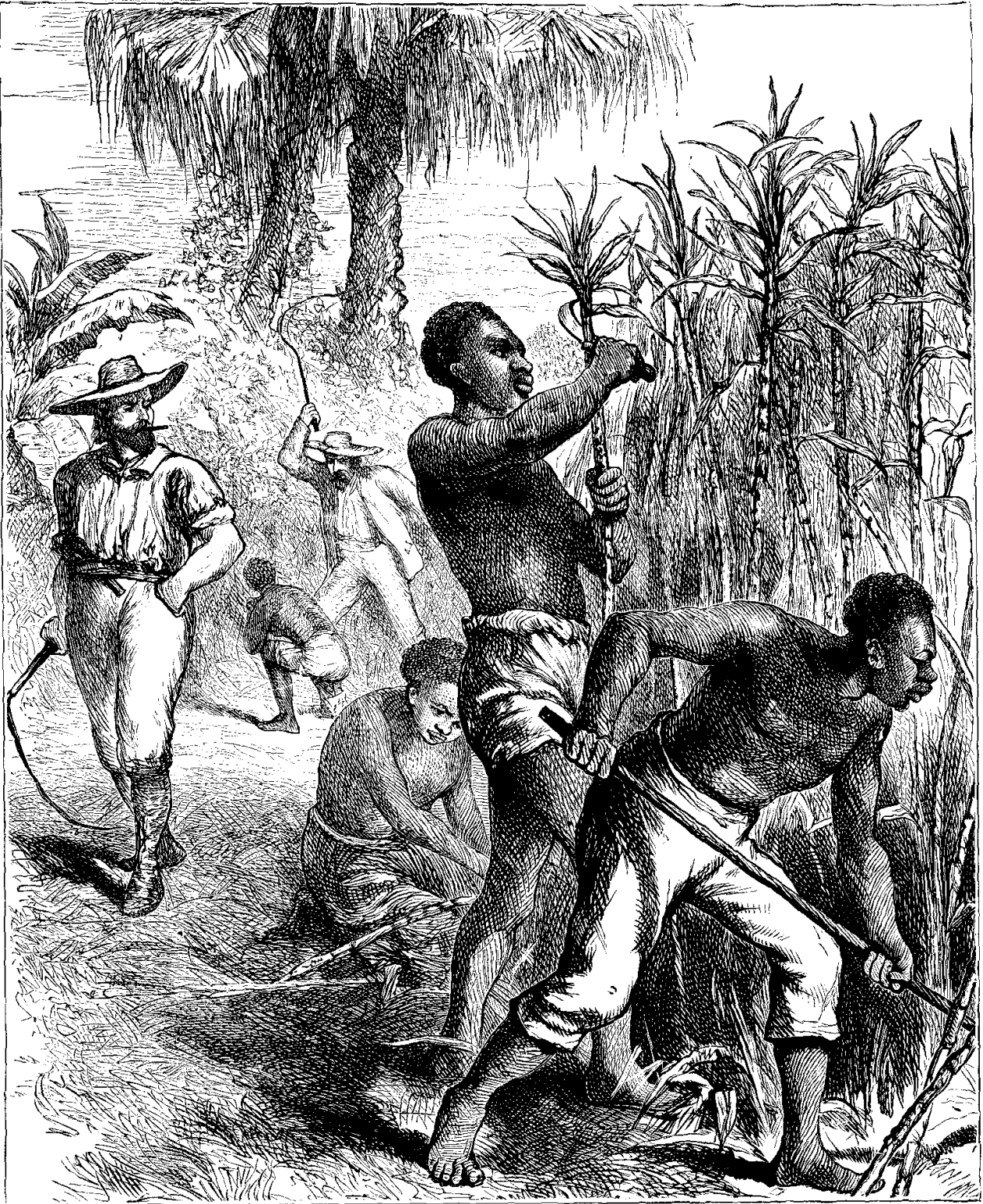
"Herein is love, *not* that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 10.)

The *all* of God's wish is as large as the *all* of man's sin.

* * * * *

A RANSOM FOR ALL.

THE ransom price has been paid, redemption has been accomplished, the sinner may go free. No longer need he groan beneath the lash of his taskmasters, Satan, sin, and self, for liberty has been purchased, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ,



“Under the planter’s whip.”

as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

There is one God (the One against whom we have sinned), and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself

A RANSOM FOR ALL,

to be testified in due time. (1 Tim. ii.)

He Himself, in the form of God, by whom all things in heaven and earth were made, became in grace a Man, to meet the misery and need of men. Yes, God was manifest in the flesh, in order that He might win back His creature's confidence, and, in righteousness, bring him home to Himself.

The Son of God, the Mighty One upon whom help was laid, could, with one hand, touch the throne of God—for He is God—and with the other lift the fallen, rebel sinner from his degradation and sin—for He is man.

"None need perish; Jesus died." By His one sacrifice, when He offered Himself without spot to God, the Lord Jesus has glorified God about sin. When He gave up His life upon Calvary's cross, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. God could come out righteously in blessing for the sinner, and the sinner could go in, as cleansed from all sin through the blood of Jesus, into the holiest of all. The ransom has been given; the way is open now.

When the West Indian slaves were ransomed with British gold, and the glad tidings conveyed to the poor fellows, they hardly knew how best to manifest their delight. Some sang, some wept, some danced and skipped, or rolled over and over again, whilst others knelt in thanksgiving to God. The price was paid; they were redeemed; they were free; and they who, a few minutes before, had been under the planter's whip, now walked out in liberty.

So with believers now. They are free, free indeed; made free by the Son of God; but at what infinite cost! His sufferings, His judgment-bearing, His death—the alone

way in which a sinner could be ransomed. But

"Rejoice and be glad, for the blood has been shed, Redemption is finished, the price has been paid,"

and thousands upon thousands are to-day rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free.

Marvel of marvels, many despise the ransom, slight the Redeemer. Some of them, never having tasted the joys of liberty, prefer their slavery, and refuse to go out free; others will not believe that the ransom has been all paid by Christ, and vainly seek, by efforts of their own, to purchase a deliverance, whilst others, more foolishly still, trust to some fellow-servant of sin to provide for their deliverance, not believing that "none of them can *by any means* redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him: (for the redemption of their soul is precious.) (Ps. xlix. 8.)

Will you not by faith walk out of bondage into the blessed liberty procured for *all* who believe, by the wondrous atoning sacrifice of the mighty Son of God? There is wrath coming; beware, then, lest you despise the provision made in the boundless grace of God, and be taken away with His judgment-stroke; "*then* a great ransom cannot deliver thee." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

A FRIEND AND A HOME.

ABOUT two years ago, I was in a bookseller's shop, where they were calling over the names of a number of magazines, such as "*The Gospel Messenger*," "*Scattered Seed*," and so on. Presently one called out, "*The Christian Friend*." "Yes," said a gentleman standing by, "there is only one."

Now, that One true, faithful, eternal Friend, **THE FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN**, to whom he referred, is the one I want you to become acquainted with.

Can you tell me who this Friend is?

Jesus, the Son of God—do you answer?

Then you are quite right; the Friend for little children is the Lord Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son.

If you turn to the 5th chapter of Romans, and the 6th verse, you will see what this Friend has done. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

Do not think *you* can ever save yourself; for, indeed, you never will be able to do so, because you have not the power. It was when we had not a bit of strength of our own, when we were perfectly helpless, that Christ died for us. Do you believe this?

Some three or four years since, I was at a large orphan home for boys. One little fellow attracted my attention, and I said to him, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?"

"Yes, sir," was his prompt answer.

"Why do you love Him?" I continued.

"Because He first loved me," he replied.

"And how do you know that He loved you?" I went on.

"Because He died for me, sir," was his ready response.

That little boy loved the Lord Jesus because He first loved him, and he knew that Jesus loved him because He died for him.

Can you say truly, from your very heart,

"JESUS DIED FOR ME"?

If so, you know the Friend for little children, and, believing on Him, are saved for ever.

Now a word or two about the Home.

I suppose you know that it is heaven?

Who are going to be in that home?

Those who love Jesus.

Yes, all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, the Friend for little children.

Such a bright and blessed place it is. The Lord Jesus will be there; we shall see His face, and His name will be in our foreheads. (Rev. xxii. 3, 4.)

In His presence there will be fulness of joy. No one will ever feel the pangs of hunger, nor will the tongue ever be parched for want of water; sorrow and pain will be for ever gone; and God will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Many know by the grace of God that they will be there, and long even now to be gone to see that living, loving, precious Saviour who died for them. Well may they exclaim,

"Oh, what a home! But such His love
That He must bring us there,
To fill that home, to be with Him,
And all His glory share.
The Father's house, the Father's heart,
All that the Son is given
Made ours—the objects of His love
And He, our joy in heaven."

May God grant that each one of you dear boys and girls may meet us in

THE HOME FOR LITTLE CHILDREN,
and then together we will sing the praises of Jesus throughout eternal day, for it is alone through Him, "the Friend," that we shall be found in "the Home." P. H. S.

"I AM GLAD."



LITTLE girl was with her father on the cliffs at Margate. She had been running about gathering flowers, and playing with her brothers and sisters; but now the others had all gone on, and she stood by her father's side, watching the sun set over the sea. It looked like a huge ball of fire, and as it appeared to dip in the water, she exclaimed, "Isn't it wonderful! It's just like fire. I wonder whether this earth will look like that at the end of the world. I don't like to think about that time. It's so dreadful to know that this world is going to be burnt up, and every thing in it. I hope I shall die before then."

Taking her hand into his, her father said, "All those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will be with Him before that time. He is coming to fetch His own people away before the dreadful things which are to happen on this earth take place; and if you are really one of His own, you need not fear the end of the world, for you will be in the glory with Himself—safe in His keeping."

"Oh! I *am* so glad," exclaimed the child, "for I do belong to Him, but I didn't know that He was coming *before* the end of the world. I thought that all who were alive then would be burnt up, and that the believers would go to heaven, and the un-

believers to hell ; but it's *very* nice to think of being taken away by the Lord Himself before that time. *I am* glad."

"Yes," answered her father, "those believers who are alive when He comes, will never have to go through death. 'The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.' " (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.)

From that time the prospect of the Lord's coming was a great reality to her; and she is now, with many others, waiting for God's Son from heaven, knowing that in a little while He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. (Heb. x. 37.) E. C. E.

For Young Christians.

"MY LORD."—PHILIPPIANS III. 8.

THE earnest endeavour of the apostle who penned this letter to his loved helpers and co-workers at Philippi was to "press on." This seems to mark his steps, wherever we track him. "Go forward" is imprinted on his words and ways. Especially is this seen in the chapter before us.

He reviews all that had been his; and he had had much of which he could rightly glory. If any man could have boasted, he could have out-boasted them; such had been the greatness of the privileges he had known. But they were all rubbish to him now: they had been totally eclipsed. The Lord of glory had appeared to him, when, in unbelief, he had hasted on the Damascus road. Yes, the very One whose name he had sought to stamp out from the earth, had met him on his mad career; and, falling to the ground, Saul owns the despised and rejected Nazarene as Lord; and forthwith placed himself at His service, crying, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix.)

Thirty years after, the apostle is still of the same mind—he is still pressing on. 'Tis an uphill journey, but he is going to the top. Christ is there, and, with earnestness and diligence, he hastens forward.

"I press toward the mark," "that I may win Christ," "Christ Jesus my Lord," are his vigorous words.

To him to live is Christ, to die is gain; for that rejected Jesus has captivated his heart. And is He not enough to fill every believer's heart? Should we not press on, each one of us owning, wherever we go, "Christ Jesus is *my* Lord. He has died for me, and I would live *for* Him"?

Well do I remember climbing a steep cliff path, which rose high above the sea-level. Upward I pressed, pausing now and again to survey the fresh beauties of the scenery, which, from that lofty path, opened out at every step—the handiwork of Him who died for me. I have often thought since, If some well loved friend had climbed that rough and thorny path before me, and had been awaiting my approach, how should I have urged on my course, looking ever to the place where he was, and not content whilst a single step lay between us.

And should it not be thus with us? We have before us One who has trodden the path we tread, and who now awaits us in that glory for which His precious blood has made us fit.

Let us then, with whole-hearted purpose, press ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD, HEAVENWARD, until we hear His voice, and see His face, and dwell with Him for ever.

"Glory before thee,
Pilgrim, press on;
Share now the sorrow,
Share soon the crown.
Tell forth the Saviour's fame,
Honour His holy name;
Bear now His cross and shame,
Pilgrim, press on."

"Forgetting those things which are behind,
I PRESS toward the mark." (Phil. iii.)

SCATTERED SEED.

"ARE YOU RESTING?"

ON a lovely summer's morning we had gone forth from the Irish town in which we were lodging to seek a quiet, shaded spot for reading together in the Word of God. We were soon seated upon a bank by the roadside, enjoying the peace around, because we knew the peace within. One and another passed us, receiving the little booklets we had to offer, and chatting to us of the things concerning their eternal welfare.

One tall man asked, as he drew near,
"ARE YOU RESTING?"

"Yes! we are," we could reply, and in return asked him, as he moved along,

"ARE *you* RESTING?"

A moment's pause, and the answer, "Yes, I am," was given in a way which betokened an interest in, and a knowledge of, the real meaning of the question.

A little later we had some conversation with this same man, when he told us that, some twelve years before, his guilt had brought him to the Saviour; but he seemed little to know the fulness of joy which belongs to those who are truly resting on the Lord Jesus and His finished work. He appeared to have but little real rest, or peace, or joy, and thus gave but a poor testimony for Him who *wrought* for us, that we might *rest* in Him.

Are *you* resting, my reader? Have *you* yet found a sure, safe shelter in this weary world?

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," says the Saviour Jesus, the Son of God, "and I will give you rest."

Come, then! Come now!

Alas! to how many the Lord hath said, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing: yet they would not hear." (Isa. xxviii. 12.)

Be not among that number, for we read of the awful doom of some who, refusing the

claims of God, will have been deceived by the yet future antichrist, that they have *no rest* day or night, and that the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever. (Rev. xiv.)

Christ is the resting-place—the *only* one. Again I ask you, my reader,

"ARE *you* RESTING?"

"IS IT FOR ME?"

ONE often hears people express doubts as to whether it was really for *them* that the Lord Jesus died. They know that He came to save sinners, and that His precious blood can cleanse from all sin, yet they do not like to say, "He came to save *me*," and "His precious blood can cleanse *me* from all sin."

The salvation of the soul does not depend on a general knowledge of what the Saviour has done, but upon individual appropriation of it by faith to one's self.

But how am I to *know* that it is for *me*, and that I *may* appropriate it to myself? Let us see what the Scriptures say on the subject, and let us thankfully accept as true whatever we find.

I shall not find my own name there, but I shall find my character described in words such as "sinner," "ungodly," so that I may be assured that whatever is said of such, applies to me. Thus, whatever is said of "sinners" must be true of *me*, for I am a sinner; and whatever is said about the "ungodly" must be true of me, for I am ungodly too.

Now then, what do the Scriptures say of me?

1st. Am I a sinner? "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15); therefore He came to save *me*.

2nd. Am I ungodly? "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6); therefore He died for *me*.

3rd. Am I lost? "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost"

(Luke xix. 10); therefore *I* am one of those whom He came to seek and to save.

4th. Am I thirsty, having drunk of the streams of this world, and found them unsatisfying? "Let him that is athirst come" (Rev. xxii. 17); therefore *I* may come.

5th. Am I heavy laden, weary beneath the burden of my sins? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28); therefore *I* shall get rest if I go to Jesus.

6th. Do I live in the world? "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); therefore if *I* believe in Him, *I* shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

My reader, let these words be yours. Rest your faith on what is said, just as if your own name were mentioned. E. V. G.

HEAVEN, EARTH, AND HELL.

NOTES OF A GOSPEL ADDRESS.

(Rev. xxi. 1-8.)



THESE eight verses bring before us what eternity is.

The 4th verse unfolds the brightness of HEAVEN:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The 8th verse warns of the awful realities of HELL:

"But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

While the 6th verse, coming between the 4th and 8th, gives the blessed proclamation now being sounded out on EARTH:

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

Every one of us *must* spend eternity somewhere.

Man has spirit, soul, and body, and will exist eternally. He can never annihilate

himself, nor be annihilated, but must have part either in the 4th or the 8th verse of this chapter. There are but the two companies, and each company is, as it were, in a train, bound for a terminus—heaven or hell. Which is it with you?

Yes, each one of us is on the way.

Let us look at this 4th verse together for a few moments.

Time was when we, who believe, did not like our days to pass so rapidly away, and hurry us on to the great terminus; but now we know the glory is our goal, and gladly we hasten on, for

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

All tears—every bit of anguish, every trace of weeping. This is a world of weeping. Paul speaks of preaching the Gospel with many tears, and was mindful of Timothy's tears; while Jeremiah wept in solitary places over the pride of Israel; and all God's saints and servants know what it is to weep. But, directly our feet are placed on yonder shore of joy, all glistening tear-drops will be gone for aye. But why are there no tears *there*? Because Jesus wept *here*. Three times over we find it recorded that the Saviour wept:

1. At the grave of Lazarus, where the havoc sin had wrought was so manifest.

2. Over Jerusalem, the city doomed to destruction, which had refused all His loving calls, and constant entreaties.

3. In the Garden of Gethsemane, when the bitter cup of judgment, which He drank at the cross, was put into His hand.

Yes, "Jesus wept" on earth, and there will be no tears yonder. But unbelievers who laugh now will weep then, for there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Those who receive Christ may weep now, but they will rejoice then for ever; those who reject Christ may laugh now, but they will weep then for ever.

"And there shall be no more death."

Death is all around us here; one cannot stir without finding its mark on everything—churchyards, cemeteries, undertakers, mourning, all remind us of "dust to dust."

If you knew that to-night death would

chill the warm blood now circulating through your system; if you knew that before morning death would have laid its hand upon your heart, then you, who are unprepared, would shiver like an aspen leaf, and your teeth would chatter in your fear. But, for the believer, death has lost its sting. The Lord Jesus has been to the cross—*Jesus has died.*

"*He died for me upon the tree—
The blood is accepted—the sinner is free.
That sinner am I who upon Him rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.*"

Yes, through His death we have life; through His going into the distance we are brought into nearness; through His suffering in the darkness we enjoy the light of God's eternal smile.

"Neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Sorrow shrouds everything here—everyone has a wounded heart, a lost husband or wife, or child, or parent. Sorrow upon sorrow now—but *no* sorrow then, no wave of anguish shall ever roll through that eternity. And why no sorrows then? The Lord Jesus has borne them all.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

"But 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."

Are you, my friend, travelling on to that scene where no sorrow is ever known?

Oh! Christless, unawakened sinner, your pulse will be stopped before long. In breathless excitement watchers by your bedside may whisper, "He's going! He's going!" and, in a moment, you will be *gone*—gone into eternity. Where?

Remember, it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment. If the holy, sin-hating God summon you into His presence to-night—are you ready?

"And he died" marks the end of each of eight old men in Genesis v. Adam lived nine hundred-and-thirty years, *and he died.*

"And I shall die, too. Where am I going?" thought a city gentleman, as he heard the scripture read, and this solemn question led to his conviction of sin, and conversion to God.

A dear dying man heard the doctor whispering to his wife, "Break it to him gently, he's dying." Laughing with joy, the dear believer said, "Wife, I'm going home—ring all the bells, hang out the flags, and let all know that I'm going home—a sinner washed in Christ's blood, going home to glory."

Ah! it is this glory that makes us care so little for the present sorrows. If you knew you were coming into £10,000 a year, and a vast estate, in a few days, would you mind if you had, even for a week or so, to sweep a crossing? We, who believe, have the glory before us, and joys and delights there, that completely eclipse all that earth could afford; and what matters it if, for "a moment," we have sorrow, when we know we shall be where sorrow can never enter for all eternity?

Now let us turn to the 8th verse. This brings before us the lake of fire—HELL.

Perhaps some one present scoffingly says, "Oh! I do not believe in hell or judgment."

This, however, does not alter the awful truth—it is a fact, whether you believe it or not.

Imagine a man returning to England, and saying, after having been caught by a policeman picking a lady's pocket, "Oh! I don't believe in policemen or prisons."

"Don't you," says the constable, "but we do—come along."

Infidel man would fain set aside all the government of God, but in vain. There is wrath—BEWARE!!

Who will enter that lake of fire?

The list is headed, not by drunkards or adulterers, but by the

" FEARFUL "—

the cowardly.

One is afraid to be a Christian lest a fellow should sneer; another lest a girl should laugh; and this word, "FEARFUL," is branded upon them by the pen of truth. Afraid to confess Christ—afraid to own the Lord. Why is this?

A young man is convicted before God, and is ashamed to go to the office, for fear of his mates. "What would they think of me? What will people say?" He is one of the fearful, and God heads the list with the "fearful," I believe, because they are the most numerous.

Then follow the

"UNBELIEVING."

One may be exemplary, amiable, dutiful to parents, and have a respect for religion, and yet be "unbelieving"; and the solemn message from God is, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Paul, at Athens, had three classes before him—mockers, procrastinators, and believers. To which of these three classes do you belong?

Do you ask, What must I do to be saved?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

What must I do to be damned?

Go on as you are going now, Christless and careless.

I once stood close to the Niagara Rapids. I noticed the Falls to the right of me, then the rapids, and then the whirlpool. I watched the waters foaming and writhing as if in pain, and splashing and dashing everywhere around, and I saw that soon they settled down as if quieted, and at rest, and, reaching the whirlpool, there seemed not a ripple—it appeared as glass, but down the centre of that whirlpool the greatest trees are sucked by the treacherous waters. Thus it is that many, many souls are lost—all is peaceful apparently, and on they glide. They hear the Gospel scores of times, and, perhaps, in the past, have been affected by the Word, but now have become callous and indifferent—*unbelieving*—UNBELIEVING.

Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God?

If thou dost, then salvation, forgiveness, justification, are thine—thou hast passed from the down train for despair to the up train for glory.

When "The London" was lost, in 1866, there was on board a rich Jewess. She had the opportunity of a seat in one of the boats, but hesitated.

"Lady, if you do not jump at once we shall have to leave you behind, our lives are in danger," shouted one of the boatmen, "Leap!" But she delayed, and the boat was pulled away.

Then her cry was, "A thousand pounds for a place in that boat!"

Too late! *Fear, cowardice, unbelief*, gave her a watery grave.

Alas! how many are sneered out of heaven, and buffooned into hell.

Are you an unbelieving coward? Are you afraid to confess that risen Christ? Courageous, or cowardly—which is it you are? Oh! leap off that foundering ship into God's arms of love.

Who else will be cast into that lake of fire?

"The abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars."

"Oh! how awful a company," do you say? Beware, then, lest you, refined and amiable, cultivated and correct, as you may be, do not join them.

Do you say, "I would fain flee from the wrath to come, but I cannot give up the world"?

Well, have then your fill. Cram all the pleasure into your few remaining days, for in eternity your mirth will be changed to misery, your laughing to weeping, your gladness to sorrow. When your night begins, unbeliever, then the believer's day commences.

In that glory, to which all who are cleansed from their sins are bound, no *cry* of distress will ever be heard, no moan of pain, or want, or misery. But what a *cry* will rise from those who are lost, when the eyes are opened, and all their folly and madness is seen, and they *lost, lost for ever*, having refused "the salvation of God."

The believer has Christ now and for ever.

A dear old woman lay dying, and a kind Christian was standing by her side, and said, as he saw her suffering, "Poor thing!"

"Poor thing!" she repeated, "poor thing! am I? I've got Christ, what want I more?"

Now, just a few words on the 6th verse. As I have said, the 4th verse is "Heaven"; the 8th verse is "Hell"; and this 6th verse,

coming between, and having both in view, is "Earth." It is the present message of grace. Jesus says,

"I WILL GIVE."

He knows whither thou art going, and, in loving, gracious accents, says, "I will give." God is giving to-day, giving salvation, giving eternal life, giving divine righteousness. "I will give—I will give," are His words.

What hast thou then to do, anxious one? To *take*. Wilt thou take? Art thou athirst? Then drink of the fountain of the water of life *freely*. Oh! let it be true of thee, take that which He so freely gives.

A dear Christian mother was quietly waiting the home-call. As she lay on her death-bed she was asked, "Have you any wish?"

"Yes," she replied, pointing to her daughter, who stood at the end of the bed, "I'd like to know that girl there saved."

This verse, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," was quoted to that anxious girl, and she was pressed to "take."


There and then the question was settled, as she simply answered, "Taken."

"Say it louder," said the dying mother.

"Taken, taken," responded her child, as she passed from death unto life.

Wilt not thou take now? Simply believe what He says. In faith rest on His finished work, and faithful word, and then the 4th verse shall be true of thee. Heaven will be thine eternal portion. May it be so, for His name's sake.

FOREVER.

HAT will it be when we get to 'forever'?" said a little fellow, well known by me, to his sister.

Little could he comprehend what eternity was; his childish mind could enter but feebly even into the things of *time*; and thus the things of *eternity* were beyond him altogether.

My reader, what will it be for YOU when you get to *forever*?

The Word of God is clear and plain as to the never-ending existence of every

human being; and the all-important question for each one is,


ETERNITY! WHERE?

Shall it be in the regions of joy, or of judgment; of weal, or of woe; of delight, or of doom?

Ponder the child's question, my reader:

"What *will* it be when we get to *forever*?"

CONTENTMENT, AS A LOSS AND AS A GAIN.

HE first essay we had to write, when at school, was on the subject of "Contentment," and well do we remember the various illustrations (of a rural character) that presented themselves to our young mind, as suitable for the subject in hand.

But we knew not then, as now we do, the important place "*contentment*" really holds in the Word of God, and the solemn contrasts connected with it, therein presented to us.

Will you turn, for an instance, to Luke xii. 16. Here we find a *wealthy* man. His goods are largely on the increase, and he is full of his own purposes and plans. "*I will do*," "*I will pull down*," "*I will build*," "*I will bestow*," "*I will say to my soul*," &c. Occupied with "the things which are seen" and "are temporal," he gave no consideration to "the things which are unseen," and "are eternal."

This man was CONTENTED WITHOUT GOD; and what was his end? "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." (v. 20.)

Turn again to Luke xvi. 19. Here we are introduced to another "*rich* man." "Clothed in purple and fine linen," he "fared sumptuously every day." But, occupied in his "life time" with the "good things" of earth, he ignored the danger of an eternity with its "evil things" being at hand.

This man, likewise, was CONTENTED WITHOUT GOD; and what was *his* end? "In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." (v. 23.)

Oh, my reader! these are solemn verities

from the Word of God, bringing before us, as they do, the truth that *contentment without God* is a TERRIBLE LOSS—the loss of one's soul; for “what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” (Mark viii. 36.)

From these two sad instances let us turn to a very different scene, recorded in Acts xvi.; a man of God in a dungeon at Philippi, scourged, and thrust into an inner prison, with feet made fast in the stocks, praying and singing praises unto God, rejoicing in tribulation. (Acts xvi. 25; Rom. v. 3.)

This same man, writing to some of God's people at Philippi, years afterwards, during his imprisonment at Rome, says: “What things *were* gain to me, those I counted *loss for Christ*.” (Phil. iii. 7.) “I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, . . . to be content.” (Phil. iv. 11.)

This man was CONTENTED WITH GOD; and the secret of it was to be found in the fact that *he possessed Christ*; as the little hymn so simply puts it,

“Possessing Christ, I all possess,—
Wisdom, and Life, and Righteousness.”

How truly, therefore, it is written, that “*Godliness with Contentment* is GREAT GAIN.” (1 Tim. vi. 6.)

There is a beautifully simple verse in John i., which says, “As many as *received Him* (Jesus), to them gave He power to become the sons of God, *even to them that believe on His Name*.” (v. 12.)

Let me ask, my reader, Have you known what it is to *receive Christ* as *your* Saviour? Have you truly *believed* “on His Name”?

N. L. N.

“SIR, I LOVE HIM!”

SOME years ago a Christian friend of mine visited a building where a great number of people were present, many in devotional attitudes.

One of these particularly attracted his notice, and, feeling anxious to know whether it was simply a form of religion led her to kneel, he stepped up, and quietly whis-

pered in her ear this question, “What think ye of Christ?” “Sir, I love Him!” was the simple reply.

Dear reader, let me earnestly and lovingly ask *you*, “What think *ye* of Christ?” We read in 1 Peter iii. 18 that “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” Do you know Him as the One who left the glory of God, and suffered for sins on the cross, in order that poor, vile, guilty, lake-of-fire-deserving sinners might be brought into a place of favour with God—yes, even accepted in the Beloved? (Eph. i. 6.)

If you do not know Him as your Saviour in this, the day of God's grace, you will have to know Him as your Judge in a coming day, when standing as a guilty, lost Christ-rejecter before the Great White Throne.

Again, let me ask you, “What think ye of Christ?”

The Apostle Paul could say of Him, “The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.” (Gal. ii. 20.)

Have you this same blessed knowledge?

P. H. S.

“THE PERSON OF THE LORD JESUS.”

THE Lord desires from you more than love for all that He has done for you. He wants love for *Himself* alone. There is a line in a hymn that just expresses this:

“Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God.”

The gift is precious, but how infinitely more precious is the Giver. Without the gift we could never know the Giver; but, having been brought to Him, must not He Himself be more than all else.

I believe this is why so many of us are so occupied with ourselves, we dwell so much more upon the salvation of the soul than upon the Author and Giver of all our blessings.

The Lord wants every one of His people to be taken up with Himself.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



THE SHIPWRECK.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

"WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION."

(1 Tim. i. 15.)



FROM the monarch on the throne to the pauper in the union, all should receive, all should accept, the blessed message. The richest, the poorest, the oldest, the youngest, all alike may find comfort and blessing in the soul-cheering words,

"CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

All are proven guilty.

All are commanded to repent.

God's wish is that *all* should be saved.

Christ has given Himself a ransom for *all*.

In each case the "*all*" embraces every one, excluding none; so also in "Worthy of all acceptance."

The servant of the Lord goes forth at His Master's command, and as the love of Christ constrains him he cries,

"Oh! that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace,
The arms of love which compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

The apostle Paul, who penned the words of my text to Timothy, his beloved child in the faith, had known well the value of that saying and the preciousness of that Saviour.

Breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, he had hastened on in his path of antagonism to Christ, until, as he journeyed towards Damascus, he had been met by the very Saviour whose name he would fain have stamped out. Stricken down by "the glory of that light," he had asked, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and had received, to his astonishment, the answer, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

All earth's glory was eclipsed by that sight, and, after three days of blindness and fasting, he was baptized, and became, henceforth, a champion of the truth he once sought to overthrow.

His salvation was a pattern of the Lord's mercy to all. If Saul, the first, the chief of sinners, has been blessed, so may you be, for

it was for *sinners* Jesus came, for sinners He suffered, for sinners He died, and now with sinners He pleads.

Will you not believe the message? Will you not obey His call?

Just as the life-boat puts out in the darkness and fury of the storm to save the shipwrecked mariner, so Jesus came to save the sin-wrecked sinner.

How foolish the seamen if, after all the labour and peril of the life-boat crew, they should refuse their proffered salvation, and neglect their timely aid. Yet some are found who thus act.

During a terrible storm a ship was wrecked. The life-boat could not come close alongside of the vessel, for the sea was running far too high, so it was pulled to windward of the ship, and then allowed to drift under the bowsprit, to which the crew were clinging. As they drew near, the rescuers called lustily to the perishing men to drop into the life-boat, when she passed beneath them, but none obeyed.

Again the boat was brought round, and again drifted beneath them, and this time one man left his hold, and dropped into the boat, and was saved. Once more they endeavoured to save them, but this time it was too late—all had perished. Salvation was provided, but they would not avail themselves of it, and as a result were lost. So near was the life-boat to them once, that the pocket-book of one poor fellow fell from his pocket into the boat, but he himself was lost. There was room for all, but one only was saved, for he alone accepted the invitation.

There is room in the life-boat for thee, sinner.

"Christ is the life-boat, trust Him alone,
Only those who trust in Christ will God ever own,
None ever came too young, nor yet too bad to save,
Thousands, but for Jesus Christ, had sunk 'neath
the wave."

Once more the faithful saying sounds in your ears. Neglect it no longer, cling to self no more, but commit yourself to His keeping, and you are safe now—safe for ever.

It is not enough to be near Christ, near

salvation. It is not enough that friends or relations are saved. Many were near enough to touch Jesus when on earth, and yet missed His blessing.

Let the message be received into your heart by faith now :

“CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD
TO SAVE SINNERS.”

“MIGHTY TO SAVE.”

DURING one of those severe fogs which were experienced at sea in the early part of the summer, a serious accident occurred, through two steamers colliding. Such was the force of the collision, that in three minutes' time one steamer had disappeared beneath the water. No efforts were spared by the crew of the remaining vessel, who quickly lowered their boats, and rowed eagerly round in search of any survivors that might be found clinging to the wreckage floating in the waters. In several cases they were successful, but the thick fog hung so densely all around, that they could scarcely see any distance ahead, and many a one who had been bound for a foreign port, found a watery grave within two days of leaving England.

After several hours' search, the men in the small boat started to go back to their own steamer, bringing those they had rescued with them, when, to their surprise, they found they had drifted far from her, and could not succeed in reaching her again. For hours they rowed about, and were at last picked up by a passing vessel. Thus the very ones who had saved others found that they themselves needed to be rescued. It was not that they were not *willing* to take them to their vessel in safety, but the serious fact was they were not able. They had undertaken a task for which, owing to the circumstances, they were not competent. The Lord Jesus is indeed competent, able to save, fully and completely, all who in faith come unto Him.

Perhaps you say, “I don't know whether I have the right kind of faith.” The question

rather is, Is your faith in the *right Person*? A drowning man may clutch at a rotten rope, deluded with the firm conviction that it will save him, and with a firm grip of faith, clasps it, fancying he will soon be on shore again; but the rope breaks beneath his weight, and the poor fellow perishes. It was not that his faith was wrong, but he had reposed it in an object that *was not able* to bear him.

A sinner in his sins is like the drowning man, helpless, and fast perishing, finding that all means of help must come from outside himself altogether. Thanks be to God, He has provided a Saviour who is “*mighty to save.*” (Isa. lxiii. 1.) Have you trusted Him? He has proved His love by dying for sinners. He has proved His power by rising triumphant out of death. Nothing else will avail when the storm of death sweeps by; once saved by Christ you are saved for ever. “*He is able* also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.” (Heb. vii. 25.)

“Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord,
Well may His name by His saints be adored!
He has redeemed them from hell by His blood,
Saved them for ever, and brought them to God.”

E. R. M.

THE GOOD SIXPENCE.

WHY, what is this?” exclaimed a man, as, coming in from work, one day, he noticed a sixpence nailed up on the wall of the room. “What have you here? A bad sixpence?”

“No,” replied his wife, “not a *bad* sixpence, but a very good one; and that's why I've fastened it there”; and she then proceeded to tell her husband the reason of the piece of money being so carefully preserved.

That morning she had sent her little boy out shopping for her. The money she gave him was more than enough to pay for the article he was to buy, so, as he started, she warned him to be very careful not to lose the change.

On his return, however, sixpence was

missing. They hunted for it, but it could not be found. The boy's pockets were turned out over and over again—he being quite confident that the lost piece of money would soon come to light.

"I'm sure it's not *really* lost, mother, we shall find it," said the child, earnestly.

"What makes you think so?" she asked.

"Because," answered the boy, gravely, "I asked God not to let me lose the change before I started."

Another search was made, and this time proved successful, the missing sixpence having slid down between the lining of his clothes.

God had heard the prayer, and, although He allowed the child's faith to be tested, He sent the answer in His own time.

E. C. E.

"ONLY GOING HOME!"



LITTLE boy in the Midlands lay on his dying bed. Calling his father to him, he said, "Father, I want to tell you the Lord has saved me. I knew it before I took this illness. My sins troubled me a great deal, but the Lord gave me such joy and peace when I came to Him; and it gives me such confidence, as I lie here, to know that it is all right."

"Praise the Lord for that good news," said the father. "I trust my little boy will be raised up to be a witness for *Him*."

"No, father, dear, I shall not get better; I am going home to Jesus. You have been a kind father to me—very, very kind; and dear mother, and all of you; I cannot thank you enough for all your kindness to me. But, dearly as I love you, father, there is one I love better still, and I am going to Him."

"Well, darling, if it is the Lord's will to take you we desire to say Amen to it. But, oh! my boy, it is hard to lose you," and his big breast heaved with convulsive sobs.

"Don't weep for me, father, dear. Don't mourn, I'm only going home! You will all join me by-and-by—not very long, perhaps—

and then we will never be parted any more."

A day or two later he quietly passed away.

Before his illness he had been very unhappy about his sins, but found peace in believing. He did not wait till he was taken ill, or was on his dying bed, so, when it pleased the Lord to gently lay His hand upon him, he was quite happy and ready.

Let that dying child's triumphant words sink deep down into your little hearts, and may you never forget them: "Don't weep for me, father, dear, I'M ONLY GOING HOME."

Trust Jesus, dear children, while you are *well*. His hands are stretched out to receive, and He says, "Come."

Do you answer, "I *will*, Lord Jesus; *just as I am I come*."

Thrice happy child, if such is your language. There is *nothing* for you to do but to take, and to thank Him; but there was a *great* deal for *Him* to do before He could *give*.
G. F. E.

DUST.



HANDFUL of dust may be a houseful of shame," says an old maxim. Take care lest the dust settle upon you, young Christian. The little floating specks noiselessly and almost invisibly fall, and soon, if undisturbed, cover everything.

And so it is with us, that which is openly sinful is easily dealt with, but the little dust of sin, the evil thoughts allowed, the foolish words uttered, the evil communications of others unchecked, the doubtful books read, all these and many other things beside contribute to mar and to hinder our usefulness.

We need to use the duster continually, to judge ourselves in the presence of our Lord. The psalmist's prayer was, "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." (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.)

"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." (Col. iii. 17.)



WAVING A REPLY.

A FATHER'S WELCOME.

FAR away in distant New Zealand live two little friends of mine. Their father leaves his home very early on the Monday morning, and goes away over the hills to his work. He is absent from his wife and children all the week, and returns on the Saturday afternoon. From the window of their home, at the foot of the hills, watchful faces may often be seen gazing at the hilltop. Every moment they are expecting to see their father's welcome form; and when at last their patience is rewarded, they seize their hats, and, rushing out, signal to him, and are answered by their father waving a reply.

Then they swiftly climb the steep hill-path which their father is descending, each shouting a welcome to the other; and soon the children are folded in a loving embrace, and together with their parent descend to their home.

* * * * *

Many are the longing hearts awaiting the Saviour from His glory.

He has gone into heaven; but His blest promise to His sorrowing loved ones was, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also," and that promise He will keep.

In grace He has waited, whilst precious souls have been gathered out for His name; but in a little while—a very little while, the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout—a shout of welcome—and in a moment His own will rise to meet Him in the air, to go with Him to His own heavenly home, the Father's house of many mansions, there to enjoy His presence, and to be the delight of His own heart of love, then to come forth with Him in His glory.

The Christian's hope is a heavenly one, just as the hope of Israel was earthly.

Believers now are not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world. (John xvii. 16.) As He is, so are they in this world. (1 John iv. 17.) As is the heavenly—that is, Christ; such are they also that are heavenly—that is, Christians.

The apostle Paul could say, "Our conversation [our manner of life] is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." (Phil. iii. 20, 21.)

Are you a watcher? Are you really and truly looking for the Son of God, waiting for Him from heaven? All His own—"they that are Christ's"—will be caught up together when He comes; but a peculiar blessing will be the portion of those servants who, when the Lord comes, shall be found watching.

LETTER TO A BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I AM requested to write to you a letter, to be read at your little gathering on Lord's Day next. With this desire I gladly comply.

There are, most likely, two classes among those who will read my letter. The one class know their sins forgiven, and that they are children of God, and made meet, through the work of Christ, for the glory to which that blessed Saviour has gone. The other class are still in their sins, still passing on without the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, or Counsellor, or Guide—passing on to the judgment.

Ask yourselves now, as in the presence of God, the solemn question, "To which class do I belong?"

Turning now, in your Bibles, to John iii. 36, you will find these two classes spoken of:

- 1.—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."
- 2.—"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the *wrath of God* abideth on him."

In Acts xiii. 38, 39, 40, the message to all—to both classes—is, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through THIS MAN [the Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for sins upon the cross, and is now risen again] is PREACHED UNTO YOU THE FORGIVENESS of

sins." And now again the distinction is made, the two classes appear—those who receive the glad tidings, and those who reject or despise them.

"AND BY HIM ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

"Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets ; Behold, YE DESPISERS, AND WONDER, AND PERISH."

What a blessed, but what a solemn message.

Are *you* a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you seen yourself as He sees you—a SINNER, *guilty* and *lost*, *helpless* and *hopeless*, as to saving yourself? Have *you* seen the Lord Jesus as the very One *you* need—the One who came into the world to save SINNERS, and who *died* upon Calvary's cross that the way of salvation might be formed, by which you and I might cross in perfect safety into the very presence of our God? If so, you, as a *believer*, "*are justified from all things.*" It is *not* what you feel, but that which God *says* in His Word, upon which you must rely. "He says it, and I believe it because He says it," is the language of faith.

Are you on the other side? In the other class? Among those who, as yet, are *neglecting*, or *despising*, or *rejecting* God's so great salvation? Beware! Beware!! Time is so short—there is not a moment to lose. The Lord's gracious message still is

"COME UNTO ME" (Matt. xi. 28); but ere long, to those who have despised that invitation, His solemn word will be

"DEPART FROM ME." (Matt. xxv. 41.)

Listen, then, now, to His loving message, and come to Him just as you are—He never casts out one who comes. To illustrate my meaning let me tell you a story of a soldier.

Sewell, who belonged to one of the Artillery regiments, was in the smithy in his rough, dirty, working clothes. Looking up, he saw one of his comrades approaching, who, as he neared the forge, told him that his officer wanted him.

The soldier looked at his comrade, then

at his soiled hands and clothes, but, seeing that his mate had really brought a message from the officer, threw down his tools, and started to obey the command, expecting to receive a severe reprimand for his untidy appearance. Reaching his superior, who was a Christian, he was, however, soon set at rest on that point, for the officer said, "Sewell, I am very glad to see that you know how to obey orders."

And that is just how *you* must come to Christ—just as you are, and *now*. You are not to wait until you are better before coming. He, who knows all about you, who has set your secret sins in the light of His countenance, Himself says,

"COME!"

and also says,

"COME NOW,

and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

Yes, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, *your* sins may be cleansed, and you able to sing, with all the blood-washed host: "Unto Him that loved 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." (Rev. i. 5, 6.)

Now I would say a few words to those who are truly converted.

What are *you* doing for the Lord Jesus, young believer? He has done much, yes, everything for you. His death on the cross shows the depth of His matchless, marvellous love. He bore your sins there; He was there made sin for you. There He was forsaken of God, on account of what you were, and of what you had done; and now He is risen again, and you are cleared from every charge, and are become a new creature in Christ Jesus. (2 Cor. v. 17.) God sees us in a new place altogether, "in Christ Jesus," and in Him there is, for us, *no condemnation*. (Rom. viii. 1.) In Him we are *accepted*. (Eph. i. 6.) In Him we are *complete*. (Col.

ii. 10.) In Him are we *preserved*. (Jude 1.) He is not only a Saviour for the *past*, but for the *present*—He ever lives to make intercession for us. (Rom. viii. 34 ; Heb. iv. 14 ; vii. 24-26 ; 1 John ii. 1, 2.) As Great High Priest and Advocate He, who was on the cross *for us*, is now on the throne *for us* ; and He has undertaken our whole case, and will provide suited strength and succour for every step of our pathway home, loving His own (how blessed to be one of that privileged company) which are in the world, He loves them *unto the END*, and whispers to each trembling believer, “Lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end” (Matt. xxviii. 20) ; “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” (Heb. xiii. 5.) But more even than providing for *past* and *present*, He has provided for the *future* too.

His own blessed promise is,

“I WILL COME AGAIN,”

and this is the believer’s hope. For this he longs, for this he looks—the *personal return* of the Saviour from heaven. It was for this the young converts at Thessalonica waited. Hearing the glad tidings proclaimed they turned to God, *from* idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait *for* His Son from heaven. (See 1 Thess. i. 10 ; iv. 14-18.) Is not this a blessed hope ? (Titus ii. 13.) Almost the last words of our Bible contain the Saviour’s farewell message :

“*Surely I come quickly,*”

and He looks for the answer of our hearts—“Even so, come, *Lord Jesus.*” (Rev. xxii. 20.)

And what a moment it will be for His loved ones, to see Him whom, not having seen, they love ; and to be like Him, too, conformed to His image, for, at His coming, He will change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body. (Phil. iii. 20, 21 ; see also Rom. viii. 29 ; 1 Jno. iii. 2.) Then we shall be *for ever* with Himself.

— Thus *past*, *present*, and *future*, are fully provided for by our blessed, adorable Saviour. He does *all* for us.

Now let me return to my question, “What are *you* doing *for Him* ?”

Have you *confessed* with your mouth that

He is your Saviour and Lord ? (Rom. x. 9.) Have you sought out some loved relative or friend, and brought that one to Jesus ? (Jno. i. 41, 42.) Has your life at home, and at school, shown whose you are, and whom you serve ? (Acts xxvii. 23.) Do you seek “the glory of God” in *all* you do—in *lessons* and in *play*, and not only on the Lord’s day, but *all* the week through ? (1 Cor. x. 31.) Are you doing everything, whether word or deed, *in the name of the Lord Jesus*, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him ? (Col. iii. 17.)

How blessed to be allowed of God to witness, and walk, and work for Him, and to seek His praise and honour every step of our way.

Lay aside every weight, dear young Christian, every hindrance, and seek to be loyal-hearted, whole-hearted, and true for Christ, while you wait for Him from heaven. You *know* your hindrances, I doubt not. Novel reading is a hindrance to very many ; giddy companions, flippant conversation, pride, vanity, dress, worldliness of all kinds, are all hindrances to your joy, and to Christ being glorified in you.

May all of you be *clear out* for Christ. We shall lose nothing worth a thought if we are thus openly on His side. The world may twit, and tease, and persecute ; and worldly Christians may say, “You are too extreme, too bigoted, too narrow”—but, “if God be for us, who can be against us ?” And, if we have Christ’s smile of approval, we can well bear the world’s frown.

Let me, in conclusion, urge you to be much in prayer—*alone, if possible*—and never to let a day pass without reading the Word of God.

I commend you to God, and the word of His grace. May He bless you all, awakening any careless one, giving peace to any anxious one, and leading on all who know Him.

Your Friend in Christ. I. F.

MY SOUL FOLLOWETH
HARD AFTER THEE:
THY RIGHT HAND
UPHOLDETH ME.

(Ps. lxxiii. 8.)

SCATTERED SEED.

SAVED FROM THE SNARE.

IN order to show the great blessing and influence for good which a consistent Christian may be, and how this may work for the glory of the name of Christ, I will relate what I know of a young man who now occupies an important position of trust in a large drapery establishment.

He said to me, "When I came to London from the country, to seek a situation, I was employed in a fashionable house of business, where a great many assistants were kept. I soon found out that the habits of the young men were frivolous and trifling. I had made up my mind in coming to London to see a little more of the world than I had done, or could do, in my own little country town in the far north.

"Never having really felt my lost condition before God, nor my need of a Saviour, and never having known His great love for me, I was neither anxious nor troubled about my state. There was, however, one of the assistants in the shop who often spoke to me about my soul's salvation. She was a very bright, consistent Christian, and her good influence was felt by many. She told me of the happiness and peace she had in following Jesus, and what a safeguard she had found it in business, surrounded as she was by many temptations, and by those who had no sympathy with her, and who made a mock at sin, calling it innocent amusement; and she warned me against the halls and theatres frequented by the young men.

"One evening, which I believe was, in God's hands, the turning-point in my life's history, some of the young men in the shop told me they were going to a certain Music Hall after business, as something very attractive was to be sung and performed there. Would I go with them? they asked.

As yet I had never been to such places, and had been laughed at for not going. I was much tempted to go and see for myself what it really was like; but the words of warning spoken to me against the places seemed to follow me. A struggle went on within me, between conscience and inclination. Shall I go, or shall I not go? When at last I was able, by God's grace, to say plainly and definitely, 'No, I shall never go to a Music Hall,' the temptation was gone, and I stood a free man and a victor. Thanks be to God!"

"Dare to be a Daniel! Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!"

How true is the word of God "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

"The next morning I told the Christian lady what a battle I had had, and how I had gained the victory over the temptation. 'Oh, I am glad,' she said; 'praise the Lord for answering my prayers. It was the Saviour who helped you through; you did not know it.' She was right. From that hour the Holy Spirit worked mightily in my heart, and humbled me in the dust before God; showing me that I was a great sinner, and that I could neither save myself from the power of sin, nor from its condemnation, but that I needed a Saviour. I have found Him, or rather, I should say, He has found me, and has put my feet in His way, and guides me onward.

"When I look back on the past, I ponder over what might have been, if I had gone that night to the Music Hall with companions in folly. I feel confident I should have plunged into a life of wickedness, for the drinking, gambling, and smoking in which they indulge, combined with the influence of the companions they meet there, all work together towards certain ruin.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked:

for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' (Gal. vi. 7.)

"I can bear my most solemn testimony that 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'" (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

NOT FOR YOU!

"**I** AM not a sinner," says one, "for I go to church, and pay my way, and do the best I can. You have no business to call me 'unrighteous'; I'm the very opposite of that."

Scripture replies, in the words of the Lord Jesus, "I am *not* come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Matthew ix. 13.)

No Saviour then for you!

"I am not so bad as my neighbours," says another. "I am more respectable, I am a teetotaler, and never use bad language as So-and-So does. Yes, thank God, I'm not as other men are!"

Scripture replies, "He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." (Luke xviii. 9-14.)

Yes, righteous, respectable, religious reader, no Justification for *you*!

"Oh," says a third, "it's true I am not what I ought to be, but I am going to turn over a new leaf, and serve God better, and keep His commandments. If I do my best, God will doubtless be satisfied."

Scripture replies: "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." (Rom. iii. 20.)

No Justification then for you!

"Of course I am a sinner," says a fourth, "we are all sinners. But God is merciful, and so I hope all will come right in the end."

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

Yes, you who are trusting to God's mercy, apart from the atoning blood of Christ, no remission for you!

Says a fifth: "Indeed I am a sinner, and a great one, too. I've tried again and again to mend my ways, but I haven't succeeded; I have got no strength left. If I got what I deserved I should be in hell this moment."

Ah, what does Scripture reply to such an one? Blessed news!

"Deliver him from going down to the pit; *I* have found a ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.) Yes, there *is* salvation for you.

Do you say you are a sinner? "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Timothy i. 15.)

You are strengthless? "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Romans v. 6.)

Hell-deserving? God has found a Ransom for *all*, therefore for such as you.

Oh, my reader, if you want to be saved you must abandon your vaunted righteousness and respectability, and take your place amongst the wretched and hell-deserving ones. In their company the blessed Saviour, while on earth, was to be found avoiding the self-righteous and self-satisfied. He rejoiced to be amongst publicans and sinners, in order to bless them. (Matt. ix. 10; Luke xv. 1, 2; Luke xix. 7.)

E.V.G.

NOT BY WORKS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
WHICH WE HAVE DONE,
BUT ACCORDING TO HIS MERCY
HE SAVED US.

Titus iii. 5.

"OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND."



SUPPOSE a friend has been staying with you for some time, and has left at last with the old familiar promise, "I will write soon." You will wait day after day, and week after week, expecting a letter, but perhaps in vain. At length you exclaim, "Ah! yes, 'Out of sight, out of mind;' he has forgotten his promise altogether."

We do not like our friends thus to forget our kindnesses. We do not like to be out of their sight, and out of their mind.

This usually mournful saying becomes, however, a magnificent one when we can truthfully apply it to the question of our sins as before God. When it is a matter of our sins being forgotten by God—being gone once and for ever from His sight and from His mind, it is a saying that may fill us with joy indeed.

It is no easy matter for a sinner to forget his sins; but could he even do this, what would it avail unless they were forgotten by God. We read in Prov. xxviii. 13, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper"; and in Rev. xviii. 5, "Her sins have reached unto heaven, and

GOD HATH REMEMBERED her iniquities."

In vain, then, is it for man to endeavour to blot them out of sight, and out of mind, for at the great white throne, when the books are opened, all will be brought to sight, and brought to mind, then and for all eternity.

In vain too is it for the fool to say in his heart, "God hath forgotten: He hideth His face; He will never see it." (Ps. x. 11.) The psalmist's solemn answer to this presumption is, "Thou hast seen it; for Thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it with Thy hand."

Sinner, thy sins are seen—thy sins are remembered by God.

A woman at 93 years of age once said, she could only call to mind having committed one sin, and that in her childhood. She professed to be able to remember only

one of her many sins, but God remembered *every one*, for He sets the secret sins in the light of His countenance.

We may read in Old Testament pages how Jeroboam was guilty of a great sin. Time after time this is related of him, and because he never repented, it is "brought forward" from page to page of God's Word, like an unpaid debt in a tradesman's ledger; and at last judgment overtook him in his wickedness. Thus it will be with every sin of every sinner, great or small, who goes on and dies in his sins. They are neither out of God's sight, nor out of His mind.

Again I say it would avail a person *nothing* if it were possible for him to forget every sin he had been guilty of, except they were blotted out by the blood of Jesus, and the sinner himself saved from the coming judgment by repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Forgotten they might be by the sinner, but remembered they would be by the Judge.

It may be, however, that my reader is a believer on the Lord Jesus, and will perhaps say, "This is all true enough, but it is not a description of my case at all; for instead of trying to forget my sins, I am most careful in endeavouring to remember and confess them; and seeing that I believe Jesus died for me, I therefore hope the time will come when they will be all forgiven—all forgotten." If so, my reader, you do not yet see the full result of the wondrous atoning death of Christ.

I have heard of a young woman who, when visited on her death-bed, was told to call her sins to remembrance, and by means of prayer and confession of them, to hope to have pardon. The Holy Spirit had, however, already convicted her of sin, and the goodness of God had led her to repentance, and she had come to Jesus as she was,

"Weary and worn and sad:
Had found in Him a resting-place,
And He had made her glad."

Thus she knew her sins were gone for ever, and said, some days after, to her father, "I see no need to recall my sins now, for God

has said, 'My sins and iniquities He will remember no more.'

It can only bring sadness to the soul of one who does believe, if he is continually remembering the sins for which Christ has died, and on account of which He bore the awful judgment at the hand of God, when forsaken by Him at Calvary. Just as if a person who had been deeply in debt for many long years, and who had recently had all his debts paid by a much loved friend, should constantly brood over them, and continually occupy himself in recalling all that he once owed, notwithstanding that he held in his possession the receipt for every account, and instead of rejoicing in the love of the one who had settled every claim.

The effect of this would, of course, be to make him miserable.

Should believers on the risen Saviour show their lack of appreciation of Him who, by His atoning death, has for ever settled the awful account of their sins, and has taken them out of God's sight, and out of His mind, by constantly recalling and occupying themselves with them? No! No indeed!! Their blessed privilege is now, as freed from every charge, to be constantly occupied with Him by whom they have been cleared.

"Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back" (Isa. xxxviii. 17), shows the sins gone from God's holy sight; and "Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more" (Heb. x. 17), shows that they are removed from God's memory. These blessings are alike based upon the work, the blood-shedding, of Jesus, for in Him "we have redemption

THROUGH HIS BLOOD, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." (Eph. i. 7.)

Ever remember, dear fellow-believer, that God took *all* our sins into account when His Son became our Substitute on the cross, and therefore the very first sin, and the very last sin, and every sin between, were alike entirely and eternally atoned for by that precious shed blood.

He *died* for our sins, He *rose* again for

our justification, and now *lives* in heaven, where He pleads the merits of His own sacrifice in behalf of those who have been reconciled to God by His death. We know God as our "Father," and the Lord Jesus as our "Advocate with the Father," and He lives to maintain us in that precious place of relationship into which His grace and redemption work have brought us.

We, who are believers on the Lord Jesus, are children of God, and have a new nature which hates sin, and loves the things of God. Therefore, in 1 John ii. 1, we are exhorted as children to "sin not"; and no child of God can ever sin without grieving the Holy Spirit of God, besides sustaining loss to his own soul. How often, alas! believers have a convicted conscience, and a condemning heart, as the result of, perhaps, only one moment's self-indulgence in that which the Word of God condemns. (See Eph. v. 4.) A sad exchange, indeed, for our Father's smile, and the sweet sense of His approval. But He has not left us without resource even when we *have* failed. That resource is in God Himself, and the broken-hearted child of God will find the remedy in His own Word, where it is said, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" and again, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) Thus restored to communion, the child of God is left at liberty to walk in peace, and enjoy the favour of God, listening to His Word, which says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more"; and free to worship, and to witness to, and to wait for, the One who, by His blood, removed them all. H. H.

"IT WON'T DROWN YOU."



WHILST journeying by train, one of my fellow-passengers said to a companion, who had drawn her attention to the heavy rain that was falling at the time, "It won't drown you."

From their conversation I could but feel

they little knew the firm basis of the promise which enabled one of them to say these words so lightly ; but as I heard them I felt how true they were, for God has promised.

In Gen. ix. 13, 14, 16, we find these words : "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud : . . . and I will look upon it, that I may remember."

How assuring! God will never again destroy the earth by a flood.

- (1) He sets His bow in the cloud.
- (2) It shall be seen by us in the cloud.
- (3) He will look upon it, and remember.

If we can thus assure ourselves on God's own promise that the rain will never again cause the destruction of this earth, there is also a token before God of mercy present, full and free ; not, indeed, the "rainbow round about the throne," of which we read in Rev. iv., but the *seated Saviour* on His Father's Throne, ever there before God, the "Lamb as it had been slain," the One who from the glory now says, "Come unto Me," just as He did when here on earth.

But, dear friend, He will not always be there, He is going to rise up from that throne of grace to go on His way to the throne of judgment, and many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door. (Luke xiii. 24, 25.)

Too late then, professors, even communicants though you may have been, you will be outside, not shut *in* for *salvation*, but shut *out* for *judgment*. May God warn you, dear friend, if still unsaved, that this blessed glorious Saviour, risen, present token to God that He can save you righteously, and in fullest accord with His holiness, will soon rise up to go to "His work, His strange work, and bring to pass His act, His strange act" (Isa. xxviii. 21) ; and just as He has perfectly carried out the will of His Father in His obedience unto death ; so will He also carry out, to the very letter, the purpose of His God in judgment.

God has promised that His rain shall no more destroy this earth. May His patience and long-suffering lead you to turn to Him for shelter and safe keeping from the fire of His judgment, of which Peter tells us in the last chapter of his second epistle, and which will surely come, and that soon. J. R. B.

ALL.

ALL have sinned. (Rom. iii. 23.)

ALL are commanded to repent. (Acts xvii. 30.)

God would have ALL men to be saved. (1 Tim. ii. 4.)

Christ has given Himself a ransom for ALL. (1 Tim. ii. 6.)

And the faithful saying, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," is worthy of ALL acceptance. (1 Tim. i. 15.)



EVERY one of these scriptures includes *you*, my reader. The circumference of the circle "all" is the same in each case.

But the "all" mentioned below is a smaller circle surrounding a class, a special class alone, even those who are true, real, honest-hearted believers on the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the inner circle of privilege and blessing.

"ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED."

(Acts. xiii. 39.)

Of old, in the temple, the court of the Gentiles was accessible to all, but the court of Israel was carefully kept free from any foreigners' or strangers' footsteps. None but the privileged company had access there. An inscription, we are informed by the historian Josephus, surmounted the entrance to its precincts, stating that no alien from Israel's commonwealth was entitled to admission within the boundary.

So now "all" have entered the court of sin, but only "all that believe" gain entrance to the court of salvation. "*All*," without distinction, belong to the circle of judgment, but only "all that believe" are enclosed by the circle of justification.

In the Pisidian Synagogue, the blessed message was fully proclaimed by the servant of God, the beloved apostle, in the hearing of anxious, needy souls :

"BE IT KNOWN UNTO YOU."

Yes, it was something to be *known* that he announced, upon the infallible authority of God Himself—not something to be hoped, or felt, or realized. "Known!" because God cannot lie—cannot deny Himself.

"THEREFORE, MEN AND BRETHREN," seeing Christ has died ; seeing that "all" things that were written of Him have been fulfilled ; seeing that God has raised Him from the dead in proof of His delight in the person of His Son, and of His acceptance of His sacrifice,

"THAT THROUGH THIS MAN"—

yes, through Him, and through Him alone, and not through or by the aid of anything that we are, or can do—through Him, the glorious, risen Saviour,

"IS PREACHED UNTO YOU,"

proclaimed as a message direct from God Himself, told out in your hearing,

"THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS"—

the full forgiveness—the plenary pardon of all offences. God, having been glorified at Calvary, and all the claims of His throne being fully met by "the blood of the cross," can now righteously forgive the many sins and mighty transgressions of every believer on His Son ; can be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus.

"There is forgiveness with Thee," says the psalmist, "that Thou mayest be feared." As he can say in another place, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." (Ps. cxxx. 4 ; xxxii. 1.)

Now the just ground of forgiveness is declared to be "the blood of Jesus." This, and this alone, has opened in past and present dispensations the righteous way for the grace of God to flow forth in forgiveness.

Forgiven—justified ! Who are they who enter into this blessing ? To whom belongs this glorious privilege ? Upon whom is this conferred ? Let us read on,

"AND BY HIM,

ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED."

Again the Spirit of God recalls the Blesser, lest, in view of the blessing, we should turn the eye from Himself—"and BY HIM" all that believe are justified.

Faith is the door by which I enter the circle of blessing. Resting upon the work of Christ *for* me, and the Word of God *to* me, I cross the threshold, and find myself free from condemnation—forgiven—justified, and all by Him ; justified too

"FROM ALL THINGS,"

for no charge can ever stand against the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

"Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood ;
Every charge our God refuses,
Christ has answered with His blood."

The law of Moses thunders out its righteous claims, but the blood of Jesus fully answers them all.

A BELIEVER'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

SAVED, and brought to God the Father,
By the living Lord, who died ;
All our sins were laid upon Him,
Now, through faith, we're justified.
Life, eternal life, possessing,
In the Christ of God on high,
And the Holy Ghost, as earnest
Of our home beyond the sky.

All things ours—God's Word declares it—
All things present and to come ;
Taken by Him into favour
In His well-belovèd Son.
Christ the Head, and we the members
Of His body ; who can tell
All the wonders, all the glories
In "the Mystery" that dwell ?

Quickened, raised, and in Thee seated,
Now our place and portion are ;
With Thee, like Thee, soon for ever ;
Shine then, Bright and Morning Star !
Blessed God ! we bow before Thee :
Saviour, we Thy name adore,
Render to Thee ceaseless praises,
Here on earth, and evermore.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



“WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THAT?”

JEANIE'S TRUST.

T WAS in days long since gone by that Jeanie lived. She was a farmer's daughter, just eight years old. Father and mother, Archie, her only brother, and old Samuel, the shepherd, made up with herself that little family.

Far from the bustle of a town, the farmhouse stood in a lonely spot, and quietly and peacefully enough her early years had been passed, but of late Jeanie had often heard the solemn words of father and mother, as they sat, when work was done, over the sparkling fire. Their anxious faces told her of sorrow nigh at hand; and she soon knew that some of their long-loved friends were hiding in rocks and caves from enemies who sought their lives. The why and the wherefore she knew not, and as yet dared not to ask.

As the little family gathered around at night, the old Bible, so long cherished in that Highland home, would be unclasped, and from it would be read its words of comfort; then, as they knelt, that father poured out his heart in prayer for many who were hastening hither and thither, seeking shelter and protection, when but little could be found.

Oftentimes Jeanie's heart was full of trouble as she saw her parents thus; but then, amid her childish pursuits, the sun once more would seem to smile upon her, and her little heart would fill with quiet joy.

* * * *

She had been gathering flowers in the open fields, and now, as evening closed, was taking, as she often did, her evening meal into the barn behind the homestead, to sit there beside old Tit and her five wee kittens, to share with this much-loved playmate her fresh new milk. Though supper was on the table, neither father nor mother was to be seen; but mother would be in the dairy she thought, and father with the stock; the stranger, too, who had been with them of late, would be with her father.

She was crossing the yard with her supper in her hands, when a gruff voice, which startled her so that she spilt her milk, enquired, "Where are you taking that?"

"To the barn — to my father's barn, yonder," she replied, trembling now as she saw that the yard was full of soldiers.

"And who is in the barn, I wonder?"

"Why, old Tit, my puss, and her five little kittens," she answered, as she regained her confidence, for what had they to do there in her father's yard?

"And where is your father now?"

"Why, he is on the farm, and mother in the dairy."

"And where is the stranger who has been staying with you?"

"With my father."

"The child knows naught, 'tis plain," interrupted one of the first speaker's comrades.

Being let go, Jeanie went on to the barn with full heart and trembling steps; she knew not that behind the straw, stacked in the end of the bay, were the three whom the soldiery sought.

Following her, after a short consultation, some of the tall soldiers entered, and passing the child and her pets, examined all round the building, making a random point or so in the straw, which hid the objects of their search.

Finding nothing to reward their examination, the horsemen mounted their steeds and slowly rode away, disappearing at last from sight in the distance, greatly to Jeanie's delight.

Then, to her surprise, her mother, and father, and friend, crept from their hiding place; thankful to God who had preserved them in their hour of danger.

* * * *

Some days had passed; the soldiers had not returned; Jeanie had recovered from her fright; and every thing was going on much as usual, when a messenger arrived, in hot haste, to call her father to the bedside of his own father, who lay dying. His wife and he at once prepared to start for the long journey before them, and calling their child to them, committed to her charge the secret as to the stranger, who had been staying beneath their roof, giving her fullest directions how to act for his safety if again the soldiers

came. Then a tender farewell, and they were gone.

Carefully the little maiden sought to carry out her absent parents' desires. The stranger was now secreted most of the day up an old chimney, and Jeanie gave him his meals through a trap-door from her room. There was another trap-door from the kitchen chimney, through which he might escape if his hiding-place were discovered.

Ere long the horsemen were again surrounding the homestead; one, roughly seizing the child's hand, demanded, "Where are your father and mother?"

"Gone to Kirkpatrick, to see grandfather, who is dying."

"Where then is the stranger who was with them? Tell me at once."

The crushing of her hand in the iron-like grip of the tall soldier forced the tears to her eyes, but she made no answer.

Before she could be asked again, she heard the cry, "Smoke him out! Smoke him out!!" They had found out the whereabouts of the stranger, in the chimney, and now all hurried to her room to light the fire, to force the stranger from his refuge.

In a moment Jeanie darted to the kitchen, and loosed the door within the chimney, a moment more her father's friend dropped through, and was gone. Baulked thus of their prey, the horsemen mounted quickly, and scoured the place around, but without result; he was gone, they knew not whither.

She had kept her trust—she had obeyed her absent parents, and now, left for the time alone, could lift her child's heart in praise and thankfulness.

* * * *

"Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord," is a much needed word of exhortation to young people to-day.

The last days are upon us, and are marked among other things by disobedience to parents. Alas! that many young Christians should be affected by this evil, should hesitate ere yielding honour to their parents.

Under the law, a disobedient, rebellious,

lawless son was to be stoned to death. Jehovah would purge out this sin from among His people. "Honour thy father and thy mother," was the first commandment with promise, and God, our Father, ever smiles approval upon the boy or girl who glorifies Him by obedience to parents.

Jeanie knew not the why and the wherefore of her parents' directions, she was not old enough to understand the stranger's position; but she was old enough to understand her parents' command, and, child as she was, earnestly sought to carry it out.

Do not ask your parents, young Christians, why they *command* you this or that. If you would please the Lord, obey them unhesitatingly, without questioning or murmuring.

It is "well pleasing" to Him who died for us, that those who know and love Him should shew piety at home by requiting their parents.

Many render an obedience to father and mother because their pocket-money might be withheld if they were disobedient. A far higher motive than this is set before the young believer—the highest possible motive, indeed—that of doing what is well pleasing to the Lord.

Many are longing to serve their Saviour—to become missionaries—to bring glory to His holy name. The *first lesson*, however, is to pay back, by gentleness and obedience, the tender care and love of the parents, who have bestowed such pains upon you.

If you are faithful in this, more will be given you to do for Him who has wrought so much for you.

A LETTER FROM HEAVEN.



SUPPOSE that it would be a difficult task to find one among my readers who does not know what it is to be the recipient of a letter. To all of us, the postman, with his scarlet-bordered uniform, and double rat-tat, is a welcome visitor; and none of us are unacquainted with the appearance of the letters which he brings.

Let us see what we can learn from the different parts of an ordinary letter.

1. First of all, let us think of

THE NAME AND ADDRESS

on the envelope.

To whom does God address His message? To whom is the Gospel proclaimed?

"Oh!" you say, "to every one. God says, 'whosoever.'"

Quite so, my friend; stick to that word "whosoever," and thank God for it. Search where you will, among rich and poor, old and young, from the north pole to the south, and you will not discover a single individual who is not included in "whosoever." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

But besides this universal and comprehensive invitation, God does, in His Word, specify more particularly the sort of persons to whom He sends the good news. For instance, the very verse from which I have already quoted (Rev. xxii. 17) also says, "Let *him that is athirst* come."

One often passes a fountain, or spring, from which the water is ever flowing, pure and free. Any one who likes is welcome to drink of it, whosoever will may use it; yet the fountain was built for *the thirsty*. The water is not valued by those who are not *thirsty*.

Now, my dear friend, are you in this condition to receive the Gospel? Are you a thirsty soul? Have you found out that all that this world can give leaves an aching void and a dissatisfied heart behind? Do you know what it is, after drinking of earthly springs, to "thirst again"? (John iv. 13.) Do you long for something better? If so, you are the very person to whom God proclaims satisfaction and joy, as well as salvation and life. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that *I* shall give him shall never thirst." (John iv. 14.) Hear His blessed invitations: "Ho, *every one that thirsteth*, come ye to the waters." (Isaiah lv. 1.) "I will give unto *him that is athirst* of the fountain of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxi. 6.)

"*If any man thirst*, let him come unto Me, and drink." (John vii. 37.)

Again, the Lord Jesus invites the *weary* and the *toiling* ones. We are all familiar with those sweet words in Matthew xi. 28: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

By the side of some roads there are seats, placed there for public use. Any one who likes is welcome to use them; whosoever will may sit down. But it was the need of the *weary* and *fatigued* ones that was specially in view when the seats were erected. Those who do not want to sit down are not likely to use them.

Now, dear soul, are *you* weary? Does the burden of your sins weigh heavily upon you? Then you are the very person who needs rest, and the gracious invitation to come to Jesus, coupled with the promise of rest, is addressed to *you*. You will never find rest by struggling and agonizing. That will only add to your weariness. Why not believe the address on the envelope, "Him that is athirst;" "All ye that labour and are heavy laden"?

Once again, the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind are invited. (Luke xiv. 21.) The good news is preached to the poor, healing is brought to the broken-hearted, and blessing awaits the captive, the blind, and the bruised. (Luke iv. 18.) In short, any one who is in *need* (no matter what the need may be), may find in Jesus One ready to bless.

A free hospital, built for the benefit of all, is open to every one. But the strong and healthy do not seek relief. The sick, the blind, the maimed, &c., are the ones who reap the advantage. Hence we find it said in Matthew ix. 12: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Dear reader, the great Physician stands at the door able and willing to heal. If you are spiritually blind, or halt, or maimed, open to Him and be healed!

As a matter of FACT, *all* are covered from head to foot with "wounds, and bruises,

and putrifying sores" (Isaiah i. 6), and stand in need of healing. But all do not believe this. Do *you*? Are you conscious that you are unclean; that you are full of the foul leprosy of *sin*? If so, you are the very one whom the Lord Jesus invites to come and be healed. He, who on earth cured a poor leper by His word, can do the same for you. The leper in Matthew viii. knew that he was in the presence of One who was *able* to heal him, but he doubted His willingness. But the Lord Jesus met his unbelief with the precious words, "I will; be thou clean." He is waiting to address the same gracious words to you who are troubled with the terrible disease of sin! Oh, that you may be found with such words as these coming, not only from your lips, but from your *heart*:—

"Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!"

2. So much for the address. Now what about

THE POSTAGE STAMP?

The stamp shows that the letter is paid for. Were the sender not to affix one, the recipient would have to pay a double price for it. Many seem to think that God's letter is an unstamped one, and that *they* have to pay something towards the expenses, by their own efforts and good works. But an honest study of the Scriptures would dispel all such ideas. God proclaims to you a salvation glorious and complete beyond all thought, yet as free as the air you breathe. He offers it to you without asking for any good works, prayers, or any such things, as payment. "Come ye to the waters," says He, "and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk *without money and without price.*" (Isaiah lv. 1.)

"Being justified **FREELY** by His grace," says the apostle Paul, in Rom. iii. 24.

"Take the water of life **FREELY.**" (Rev. xxii. 17.)

But how is this? Is it because the Divine

message costs nothing to send? No, no! It has cost Him much indeed that He might proclaim a world-wide salvation for "whosoever will." He gave up the very Son of His love, in order righteously to announce pardon to the sinner. The precious blood of Christ was the price paid, and, blessed be His name, He has paid it all, so that the Gospel reaches us freely and gratuitously. This increases, to a terrible degree, the responsibility incurred by those who refuse it.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said the Lord Jesus. (Acts xx. 35.) And we must let *God* have the more blessed place, and be the Giver, while we *thankfully* take the place of receivers.

To decline to receive the Gospel because it is "without money and without price," is as foolish an act (though attended with far more disastrous consequences) as to refuse to take a letter from the postman's hand because it is a *stamped* one!

3. Having considered the exterior of the letter, let us now open it, and see what *God's*

MESSAGE

is. First, however, let us notice the address from which it is sent. Whence does the Gospel come? From the glory! And though it may be scarcely necessary to remind my readers of this, yet it is most important to bear it in mind, for we find people wearing crucifixes, and importing crosses into their "worship," and looking for salvation to a dead Christ, whereas it is from His present exalted position, where He is sitting as a risen and glorified Man at God's right hand, that the glad tidings come to us.

By raising up the Lord Jesus from the dead, and crowning Him with glory, God has declared His perfect satisfaction with the work which He accomplished on the cross; and the Holy Spirit has since then come down (John vii. 39) to point poor sinners to the Man Christ Jesus, as the One who suffered for sins, and in Whom is now to be found Salvation, Forgiveness, Redemption, Eternal Life, and innumerable blessings besides.

The Holy Spirit shows us from the Scriptures the blessed results of Christ's atoning death, testifying of Him where He is, and giving us, who believe the Gospel, assurance that all our sins are gone, and that we are no longer subject to wrath; but that we are children of God, and identified with that glorified Man in the heavens! (See Eph. i. 5-7; Rom. viii. 16; and Eph. ii. 6.)

Dear unsaved reader, would it not make you truly happy to know that all this is true of you? Then come, just as you are, to Him; believe the testimony of the Holy Ghost concerning Him; look to Him in faith, and all these blessings are yours!

"On His Father's throne is seated
Christ the Lord, the living One!
All His toil on earth completed,
All His work for sinners done.
In the glory
See Him, God's eternal Son!"

This is a glorious theme, but we must pass on, just observing by the way, that the letter *dates* from more than 1800 years ago.

Such a Gospel as is presented to us could not have been preached before the death and resurrection of Christ.

Abraham, David, and all saints who lived before the death of Christ, had the *promises* of God to depend upon, but (blessed as that was), we have something even better in which to trust—namely, *accomplished facts*. The cross is no longer a future thing. It is no more what God *will do*, but what He *has done* for us.

Into the actual contents of God's letter I do not now propose to go. The reader may find them clearly stated in the page of the New Testament. I would especially mention the earlier chapters of Romans, the Gospels of Luke and John, and the ninth and tenth chapters of Hebrews, as revealing much of the blessed truth.

But I may just say that, in short, the Gospel is the announcement that the Lord Jesus Christ, by His atoning death, has opened the way for God's infinite *love* to flow out to wretched, hell-deserving sinners, without His *holiness* being in the least degree compro-

mised; and that God's righteous claims have all been met; and that He has expressed His perfect satisfaction in the work of Christ by raising Him up from among the dead, and connecting all blessing with Him where He is.

In conclusion, beloved reader, I beg you to turn to the Scriptures, to learn the way of God, and not to rest till you have had personally to do with the One of whom they testify.
E. V. G.

TWO FIRES.



WHILST passing one of the docks the other day, a great volume of smoke made me aware that there was something wrong. Hurrying to the spot, I saw a tremendous fire raging on the edge of the dock, the flames leaping high up in the air. All the efforts of the brave firemen were useless to keep it under, though there was a plentiful supply of water, and it was being poured upon the fire from all sides by more than forty fire-engines. Several barges that were moored not far off had also caught fire, and the ropes that held them being burnt, they were drifting, a mass of flames, over towards the other side of the dock.

"Were any lives lost in this great fire?" you may wonder. Such a question was the first I asked on reaching the spot. Happily there were none; all got away safely, though some porters had a narrow escape. In their haste to get out of danger they left behind them their coats, which they had taken off when working. Yes, all were saved, but only because the moment they heard of the danger they fled. In three minutes it would have been too late, as then the sheds were enveloped in flames.

How foolish these men would have been had they waited till the flames came nearer, or if they had gone to get their coats, for then they would probably have lost their lives. It was a very large fire, and continued burning all night and the next day. It is said that £60,000 worth of damage was done.

While looking on those flames I thought of a far greater fire that is to take place, when

the whole world will be burnt up! I wonder whether you will be in the place of safety then.

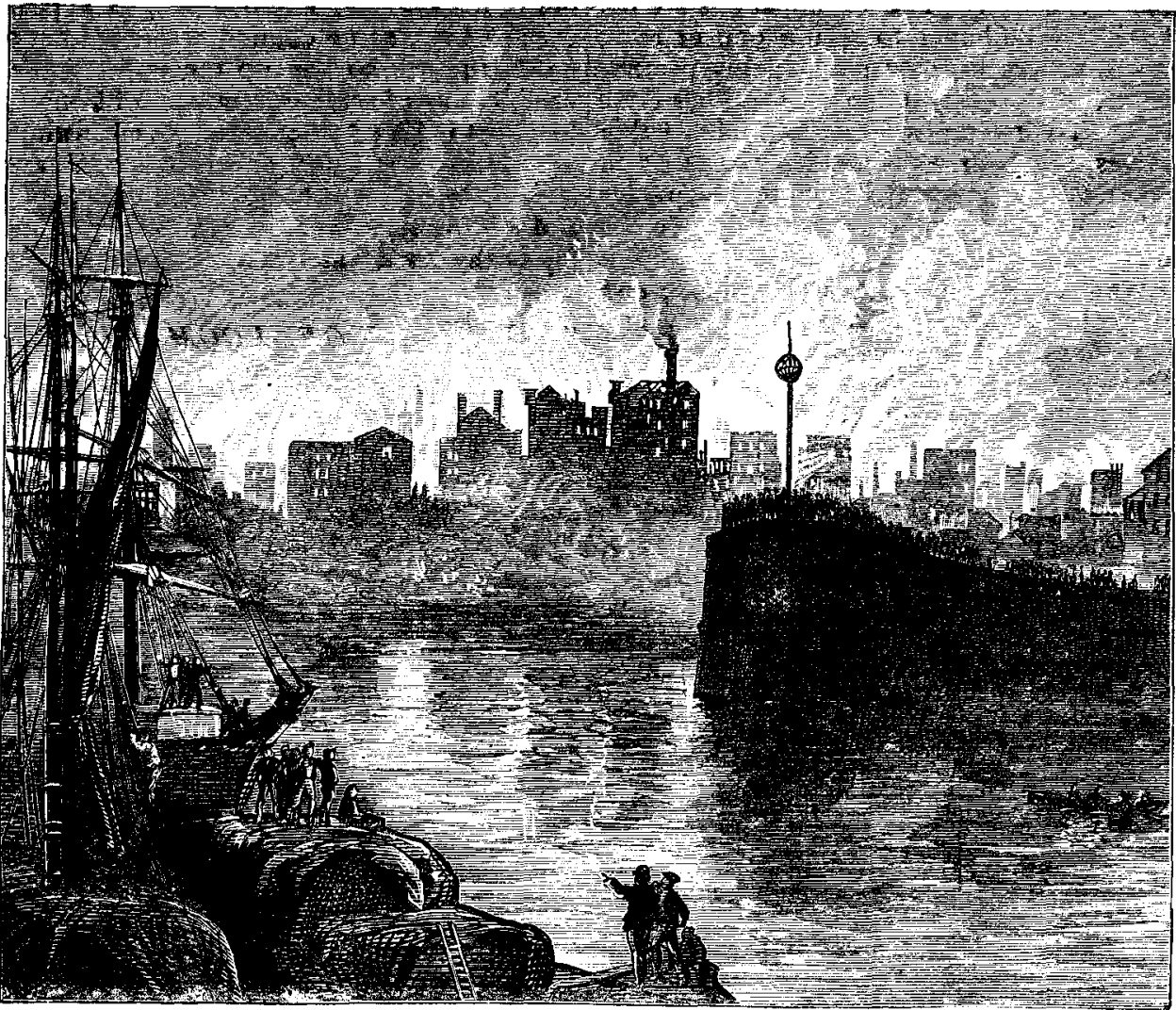
Like those men *you* may *now* flee from the danger—you may *now* come to the Saviour whose blood was shed for sinners, but to-morrow may be too late. Do not let anything make you delay. It is only Satan who tells you to do so. He wants you to spend an eternity with him in hell, where there is a

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

THE SCHOOL-WINDOW.

HAVING spoken of the school-door, and the school-room and its lessons, we now come to the school-window, and this carries our thoughts into the future.

I am supposing we have entered by the



fire that can never be quenched. But Jesus is calling you. His words are, "Come unto Me." Be wise then like those porters. Do not wait a moment. Come now, even whilst you read this. You will not be refused; for He hath said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

P. W. D.

door—that we *are* saved—thus the 11th verse of Titus ii. is *past*. Then we are now learning the school lessons—thus the 12th verse is *present*; and we look in the 13th verse for something which we have not yet; so *it* is *future*.

Let us go back in thought to the lad who left his home for the boarding-school, and sup-

pose that all the term he has been diligently studying, endeavouring to do his work to the satisfaction of his masters. Slowly but surely the days, weeks, months have passed; occasional hampers have arrived, bringing some of the good things from home; letter after letter has cheered and encouraged him to persevere. Now the long-looked-for holidays are approaching; in a few days the "break-up" will occur. The examinations are on. Anxiously he hopes to secure one or more prizes, so that he may gladden his parents' hearts, and satisfy them that he has done well. To his joy a letter from his father arrives, bearing the gladdening news that on a certain day—the day of the break-up—his father will come to the school at five o'clock to take him "home for the holidays."

How eagerly he counts the hours; and when the much-desired day arrives, and one after another have said farewell, and gone to their homes, with what excitement he waits till five o'clock approaches; then, if the school-window commands a view of the approach to the house, how wistfully he will gaze down the path to see if his father's well-known form is in view.

This is like our 13th verse. The Lord Jesus is coming again, coming to take us home for the eternal holidays. Even here in our school-life we know the joys and blessings of our heavenly home, for just as the grapes of Eshcol were borne from Canaan to the Israelites who were still in the wilderness, so the happiness of heaven is made good to us now by the Holy Ghost, for the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, &c.; thus we have home-comforts before we go home.

We know not the hour of His return, but His blessed message is,


"SURELY I COME QUICKLY,"
and He would have us now—working, waiting, and watching for Him.

His own blessed Word cheers us day by day; it is from it we gain our strength, our joy, our consolation; and ever as we peruse its pages we are lightened, as we again and again read of His return.

Well may we look out of this window of hope, and long for the moment when we shall hear His well-known voice of love, and see that face which was so marred, more than any man's, and marred for us. Yes, the One for whom we look, for whose appearing in glory we wait, is the self-same Saviour who gave Himself for us.

May we be found ever, as it were, looking out of the window, and loving His appearing; seeking, as we count the fleeting hours ere His return, to buy up the opportunities He gives us of serving Him, and of bringing honour to His name; learning, meanwhile, the lessons which grace teaches, and endeavouring to earn His "Well done, good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" at His appearing.

"NO STINT OF ROOM THERE."

 HAVE been waiting for the Lord every hour for the last week," said a dying man in a Union infirmary.

"Are you resting on Christ alone?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "the ransom's paid for me; the Lord's laid His hand on me so lightly; and as to prayer, why He seems to answer me almost before I've finished asking. It seems to me as though He had nothing else to do but look after me, He cares for me so."

I asked him what message I should take the people of the village where he had lived, and he said, "Oh, tell them to come, there's room, room for them all; no stint of room there."

Reader, *yet* there is room. Come!

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"
What blessed words to weary ones addressed!
They come from Him who knew the depth of woe,
And felt for sinners as none here below.

"Come unto Me!" Yes, come in all your sin!
Through Jesus' blood the vile may enter in;
May come to God, who fully knows their guilt,
Assured that for themselves that blood was spilt."

SCATTERED SEED.

REDEMPTION.



WHAT a glad, glorious word for a poor slave of sin to hear; but more gladsome, and more glorious still, to be enabled to say, not only that there is "Redemption," but that "I am Redeemed."

Redemption for the sinner *has* been purchased by the shedding of the precious blood of Christ, and freedom is therefore offered "without works," "without money and without price." Redemption is accomplished by God's beloved Son. I am redeemed, as by faith I accept this purchased freedom.

Many years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, several young men, about my own age, together with myself, took up a little work amongst the poor, neglected, coloured people of that large city. We had a Sunday-school, morning and afternoon, with a Gospel preaching in the evening, besides several meetings during the week. The children who came to the school were, for the most part, children of parents who had been in slavery, and many stirring stories we heard from them respecting their lives in that cruel bondage.

One Lord's Day morning two or three new scholars were brought to the school. On questioning them it was found that they had arrived in the city only a few days before. But whence, and from what, think you, did they come? They came from a land and a state of slavery. Thank God, there is no such thing as slavery of this kind in that land now, but at the time of which we speak it existed there in all its revolting character. Interested in the meagre story the children told us, we visited their humble dwelling, and found the mother there, who gave us a full and graphic account of how she got her liberty, and that of her children. With what a glad heart she told us her story, for they had been redeemed. There was one dark, black cloud, however, which hung heavily

over that otherwise happy household, owing to the fact—the dreadful fact—that the husband and father was still a slave. It was that this now occupied the heart and mind of the liberated wife. "My poor husband is still in bondage; how can we get his freedom?" she cried.

There was only *one* way by which it could be obtained. His master had set a price upon him, and, to obtain his freedom, this must be paid. But where was the money to come from? The poor wife had love enough in her heart for him, but she had *no money*; and thus, though she deeply desired his freedom, was powerless to obtain it.

We, who were now deeply interested in the case, were only lads, and poor also, and so could not pay the price demanded; still, we felt that something must be attempted, and so sought to procure the money needed to redeem him. In one way and another, after much trial, anxiety, and prayer, we were able to announce that the whole amount was collected.

Nothing now remained to be done but to pay the money, and the slave would be free. Well do I remember that day when, in company with a co-worker, I went to the house of the poor woman, with the redemption money in my pocket. I could not describe our feelings as we passed along the streets in possession of the means to set at liberty a poor bond-slave; but the wild, weird scene of joy in that house, as the dear wife heard the news, will never be forgotten, and the glad shoutings of "Hallelujah," as only a negress can shout it, were almost overpowering.

But what about the poor man in all his misery and bondage? He as yet knew nothing of what was being done for him, but the joy and gladness of his heart when he was told were beyond description.

What now had he to do for his redemption? Nothing but to receive it, and to give

thanks. This is just what he did. All had been done *for* him that was necessary ; nothing was left to be done *by* him but simply to accept from the hands of his master the papers which he gave in return for the price paid, the fruit of the work and toil of others ; and, accepting them, the man was a slave no more, but a free man for all time.

Have you sinned, dear friend ? Then you are a slave, bound hand and foot, in a more cruel bondage than any that ever held the poor bodies of men ; in the slavery of sin, and under the condemnation of a just and holy God. But there is a redemption purchased for such by the shedding of the precious blood of Christ.

God is now offering freedom without further payment. Nothing is required of you. All has been done *by* Him *for* sinners, and it only remains for you, like the poor slave, to accept your freedom, and to know, in all the joy of heart it gives, what it is to be one of the Lord's redeemed ; and then to give Him thanks.

" Redeemed, redeemed, oh ! sing the joyful strain ;
Give praise, give praise and glory to His name
Who gave His blood our souls to save,
And purchased freedom for the slave."

W. J. M.

PRESERVED.

" As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever." (Ps. cxxv. 2.)

THERE is scarcely a Christian who would not say he believed God was able to preserve His people, to keep them in the daily way, and also in dangerous and difficult paths where faithfulness to Him might lead them. How little evidence of trust in God is, however, to be seen in many of us !

The following brief account of one who put God first, to whom His protection was a reality, and who experienced it in a remarkable way, may by God's blessing encourage the hearts of some of His children to trust Him more.

Some forty or fifty years ago, a gentleman, owning large property in the West of Ireland, was brought to a knowledge of his lost condition as a sinner, and learnt the love and grace of God in Jesus Christ the Saviour. He was brought out of utter spiritual darkness into the bright and changeless light of God's favour, and his whole life was changed outwardly as well as inwardly.

It must have been a remarkable sight to see the fine, tall Irish gentleman presiding at the long table around which his servants assembled, and, like the father of a large family, sharing with them the simple fare, while he sought to put before them the Bread of Life. He laboured earnestly for souls, and many were blessed, and led out of the fearful darkness of priestcraft to trust simply in the Saviour's finished work. God worked through His servant, and, as ever, where God was working, Satan's activity was to be seen.

Mr. S—— was made to feel he had enemies, first, by many petty injuries and annoyances, and then in a more serious way. One day, while he was walking in the fields, three men sprang out from behind a hedge, and fired. Mr. S—— fell, with the contents of a blunderbuss lodged in the lower part of his body. For some time there seemed no hope of recovery ; and the authorities, anxious to convict the men, who had been caught, brought them, as he lay in bed, that he might identify them. He looked them in the face, knew them, and they knew it, but not a word would he say to convict them. Had not the Master he loved, and sought to follow, said, " Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." (Matt. v. 39.) And again it is written, " Who when He was reviled, reviled not again ; when He suffered, He threatened not," &c. (1 Pet. ii. 23.) " Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath : for it is written, Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord." (Rom. xii. 19.) Contrary to all expectation he recovered, and resumed his former life and labours for the souls of others.

The efforts of his enemies were redoubled. Again he was fired at. This time the assailant was concealed, but aimed well, straight at his heart. The shot entered the Bible he carried in his left breast-pocket, and when the bullet was removed, at the bottom of a deep, round hole, these words could be read, "Holy Father, keep." Could not the Father to whose care the Lord Jesus entrusted His own, whom He was leaving behind on the earth, could He *not* keep them? "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." (Isa. xxvi. 3.)

But yet once more the priests, who greatly hated Mr. S——, as one whose life and words tended to overthrow their power, stirred up some of the lowest and most hardened of those who knew, by experience, something of his heart and devoted ways.

It was late one stormy, wintry night when a servant came to the study where Mr. S—— was quietly reading by his fireside, and said that two men had come to beg him to go at once to see a dying woman at some distance.

"Saddle my horse, John," said Mr. S——.

The servant, closing the door, said, "Sir, don't go; say you'll come to-morrow."

"Saddle my horse, John."

The faithful servant, who was much attached to his master, now became urgent.

"*Don't* go, sir, I know them; I know they mean harm; you'll never come back alive, sir, if you go."

"Saddle my horse, John."

And soon Mr. S—— was riding through the storm and darkness with a man on each side of him, guiding his horse over rough country, till at last they turned into a thick wood, where the darkness grew more intense. Soon a light gleamed before them, and they reached a mud cabin where the men said the sick person was. Mr. S—— dismounted, and entering, found himself surrounded by armed ruffians, who sprang to their feet as if to attack him, when he, calmly folding his arms, said, "Stand back, and listen to me. Here I

am, but not in your power, I am in my Father's keeping. All you can do to me is to send me to His presence, but the same act that sends me into heaven, sends you to hell." He added a few words about the love of God, ready to save even the vilest. One by one the men crept out of the hut, and he was left standing alone.

He found his horse tied to a tree, mounted, and rode back safely, to the thankful astonishment of the anxious John.

Some time later this faithful servant was shot down by his master's side, while Mr. S—— lived to be over eighty, and would go about, a feeble old man at last, ever ready to tell of the love he knew so well.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

WHY?

Christ in dying asked, Why?

Christ in resurrection asked, Why?

Christ from glory asked, Why?

Christ to-day asks, Why?

He asked God, Why?

He asked His disciples, Why?

He asked Saul of Tarsus, Why?

He asks *you*, Why?



IN the cross the exceeding bitter cry rang from His lips, "My God, My God,

WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"

Unanswered then by God, it is answered by thousands to-day, and will be answered eternally by myriads of redeemed ones surrounding the Saviour in glory.

Why was He, the holy, harmless, undefiled One forsaken? Why was He, upon whom heaven opened, to whom the Father testified His delight, who did always the things that pleased Him—why was He abandoned? Believers can answer: "It was for us," He, "His own self, bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" there putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, making purgation for sins, glorify-

ing God. He was forsaken because thus made sin; for God is holy, and when even His own Son, by whom all things were made, became a sacrifice for sin, in righteousness He was forsaken.

"He took the guilty culprit's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled."

"WHY ARE YE TROUBLED?"

Christ is risen—the death of the cross is accomplished—the victory won—redemption obtained—God glorified, and the Risen Saviour comes into the midst of His gathered loved ones, and announces "Peace."

Terrified and affrighted, they suppose they have seen a spirit, but He sets their fears at rest as He shows His hands and His feet, telling of that which He had wrought, and proving that the One who stood in their midst was the same Jesus who had companied with them, and who for their sins had suffered upon Calvary's cross.

Why are you troubled, my reader? Is it on account of your many sins? Well might terror fill your mind were there no Saviour—had no sacrifice, acceptable to God, been made; well might anguish wring your heart. But there is a Saviour; there is a sacrifice. The foes are foiled, so the fears may flee; for He who was under the weight of sins at the cross is the Risen, Glorified Saviour, now saying to the believer:

"Behold with what labour I won thee,
Behold in My hands and My feet,
The tale of My measureless sorrow,
Of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A wax-thread in oceans of fire,
How soon swallowed up would it be;
Yet sooner in oceans of mercy,
The sinner that cometh to Me."

"WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME?"

From the glory into which the Risen Christ has gone, He asked of Saul of Tarsus, "Why persecutest thou Me?" Breathing out threatenings and slaughter, this arch-enemy among men of a glorified Christ was pursuing his onward course of antagonism

and enmity. In him Jesus Christ will show forth His wondrous long-suffering, and a light, past the brightness of the sun, shines from heaven, and Saul is stricken to the earth, while upon his astonished ears the question falls, "Why persecutest thou Me?"

A Saviour in glory calling in grace to the chiefest of sinners on earth! Wondrous grace—unequalled mercy—unparalleled condescension!

Saul's enmity is smashed to shivers, and the late champion of a Christless religion becomes the bravest champion of the religion of Christ.

"Sinners, it was not to angels
All this wondrous love was given;
But to one who scorned, despised Him,
Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.
From the lowest depths of evil,
To the heights of heaven above,
Thus in Saul He told the wonders
Of His free, unbounded love."

The grace that saved a Saul can rescue you. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"WHY WILL YE DIE?"

It was asked of Israel, in days long since departed, Why would they revolt further? Why would they hasten on to their deaths? Jehovah was ready to forgive, ready to bless, ready to succour, but they "would not," and the judgment sword fell.

"Why will ye die?" God asks to-day of you. In view of Christ in death—in view of Christ in resurrection—in view of Christ in glory—Why will ye die?

The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; the simple pass on, and are punished. (Prov. xxii. 3.) May you list to the Saviour's voice to-day, and flee to Him ere the judgment fall.

THE GRACE OF GOD,
WHICH BRINGETH SALVATION

. . . HATH APPEARED.

Titus ii. 11.

RESPONSIBILITY.

AMONG the many hindrances which the great enemy of souls casts in their way, perhaps none is more common and more successful than the false character he presents of God to the mind. This is no surprise to us when we recall the scene of his first temptation, and the successful effort to lead man to distrust the good God, suggesting that jealousy led Him to withhold from His creature that which would have elevated and blessed him, refusing him the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, lest he should become like God. (Gen. iii. 5.)

This distrust is a deadly root implanted in the natural heart of man. And let me ask, dear reader, if this is *your* thought of God: That He is One who would harm you, rather than do you good? That He keeps back from you what it would be to your advantage to have? In short, that illwill towards you is what actuates Him in all His dealings? And has the oft-told story of the cross failed to frustrate this artifice of Satan? Has God, *by giving His only begotten Son*, not contradicted in your heart this lie of the deceiver? Alas, that our hearts should so readily believe a lie, and be so slow to accept this mightiest proof to the contrary!

"I have too much to do to think of these things, and I don't think God will be hard upon servants. He knows we haven't time, and won't expect much of us."

Such was the answer I recently received in reply to a simple inquiry about the soul's salvation; and I have often received the same reply in substance. Instead of seeing that God has something good to give, has not your thought often been that He is expecting something from you? That *you* are to be the giver, not God? That He is demanding something of you, and something, moreover, that you cannot meet? And though such failure on your part should end in bringing you under God's judgment, yet, with strange inconsistency, you imagine that this hard,

exacting God will be merciful to you, and in some way mitigate His own sentence.

But let me ask, Is He *hard* in pressing salvation upon you? Do you wish to be excused being saved, like those in the parable of Luke xiv., who wished to be excused from partaking of the King's supper? What a fatal mistake you are making, and all because of this imbedded root of distrust of God.

Alas! you are forsaking your own mercy, and despising the riches of His goodness.

True, there was a time when God came seeking fruit. But be assured of this, ye self-righteous sinners, who, in the pride of your hearts, think of producing fruit for God, He never sought fruit but it ended in a curse, for "He found none." Compare Luke xiii. 6-10 and Mark xi. 13. Has He not tried you, under varied circumstances and with many advantages? Has He found in you a better heart than was found in all for 4,000 years before Christ came? Nay, He has proved by every test that it is of no use to seek grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles; and He is trying man no longer. If you stand before God on the ground of responsibility you are certainly lost.

If, on the other hand, you have given up all hope of producing anything pleasing to God, let me tell you that Christ Jesus has suffered for the broken responsibility, that those who had eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil may now eat of the Tree of Life, which grows in the midst of the Paradise of God. * * *

"THIS DAY."

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."



HIS is, indeed, an important exhortation; as important to-day to you, my reader, as of old to aged Joshua's hearers.

What then is to be your choice? Shall it be to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus secure present and eternal blessing, or shall it be to serve the world, the flesh, and the devil, and thus ensure present and eternal sorrow.

Do not postpone a decision. To-day alone is yours ; to-morrow is in the hands of God, and may never dawn for you.

Many act as though their life were ensured for many a week, for many a year, and thus say, "By-and-by." God says, "Now."

An aged relative of a young Christian was earnestly besought to attend some Gospel addresses to be given one Lord's Day evening. She refused, promising, however, to go the following Lord's Day. On the Friday she was stricken down by paralysis, and was ushered into eternity on the Lord's Day evening, while the glad tidings were being proclaimed in other ears. She had said that on her death-bed she would cry for mercy. Alas ! it is feared she died in her sins.

Choose *you* then, my reader, *this* day whom you will serve, and let your choice be Christ.

GRACE.

"It is Thy boundless grace, Lord Jesus, that has made us what we are. It is all grace, from beginning to end."

SUCH were the words used by a dear believer when expressing gratitude to the Lord for His marvellous grace.

People are often puzzled as to what is meant by "grace." It simply means "undeserved favour." The "grace of God" is the undeserved favour which God shows towards poor lost sinners, who deserve eternal perdition.

Even now, in this world, Christians stand with the unclouded favour of God resting upon them. (Rom. v. 2.) And the grace which has saved their souls will prove all-sufficient right on to the end of life's journey.

The Lord Jesus, who came to exhibit what God is, was full of grace. He was gracious even to His foes. His grace to the needy was beyond all praise, and, dear reader, His grace is still the same !

It was the *grace* of God which led Him to devise the plan of redemption for ruined man ; and Christians owe everything they have to

sovereign grace. No one will ever be in heaven who will not ascribe his being there to grace.

Grace leaves no room for boasting. (Eph. ii. 8, 9.) It glorifies the One from whom it flows, and brings blessing to its objects.

It is the opposite of law. Law demands something from those under it ; grace expects nothing, but brings everything with it.

Well may one who owes everything to grace triumph in it. The grace exhibited in the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ will form the theme of the eternal song that will be sung by the redeemed in glory !

Dear reader, are you in the enjoyment of the numberless benefits which divine grace places within your reach ? Or are you turning the grace and long-suffering of God into an opportunity for gratifying your own lusts, and taking your fill of pleasure and sin ?

It is related of Whitefield that in his outdoor preaching on one occasion, he desired to illustrate the ease with which the blessings brought by grace may become ours.

"Just as easy," said he, "as for me to catch this passing fly." He made a grasp at the fly, but failed to catch it, and had to add : "Easy as it is to lay hold of grace ; it is easier still to miss it !"

How true this is, my reader ! Are you missing it ?

Your only claim to God's grace is *need*. Behold, then, your title. "Where sin abounded, GRACE did much more abound." (Rom. v. 20.) E. V. G.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD
I AM WHAT I AM :
AND HIS GRACE
WHICH WAS BESTOWED UPON ME
WAS NOT IN VAIN.

I Cor. xv. 10.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



TO THE RESCUE.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

HOW many brave acts and noble deeds go unrequited, unremembered!

Often has the one who has risked his life in order to rescue a drowning man been almost, if not altogether, forgotten by the one whom he has delivered; save, it may be, as on some rare occasion the deed of kindness is brought before him. The rescue is taken quite as a matter of course, and while the delivered one rejoices in his deliverance, he overlooks the gratitude due to the deliverer.

So it was with Pharaoh's butler of old. Comforted as he had been in prison by Joseph's interpretation of his dream, and taken into favour in the court again in fulfilment of Joseph's prophecy, he remembers neither his succourer nor the promise he had made to him, and his ingratitude is forever recorded. "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." So it was with the deliverer of whom Ecclesiastes ix. speaks; the inhabitants of a little city were delivered from their besiegers through the wisdom of a poor wise man, and "yet no man remembered that same poor man."

Is it not the same to-day—perhaps with you, my reader? Has not the blessed Son of God, the Lord of glory, suffered upon Calvary's cross? Has He not there endured, in His love to man, the righteous judgment of a sin-hating God? Has He not given His life a ransom for many; and how many have even said, "Thank you"? How many are there who, with hearts adoring, bow in worship before Him, while thanksgivings fill their lips?

"Have *you* ever thanked Him?" I asked a child at a sea-side children's meeting. Twelve years had passed over her head, and yet she had to own that she never had breathed a word of gratitude into His ear. She knew well enough of His love, and of all that He had gone through, by suffering, to save all who come unto Him, and yet she had never thanked Him.

Have *you*?

It may be that more than twelve years of your life have been passed without one word of real praise ever issuing from your heart to Him.

Well may the Lord ask to-day, as He asked when here on earth, "Where are the nine?" *Ten* had been healed by Him; *one* only returned to give Him thanks.

In their cleansing, doubtless, all ten rejoiced. The one alone came to express his gratitude to the Cleanser.

My reader, let me again ask you, Have *you* ever thanked Him?

"SUDDEN DESTRUCTION!"

TOO late to escape! Warning had been sent to the doomed town that the dam was about to give way, but the inhabitants, long used to the danger of their proximity to the lake, could not believe that the hour of their doom had come, and the result was that appalling disaster—10,000 people drowned!

Poor man! poor woman! living carelessly in the city of destruction, be warned. The dam is about to burst! The judgment of God has been solemnly foretold, and it will surely fall. And if it find you as you are, still out of Christ, you will be crushed under it. A more awful doom will be yours than that which overwhelmed the people of Johnstown a few months ago. "Except ye repent, ye shall *all* likewise perish." Be warned. Don't put off coming to Christ; the risk is too great to run. The issues are too serious to warrant any delay; a few hours more, nay, moments, and it may be *too* late! Too late to escape!

Deceive yourself no longer. The judgment of God is coming, and coming without any more warning than has already been given. Then "the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. . . . When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it." Then will it be **TOO LATE TO ESCAPE.**

† † †

INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

FAR away, in mid-ocean, there are depths which no plummet has ever fathomed. Again and again the lead-line has been cast from the surveying vessel, but ever with the same result—the bottom has never been reached—the ocean bed has remained unexplored—its nature remains absolutely unknown.

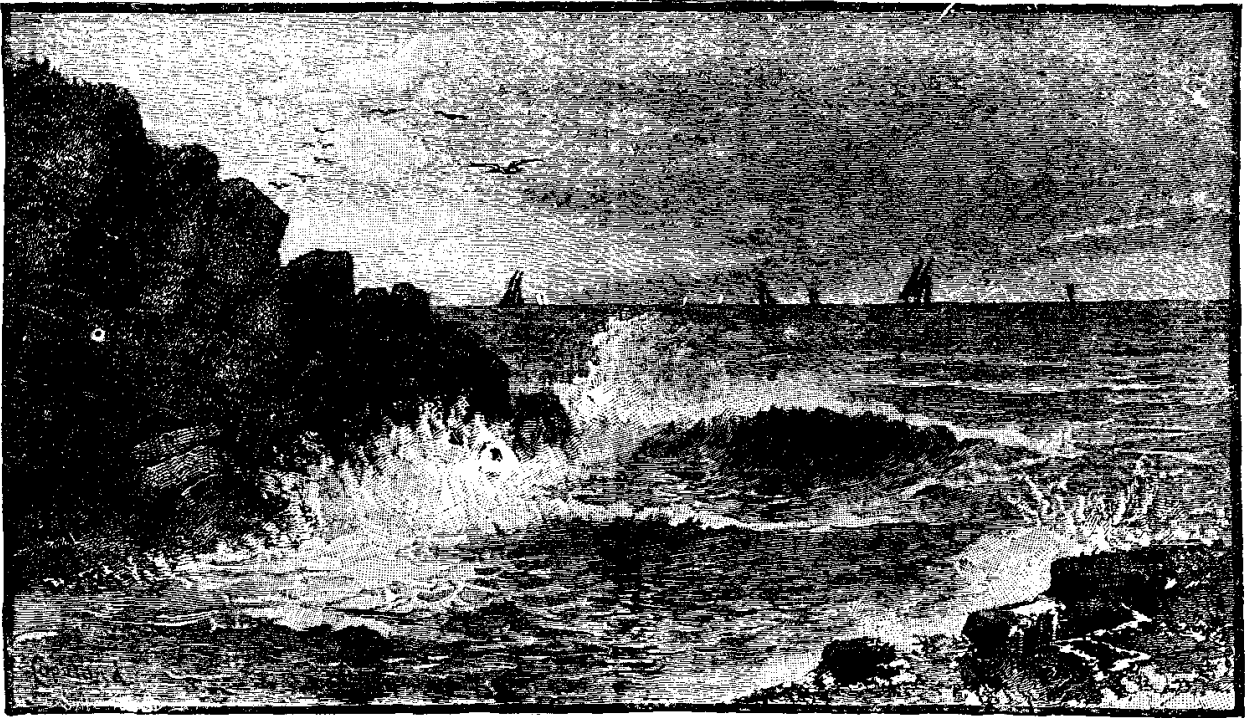
What grace it is of our God to use such a figure as, "*Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea,*" to express to us the

ledge! Happy believer! Blessed indeed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered—covered by the unsearchable depths of divine grace.

Are you among the blessed ones?

LOST AT SEA.

IT is nearly thirty years since the good ship "Wellesley" left the Thames, on her way to Australia. She was a large sailing vessel, and on this voyage carried, besides her full complement of passengers, the captain's wife and



entire putting away of the believer's sins. Not into the shallows, nor amid the breakers, where a returning tide may bring them to light again. No! no!! but into the dark, deep, unexplorable depths, are cast eternally the sins of "all who believe."

Cast there (not by the sinner, but) by the Saviour-God, in answer to the work of Jesus, once and forever accomplished at Calvary. "Where are your sins?" a Christian was once asked, and, referring to the verse quoted (Micah vii. 19), he answered, "They're all at the bottom of the sea." Blessed know-

daughter. The latter was a bonny, wee babe, only eight months old. As may be imagined, she was a great pet with both passengers and crew; in fact, she was quite the ship's darling, for she had been born on board on a previous voyage, and had been named in honour of the ship, Florence Wellesley. There were smiles on every face when she appeared on deck, and even the sailors would stop and laugh at her funny, baby ways.

None were fonder of her than her mother's little servant-boy, Willie, a bright, intelligent lad of fourteen. Every morning, when he

brought the baby's food into the cabin, he used to beat with the spoon upon the basin to tell her he was coming; and then, when she laughed with pleasure, and held out her little arms towards him, his face would literally beam with delight.

Willie, too, was a favourite, for his willing, cheerful ways gained him many friends, and so when, one day, it was rumoured through the ship that he was missing, it seemed to cast a gloom over all on board.

Search was immediately made; not a nook nor a cranny was left unexplored. But nowhere was he to be found. He had been sent by the nurse to get some irons heated at the galley fire, and, while waiting till they were ready, had amused himself by clambering over the rigging in the fore part of the vessel. Often had the sailors good-naturedly warned him not to be so venturesome, for that was his first voyage, and he had not become accustomed to such climbing; but he took no heed to their words.

All were at last obliged to come to the sorrowful conclusion that he had lost his footing, and fallen overboard. No cry nor splash had been heard to disturb the mid-day stillness; the boy had just totally disappeared. Suddenly, and without warning, the summons came to him; one moment full of life and boyish energy, the next gone.

The captain's wife felt very deeply the loss of her cheerful little attendant. But regrets were of no avail; the ship pursued her course, and in due time arrived at Melbourne.

Her return voyage was prosperous, until, one day, she was passing "The Nore," and the order was given to heave the lead. It is customary for the men to take this duty for an hour at a time. A sailor is lowered over the side, and standing on a ledge, leans over the breastrope, and hauls in the measuring line. It was early in the morning, and the man on duty was relieved by another, while he went down below to get some coffee. He returned in a few minutes, but to his surprise found that his mate was nowhere to be seen. There was the rope right enough dangling over the side, but no one was near it. Somehow or

other, it had become loose; either the sailor must have leaned too far forward and over-balanced himself, or else a sudden lurch of the vessel must have sent him over. He was a strong, good-looking, active fellow, and a day or two before he had written to the young woman to whom he was engaged, telling her that she might soon expect to see him.

First, a mere youth, and now this strong man, were lost, both without giving any sign whatever; they were just "found missing," and none had seen them go. These were solemn warnings to all on board, and may well bring home to our hearts the lesson that not even a child can count upon another hour of life.

Reader, it is an awful thing for an unconverted soul to be called to pass without an instant's preparation into eternity; "a leap in the dark," you may well call it. And let us remember that to us, too, the summons may come as it did to those two so full of life and strength. We cannot, dare not say, we shall live another week, or even another hour, for before to-morrow's sunrise the fiat may have gone forth, and we, too, be called to die.

For those who know the Lord, who have believed His Word, and who have "everlasting life" (John iii. 36), death has no sting, the grave no terrors. To them it would be but a joyful passing from time, with all its sorrows, its burdens, and its trials, into an eternity to be spent with the One who has redeemed them, with the One whom they are longing to see, and for whose quick return they are eagerly watching; but to those who know not the Lord, who will not accept His offer of pardon and life, what a fearful thought, that at any moment their feeble spark of life may be extinguished, and they awake, too late! from their idle dreams of this world's pleasures, to find themselves in the darkness and despair of never-ending death, cast out for ever from the presence of the One whom, in their life-time, they rejected.

Reader, time is hastening on! Each moment, hurrying by, brings surely nearer the return of that One who, more than 1800 years

ago, said, "Surely I come quickly." God grant that every one who reads these lines may be able to say, with a thankful, joyful heart, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." (Rev. xxii. 20.) R. D.

HANDS.

Notes of an Address.

HAVE you ever heard of any one having six fingers on each hand? There was once a giant who had six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand (2 Sam. xxxi. 20); but I am not going to speak to you just now about those peculiar hands.

I want to speak of some very ordinary hands. If you turn to Acts ii. you will find a verse there which tells us something about them.

Of what kind of hands do we read there?

"WICKED HANDS."

Yes, wicked hands. (v. 23.) "Him [Jesus], being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by *wicked hands* have crucified and slain."

Cruel men took the Lord Jesus, and with their wicked hands put Him upon the cross; and you and I would have done the very same thing if we had been there. By nature we all of us have wicked hearts, and thus wicked hands—hands which do wicked things.

A little girl once used her hands to forge a lie; she tried to write just like her mother, and made believe that the letter was written by her mother instead of by herself. She had wicked hands. A boy jumped over a wall, pulled up a turnip, and quickly climbed back again. He used his hands to steal; they were wicked hands. And what do *you* do with your hands? When you go to bed to-night just look at your hands, and think what they have been doing all day. Some will have to remember that their hands were used in fighting, or in stealing, or in deceiving. *All* will have to own that they are wicked hands, just as though God had written along the palms "W-i-c-k-e-d

h-a-n-d-s." Every one who is not washed in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ has, in the sight of God, wicked hands.

Supposing I hold up a florin, and say, "Now, any one who has never done a single wicked thing with his hands, may have this." Who would get it? No one; not a boy or girl could claim it, because you all have wicked hands. What makes the hands do wicked things? Look at this watch! In its present condition its hands are always wrong, never telling the truth. Why? Because there is something wrong inside; it wants regulating or cleaning. That which governs and moves the hands is wrong, and until that is put right, the hands will never be right. So it is with you; the heart is wrong—you are not right *inside*, and therefore the outside must be wrong. Your wicked heart directs your hands to do wicked things; you are a sinner with wicked hands, just as I used to be, and just as every one who has not come to Jesus is.

Now turn to Luke xxiv. 39. Here we find
PIERCED HANDS.

After He had risen from the dead, the Lord Jesus appeared to His disciples, and said to them, "Behold My hands." What would they see in those hands? Wound-prints; the marks where His blessed hands were pierced so cruelly, the tokens that He had suffered.

In Isaiah liii. 5, we may read: "But 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." Notice the first four and last three words of that verse.

"But He was wounded... we are healed."

Now, can you tell me something that the Lord Jesus did with His hands?

"Put them on little children."

Yes, when the mothers brought their children to Jesus for Him to bless them, the disciples wanted to send them away, but Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and He took them up in His arms, laid *His* hands on them, and blessed them. Have His hands been placed in blessing upon *you*? Do you know Jesus as *your* Saviour?

There was a little boy named Albert, who very much wanted to come to Jesus, and have his sins forgiven, so he asked his mother to tell him about that One who came into the world to save sinners. But the mother was busy, and could not stay just then to tell little Albert what he so much wanted to hear. Bedtime came, and soon the boy was asleep, and as he slept he dreamed that he saw the gate of heaven, and one or two old people going in. The glory was shining out through the gate, and Albert longed to be inside. Presently he knocked at the entrance door, and was asked what he wanted.

"To come in," was his reply.

"What name?"

"Albert."

The porter shook his head, and said, "You cannot enter."

Sadly the boy turned away. Just as he was retracing his steps, he thought in his dream that he saw his little sister coming along, and she told him brightly that she was going in through the gate to heaven.

"You'll not get in," said the boy, "I tried, and was turned away."

"Oh yes, I shall," she answered, "because I know the way."

Albert followed, to hear what she would say.

"What do you want?" asked the man at the door.

"To come in," said the child.

"What name?"

"Jesus;" and as she said the name she passed through, and Albert was left alone outside.

"I'll go in now, I know the way," thought the boy; but just as he was about to knock again, he thought of his school-fellows, who knew not the name of Jesus as the only passport to heaven.

Do you know what it is to have given up your own name to find safety in the name of Jesus? It is His name, and His alone, that will secure an entrance to the glory. He is the Way, and all who really trust Him are sure of heaven.

Having spoken of the sinner's *wicked* hands,

and the Saviour's *pierced* hands, let us now turn to John x. 28, 29, "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."

Here we have two

POWERFUL HANDS—

the Shepherd's hand and the Father's hand, both keeping the sheep in safety. I sometimes put a penny into my hand, and shut my fingers tightly over it, then promise two or three tiny children that whoever gets it shall have it. How they work and work, and pull and twist, in their efforts to open my hand, but all in vain! They are not strong enough. But supposing a blacksmith, with big, brawny hands, were to come, how easily he would force the fingers back, and get the penny out! He would be stronger than I am, and therefore would be able to open my hand. But there is no one stronger than God. The sheep are in the hand of the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd, and in the hand of the Father, a place of perfect safety, where no one can touch them, and nothing can harm them. What a blessed place to be in!

Lastly, turn to 1 Timothy ii. 8: "I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up

HOLY HANDS.

That is what God looks for our hands to be when we are Christians—*holy* hands. How different to the first hands we were speaking of! There is a complete change when any one is converted, and instead of the hands being wicked hands, they are holy hands—to be used no longer to sin with, but do service with for Him whose hands were pierced when He suffered upon Calvary's cross to put away our sins.

May we who believe know what it is to be before God in prayer, lifting up "holy hands," and using the same hands which we thus raise in the presence of God, to minister in His name to His own people, and to do deeds of kindness also for those around us who know Him not, that so His name may be glorified.

ON THE WRONG ROAD.



LITTLE boy of five years, with a number of others about the same age, followed a funeral to the cemetery outside the town of B——, in the North of Ireland, one Saturday afternoon. The other boys, after playing about the road for some time, returned to their homes, but this little fellow would go farther for a walk; and so, getting separated from the rest, he lost his way. Walking on and on, he told those who spoke to him that he was going home; but on he went, farther and farther from it. Swinging up behind the carts returning from the market, the miles were quickly passed, and night came on; but still farther and farther he was going from *home*, for he was on the wrong road, his back was turned towards the town, and every step he took increased the distance from it; at the same time he thought that he was on the right way, and that soon he would be at home again. It had now become dark. Wet and cold, and clinging to the back of a country cart, he got sleepy, and dropped off as the cart turned down a lane. The man in the cart, being partly drunk, had taken no notice of the child behind, till the little fellow began to cry after he had fallen; and even then the partially unconscious man went on his way, unheeding the cries of the child. The little fellow, however, continued to cry, and this so impressed the ear of the farmer that he sent his servant to see after him, and the servant returned with the child, who was made comfortable for the night.

What a lesson, dear boys and girls, there is for you in this little story! What a true picture of what you are in the sight of God—*lost*, and on the *wrong* road, too; and every day that you continue to live and walk on this wrong road, you are getting *farther* and *farther* away from heaven, and *nearer* and *nearer* to hell! You are *lost* and gone *astray*, just as the Lord Jesus tells of the sheep in Luke xv.

Now, I want to tell you that during all that wet Saturday night, the father of that little boy, with two friends, travelled from house to house, knocking up the people as they went past their dwellings, to inquire after the lost child. With what anxiety and earnestness that father went on and on, still unwearied in search of the lost one. He would not give up till forced to do so. Being wet through, he returned to town without him, but soon set off again in another direction. The boy's mother also set off in the morning to look for her son. How anxious must she have been all that long night, fearing, probably, that her child had fallen into some ditch by the wayside, and been drowned.

Oh! what a faint illustration all this is of the activity of the blessed God in seeking the lost sinner. Do you know what He has done? He sent His own Son into this dark and sinful world because He loved the world. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," and the blessed Lord Jesus came to "*seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*." He never tires, and is still by His Spirit seeking, following night and day.

Think, now, of what it cost Him to save a sinner from going to hell. His own precious blood was shed on the cross, under the judgment of God, against sin, that He might take such as you in His arms, and carry them safe to His own home in heaven. Now, after having done all this, will not you just say to Him, "Lord Jesus, I am lost, and on the wrong road; save me, and carry me home." He will hear your cry of distress.

But perhaps you may think as this child thought: I am on the right road, for I try all I can to do good, and pray, and read the Bible, and surely I shall reach heaven in the end. No, my dear child, this is being on the wrong road; for God's Word says, that "there is none that doeth good, no, *not one*"; and if you read the third chapter of Romans, you will see that you are *lost*, and need One to save you. Such a Saviour is Jesus.

Well, I must tell you that the little boy's mother met a car coming into town. She

stopped it to inquire after her son ; and the little fellow shouted out, "Here am I, ma ! Here am I, ma !" He was wrapped up in a rug in the car. So the *lost* one was *found*, and there was joy. So there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God if you repent. (Luke xv. 7, 10.) J. R. W.

UNTHANKFUL.

"**I**F he means to give 'em to me, let him bring 'em here his'self, for I ain't going to fetch 'em."

Such were the ungracious words that fell from the lips of a poverty-stricken looking woman in our village not long ago.

It has been the custom here, during the terribly cold weather of our inclement winters, when the poor find it hard work to gain a scanty livelihood, and fuel is scarce, for a liberal present of coals and bread to be made to those needing them.

In most cases it is, of course, only too gladly received ; and the above remark called forth indignant expressions from those who overheard the poor woman. But one who happened to hear of it took a kindlier view, and the coals were soon deposited at the door of the woman's squalid dwelling.

What an illustration of the natural heart ! As Israel "despised the pleasant land," so do men treat the gracious invitation God presents us now in the gospel.

How have *you* treated it ? With careless indifference, as the poor woman treated the present of coals, heedless of the cost and trouble it had been to her benefactor ? Surely, if such is the case, it is because you have little idea either of your need or of the heart of God. As the Lord Jesus said to Jacob's erring daughter at Samaria's well, "*If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink ; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.*" (Jno. iv. 10.)

But man would sooner seek to satisfy his cravings at earth's broken, empty cisterns.

Thus it was that, a few weeks ago, at one of the large watering-places on the South Coast, by the permission of the general in command, a military band was announced to play one evening on the promenade for two hours. From all parts a fashionable crowd hastened, and hundreds of men and women, gaily dressed, listened intently to the soft strains of the music, regardless of the fact that, by it, Satan was seeking to lull their souls to sleep, that the god of this world was blinding their eyes.

The following evening, on the very same spot, several of the Lord's servants stood up, as the ambassadors of Christ, to proclaim a glorious message from heaven of pardon, peace, and eternal life to those on the brink of eternity. They announced tidings so blessed, that the receiver of them would be filled with "peace and joy in believing." And yet few cared to stop and listen to good news like that, but carelessly passed on their own way. Ah ! whither ?

One word of warning. It cost God His own beloved Son to provide this way of salvation ; it cost the blessed Lord Jesus His death and blood-shedding on the cross to make the atonement ; and it will cost you an eternity of sorrow, should you neglect the provision of divine grace. E. R. M.

THREE PRECIOUS THINGS.

Precious, precious faith in Jesus !
Faith in God's dear Son ;
Faith in work which God declareth
Fully done ! 2 PETER i. 1.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus !
Cleansing us from sin ;
God's "true token," aye, our safety,
It must win. 1 PETER i. 19.

Precious, precious Christ in glory !
Joy of each true heart ;
He alone is our sufficing,
Lot and part ! 1 PETER ii. 6.

W. A. I.

SCATTERED SEED.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

WE were passing rapidly along a country road, on our way to a village railway station. Standing outside a barn, adjoining the road, were two men, of whom we inquired the time of the departure of the train, which we had been unable to ascertain before. One of them replied that it started at half-past eight. It was already more than that; but, thanking him, we passed on. In a few moments the rush of the train was heard, followed by the hoarse laugh of one of the men, as he knew that we had missed our object—the last train, and that nothing now remained for us but to walk to our journey's end.

On we plodded, weary and wayworn. As we did so, I could not but think of the derision in which every lost soul is held by the enemy.

To how many he suggests that "it is already too late," that it is of no use seeking salvation now—that they have gone too far, and sinned away their only chance of salvation; doing this in order that they may become careless and indifferent.

Then for those who, anxious and troubled about their sins, press on when too late, in hope of yet gaining salvation—only, alas! to hear the distant sound of a closing door—what a laugh of triumph,—what a shout of derision, will be raised by him who has sought and compassed their destruction.

Push on, push on! unconverted soul; linger no longer—delay no more. Waste not the precious moments, for the sands of time will soon be run out, the last grains will quickly fall, the last up-train will start. Will it convey you to the glory of God, or will you be carried by the down-train to destruction and despair?

At the commencement of our journey we had walked a steady, easy pace, and then,

when *too late*, increased it considerably. So to-day many are thinking there is plenty of time yet, and are indifferent to the warning voices around.

Some had told us it was two-and-a-half miles to the station, but others had said it was about a mile and a half only, and we had acted as though the latter were the truth, and thus lingered until too late.

"Acquaint *now* thyself with Him, and be at peace." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." "Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord."

The world, the flesh, and the devil whisper, "Plenty of time yet."

To which will you give attention? Which will you obey?

"YOU NEVER CAME."

AGENTLEMAN, a servant of the Lord, was in the habit of visiting one of the large hospitals in S— on Sunday afternoons, for the sake of telling the glad tidings of Salvation, and speaking words of comfort to the sufferers in the different wards.

Some listened to the blessed message with great attention, as if drinking in words they had never heard before; others were careless and indifferent, while a few would not listen at all, or simply made light of the glad tidings.

Belonging to this last class was a man who, having heard the tale of mercy week after week, seemed to turn a deaf ear to every entreaty.

It happened that one Lord's-day the gentleman was prevented from paying his usual visit. During the whole of that afternoon the man waited and waited, hoping to see him enter, but in vain.

The next Sunday he again watched, apparently longing for his arrival.

He came at last, and the first he noticed was the man who was staring eagerly at him.

As he approached the bed, he was startled by the words, spoken loudly and distinctly, "You never came, you never came." No sooner were they uttered, than he sank back, and the spirit fled—Whither?

Dear reader, do not put off accepting God's offer of salvation until it is too late, for God will not be mocked. F. S. H.

"DO YOU KNOW FOR CERTAIN?"

ONE beautiful day, in the autumn of 1887, having reached the top of one of the low Hampshire downs, I was quietly resting.

Instead of following the high road round, I had climbed up by a pretty, winding path, leading through the woods which covered the slope, and was now enjoying the lovely scenery that spread out before me. Turning to look along the road, I saw an old countryman coming towards me. His hair was white, and he walked with a staff. Wondering if he knew the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, I soon spoke to him, and found him to be a genial old man; and he chatted pleasantly of the scenery, the crops, and various other things around us. But there was a subject of far more importance to me than all these, and, presently, having inquired his age, which he told me was eighty-six years, I asked what he, who was now so near the end of life's journey, had in prospect for eternity. He replied that he hoped that when he died he should get to heaven; adding, that no one could know in this life for a certainty where they should spend eternity.

I told him he was greatly mistaken as to that, for I knew certainly that I should spend it with the Lord! and so might he by simply believing the message of free salvation that God had sent. I quoted the verse John iii. 36, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him;" and also other scriptures;

and I sought to point out to him, as simply as I could, that God's way of salvation was through the work and blood-shedding of His own beloved Son, that the work had been fully accomplished by Him, and that on the cross He had said, "It is finished." God, in answer to that sacrifice, had raised Him from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand above, and was now offering pardon and peace to all who believe.

The only answer he now made me was, that he was a constant reader of the Bible, and knew more of it than I could tell him.

Poor old man! his eyes were blinded by Satan, the god of this world. After God, in His love and grace, had spared him for eighty-six long years, he was now trusting to his self-righteousness. God's Word declares that "all our righteousnesses are as *filthy rags*." (Isa. lxiv. 6.) Cling not, then, to self any longer, but cast yourself before the Lord, owning your lost and needy condition, as helpless and without strength. Salvation is for such.

We had now reached his cottage, and, as he was leaving me, I sought to press on him the importance of receiving God's Word ere it was too late. But his last words were, "I shall never believe anything different to what I now do as long as I live."

How solemn it is to think of the many who are going on contented to hope they are going to heaven, hoping they will merit God's favour by-and-bye through some goodness of their own. Alas! how rotten is their foundation.

But I fancy I hear some dear boy or girl say, "Well, in what way does all this concern me? It was all very well for an old man like that, but I am only young, and surely there is no need for me to trouble about my soul's salvation yet; there will be plenty of time for that when I get older."

Just quietly, now, ask yourself these two questions: "Am I sure I shall be alive in this world to-morrow? If not, where shall I be?" These two solemn questions concern each dear reader of these lines, and let me beg everyone to answer them

faithfully, for you each must live throughout eternity, either in untold joy and happiness with the Lord Jesus, or in despair and misery with the lost.

But "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Lord Jesus left all the brightness and glory of heaven to come down here for the salvation of sinners. Oh, may each reader, then, believe upon Him, and accept His great gift!

WHERE IS HE?

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"
(Job xiv. 10.)

TO Job, in his affliction, the future was dark and gloomy indeed. Brought face to face with death, there was naught but a land of darkness and shadow of death before him. All beyond the narrow portals of the tomb was mysterious and inexplicable. As he pondered the history of man wasting away daily, and at last giving up the ghost, he asks, "Where is he?"

Gone from among men, the place that knew him so well, knows him no longer; his once well-known voice and familiar footfall are never now heard, his form and features never now seen. All that remained of him to sight has been entombed, and, as far as earth is concerned, he is no more.

In vain Job asks, "Where is he?" None on earth can answer. His three friends speak not in reply, for to them, as to him, all beyond death is hidden—all is as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.

Men might ponder, reason, wonder, and that was all; they knew not! They needed a revelation, and there was as yet none given.

They possessed a consciousness that after death they would still exist, that their bones and flesh were but as a building in which they dwelt—the clothing of an inner man.

Their responsibility they felt. That they must give account to an unknown God, whose eternal power and divinity were displayed in creation all around, they knew. Tradition had handed down the record of a devastating judgment flood, which swept the world of the ungodly, and thus He, in part, was known in His wrath against ungodliness, but who would declare Him fully?

Only a ray or two of sunshine ever illuminated the gross darkness as to the future, when, for a moment, faith entered by the Spirit into the truths which ere long were to be disclosed.

Life and incorruptibility were not yet brought to light; and thus, again and again, the lack of power to pierce the future is manifested even on the part of God's most honoured servants.

To Israel a partial revelation was made; a mere glimmer of light penetrating the thick curtain which closed the darksome avenue.

To Solomon was revealed the fact that, while the dust returned to the dust whence it was, the spirit returned to God who gave it; but even he has to ask, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward?" who can trace its flight? who can explain the mystery?

* * * * *

Now all is made known, for the true light shines. It is no longer the gross darkness of heathendom, nor the dim twilight of Judaism, but the full blaze of the meridian sun of Christianity; God perfectly manifested—the future, the judgment, revealed in all their parts.

The unknown God of the Gentiles, and the hidden Jehovah of Israel, is now perfectly declared as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost of Christianity. "Where is he?" need be the query no longer, the answer to the riddle is given, the truth is announced.

The expected "Seed of the woman,"—the long-looked-for prophet like Moses, Shiloh, the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel, the true Paschal Lamb, the sufficient Sacrifice, the faithful Priest, the righteous Judge, the anointed King, the Root, the Offspring of

David, Ruler of rulers, Lord of lords, the Messiah, Son of Abraham, Son of David, Son of man, Son of God, God manifest in the flesh—has come.

The One whom God promised, whom types set forth, of whom prophets prophesied, whom psalmists sang, whom nations desired, has appeared—has appeared in grace, manifesting that which was hidden, declaring that which was unknown. It is He who has answered Job's question, "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

The curtain of the future—the veil of all after death has been removed, and glory, and gloom, in all their blessedness or woe, are fully seen.

The Son of God, when rejected, promised His own another Comforter, the Spirit of truth, the Holy Ghost. He should make known *all things*—He should show "things to come."

The treasury of knowledge is open now, and in language simple and solemn, the future state is clearly depicted.

* * * * *

For the believer on the Son of God the Scriptures, which cannot be broken, point to eternal glory with Christ—a glory undimmed by sorrow, a joy unsullied by sin, an unfading, incorruptible, undefiled, eternal inheritance; and even now its joys and delights are made good to him by the Holy Spirit. Man—natural man—understands it not, even as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But

GOD HATH REVEALED THEM

unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

Again and again, to be "with Christ" is declared to be the believer's portion. Thus we find in Matthew xxv., "They that were ready went in *with Him* to the marriage." In Luke xxiii., the Lord promises the repentant thief, "To-day shalt thou be *with Me* in paradise." While in John xiv., the Lord's comforting farewell message to His loved ones is, "I will come again, and

receive you unto Myself; that *where I am*, there ye may be also."

The apostle Paul expresses his heart's desire in corresponding language, "Having a desire to depart, and to be *with Christ*; which is far better." "Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." (Phil. i. 23; 2 Cor. v. 8.) And the faithful overcomers have put before them, for their hearts' cheer; that they shall *walk with Him* in white, and sit *with Him* in His throne. (Rev. iii. 4, 21.) Thus heaven's highest glory is in eternal association and union with Christ where He is.

Where is the departed believer? Where is the saint who has fallen asleep?

WHERE IS HE? WITH CHRIST.

His body may be laid beneath the clods, or lowered into the sea, but his spirit is received by Christ; and to be with Him is far better. The Lord's people living on earth are waiting *for* Christ here. Those who have "departed" are waiting *with* Christ there. Waiting alike for the moment, when Himself, the Lord, shall come and raise the bodies of His sleeping saints, and change the bodies of His living ones into conformity to His own, and catch all up together to meet Himself, the Lord, in the air, thus to be

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

* * * * *

For the unbeliever on the Son of God, for him who has heard the gospel of the grace of God, and neglected or despised it, the Scriptures of truth proclaim unutterable, unending woe.

If the blessing and joy, the glory and gladness, of the believer are eternal, everlasting, interminable, unending—and thank God they are—so also are the anguish and sorrow, the gloom and the misery of the unbeliever.

Where is he to spend eternity who has not obeyed the gospel of God, who has refused to bow to His claims and His grace? In hell, in the lake of fire, in the company of the devil and his angels, the

demons, and the damned ; gone into everlasting punishment, into unquenchable fire, where the "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Beware! BEWARE!! my reader. Man's mind and the devil's malice are combined now to cast a slight upon God's Word, and upon Christ's work ; but BEWARE, lest you, when too late, find out that you have been a blind follower of a blind guide, and together have fallen into the dark, deep ditch of eternal death.

Man's sophistries are plausible, but God's truths are plain ; and He who spake as never man spake, tells forcibly and fully, by figure and parable, in entreaty and warning, in declaration and denunciation, the solemn truths of eternal judgment, of never-ending torment, of everlasting woe.

God would have all men to be saved, and, in His love, has given His Son, Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all ; and now, my reader, the door still stands open wide, and you—even you—may come ; but

BECAUSE THERE IS WRATH, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, *then* a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

WHAT ANOTHER HAS DONE.

MARY B——, a gentle, modest girl, recently left her native town for an adjacent one, having been sent thither by her employer to manage a branch business for him. Away from her widowed mother, and only brother, she was lonely in a strange place, and keenly felt the separation. But the living God was caring for Mary, and had distinct blessing in store for her in these new circumstances.

In His overruling providence He had caused her coming to this situation to be, as it appeared, accidentally mentioned to a Christian on the very day she arrived. An interest was at once felt in her, and a visit made to her the next day, when she was told of a Bible-class where she would be welcome on the Sunday afternoon. She accordingly came, and listened the whole

time with the most marked attention. This was the first occasion of my seeing her, and feeling much drawn towards her, named an evening in the week for her to come and see me. She seemed glad, and came on the evening mentioned. Wishing to make her feel at home with me, I inquired how she was getting on in her occupation, and upon her replying to this, I remarked, "How much we need to look to the Lord in all our matters !"

"Yes," she said, "I do pray to Him."

"And are you saved," I inquired.

"Yes," she answered, "I think I am."

"Well now," I said, "will you mind telling me, in your own words, upon what you rest for salvation ; because," I added, "it is well to be quite clear as to this ?"

I found she did not know what to answer, so I sought to help her by asking, "Is it anything you have done ?"

"Oh, no," she replied.

"Is it then what Another has done ?"

Again she answered, "Oh, no."

This made it plain to me that she was not resting upon Christ as her Saviour, so, opening my Testament, I read aloud many scriptures to prove to her that we can be saved in no other way but by what Another has done, and that One, the holy, spotless Son of God ! Among the portions we turned to were these : "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.) "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins : and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39) We looked also at Rom. iii., which shows "there is none righteous, no, not one" ; and to chap. v., verse 6, which declares we are "ungodly" by nature ; "lost" (Luke xix. 10) ; "dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. ii. 1.)

My confidence was in the living Word

of the living God doing its own work ; and yet how small that confidence seemed, when Mary said she could see it all plainly now, and that she could say her sins were all gone, because Christ had died for her. I had not expected such an immediate work during the hour and half she spent with me, yet how could I doubt, when it is written, "The word of God is quick, and powerful."

She was at home the next Sunday, and I did not see her for a fortnight. But how great was my joy to find her still rejoicing in the forgiveness of her sins, resting in blessed simplicity upon the word of God, not a doubt or fear troubling her. On my asking, "What made you tell me you thought you were saved, when I put the question to you?"

"Oh," she said, "I knew I was not going on with anything wrong ; and I was trying to please God."

Dear reader, are you one such? Are you thinking you will be saved because of your outward walk and conduct? Are you trying to please God without being born again? It is written, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." (Rom. viii. 8.) The sinner has no strength to do one thing for God ; but oh, blessed word ! "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 8.)

May the Spirit of God bring home the word of God to you as He did to Mary. She said, "I cannot tell you what a change I felt as I walked away from your house that night."

By her own request, it was arranged for her to come in one evening every week for a little time over the Scriptures. Her beaming face told of the joy within—joy and peace in believing.

On one occasion she said she had expected to find herself become better, and was surprised to discover sinful workings within. This had not made her doubt her salvation ; but why was it so? I sought to show her how unimprovable, and unmendably bad, our Adam nature is ; and that when we are born of God, we have a divine nature—our Adam nature, which Scripture calls "our old man,"

and "the flesh," having been judged, and ended before God in the death of Christ. "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him [Christ], that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." (Rom. vi. 6.) "God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." (Rom. viii. 3.)

It was good, indeed, to see the simplicity of faith that received, and believed, what God had said ; the heart prepared by Himself to accept His perfect way of dealing with both sin and sins in the person of His beloved Son.

We will leave our young friend now, and turn to you, beloved reader, with the inquiry, Have you a scriptural basis upon which you rest for salvation? Have you any hope in what you are, or what you have done? Or do you know anything of the fulness and value of that matchless work done by Another—God's beloved Son ; He who "poured out His soul unto death," and "was numbered with the transgressors"?

Dear reader, let not the tinsel, the glitter and baubles, of this world, come in between you and such a Saviour, who is waiting to welcome, mighty to save.

MY DESIRE FOR THEE.

THAT thou may'st daily gather

Fresh droppings of *His love*,

For ever round thee falling,

As manna from above :

That ever midst the worry,

Of busy outward life,

Thine inner one may flourish,

Unhindered by the strife.

That thou may'st know *His presence*,

To brighten all the way ;

And prove *His grace* sufficient,

For each succeeding day.

That more *increased attraction*

In Jesus thou may'st see,

And mine is but an echo,

Of His desire for thee. (JOHN xvii. 15.)

By the late LORD A. P. C.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



THE WARNING.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

OF old, on the Lincolnshire coast, it was no infrequent thing for the inhabitants of the low-lying villages to receive warning of danger, some messenger, in hot haste, on horse covered with foam, galloping into the village to give timely news of a high tide. The result would frequently be a general exodus from the houses and cottages, for the peril was well known, and higher ground would ever be sought as a refuge, till the waves had retired.

God sends a warning to-day, a warning of a fast-approaching flood-tide of judgment. He is "ready to judge the quick (that is, the living) and the dead." This present moment is the accepted time—the day of salvation. Now mercy rejoices against judgment, for judgment is God's strange work. He delights not in the condemnation of a sinner, far rather would He that all would turn to Him and live. Yea, in His marvellous mercy, He has Himself provided a perfect sacrifice, His own well-beloved Son has been given, and the door of escape is open, wide open through the Saviour's precious blood.

Will you be heedless of the warning, and thus neglect this wondrous salvation?

Many who perished in the Johnstown disaster might have escaped—for the warning was given—the way of escape was plain, but they delayed in unbelief, and were drowned in the rushing torrent.

Thus will it be with many who have heard of coming wrath, and, in unbelief, have gone on in their sins until there is no remedy. Then, when saying, "Peace and safety," sudden destruction will come upon them, and they will not escape.

Of old, Noah was warned of God, and prepared the ark, to the salvation of himself and of his family, and they alone were delivered, whilst all besides perished.

There is but one refuge to-day—Jesus! *Jesus!* JESUS!—the shelter provided of God, the shelter provided for sinners. None other name under heaven is given among men whereby we must be saved. (Acts iv. 12.)

That refuge stands open—open for all who will come. None need perish, for in such a shelter all may securely hide.

I have hidden there these last fifteen years, and find the truest joy, and happiness, and safety.

Will not *you* hide there too? Delay no longer, for when once the master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, and you begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us," His answer will be to those who have refused His entreaties, and despised His calls, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

Those shut in with Noah were safe, all within that closed portal were secure, for "The Lord shut him in"; all were shut in for salvation, but all without were shut out for judgment.

Why tarry longer, then? Flee, flee from the wrath to come.

"Why wilt thou linger?

Why wilt thou die?

God's wrath upon thee,

Judgment so nigh.

Now in salvation's day

Tread the blood-sprinkled way;

Sinner, no more delay,

Jesus will come.

"Soon will the Saviour

Close fast the door,

Tidings of mercy

Sound nevermore;

Time's course will soon be run;

Stop then, thou Christless one,

Think of the great white throne,

Judgment will fall."

THE SUSPENDED SWORD.

NOW happy Damocles looks as he sits banqueting with the king. How long do you think his pleasures will last? Till the end of the feast? No, not even so long as that, for in the midst of it, he chances to look up to the ceiling, and there he notices, just over his head, suspended by a single hair, a sword. Right well he knows that should the sword fall, it would mean a serious injury, and

perhaps death for him. How quickly he leaves his seat to escape to a safe place.

* * * *

How happy the boys and girls look, as they laugh and play with their friends, and, even if they read of Damocles, think that there is no sword over their heads. But stop! God has declared that "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," and that, "after" death is "the judgment." Perhaps, however, you say, "There is plenty of time, and no danger yet." Oh, what a mistake, for the sword is *now* hanging over you if you have never trusted Christ, for "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.)

Be wise, then, like Damocles, and before the sword of judgment falls, come to Christ Jesus the Saviour, believe on Him, and be saved.

THE SIEGE OF SAMARIA.

2 Kings vi., vii.



HE king of Syria had besieged the city of Samaria so effectually that none could come out of the city, and none could go in. Soon the store of provisions was exhausted, and there was a great famine; boys and girls looked to their parents for bread, but there was none to give them, and the people were glad to eat things which, in a time of plenty, they would have refused with disgust.

The king of Israel was a prisoner with his subjects, and therefore had no power to relieve them, but in his distress spoke against Elisha, the prophet of the Lord, as if he had been the cause of their trouble, and threatened to have him killed.

One day the prophet rose up, and in the hearing of the people, made a very wonderful announcement, which must have sounded marvellous indeed in the ears of the poor, starving people; but, then, they were not Elisha's own words, but the words of Jehovah. And had not His people often before proved what wonderful things He could bring to pass? and might they not have exclaimed, "Is there any thing too hard

for the Lord?" Elisha said, "Hear ye the word of the Lord . . . To-morrow, about this time, shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria."

Now, can you not imagine how eagerly all the boys and girls looked at Elisha to see if he really meant it; how attentively they listened, and then, when they realized that it was God's word, and so could not but believe it, how delighted they must have been!

But there was one man, "a lord on whose hand the king leaned," who did not believe the message; and he said to Elisha, "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" How grieved Elisha must have been to hear such a remark, and how solemnly he must have looked at the man when he said, "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof."

The Syrian soldiers were still encamped outside the city, when suddenly one evening they fancied they heard a noise of chariots and horses. One captain would speak to another quickly, and soldier to soldier, until, throughout the camp, all were talking about it, and at last a general panic arose. "Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians, to come upon us," they said; and, fearing the fancied hosts, they rose up in the twilight, and quitting their tents, fled for their lives, leaving the camp just as it was, with their horses and asses, provisions, and everything in it. "The Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses." It was God's way of delivering His people, a means which they never could have imagined, and which shows how true it is that God's ways are past finding out.

And now let us see how it was discovered. Outside the city gate were four leprous men; they were not allowed to live inside the city because they had that dreadful disease called leprosy. They also were reduced to a state of starvation, and began to discuss what they should do. "What is the use of sitting here until we die?" said one. "It is of no use to

go into the city, for there is a famine there, and we should be no better off. Let us go into the camp of the Syrians; if they are merciful to us we shall live, and if they kill us, we shall but die." They saw nothing but death before them, and so thought they might just as well make this attempt, with the slight chance of mercy being shown to them by the enemy.

How little they anticipated the surprise which awaited them! After coming to this decision, the sun having gone down, and before it was dark, they made for the camp. Stealthily they approached one of the tents. No one was to be seen; they found the tent deserted, but, welcome to their sight! there was an abundance of food. After satisfying their hunger and thirst, they carried away with them silver and gold, and clothing, and hid it. Then, going into another vacated tent, they did the same. At last one of them said, "This is a day of good tidings; we must not keep it to ourselves. Let us go and tell the king's household." So away they went, and told the porter of the city all about what they had seen; and he told it to the king. The news seemed too good to the king, and he did not believe it, and suggested that it was some plan of the Syrians to capture them, and that as soon as the Israelites went into the enemy's camp, the Syrians would come out from some hiding-place, and fall upon them, and seize their city. However, he sent to see, and the messengers found that the report of the lepers was quite true; the camp was deserted, and all along the road as far as the Jordan, they found garments and vessels which the Syrians had cast away in their haste.

They soon discovered that not only had their enemies fled, but that there was plenty of everything; flour and barley were sold at the very low price named by the prophet, and there was an abundance of every good thing, according to the word of the Lord.

But where is the man on whose hand the king leaned; the man who, when he heard the wonderful announcement made by Elisha in the ears of the people, doubted? He

stands in charge of the city gate. He sees the abundant supplies of provision carried into the city; he watches the eager, hungry men and women as they pass out with joyful faces. Yes, he sees it all, but he has no enjoyment of it, for, presently, as the crowd becomes greater, there is sad confusion, and the people heed him not, but tread upon him, and he dies, as the man of God had said.

Do you think, my young reader, there is no one to be found now like this man? No one who doubts God's words? Alas! there are many. To-day we may read, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." I am sure you know these words, but did you ever pause to think what they mean? They really appeal to you, and are just as much a message from God as those words which were spoken by Elisha on that memorable day. How have you treated them?

The announcement made by Elisha was very wonderful, but God's servants now have far more wonderful news to announce. They delight to tell sinners, young and old, that the blessed Lord Jesus has been into this world, that He left His glorious home above, and became a Man, in order that He might show forth God's love to the very people who were trying to do without Him, because they preferred to go on in their sinful ways. While down here He went about doing good; He turned none away, and even little children shared His love. He restored Jairus's daughter to life; He cured the daughter of the Syro-phœnician woman, the former at the request of the father, and the latter at the entreaty of the poor mother. Then, too, unasked, He restored the widow's son when He met the sorrowful procession on its way to the grave.

The most wonderful of all the stories of His love is the story of the Cross; and this is the great announcement that I want each reader to take special heed to. He Himself said, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost," and He suffered a cruel death; He bore the judgment which

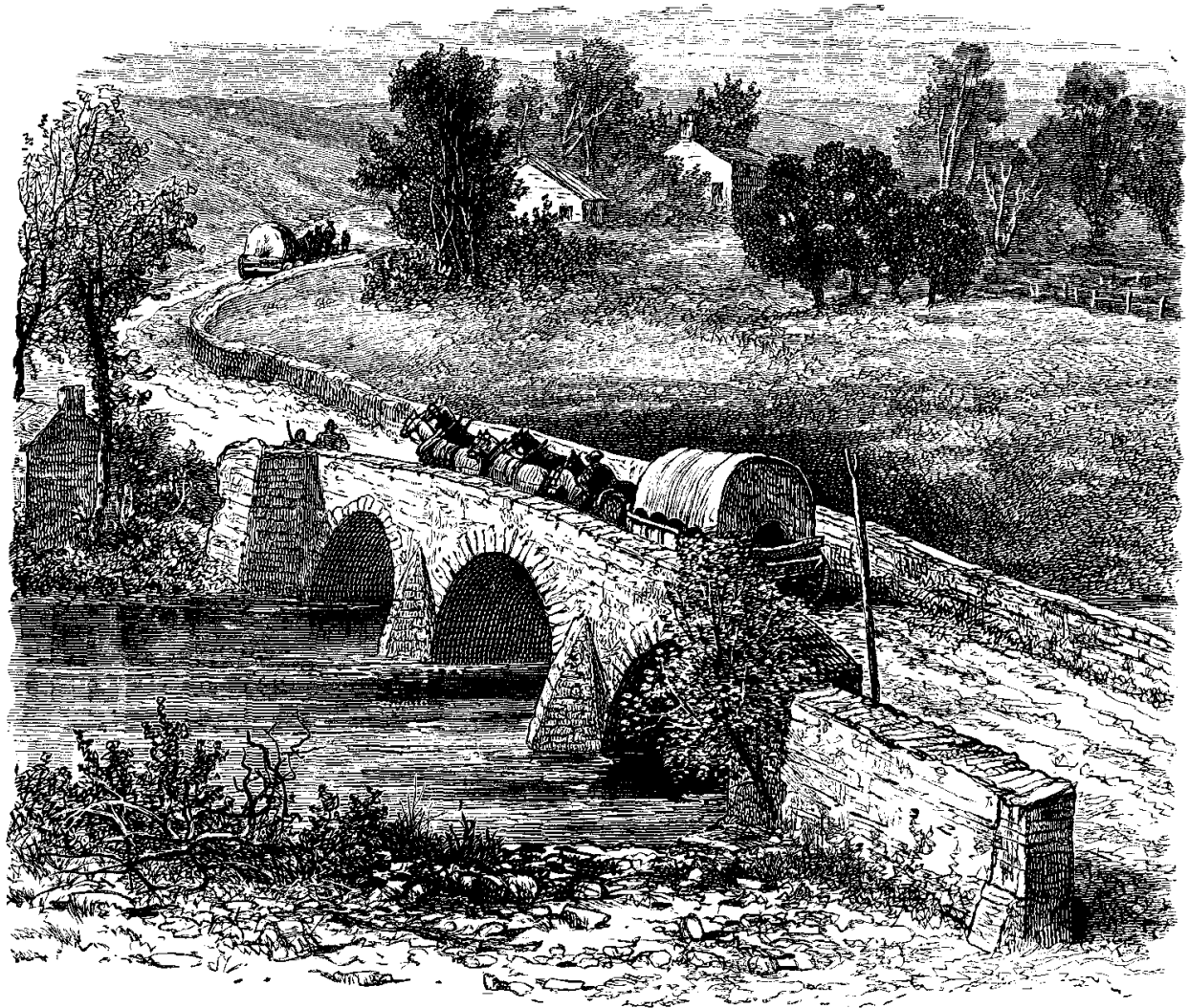
sinner deserved, in order that sinners might be saved.

If you doubt or neglect this glorious message, you will be lost for ever. Those who have listened to God's message, and believed it, belong to Christ; their sins are for ever gone, being washed away in the precious blood of Christ, and they not only

THE BRIDGE OF SALVATION.

“**T**HIS bridge is insufficient to bear any weight beyond the ordinary traffic,” is a notice often to be seen at the approaches of bridges along the rural roads of England.

Often have I thought, with thankfulness, of one bridge which can bear any weight, a



have true joy now, but heaven is their home, and they are looking forward to spending eternity with Jesus in glory. How soon that day may come none of us know!

God grant, dear young friends, that you may find out that you are lost, and seek the Saviour whom none ever sought in vain.

H. Y. E.

bridge which has stood the test of 1,800 years, and still stands firm as the Rock of Ages, and which still is the only bridge which can bear a sinner across the tide, and enable him to stand on the resurrection side of death and judgment, free from all his sins, and enjoying the nearness and acceptance in which Christ himself is found.

Many another bridge man has sought to throw over the gulf, but in vain; all his efforts have been futile, all his best skill and workmanship have been expended for nought. None have ever accomplished their design, every human structure falls, and to-day, as ever, Christ, as Saviour, stands alone.

"None but Christ can save thee."

In an Irish town, in which I was but recently, great excitement was manifest, and great inconvenience occasioned. The bridge leading to a considerable tract of country, dependent upon the town, was broken, and all who wished to enter from the obstructed side, had to make a considerable circuit, and come across, by a ford, some distance up the river.

How solemn a day will it be, when, in judgment, God removes the bridge of salvation, for then no way round will be discovered, no way across will be found. Nought of human devising will withstand the fury of the rolling river of wrath. He that is unjust will then be unjust still; he that is filthy, filthy still. *Now* the Saviour says, "I am the Way," as in another place He declares, "*I am the Door* : by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." Enter, then! Enter now!

USELESS.

HARD by a little village in Suffolk, near the banks of the Waveney, is a sign-post, the one arm of which is pointing aimlessly through a thick, hawthorn hedge, over a pathless field. It is of no value whatever; every traveller must despise it. It neither points along the road that skirts the side of the field, not yet along the road skirting the top, but in a pitiable fashion directs a traveller to proceed just half-way between the two.

Are you, my reader, like this sign-post? There are many who do not plainly point along the broad road to destruction, nor do they boldly point along the rugged, yet blessing-strewn path to glory, but undecidedly

point half-way between the two. Truly pitiable objects are they, and rightly enough disregarded by every wise traveller to eternity. If thou art still halting between the two—between the world and Christ—may the words of the Lord, "So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth" (Rev. iii. 16), arouse thee as to thy danger.

Better far to confess you are an out and out worldling, for there is hope for such. To own that one is a poor, defiled, defiling, and hell-deserving sinner is the first step to true joy and blessing; then saved through faith in Christ Jesus, your privilege will be to point onward to the Saviour Jesus.

"God is light, and in Him is *no* darkness *at all*." Contrast the glory of God and the outer darkness, the joys of an eternal heaven and the horrors of an eternal hell, and be decided. Point definitely either one way or the other.

May God give you to know and then boldly to point upward to Christ, and thus to be no longer a poor, pitiable, half-hearted professor.

A. J. H. B.

LOST OR FOUND—WHICH?

HARRY was lost; there was no doubt of that; and he was such a tiny fellow too, not five years old.

The King's Road, Brighton, was thronged with people that Saturday afternoon, but among them all Harry could not distinguish one familiar face. He was seated on the bath-chair of some strange lady, whom he had never seen before, and all the information she could get from him was, that he had been out with mamma, walking behind her bath-chair, and now he had lost her, and didn't know where his home was.

The lady was in some perplexity as to what to do with him, for the child had been discovered holding on at the back of her chair, quite unconscious that it was not the one his own dear mother was in.

Meantime, when it was discovered by his aunt, who had been walking with him, that

he was not in sight, both she and his mother became seriously alarmed. As the minutes passed, and still he did not appear, although they searched everywhere for him, we can imagine their distress. At last his aunt, after walking for some distance along the Parade, came up with the little truant, who seemed quite unconcerned, and, in fact, rather pleased than otherwise with the novelty of his position. After many thanks and apologies to the stranger, they hurriedly retraced their steps, and great was the joy and thankfulness of the mother when she once more had her little son beside her. After this they made him continually repeat his name and address, so that if he ever strayed away again, he might be able to tell where he belonged, and so find his way home.

You, my dear reader, are either lost or found. There are only two classes, those who are saved, and those who are *unsaved*. To which class do you belong? Can you say, "I know that I am safe for ever, because my sins have all been washed away in the precious blood of Christ"? or are you one of those who are going on in indifference and carelessness, never thinking of the time when you may be called to die, but just trying to enjoy yourself here, and forgetting all about the future?

Remember that even children die. A little while ago, a tiny boy was playing outside a cottage door, and while his mother was gone inside for only a few minutes, he fell head first into a pail of water, and was drowned. His mother came back, and lifted him out almost directly, but it was *too* late, and he never breathed again.

Little Harry had not begun to feel that he was lost on King's Road before he was found again. Yours may be a similar case, but *God* says you are lost.

"All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6), and terrible indeed will it be for those who are not found by the Good Shepherd. Apart from Him, they will be lost for ever. "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16.) But Jesus says, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10); and, "The

Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." And then of those who have believed on Him, who know that Christ bore their sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24), He says, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." (John x. 27, 28.)

A SMACK ASHORE.



T a favourite watering-place on the East Coast, this summer, a fishing smack was driven ashore early one morning, during a storm. A great number of people came down to the shore to watch the efforts of the men to get the boat into deep water, which, however, were of no avail; she could not be moved. The waves, at intervals, were breaking right over her, and the water was pouring across her deck in tons, so that she presented a helpless spectacle. But while the men could do nothing to get their boat out of its perilous position, help came; a steam-tug appeared upon the scene, and, afterwards, when it was evident that the one could not manage the rescue alone, another came. Then, by degrees, the bow of the smack was turned towards the open sea, and she was gradually drawn into deep water; and was soon in the harbour on her way to the dock.

Now, I think we can learn a lesson or two from this as to God's way of saving sinners.

There were three things which struck me as I watched the operations that morning.

1. The condition of the vessel was helpless.
2. The fishermen knew it.
3. They trusted those who came to save them.

The Word of God says that you have a sinful nature, and that sin has put you at a distance from God. Romans v. 6, shows that you are "*without strength*," you cannot get rid of your sins yourself, nor get out of the horrible pit into which sin has plunged you, any more than those men could get their boat into deep water; *you*, like them, are helpless.

But, do *you know*, that you can do nothing to get back to God?

These men knew that their efforts were of no avail, and glad, indeed, they were when help came to them. Quickly the hawser was got on board the smack, and made fast.

How foolish these men would have been if, when the tugs came to save them from their perilous position, they had declined the offer of help, and said, "No, thank you, we are doing our best, and hope to get off soon."

Yet there are numbers of boys and girls who have not found out that they are helpless and lost. They think they are well-behaved, and not nearly so bad as some of their friends; and thus they prove themselves to be even more foolish than those men would have been if they had declined the proffered assistance, *for they wisely trusted in those that came to save them.*

Have you trusted in the One who came to save sinners?

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

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were *yet sinners*, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.)

"For the Son of man [Jesus] is come to save *that which was lost*." (Matt. xviii. 11.)

From these verses it is clear that Christ Jesus is the Saviour of sinners; and He is the only Saviour, for "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." He has done everything needful to bring us back: He took the guilty sinner's place, and suffered the punishment in his stead; and Jesus is mighty to save. What a Saviour!

Judgment will fall on all those who are in their sins; they will be judged, and be cast out of God's presence for ever.

Christ has borne the judgment of those who believe in Him; He has taken their place, and "they shall not come into judgment"; they have passed from death unto life; "they shall never perish." Jesus said, "Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." (John x. 28.)

Dear young reader, now, while Jesus is calling, own your lost condition, listen to His voice, and put your trust in Him, and you will receive forgiveness of sins, be made fit for heaven, and be able to live to His praise.

"Money or price ye need not to bring,—
Christ giveth rest, giveth rest,
Why to your rags and your poverty cling?
Come and be blest, and be blest.

"Away with all fear, away with all doubt,
Hear His own words, which none can refute,
Whoe'er comes to me I'll in no wise cast out,
I'll give him rest, give him rest."

"WAITING FOR THE ANSWER."

AMOTHER had been praying with her family one morning, and, on rising from her knees, went into another room, where she was detained for a few minutes. Upon her return she saw one of her children still kneeling.

Going up to her, and putting her hand on her shoulder, she said, "What are you doing, my dear? We have finished prayers."

"Why," answered the little girl, looking up into her mother's face, "I was waiting for the answer."

Should not we do well to imitate this child's simple faith, and *wait* for an answer to our prayers? How often we present petitions to the Lord, and scarcely expect to get them answered, forgetting that He has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you."

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

E. C. E.

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL
RENEW THEIR STRENGTH; THEY SHALL
MOUNT UP WITH WINGS AS EAGLES; THEY
SHALL RUN, AND NOT BE WEARY; AND THEY
SHALL WALK, AND NOT FAINT.

ISAIAH XL. 31.

SCATTERED SEED.

THE STOWAWAY.



HE goodship *H—*, Captain *B—*, sailed on May 20th, 1889, from the South West India Dock, London, on a voyage to Melbourne, Australia.

When three days from London, and off Portland, in the English Channel, two lads, who had stowed themselves away in the forepeak, were discovered amongst the coal, where for this time they had subsisted as best they could.

As they pleaded not to be put ashore, but to be given a passage to Australia, they were put one in each watch.

It was a rule of the captain that no boys who had not been to sea before should be sent aloft, but if any voluntarily went, the officers were not to stop them. Usually, an order being given, the first man in the rigging went aloft to carry it out; and at times two would compete for the honour, and one had to be called down. The two stowaways were, however, constantly seen aloft, evidently wishing to win favour, and to do something to pay for their passage; one of them, who had given the name of Brown, was noticed to be particularly smart and active, as well as thorough in his work.

All went well for a time, nothing worthy of the name of gale having been met with, and the captain and his friends often thanked God that they numbered every soul that had left the shores of the Old Country.

But on Wednesday night, the 24th July, the first blow approaching a gale was encountered from the S.W., which increased the sea, and necessitated shortening sail; but it was not very severe, and soon blew itself out. About 7.30 a.m. on the 25th, all were alarmed by that dreadful cry at sea: "A man overboard!" The hurried tramp of feet, as the men rushed aft to see if assistance could be rendered, assured all who heard the cry, and

who would fain have persuaded themselves that it was a mistake, that there was horrid reality in it; and the captain's voice, heard as he descended the companion-stairs,—"It's too late, boys, it's too late; you can do no good"—told the solemn tale that a soul had passed away in a moment from this life into eternity. **Where?**

"Who was it? Who was it?" was now eagerly asked, and at last came the answer, "It was Brown"! the active, willing young stowaway.

How did it happen? What about his soul? are questions that now crowd into the mind and arise to the lips. Who knew anything about him? Who had spoken to him?

The gale having abated, the order had been given, "Loose the fore royal!" and Brown was soon in the rigging and on the yard-arm, and the men stood ready, awaiting the further orders to "Sheet home" and "Man the fore royal halyards," to hoist the yard into position; when a dark object was seen in mid-air between the yard and the deck; then a "thud" on the weather-rail, and poor Brown was thrown *dead* and "all of a heap" into the sea.

He had commenced to loosen the gaskets, and, it would seem, had found that the outer weather-gasket, which he supposed was loose, had still one turn at the yard-arm, and had gone back to clear it, when the ship rolled to windward, and by some means he slipped.*

A slip! A fall! A thud! A plunge! And—**ETERNITY!!!**

He had fallen on the weather-rail, the ship having rolled to windward, and had struck probably about or below the shoulders, and thus broken his back. But possibly he was dead before he struck the rail, having fallen a distance of about two hundred feet.

The black quartermaster, who stood, as

* This appears the most probable explanation of the accident, as the weather-gasket had still a turn at the yard-arm, which had afterwards to be loosened.

usual, on the weather-side, saw the poor fellow in the water soon after he fell, and knew by his posture that he was dead. "But," he said, with quivering lip, and with tears in his eyes, "I couldn't help giving him a life-buoy, which I threw just before him as he passed, but there was no movement; his head hung downward, and under water."

A life-buoy to a dead lad! What use? But who blames the quartermaster?

The captain was ready to heave the ship to, and there were willing hands and stout hearts to lower and man a boat to get the poor fellow aboard again; but what good could it do a dead lad?

He had come on board with all he possessed on his back; and he went overboard with several things that his messmates—a kind-hearted set of fellows—had supplied him with. Did he leave anything behind?

Yes, a New Testament and a pocket-book. The latter showed his name was Pearce, and not Brown; and the Testament had several scriptures marked. His companion stow-away said he had a widowed mother living in Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Leaving the enquiries—Why was he in London? Why did he try to get a passage to Australia in such a way?—we would rather ask here, Had he believed the scriptures marked in his Testament? Here are some of them:

"These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." (Jno. xx. 31.)

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

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

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." (Mark ix. 23, 24.)

"I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." (Acts viii. 37.)

"If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." (Jno. viii. 24.)

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." (Heb. xi. 6.)

Who marked these scriptures? Did the lad believe them? Was the order in which they are placed in anywise his experience? Did he believe that Jesus was the Son of God? or did he die in his sins? These questions must be left to Him who alone "knoweth them that are His."

But, my reader, what about yourself? Do not solemn reflections arise in the heart from the foregoing? Have *you* received that which is preached unto you through *this Man*? Have you believed what is written in order that you *might* believe "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God"? Have you come to God believing that He *is*, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him out? Have you sought Him thus? Have you found Him? Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? or are you still in your sins? Remember that forgiveness of sins is *preached* through this Man, not *promised*; and this through Him alone. You are either in your sins or you are not. Which? Your sins are either upon you, or they were laid upon the Sinbearer as your substitute, nearly two thousand years ago. Which is it? If death come suddenly upon *you*; if a slip and a fall should end thus with you, how would you die?

Die! Think, my reader, you are even now *living* or **dead!** (Eph. ii.) Which is it? Answer, we beseech you, before God. Settle the question now; lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and **perish**: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." (Acts xiii. 41.)


But if *dead*, with the black quartermaster we say, We can't help giving you a life-buoy. Only there is this difference, the life-buoy we bring to you *imparts* life. This is the hour in the which all that hear the voice of the Son of God shall *live*. Have you, oh! have **you** heard His voice? We beseech you, dear

reader, leave it not to a dying moment, or until a sudden and unexpected summons call you hence. *Now* His voice is speaking dead souls into life. Now and here His Word is proclaimed, that Word by which He now speaks. Now you have opportunity of putting yourself in the way of learning that Word!

Dead, spiritually dead, by nature you are, and drifting on past your opportunities and into eternity; but we throw you the life-giving, not merely life-saving, life-buoy. Oh, grasp it with the firm grip of faith, and you will find yourself safe in the bosom of that Lord who, you will thus learn, loved *you*, and gave *Himself* for you.

G. J. S.

"ONE SIN"—"ONE LOOK."

NE four-stone weight, tied around a man's neck, will sink him beneath the waves. How much more will *you*, with your *many* weights, your heavy load of sins, be sunk beneath the waves of endless woe!

One sin is enough to sink your soul in hell for ever! No long course of open wickedness is necessary to fit you for that place. No lengthy list of crimes must needs be laid to your account before your title to be reckoned among the hell-deserving can be established. God's holiness is so great, that one blemish unfits you eternally for His presence; and sin is so awful in His sight, that one wrong deed will ensure your condemnation and ruin.

BUT

One look in faith to Christ will save your soul for ever! No long course of moral living is necessary to fit you for heaven. No lengthy list of good deeds must needs be laid to your account before your title to be reckoned among the justified ones can be established. The value of the blood of Christ is so great in God's sight, that this one plea, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin," uttered in faith, will ensure your forgiveness and salvation.

Men drowning with only *one* four-stone

weight attached to them, need saving as much as those with many such weights. Men of good character, such as Nicodemus in John iii., need a Saviour. How much more *we* with our *many* sins! But one heart-look to Christ saved the dying thief, with all his crimes. (Luke xxiii. 39-43.) Saul of Tarsus, chief of sinners, has been saved. (1 Timothy i. 15.) The woman of whom the Lord said, "Her sins . . . are many," has been saved. (Luke vii. 36-50.) And the One who has saved such, can save you, however heavy your load of sins may be. *One* look in faith will secure you eternal salvation.

E. V. G.

A DOUBLE DAY.



HO has heard of one day being made the length of two? Such was actually the fact some three thousand years ago.

What was the reason for it? God was executing His righteous judgment upon the ungodly nations of Canaan, and the day was too short for His people to get through all the terrible slaughter of His enemies.

It was then that Joshua, the commander of the Lord's host, spoke to Jehovah; and then said, before all Israel, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves of their enemies. The sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. There was no day like that before it, or after it. (See Joshua x.)

You exclaim, What a wonderful thing! Yes, it was wonderful. But there is something which is as wonderful at the present time, and yet it attracts no public attention. It is true that the glittering orb of day is not again arrested in its course; it rises, pursues its way through the heavens, and sinks in the west. The lesser light mounts in the sky, follows its track, and wanes. Night ends the day, and day succeeds the night, without any interruption. Where is the wonder we speak of?

It is not in nature's domain. But, listen! All this present period is called a "day." It is said (2 Cor. vi. 2), "Now is the *day of salvation*." Jesus has died for sinners. His wonderful work of atonement is finished. He sits at God's right hand, and from His face streams all God's glory. It speaks of grace for the vilest; of salvation for the guiltiest; of blessing for the poorest. What a marvellous day is this present Day of Salvation!

And when will it close? We would naturally have expected its close long ago. When Jehovah said to our Lord, "Sit Thou at My right hand," He added, "*until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool*." When Jesus sent His last message to His sorrowing Church, He said, "Surely I come quickly." All the writers of the inspired epistles speak of the end as at hand, and contemplate the speedy coming of the Lord. Yet eighteen centuries have slowly rolled away, and He has not come. What is the reason?

Is God indifferent as to the prolonged existence of evil? Has the love of Christ to His Church grown cold? Are the promises forgotten? Are the threats of judgment never to be fulfilled?

Ah, my reader, in justice and judgment God's hand stayed the sun from going down on that reeking day of slaughter till every enemy was slain. Now, the same hand lengthens the day of grace and salvation that His enemies may be saved. Truly for long has the sun stood still in the midst of the heavens, and has not hastened to go down.

"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. iii. 9.) Has that gracious thought been fulfilled in you? Have you yet come to repentance, and owned Jesus as your Saviour and Lord?

Oh, my reader, while the Sun of God's Day of Grace and Salvation hastes not to go down, I beseech *you* to haste, that you may reach shelter and salvation before nightfall.

Oh, what a night will that be which shall

succeed this lengthened day! No moon shall shed its clear, cold ray to dispel its darkness. No waxing or waning shall measure its duration. "*The blackness of darkness for ever*" fills that mornless night.

In view of that awful night of eternal judgment, as beneath the bright rays of the Sun of grace, I call you to repentance, and preach to you, through Jesus, the forgiveness of sins. "By Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

J. R.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

"ALL those who know Him confess that in worth, Jesus surpasses all treasures on earth, Honours, and riches, and gay scenes of mirth.

"Those who possess Him, would never exchange Him for the brightest within the eye's range; Nor, if *you* knew Him, would you deem this strange."



LET me summon some witnesses to confirm the truth of these lines as to the exceeding preciousness of having Christ for one's own in this world.

Many and many a saint, in bygone days, has had to choose between Christ, on the one hand, with all the joy which acquaintance with Him imparts, and the world, on the other, with its enticing smiles and gay attractions, its posts of honour, and prospects of success; and thousands of voices have been deliberately raised to affirm the decision—"Christ for me"; ay, even when such decisions involved a dungeon cell, a life-long torture, a martyr's death.

Think of Stephen as he fell bleeding and crushed amid a throng of foes; of Paul, whose history was one of persecutions, dangers, fierce attacks, cruel tortures, unjust imprisonments; of Peter, whose career of service led to a Roman gibbet; of others, too, who were to be numbered by hundreds, and whose possession of Christ in those early days caused them to be thrown to the lions, to be tarred over and used as torches in the emperor's gardens, or to have their bodies torn asunder.

Think also of Alban, the first in this

country who sealed his decision for Christ with his life. Would he have changed places with even the happiest of the worldlings who stood around the place of his execution?

Remember, too, the thousands who, when papal Rome forbade men to value the Son of God, cared nought for the rack, the Inquisition cell, the faggot and the stake, because of the great treasure which they had in Him.

Let the sufferings of the Waldenses announce *their* estimate of the worth of Christ. Forced to take refuge, in the depth of winter, in holes and caves, their little ones slaughtered, their possessions spoiled, their lives at the mercy of anybody and everybody, army after army of Rome's soldiers sent to exterminate them; their history, indeed, being one of wholesale butcheries; yet none could induce them to purchase a reversal of all this by giving up Christ.

Lambeth Palace could tell a similar tale of the same times. Many are the scenes which its walls have witnessed, scenes of suffering and torture undergone by the many saints who have been confined within them; one of whom has left us a record in the shape of an inscription on the wall: "Jesus is my love; He is with me now." Ah! worldling, with all your pleasures, wealth, success, and good prospects, do you not envy the one whose heart dictated these words? Do you not covet that great treasure which he possessed?

Allow your thoughts to travel on to the period of the Reformation, and you will encounter an army of martyrs, each a witness to the surpassing joy of having Christ; as Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, Fisher, and a host of others, in all countries where the pope had power. Oh! how paltry all earthly joys appear when we think of the joyful strains which ascended to heaven from many an Inquisition dungeon on the continent of Europe, and from Smithfield and like places on this island!

Coming nearer to present times, what could have induced Whitefield, Wesley, and their comrades, to hazard their lives from

day to day in the presence of hostile mobs? Was it not because they possessed something of incomparably greater worth than their lives; namely, Jesus?


To close our list of witnesses, our own day affords examples of men who, knowing the preciousness of the same Jesus, and seeking to tell of Him to those in dark heathen lands, have had to lay down their lives for His name.

Shall the testimony of this glorious galaxy of witnesses be without effect on you? Will you not seek to find out this One, who is so precious to all who know Him? Then you too will esteem Him by far the most valuable of your possessions, and be ready to confess, like the Queen of Sheba, when she saw the glory of Solomon, "The half was not told me."

"Oh, worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode!
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!"

E. V. G.

"ON WHICH ROAD ARE YOU TRAVELLING?"

"HICH road are you travelling?" I asked a woman who was standing at the door of her cottage, in a small village in Cambridgeshire.

"Are you travelling the uproad to heaven, or the downroad to destruction?"

Her evasive answer showed she had no relish for such questions.

Say what *your* answer is to the question. Are you at the present moment on that doom-ending path, God's righteous wrath above you, and death, and after death eternal condemnation, before you? or can you say, "Thanks be to God, I am treading the path leading to the eternal glory, with God's love ever upon me"?

Do you say, "Would that I could know that I was on the upward way"? Then look

away to Christ, Who has died for sinners Who has risen again, and Who now is in glory.

His precious, sin-cleansing blood has been shed, does not God say, "*Whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish"? He does indeed, and the one that looks away to Christ in simple faith, God justifies, places on the road which ends in the everlasting glory, and loves as He loves His Son.

The woman whom I addressed did not like the question; she tried to get away from it, for it was too personal for her.

Reader, do not *you* do this. Think how individual are the words, "*Every* knee shall bow, and *every* tongue confess." Does that not mean *yours*? Then, again, "*Every one* of us shall give account of *himself* to God." Does that exclude *you*?

Answer, then, the question honestly as in the presence of the God who *pondereth the hearts*—

"ON WHICH ROAD ARE YOU TRAVELLING?"

A. J. H. B.

"BLACKER THAN A COAL."

[Lam. iv. 8; Psa. li. 7.]



HIS short, yet solemn, sentence tells us how a sinner, in his or her sins, appears in the presence and under the eye of a holy God.

Sin and sins make the sinner, whether young or old, boy or girl, youth or maiden, man or woman, darker than the darkest, blacker than the blackest, thing that nature can show.

Nowhere in creation can that be found which is "blacker than a coal."

Scripture saith, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," and the stain of sin is "blacker than darkness."

Take a piece of pure coal, and examine it—you will find that there is not a speck of white outside. Now break it with a hammer—there is no white inside. It is black within and without, through and through, and will blacken all with which it comes in contact.

Thus it is God sees every one who is not washed in the blood of Jesus—the blood of God's dear Son which cleanseth from all sin; and it is faith in His blood alone that fits the soul for heaven, as "Without shedding of blood is no remission," and "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." If therefore, my reader, you are still unwashed, you are before God "blacker than a coal"; and "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is *marked before me*, saith the Lord God."

All that set to their seal that God is true, owning to Him what they are, He is ready to pardon, to give peace to, and to purge from every sin, for "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;" and then, instead of being "blacker than a coal," the darkest-dyed sinner shall be

"WHITER THAN SNOW,"

and able to say:—

"Though my sins were red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow;
Jesus' precious blood has made them
White as snow."

What a change, what a contrast, and all by virtue of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, which brings the far off one nigh, and makes the vilest clean. By sin made "blacker than a coal," by faith in His blood made "whiter than snow."

Are you, my reader, as before God, black or white? coal-black or snow-white? One or the other it must be; there is no place or state between; the blood of Christ alone separates them.

Where are you then as to the blood? Is it between God and you, and between you and your sins? If not, fly to its shelter, rely on its efficacy, and you shall know now that, although once "blacker than a coal," Jesus' precious blood has made you "whiter than snow." May it be so, to His praise; and may it be yours to sing that eternal song, "Unto Him that loveth us, and hath washed us from our sins in His blood," and to Him shall be the glory now and for ever more!

U. G.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



THE ASCENT.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

"**T** is an uphill road to heaven, but we are going to the top," is an old saying, but, for the real Christian, a blessedly true one.

Supported by the power of God, through faith, the child of God faces the difficulty, and presses on, knowing that

"The road may be rough,
But it cannot be long ;"

and though the trial increases, and the path darkens, he knows the heart of the One who has marked out his way, and "Onward" is his watchword, as he urges forward on his course.

If the rising or setting glories of the golden sun, as displayed to such advantage when viewed from a mountain peak, will cause travellers to forsake ease and comfort, and encounter all the perils and hardship of the ascent, should not the glories of heaven, which circle themselves around a Saviour seated in triumph there, allure our hearts, and cause us to quicken our pace homewards ?

It is ever "better on before," for though, in the view of the world, a Christian's path is a mournful one, without happiness or joy, yet, in truth, the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places ; yea, we have a goodly heritage. Every trial only brings out fresh grace ; every trouble is but the occasion for renewed succour ; and the believer passes on "from strength to strength," every step being lighted by the glory which shines from above.

Press on, young believer, press on ; Christ is coming ; the sorrow and suffering will soon be over. Be faithful unto death, and He will give thee a crown of life. (Rev. ii. 10.)

A FOOLISH VENTURE.

"**T**WO fool-hardy young men, some time since, made a bet that they would do what no one else had been able to accomplish ; namely, climb Beachy Head, where the cliffs rise almost perpendicularly some six hundred feet. They

climbed to within sixty feet of the top, and then found they were unable either to get up or down.

In this perilous position they cried out for help, and were heard by some coastguardsmen, who quickly obtained a rope, which they let down to them, and thus saved the two young men.

The story of this attempt and rescue illustrates the need and salvation of the sinner in the following ways :—

1. These young men *came short* of reaching the top.

God says that all have sinned, and come short of His glory. (Rom iii. 23.) The young men were within sixty feet of the summit, whilst others were on the beach below ; but after all there was no difference as to reaching the top. All were short of the summit. In pride the two climbers were seeking to get a name for themselves, by *doing what was not required of them*. How many people are like this ! Thinking that Bible reading, prayers, and other so-called good deeds, will save their souls ; but of all this God only says, "Who hath required this at your hand." (Isaiah i. 12.) He does not want you to try and do something to save yourself, for all these things come far short of His glory.

2. They were *helpless and without strength*, and knew it. In great danger of perishing, what could they do ? Only one thing, and that is what the sinner can also do. (Rom. v. 6, and x. 13.)

3. They *cried for help*. Have you ever cried, "Lord, save me, I perish" ? If not, why not ? Your state is more hopeless and more dangerous than theirs.

4. They were *saved from above*. Jesus came down from above to suffer on Calvary's cross, and, "when we were yet without strength, in due time . . . died for the ungodly." The coastguardsmen risked their lives, and the young men were only too glad to let them save them. Jesus has laid down His life ; will you not let Him save you ?

Then what did they do when they were rescued ?

5. Why, of course they *thanked their deliverers*. Are you one saved by Christ, who has not yet thanked Him? If so, do not be thankless any longer, but be like the apostle Paul, "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Lastly. I have no doubt they would tell their friends and relations of their great deliverance from death.

May all you who love Christ not only tell *Him* how glad you are to be saved, but tell others also by your lips and lives, of the One who has loved you and delivered you.

P. W. D.

SCOTCH GOODIES.



WHEN in Scotland some time since, I was invited to hear a servant of the Lord, who is a friend of mine, address some two hundred dear Scotch children in a school-room.

He spoke to them about "Jesus," and His love to sinners, and showed them a little book *without words*, and having only three leaves, which spoke of four things.

I will tell you what they were.

The first opening was coloured BLACK, which my friend explained was a picture of what sinners are in the sight of God, and quoted the scripture, "For *all* have *sinned*, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.)

The second was RED, which spoke of the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth from all sin. (1 John i. 7.)

The third was WHITE, which showed the sinner clear of his black sins; whiter than snow, and fit for heaven.

The fourth opening was GOLDEN, which indicated the shining glory where all go who own in reality to God that they are helpless, lost sinners, and simply trust in the blood of Christ.

Most of the boys and girls behaved well, and listened very attentively; and I trust what was said to them will be blessed of the Lord, and that I shall meet

them all again in that bright and happy glory with the Lord Jesus.

The children had all been invited to be present at a given hour, but there were about half-a-dozen who had neglected the invitation, and arrived when the door was closed, wanting to get in. They were, however, *too late*, they could not be admitted on account of the disturbance it would cause. As the two hundred children left the room one by one, a bag of Scotch goodies and buns was handed to each. This evidently made all who received them very happy, but you may imagine what a disappointment it was to those who were TOO LATE, because there were only sweets and buns for those who came at the right time.

Dear young reader, the Lord invites *you* to come to Him now, just as you are, for God's invitation is: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Soon it will be too late, and the door of mercy will be shut. Be wise, then, and do not be on the wrong side when that door is closed, and closed for ever. Be inside with the Saviour, and with all who receive Him now. There is no comparison between missing a bag of sweets, and missing a bright and joyous home in eternal glory with the Lord! Then why not receive Him ere it be TOO LATE, that you may enjoy Him and His love in yonder blessed, glorious home for ever?

Yes, dear child, why not NOW? J. N.

LIGHT AMID DARKNESS.



WE were staying, for a few weeks during the summer, on the shores of one of those beautiful lochs or arms of the sea which, in Scotland, stretch far up among the rugged and heather-clad mountains.

For some days during the naval manoeuvres, the ships of war for the defence of the Clyde had been stationed at a distant port; and, in the dark evenings, we had been much interested in watching the "electric search-light," as it flashed in every direction, making the darkness of night almost like day.

One stormy night, when we were returning, rather late, from a small village among the mountains, the road, which skirted the sea, was so dark that we could only see a few feet before us at a time. At last we came to a corner where the darkness was rendered quite impenetrable by the thick trees which overhung the road, and nothing was to be heard save the wild howling of the wind among the fir-trees, and the angry roaring of the sea, while the rain poured down in torrents. How terrible it would have been to be lost in such a place, amidst darkness and tempest. How like was our position to the state of everyone in this dark world, who has not come to the Lord Jesus Christ. Lost, indeed, are they—"Having no hope, and without God in the world."

But just at this point, when unable to see anything that was before us, a clear, bright light suddenly shone right across the path, dispelling the darkness, and lighting up the whole way along the road which led up to our own door. Whence did it come? It was the "electric search-light," which thus lent its kindly aid. We were glad, soon after, to find ourselves safe, once more, in the midst of all the love, light, and warmth of our home.

There is a darkness far deeper than what we were in that night. It is the darkness of the natural heart towards God: for when the true light shone, the darkness comprehended it not. But God, who is a God of love, has not left poor sinners in darkness. He sent His Son into this world, and it is of Him we read—"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men;" and, "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Christ, the true light, came into this world, and He died on the cross for lost sinners, that, washed in His precious blood, they might be saved, and brought to that home of light and love where God is.

What is the joy of an earthly home compared with this? For "there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them

light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Has the light of God ever shone into your heart, making known to you the only Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, let it do so now.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that *Light of life* I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done."

H. M.

A FREE GIFT.



ARDLY believing that the coin held out is really for her, the child in our illustration scarcely dares extend her hand to receive the gift. It seems too good to be true.

She has done nothing to merit such bounty, and can little understand the love that prompts the giver; thus she stands, doubtful whether he is in earnest or not; and, though longing for the piece of money, hesitates to take it.

Thus it is with many dear children as to the gift of God. On all sides we may find them seeking, earnestly seeking, to obtain forgiveness and salvation, but seeking it in the wrong way—by works, instead of by the Grace of God.

The *gift of God* cannot be purchased with money, with works, or with aught else: it is a free gift, "*without money and without price.*"

"I thought that I had so much to give up," said a young believer to me a little while back.

She had not understood that the day of conversion is a grand *reception day*.

It is not a dropping of this or that, a stripping oneself of one bit of worldly enjoyment after another, in order to gain forgiveness. This is not Christianity. Salvation cannot be purchased thus.

Worldliness, in all its forms, loses its charms for the true believer, but for what reason?

Because he has that which yields such abundant joy, that he counts the things which once attracted him only as worthless and vain.

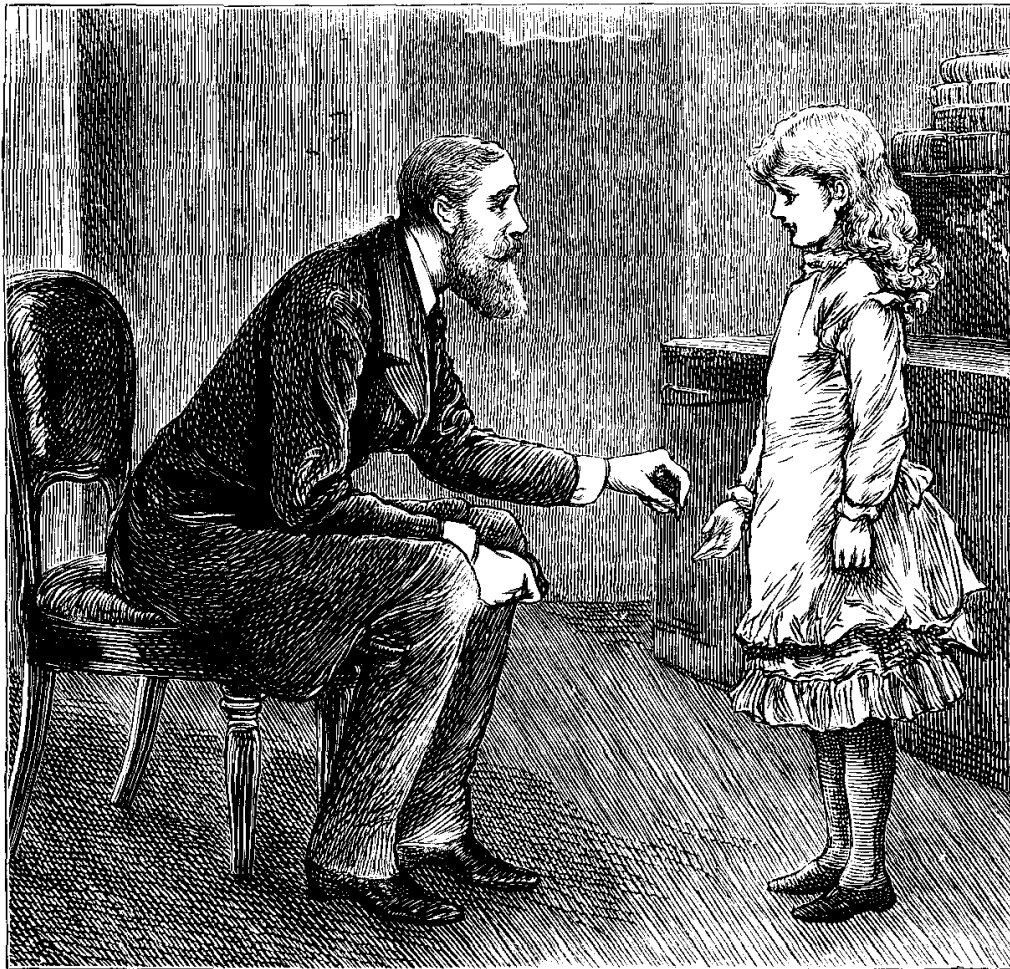
What, then, does a believer receive?

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

(Acts xxvi. 18.) A priceless benefit indeed, which nought could procure save the death of the Son of God.

among all that are sanctified—a present and future blessing too—all the joys, peace, portion, and privileges of the people of God now, and the glory of God, as his eternal home, awaiting him. The breadth and length of such an inheritance, who shall describe? What tongue can tell! what pen can proclaim! the fulness of blessing made his?

One who had known the Lord as his



The simplest believer is privileged to know that his sins *are* forgiven for

HIS NAME'S SAKE,

and that God will remember them against him no more, for they are all cleansed away by Christ's precious blood.

But, more than this, by faith in the risen Saviour, the believer receives

AN INHERITANCE

Saviour forty years or more once said, "I am just learning a little of what is mine." Thus it will ever be, for our riches are incalculable. Our mine of wealth will never be worked out.

Even now, however, it is for us to enter, by the power of the Spirit of God, who indwells the body of the believer, into the things of God, the things which He has prepared for those who love Him.

THREE STARS.



HERE are, I suppose, very few who have not, on clear nights, admired the beauty of the sky, studded as it is with those tiny, shining points of light called stars, which we know, small though they seem, are great orbs, many of which are far larger than our sun.

Some of you have often gazed up into the great overhead dome, while a friend has pointed out various stars by name, perhaps calling attention to some one or other of those great worlds of fire just becoming visible above the horizon.

It is not, however, of the stars which appear night by night above us that I wish to speak to you now, but of *three stars* mentioned in God's Word.

The first of these is referred to in Numbers xxiv., 17. I shall term it the

STAR OF SALVATION.

"I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh: there shall come a *Star out of Jacob*, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."

Who is this star out of Jacob? What is its name? *Jesus*. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Star which arose 1,450 years after Balaam's prophecy. During that lengthy period, people had watched for it, but in vain.

Had God forgotten His promise? No, indeed; He always keeps His word; and at last, true to the prophecy, the Star of Salvation arose: the long-looked-for Star out of Jacob, the promised Seed which should bruise the serpent's head, appeared.

Have you ever seen Him? Have you ever looked up and owned Him as your Saviour and Lord? The One whom His people refused—rejected—despised—scorned—crucified, now on the throne of God?

It is He to whom the figures and shadows of the Old Testament pointed, the One who died upon Calvary's cross.

Yes, the Star out of Jacob, the Sceptre out of Israel, the Rod and Branch of Jesse is the Lord Jesus Christ. Balaam could say of

Him, "I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh." Loving the wages of unrighteousness, the false prophet was seeking to curse the people of God, but was compelled to bless, compelled too to pronounce the judgments which would fall upon himself.

He would see "the Star," but not as a star of salvation; no, to him Jesus will be but a judge. In that coming day, when every one shall give an account of himself, Balaam will see the One of Whom he spoke; will see Him as a judge, and will be banished into the eternal distance of the blackness of darkness for ever.

Jesus is the Saviour of sinners to-day.

Again I ask, Have *you* seen Him? Have *you* beheld Him? Has *your* heart been lightened, and your path been brightened by the glad rays of His great salvation?

You and I can never be the Star of Salvation, but if washed in the precious blood of Christ, made fit for God's service, we may be in some degree like the

STAR OF GUIDANCE

spoken of in Matt. ii. 9, which led the wise men of the East to the place where the Saviour was. "Lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was."

God had arranged everything for the advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many were expecting Him, but He came not in the way they thought. A palace was not the place of His birth; He was, when born, to be found in a manger, for there was no room for Him in the inn.

These wise men of the East wished to find the Lord Jesus Christ. They had, I doubt not, heard of the Star of Jacob; and when they saw a new and wonderful star in the sky, they thought it must herald the birth of the long-looked-for King. They therefore left their country, and journeyed to Jerusalem, the place in which the Lord Jesus would most likely be found. He was not there in the holy city; the royal city could not claim the Saviour's birth!

The chief priests and scribes told them

that in Bethlehem the Messiah should be born; so, leaving Herod's court, they went thither. When they had departed, to their great joy the star again appeared, guiding them onward until it stood over the house where the young Child was. It had led them to the Saviour.

Dear young Christians, you can be like that star.

Have you a school-fellow anxious about his soul, longing to find his way out of sorrow and fears into happiness and peace? Can you not say to him, "Jesus is the way out of all sorrow into joy, and up to glory." Seek to lead your friends and school-fellows to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour. Where is He now? Is He in the house where the wise men found Him? No, indeed.

Coming as a babe into the world, He went through the sorrows of the life of a child, a lad, a man, apart from sin—faithful to His Father, obedient unto death, and is now risen and in glory. Do you know Him there? Do you know anything of His heart of love? Look up into the glory, and see Jesus who once died for our sins, seated at God's right hand, because all the work of redemption is done.

Those who know the Lord Jesus as the Star of Salvation, can look for Him as the
STAR OF HOPE.

Many boys and girls have never seen the morning star, which rises before the sun, and is the harbinger of the orb of day; but to many that star appearing above the horizon has been a comfort and a joy, telling of the speedy return of the gladdening beams of the ruler of the day. It is to this star the Lord Jesus compares Himself in Rev. xxii. 16, and I would advise all who have the opportunity to get up some morning about an hour before sunrise, and scan the eastern sky, in order to behold the star which the Lord uses as a figure of Himself.

In Mal. iv. 2, the Lord Jesus Christ is called the Sun of Righteousness, ere long to rise with healing in His wings, gladdening the whole earth with His presence.

Before that morning dawns, the believer

looks for Him, not as the Star of Jacob, but as "the Bright and Morning Star."

More than 1800 years ago He came to suffer and die for sinners; very soon He is coming again, not for sinners, but for those who are His saints, washed from their sins in His precious blood.

1 Thess. iv. 16, 17, speaks of the moment when He will appear as the Morning Star. "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

May you, dear young believers, be found watching for the Lord Jesus Christ as the *Star of Hope*; and while remaining here, seek to be like the *Star of Guidance*, leading others to Him whom you have learned to know for yourselves as the *Star of Salvation*.
I. F.

"DO YOU WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN?"



LITTLE boy, four years old, was amusing himself one day in the room of an invalid friend. She had a little table fitted with drawers, in which she kept many things which it was convenient to have at hand. To look into these drawers, and examine their contents, was a never-failing amusement to little H——.

On the day of which I speak, after he had sat quietly on the floor for a good while, playing with something out of the drawers, he began asking his friend various questions: Why could she not walk about? How long was it since she was well? When would she get well?

To this last question she answered, "When it pleased God to make her so."

"When would He?"

That she could not say; but as the persistent little questioner pressed for an answer,

she said she did not think she should be *quite* well till she went to heaven.

"When shall you go?" said little H——.

"When God pleases?"

"And what shall you take with you?"

"Oh, nothing," was her reply.

"But you *will* take your little table; you can't leave that behind!"

"Oh, no, I shall not want it there."

"But *why* won't you want it?"

"Because Jesus is there, and He will give me all I want; I shall not want to take anything with me."

A deep sigh, and then the little fellow said, "My mother will want to take her box of clothes with her, I know that."

Again his friend told him that where Jesus was we should want nothing; we should have everything, and be always happy.

"Do you *want* to go to heaven?" said H——. "I don't."

Here he got up, and ran away to play, and the conversation ended, while his friend was left to reflect on the way in which little H—— had expressed the unspoken feeling of many a heart.

Is it not so? How many of us are *ready* to go? I do not now speak of the readiness of knowing our sins put away, that we are washed in the blood of Jesus. There must be *that* readiness, or the thought of going will fill our hearts with fear. But is there this heart-readiness? Is the Lord so *all* to us, that there is no packing-up to be thought of; but that when His summons comes, we shall be glad to go?

Now let me tell you of another little boy, of about the same age, a happy, joyous child, whose sweet, clear voice might be heard all over the house, as he went about singing like a little bird. He was very fond of the hymn:

"There is a happy land, far, far away,"

and would often talk about "sweet baby," a little brother who had been taken to the Home above. Less than a year after the baby's death, this little boy was ill.

One day, his mother was watching tenderly

by his bed-side, when he said, "Mother, are there a great many people in heaven?"

"Yes, Alfred, a great many."

"Mother, would there be *room* for Alfred?"

The tender mother, who, till now, had not thought she might have to part with her precious child, remembered, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and answered, though with an aching heart, "Yes, there would be plenty of room for Alfred."

"Then, mother, I *want* to go to God." And very soon after, God took him to His home above.

Dear reader, which little boy's words express the feeling of *your* heart? The boy at school is happy, and rightly so, with his games, and his lessons, and companions, but if an offer comes to go *home*, what then? Is the Lord's presence the home of our hearts?

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF THE STARS.

WHEN looking up into the sky,
On clear and cloudless night,
We see the heavens spangled o'er
With little specks of light.

What are those tiny shining specks?
Is asked by many a child,
And often little minds are filled
With notions strange and wild.

A little girl once sweetly said,
She thought that heaven's floor,
With the blue curtains of the sky,
Was only covered o'er;

And that the little twinkling stars,
That spangle all the blue,
Were small holes in the curtain cut,
To let the glory through.

No, little child, those stars are worlds,
Supported in the sky
By the same God who loves you so,
He sent His Son to die:

That, through His death, you might have life,
Might know your sins forgiven,
Might dwell with Him in glory bright,
Above that starry heaven. M. S.