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ERRATUM.

By a printer's error the folios 57-84 have been duplicated. This does not affect the Contents of the Volume.

The Gospel Messenger.

A PREACHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



ANY preachers are giving up the old ideas about the fall and total depravity of man. People are not often plainly told now that they are guilty sinners before a holy God. The sermons of our forefathers—who used to press this so constantly upon their hearers—are looked upon in many quarters as relics of the dark ages, only fit for the old curiosity shop. There is, however, one preacher left of the old school, and he speaks to-day as loudly and as clearly as ever. He is not a popular preacher, though the world is his parish, and he travels over every part of the globe, and speaks in every language under the sun. He visits the poor; he calls upon the rich; you may meet him in the workhouse, or find him moving in the very highest circles of society. He preaches to both churchmen and dissenters, to people of every religion and of no religion, and, whatever text he may have, the substance of his sermon is always the same.

He is an eloquent preacher; he often stirs feelings which no other preacher could reach, and brings tears

into eyes that are little used to weep. He addresses himself to the intellect, the conscience, and the heart of his hearers. His arguments none have been able to refute; there is no conscience on earth that has not at some time quailed in his presence; nor is there any heart that has remained wholly unmoved by the force of his weighty appeals. Most people hate him, but in one way or another he makes everybody hear him.

He is neither refined nor polite. Indeed, he often interrupts the public arrangements, and breaks in rudely upon the private enjoyments of life. He lurks about the doors of the theatre and the ball-room; his shadow falls sometimes on the card table; he is often in the neighbourhood of the public-house; he frequents the shop, the office, and the mill; he has a master-key which gives him access to the most secluded chamber; he appears in the midst of legislators and of fashionable religious assemblies; neither the villa, the mansion, or the palace daunt him by their greatness; and no court or alley is mean enough to escape his notice. His name is Death.

You have heard many sermons from the old preacher. You cannot take up a newspaper without finding that he has a corner in it. Every tombstone serves him for a pulpit. You often see his congregations passing to and from the grave-yard. Every scrap of mourning is a memento of one of his visits. Nay, he has often addressed himself to you personally. The sudden departure of that

neighbour—the solemn parting with that dear parent—the loss of that valued friend—the awful gap that was left in your heart when that fondly loved wife, that idolised child, was taken—have all been loud and solemn appeals from the old preacher. Some day very soon he may have *you* for his text, and in *your* bereaved family circle, and by *your* grave side he may be preaching to others. Let your heart turn to God this moment to thank Him that you are still in the land of the living—that you have not ere now *died in your sins!*

You may get rid of the Bible. You may disprove—to your own satisfaction—its histories; you may ridicule its teachings; you may despise its warnings; you may reject the Saviour of whom it speaks. Yes! the day *may* come when the rising tide of infidelity will cover Great Britain to such an extent that it will be as difficult to find a house with a Bible, as it is to-day, through God's great mercy to us, to find a house without one.

You can get away from the preachers of the Gospel. You are not compelled to go to either church, chapel, or mission room; and you can cross over to the other side of the street if there is an open-air meeting. It is in your power to burn this, and every other such tract that comes into your possession. Yea! the time *may* come when infidelity and priestcraft will combine to make the preaching of Christ by lip or pen a criminal offence.

But if you get rid of God's Word and of God's servants, what will you do with the old preacher

of whom I have spoken? Have you some plan to superannuate him—to put him on the retired list? Will you compel him by force to suspend his itinerations? Or do you hope that a few more years of scientific culture and modern thought will have such an effect upon him that his doctrines and practice will be quite changed? It is true that most preachers are more or less affected by the spirit and opinions of the age they live in, but *this* old preacher has gone on in perfect indifference to the changing events and opinions of the whole world for nearly six thousand years. All histories—both sacred and profane—give the same account of him, and all experience confirms it, so that it is against reason to expect that he will change in his old age.

Dying men and women, consider the prospect that is before you. Your little day will soon be passed. Your pleasures will have an end. Your occupations will be laid aside. Your wealth and honours will be worthless to you in the solemn hour when your body is reduced to a few handfuls of dust. After all, you “must needs die.”

Consider this matter, I pray you. Must there not be a cause for this? Is it by mere accident that a creature with such powers and capacities should come to so ignominious an end? There is but one answer to these questions, and as long as the old preacher goes on his rounds he will continue to proclaim it. Listen! “By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.”

Yes! the conclusion is forced upon us—there must be something wrong. We cannot think of fourteen hundred millions of graves being dug every thirty years on this planet of ours, as one whole generation after another passes down to the gates of death, without having the thought that there is something fearfully wrong.

THE FALL OF MAN

is no mere theological dogma, but a fearful reality, to which the world's history, and the stern, sad facts of our own experience, bear terrible witness. Sin is not simply an ugly word in the Bible or on preachers' lips; it is a dark, foul reality, which blights and curses the world by its presence. Nor is there any exception to the scope of its ravages. "Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." My reader is implicated in this matter. There is a great difference between the careless spectator in a court of justice, and the criminal in the dock whose life is at stake. The latter is your position. You have sinned; upon you the sentence of death has passed; and very soon it will be said of you, as it was said of nine old men in Genesis v.—"he died."

When will you die? Do not think this a foolish question. You count your money; you reckon your profits; you calculate your dividends; surely it is quite as important to number your days! How will you find out? Turn up the life assurance tables. Yes! that is the

average. A person of your age has the probability of living so many years. But let us consider a moment! That is an average, is it not? Which means that some live longer and others a good many years shorter. Some have died—very suddenly, too—just about your age. It is possible, is it not, that you may die very soon? A young man went to a divinity professor and asked him how long before death a man ought to be prepared for it. The reply was, "About five minutes." The young man turned away with relief, making up his mind to see life, sow his wild oats, enjoy the pleasures of the world, and then turn to God at the end of his days. "Stop," said the professor; "when are you going to die?" "I cannot tell," replied the young man. "Then you had better be prepared for death now; you may not have five minutes to live."

How will you die? The first Napoleon, when life was passing away, insisted that his boots should be put on; he would die, like a soldier, in his boots. We were lately told in the newspapers how a great ecclesiastical dignity died in the splendid robes of his religious office. Queen Elizabeth died crying, "Millions of money for a moment of time!" How will you die?

Sad, sad indeed, if that word comes true of you which was thrice repeated of some very respectable people a long time ago:—"YE SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS." One second after your death, it will be a matter of no consequence to you whether you died

in a palace or in a cellar. Little will you care whether you have a national funeral in Westminster Abbey, or your poor body is tossed by uncere-
 monious hands into a pauper's grave. But your whole eternity will hang upon the state in which you die. If sin works such havoc, and sins have such fearful consequences in this world, what must they entail in the next? Men reap as they sow in this world, but God does not definitively execute judgment upon sins in this life. "After death the judgment." In this world you can, in a sense, avoid God. Many live "without God in the world." But death dissolves all connection with the things of time by which God can be excluded, and beyond death you must *have to do with God*.

The dying infidel, Colonel Charteris, said: "I would give £30,000 to have it proved to my satisfaction that there is no such place as hell." His conscience was waking up to proclaim in that solemn hour that sins must be followed by the judgment of God. Where death leaves you, judgment will find you; and the issue of that judgment will be final, and for eternity.

How will you die? The Holy Ghost has written a short but solemn epitaph in Hebrews x. 20. God forbid that it should ever be true of my reader! Here it is:—

"DIED WITHOUT MERCY."

An innocent man might plead for justice, but *the sinner's only hope is mercy*. The guilty one can only escape by the door of *mercy*. If the offender

does not receive the due reward of his deeds, it must be on the ground of *mercy*. The transgressor can only be pardoned at the *mercy-seat*. Hence the penitent's cry is, "God be *merciful* to me a sinner;" he is conscious that nothing but *mercy* will do for him. Your only chance is *mercy*. Oh! how sad, how complete, how irretrievable will be your ruin, if you die "without mercy."

There is another epitaph—short but blessed—in Hebrews xi. 13. Look at it!

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."

Yea! though the dear men thus spoken of lived in a dispensation of comparative darkness,—though they had not a love-provided Saviour, or a fully-finished atoning work to rest upon,—yet, in the star-light of types, symbols, and promises, they trod the path of faith, which is now lighted up for us by the glory which shines in the face of the seated Saviour on the throne of God, and, as they lived, so they died "IN FAITH."

God has not been indifferent to the ruin of His creature, whose sin has brought death upon him. There is no denying the fact "that the wages of sin is death;" but it is equally true that "the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him" (1 John iv. 9). The holy Son of God has

DIED IN LOVE

upon the cross. Yea, God commends His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. The old preacher never spoke so loudly, or in such solemn tones, as when Jesus went to Calvary. Divine love would bless the sinner, but divine holiness could not make light of the sin. The full penalty of guilt—the wages of sin in all its dark and dread reality—passed upon the sinless Substitute. He took our place in death and judgment, that we might have His life, and His place of acceptance and favour before God.

“ Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And, all harmonious, human tongues
The Saviour’s praises speak ! ”

You may die *unsaved* ; you will not die *unloved*. The Son of God is for *you* : Christ died for you : eternal life may be yours. The love of God—the work of Christ—the Spirit’s striving—all urge you to turn from the world and its delusions which end in death, to the Son of God whose soul-assuring words are:—“ 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).

Love’s pleading voice echoes every solemn warning of the old preacher ; but adds, in compassionate tenderness, the gracious inquiry, “ Why will ye die ? ” It is true that you can never regain the paradise of Eden, or reach that tree whose fruit

would give perpetuity to your present life on earth. All that is connected with the first creation—now ruined by sin—must pass away. But the love of God has revealed a fairer and brighter scene than Eden; a more glorious paradise than that of man's innocence has been opened up by the death of Jesus. The joys of heaven, the endless festivities of the Father's house, the love of the Father's heart, and eternal glory in companionship with the Son of God, may all be yours.

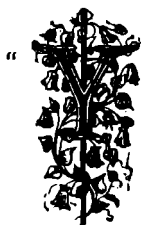
Nor are the Christian's blessings all in the future. He is brought to God *now*, and knows God as the source of all his blessing; he has the Holy Ghost; he walks, by the Spirit, in fellowship with the Father and the Son, and tastes thus of heaven's delights before he gets there; death casts no shadow on his blessings, for they are wrapped up in One who is alive from the dead, and connected with a scene where death can never come; in spirit he lives already on the other side of death; in short, he *has* passed "*from death unto life.*"

Then, if he "falls asleep" and is "absent from the body," it is to be "present with the Lord." Death is no loss to the child of God, but an infinite gain. It frees him from the presence of sin, and from a body which groans under the bondage of corruption, and he departs to be "with Christ, which is far better."

Best of all, Jesus is coming soon to receive His own to Himself; and at His shout the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then we which are alive

and remain shall be changed, and caught up into glory *without dying at all* (see Phil. iii. 20, 21; 1 Cor. xv. 51; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). C. A. C.

ARRESTED.



"YOU have no right to thank God for what's upon this table: it was provided and paid for by *me*, and no one else: besides, I don't believe there is such a being:" and Henry H—— struck the table fiercely with his clenched fist.

"I'll tell you what," he continued, "THERE IS NO GOD. If there is, here's an opportunity for Him to display His power."

Placing his watch on the table, he said, "I'll give God *five minutes*, and defy Him to His face to do His worst with me."

With one hand on the table, and the other held aloft, the bold atheist awaited the issue of his blasphemous challenge.

It was a custom of the H—— family for all the members of it to meet together once a year.

On this occasion the meeting was at the house of the eldest son Henry.

The aged father, a Christian, had just given thanks to God for the food they were about to

partake of, when Henry started to his feet, and gave utterance to his daring and defiant words.

Amid deathlike silence the minutes glided slowly by.

One, two, three, four; at last the minute-hand tells the tale that Henry's five minutes have run their course.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed derisively. "What about your God now? WHERE IS HE?"

"Harry, my son," said the old man, "when you were a child I *gave you to the Lord*, and I *have never taken you back*. From the moment you put the watch on the table, Harry, I have been praying to God for you. You will be a converted man yet: I may not live to see it, but I KNOW that God will save your soul."

Years passed away, the aged Christian was called home to his rest. Henry became a confirmed drunkard as well as an atheist, a ringleader in the paths of folly, profanity, and wickedness.

Walking along the street one day, with a shilling in his pocket, he decided to invest it in two glasses of whisky and a quart of ale.

No sooner was the resolve formed in his mind than he strode quickly towards one of his favourite haunts. Suddenly he paused: swift as the lightning's flash the arrow of conviction entered his soul.

The long-forgotten past, his mis-spent life, rose up before his soul like a mighty mountain. His daring defiance of God, his father's memorable

words spoken so lovingly and tenderly to him at the family gathering years before, were brought vividly to his remembrance. "O God! let my dear old father's prayer be answered: have mercy upon me, a vile and guilty rebel sinner!" was the prayer of his heart.

He turned round and hastened home, where, alone with God, he told out the anguish of his soul.

His wife had a Bible; he opened it, and read the record of God's love to guilty man. "And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 5-8).

Under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, whose mission it is to direct sinners to the Saviour's feet, Henry H—— found joy and peace in believing: he passed out of death into life (John v. 24).

It was true of him, that "old things had passed away, all things had become new" (2 Cor. v. 17).

Perhaps you wonder, dear reader, why God did not take Henry H—— at his word when he uttered his impious challenge. Friend, come with me to Calvary.

See the earth enwrapped in midnight darkness (Matt. xxvii. 45). You think it strange that a holy God should bear with a poor worm of the dust, who dared to lift his puny arm in defiance of his Creator.

That terrible three hours' darkness explains it.

Jesus, the Son of God, out of pure love to guilty sinners, voluntarily entered that thick darkness, where, **ALONE**, He sustained and **EXHAUSTED** the judgment of God against sin!

Never before, in the history of man, had the appeal of the needy been made to God in vain. Yet listen: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken *me*? . . . Our fathers trusted in thee: *they* trusted, and thou didst deliver *them*" (Ps. xxii. 1-4).

"All thy waves and billows are gone over **ME**," were the utterance of Jesus.

My unsaved reader, this is the language of the **SINNER'S SUBSTITUTE**, from amid the terrible gloom of Calvary.

This explains why God can now be just, and yet the justifier of every poor sinner who believes in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26). God has only *one way* of saving sinners. Are you still a stranger to God's salvation? Then listen, dear friend, and **BELIEVE**.

"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).

THE FATAL RESOLUTION.



It is a dangerous thing to resist or trifle with the strivings of the Holy Ghost. There is a period in the history of every person when He works in the soul, convincing of sin and the need of salvation; but it is a fact that in multitudes of instances the Spirit is resisted, impressions are trifled with, the matter is delayed, until outside influences remove the soul-trouble, the Spirit ceases His work, and the person is *left*.

Many say they can be saved when they like. This is a fearful delusion. No one can be saved when *he* likes, he must be saved when *God* likes; every one has his day of visitation, but every one does not avail himself of it; thousands neglect it, and drop into perdition.

The following authentic narrative, by a servant of the Lord, proves the truth of this:—

“Lydia S—— was the name of an amiable young lady of my acquaintance. She was the daughter of pious parents. On the cultivation of her mind considerable attention had been bestowed. Buoyant in spirit, and beautiful in form, she was the pride of her parents, the ornament of her circle, and the admiration of all who knew her.

“From her earliest years she had regarded divine things with respect, but it is not known that she

was the subject of special religious impressions until the summer of 18—.

“During the months of July and August of that year her mind was solemnly impressed, and she felt that it was unsafe to continue in the neglect of her soul any longer. One morning especially, the first impression as she awoke was that she must embrace Christ *then*, and that her soul was in imminent danger of being lost if she delayed.

“She saw herself, as she expressed it, ‘to be a great sinner in the hands of a God of justice,’ saw that there ‘was no hope but in Christ Jesus, that in Christ there was a full and complete salvation,—that He was ready and willing to receive her *then*, and that delay would probably be fatal to her soul.’

“She deliberated, she reasoned, she prayed, and finally made up her mind to the deliberate resolution that she would repent and accept the offer of salvation before the close of **THAT DAY**.

“She did not actually accept Christ *then*, but *resolved* that she would do it *that day*. The resolution was, as she believed, the solemn and deliberate purpose of her soul; and she felt a degree of satisfaction in the thought that the question of her eternal salvation was now so near a final and favourable adjustment. But the day had its cares and pleasures; business and company filled up its hours, and the night found her as thoughtless almost as she had been for months.

“The next morning her religious impressions

were renewed and deepened. She saw, more clearly than before, the danger of her condition, and the necessity of immediate repentance. Sin appeared more exceeding sinful. She reproached herself for violating the resolution of the previous morning; and in agony of soul, better conceived than described, formed another resolution, as she expressed it, to begin religion *before the close of that day*.

"She had now taken, as she imagined, one step,—had formed a solemn purpose, and had given a pledge to repent *that day*. The day passed away as before, but nothing decisive was done.

"The next morning her impressions were again renewed, and she renewed her resolution; but it was dissipated as before. And thus she went on resolving, and breaking her resolution, until at length her anxiety entirely subsided, and she relapsed into her former state of unconcern.

"About this time she went to reside in a neighbouring village, and I did not see her again for about three months, when I was called at an early hour one morning to visit her on the bed of death.

"Her last sickness was short, of only five days' duration. So insidious was its progress that no serious apprehensions were entertained as to its issue until about eight hours before her death, and no anxiety for her salvation up to this hour appears to have occupied her mind.

"About daybreak she was informed that her

symptoms had become alarming, and that her sickness would probably be fatal.

"The intelligence was awfully surprising. It was a moment of indescribable terror to her soul. A solemn stillness reigned around. It was at the early dawn of day, just about the hour at which she formed what she emphatically called **THAT FATAL RESOLUTION** a short time before.

"The opening twilight, the chamber in which she lay, every object around, brought to mind her former resolutions, and in a moment all the horrors of her situation filled her soul. She now saw herself a hardened sinner in the hands of God,—impenitent, unpardoned, without hope, at the gate of death; her Saviour slighted, the Spirit grieved and gone, and the judgment with its tremendous retribution just before her!

"Awful case! Time, that was given her to prepare for eternity, was gone. The disease had made such rapid inroads, that her blood was already beginning to stagnate, and her lungs to falter in the work of respiration. Her distress became intense. She was forced to conclude her soul lost, that nothing could now be done for it, and for a moment she seemed in a horrid struggle to adjust her mind to her anticipated doom.

"But, oh, that word **LOST!** It was a living scorpion to her deathless soul. Her whole frame shuddered at the thought. She struggled again for life, raised her haggard eyes, and summoned every effort to pray.

"Oh, what agony did that prayer express! She called, she begged, she importuned for mercy, until her weary frame gave way, and she sank into a partial swoon. A momentary delirium seemed then to distract her thoughts. She appeared to dream that she was well again, and spoke wildly of her companions, her employments, and her pleasures. Then a return of reason dissipated the illusion, and forced back upon her the dread reality of her situation,—just trembling on the verge of the pit,—just sinking, as she several times affirmed, to an endless hell! At that awful moment her soul again summoned strength,—again she cried for mercy, with an agony too intense for her weak frame, and again she fainted.

"It was now nearly noon. Most of the morning had been employed either in prayer at her bedside or in attempting to guide her to the Saviour,—but all was ineffectual. Her strength was now nearly gone, vital action was no longer perceptible at the extremities, the cold death-sweat was gathering on her brow, and dread despair had settled on her soul. She saw, and we all saw, that the fatal moment was at hand, and her future prospect one of unmingled horror. She shrank from it. She turned her eye to me, and called on all who stood around her to pray once more to the God of mercy on her behalf.

"Turning to her distressed father, as he sat beside her, she exclaimed, 'Oh! my dear father,

cannot you help me? cannot you keep me alive a little longer? Oh, pray for me! pray for me!’

“We all kneeled again at her bedside, and having once more commended her to God, I tried again to direct her to the Saviour, and was beginning to repeat some scriptures which I thought appropriate, when she interrupted me, saying with emphasis she ‘could not be pardoned, it was *too late, too late.*’ And again alluding to that *fatal resolution*, she begged of me to charge all the youth under my care not to neglect religion as she had done, not to stifle their convictions by a *mere resolution* to repent; ‘Warn them, *warn them,*’ said she, ‘by my case;’ and again she attempted to pray, and swooned again.

“Her voice was now becoming inarticulate, the dimness of death was settling upon her eyes, which now and then in a frantic stare told of agonies that the tongue could not express. The energies of her soul, however, seemed not in the least abated. The same effort to pray was manifestly still continued, though it was indicated now rather by struggles and expressive looks and groans than words.

“She continued thus alternately to struggle and faint, every succeeding effort becoming feebler, until the last convulsive struggle closed the scene, and the spirit of Lydia S—— took its everlasting flight.”

A WRONG RACE.



T is all up with him, and yet he struggles on!

He runs, and yet see the odds against him! He is pursued by footmen, who weary him; he is followed by horses, more swift than those, who must overtake him in the long run; whilst, ahead, rolls the deep dread swelling of Jordan. What chance can the runner have? Oh! but he runs and struggles splendidly. He means to die hard. See how he shakes off footman after footman, and horse after horse, although, in the effort, he loses ground perceptibly.

There is something profoundly interesting in witnessing the struggle. It is a race for life; or, rather a race against death; or, indeed, against a succession of deaths, against premonitions that most certainly declare a final defeat.

The fight is brave, but futile! These footmen, like little troubles, torment the runner. Now there is an attack of fever, soon shaken off by medical skill; now a bereavement, that dejects for a time; now a financial loss, that causes temporary anxiety; now an accident, that pulls him up awhile. These are, however, speedily overcome, and possibly forgotten, though their scar remains, and the

runner is by them wearied. The horses, however, are like mighty judgments upon the soul; they tell of a power greater than man's, of a force more than human. There are seasons when the conscience of the sinner is brought face to face with God—there are dark misgivings as to the future. Horse after horse pursues the poor halting runner with the memory of sins unpardoned, and deeds of darkness committed. Yet horse after horse is thrust aside, and such unpleasant memories are swiftly banished.

And the race continues! But the distant roll of Jordan breaks upon the runner's ear, and its broad deep swelling has yet to be crossed!

But, victorious hitherto, why not swim securely over the tide? So many difficulties already overcome, why not succeed manfully at last? But a horse, pale and mysterious, long held in, follows in swift and silent stride. His rider is called "Death," awful name! Oh! how different from every predecessor! What were the footmen with their stings, or the other horses with their strength, compared to this?

Well may the runner quail! He is hemmed in between death and a swelling Jordan! Fearful position!

The pale mysterious horse has a second rider, for Hell followed Death. What a trinity of evils for the runner!

Well may the Scriptures ask, "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" (Jer. xii. 5.)

Yes, "How?"

And again the Scriptures say, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. x. 31).

Yes, "Fearful."

Did my first statement read somewhat light? I must repeat it now, "It is all up with him,"—the runner is beaten, the man is undone, the impenitent sinner is damned!

God's judgments, varied, patient, wise, and divinely suitable, have all been disregarded, spurned, and thrust aside. They may have been sent like "footmen," or like "horses," in ways comparatively gentle, or in ways comparatively severe,—yet these were God's messengers to the soul, and designed by Him for the sinner's salvation and good. If unheeded, what then?

They fell on Job like an avalanche, but were the instrument of his everlasting blessing; and David said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word." He too reaped the benefit of his afflictions.

My reader, are you running too? You have a swelling river ahead of you, and are followed, slowly but surely, by death and hell. Ah! that pale unwearying horse, with its two riders, is in stern pursuit of you, and is certain to overtake you one day!

Stop running! Cease resisting!

Yield some day you must—then yield now!

St Augustine said, "The way to flee from God,

is by fleeing to God." Now you try that! and flee just as you are, and now!

Far too many months and years have you permitted to slip away. The hand of time is leaving its mark upon you. You may have neither another year, nor another month! The pale horse presses hard on your footsteps. It is your wisdom and safety to come now to Jesus, for He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" (Jer. xii. 5.)

J. W. S.



DOUBTLESS many a friend will just now wish you "A Happy New Year!" I wish you the same, and I will give you the secret of one. Begin, and continue it with Christ. If you have Him for your Saviour, by simple faith in His blessed Name, God as your Father, the Holy Ghost as your Guide and Comforter, and the blessed Word of God as your Chart for each hour of the day, you will assuredly have a very happy New Year.

W. T. P. W.

MARY'S EXHORTATION.



O one can over-estimate the importance of Mary's exhortation in John ii. 5, "*Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.*" As soon as ever His word was obeyed, at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, it resulted in blessing.

Mary did not say, "*Whatsoever I say unto you, do it;*" but "*Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.*"

She never bore witness of herself, but of Christ the Lord. She was an honoured vessel, "highly favoured among women;" but still a woman. A sinner, needing a Saviour, like any other. As she herself said, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour" (Luke i. 47). Her exhortation is clear and simple, "*Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.*"

Added to this is the testimony of all the prophets. "*To him give all the prophets witness*" (Acts x. 43). And to this may be added the testimony of God Himself, "*This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him*" (Matt. xvii. 5). The Holy Spirit also says, "*To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts*" (Heb. ii. 7). If it be God, He points to Christ, and says, "*Hear him.*" If it be the prophets, *they all bear witness of Him.* If it be Mary, she says, "*Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.*"

Now, what does the ever-blessed Son of God say to us? He says to every inquirer of the way to the Father, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me" (John xiv. 6). The Son of God does not point us to Mary; but says, "I am the way, . . . no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Mary, with Moses and Elias on the mount (Matt. xvii.) have to be overshadowed, so that we may "see no man, save Jesus only."

Moses, Elias, and Mary are three blessed saints of God; but what comparison is there between them and the Son of God? *He* was the manifestation and glorious revelation of God in this world, perfect God and perfect man; *they*, creatures of His hand—fallen creatures—but objects of divine love, and saved by the grace of God, which found its full expression in the Lord Jesus come a man into this world. "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John i. 17). It will be their glory for ever that they were permitted to serve Him upon this earth, as it will be their privilege and joy to serve Him throughout eternity.

They bore witness of the Christ of God. "Hear him," says God; "hear his voice," says the Holy Ghost. Again, the Son of God says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 5). It is the goodness of God that *leadeth* to repentance; that gives time and opportunity for repentance; but, if the sinner refuses to repent and turn to God, what must be the awful consequence? He

will meet a God of judgment, who will judge him according to his works. Solemn and awful fact "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. x. 31). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3). Have you, dear reader, been led by the goodness of God to repentance? If not, make haste. Delay not; for the time of His coming is at hand.

Again, we hear the Son of God speaking, and God says, "Hear ye him." "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 14, 15).

Notice these words, "*even so must the Son of man be lifted up*." Fix your eyes upon these words. That word *must* excludes every other way of life or salvation other than by the death of God's own Son. We are shut up to this. It is God's way of saving. The sinner's works are excluded. It is, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). The holiness of God demanded it; our sins required it; our need could be met in no other way.

Mark well His blessed words, and treasure them up in your heart, "*that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life*." Here is *our* side, our part. It is, Look and live; believe, and be saved. It is not work, or feel; but look—believe! I look out of my miserable self to Him who died on the cross to save me, and put my

trust in Him, believing that He finished the work that saves—and *I have eternal life!* Could anything be more simple or blessed?

Then mark the blessed source of it all; for here it is traced up to its divine source. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Here we see the very nature of God. It is love; for "God is love." Then we see its activity and manifestation, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." Precious fact! for fallen, ruined man. Then, again, we have our part in appropriating that love and salvation:—"that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Again, in verse 36, "He that believeth on the Son HATH eternal life."

May I ask you, dear reader, Have you believed in the Son? I do not mean a head-belief, but a heart-belief. *Have you trusted Him because you have felt your need of Him?* If so, He says, "You have eternal life." You know you have it, because He says so.

But mark the awful contrast: "And he that believeth not the Son (is not subject to the Son), shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Weighty and solemn words, dear reader, for you, if from your heart you are not subject to the Son of God.

"BUT JESUS IS A GREAT SAVIOUR."



WONDERFUL are the ways of God with the souls of men. The Good Shepherd, in His persistent love, goes after the lost sheep until He finds it. The Holy Spirit operates upon the conscience, awakening a sense of guilt and need. Thus the work is wholly of God, and in the salvation of each sinner the three Persons in the unity of the Godhead have their joy (Luke xv.), and it is to the glory of the grace of God.

Eddy H——, of Chicago, was a young man upon whom the awful disease of consumption came. He was to die young; there was no hope of his recovery. Only a little past twenty, and yet he must go, and the tremendous question was, Where was he going?

As yet he was unawakened to a sense of sin, and therefore unsaved. How solemn it is to think of multitudes travelling the same road, and in the same condition. Unsaved, out of Christ, in their sins, travelling the broad road, with nothing but the judgment of God before them.

For a long time Eddy could not see himself a sinner as others did, and when spoken to by his mother, who with untiring affection waited on him, he would say, "I am not such a sinner; why don't you talk to Willie?" referring to his brother.

But God was working. The gracious Spirit of

God was dealing with his conscience. He knew that he was doomed to die, his disease was incurable. It was only a question of a little time, and he must go the way of all the earth,—but where?

His bed would be strewn with tracts, and the Bible, that inestimable volume, was ever before him. What an untold mercy it is to have the Word of God at such a moment as this. Let the infidels of the nineteenth century say what they may, there is nothing that will speak peace and comfort to the soul, when it is passing through the deep swellings of Jordan (Jer. xii. 5), like the Word of God, for the simple reason that it is the Word of God.

What Mr M—— said to Eddy seemed to be used of God to open his eyes to his real condition as a sinner before a holy God. And what a discovery it was! How solemn to find oneself detected, discovered to oneself, in the presence of the all-detecting and unsullied holiness of God. Sin is seen in its true light then; its offensiveness to God, and the deep, deep need of the soul is felt.

But along with this, God, in His abounding grace, was showing this dear young man the great and grand remedy, provided by Himself, that would meet his need and save him for ever, if he did but, in simple faith, commit himself to it. Precious to him now was the glorious fact that "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world" (1 John iv. 14). "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world

to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). He was a *sinner*, and how precious to learn that Christ Jesus came to save such. He was *lost*, and what consolation to find that the "Son of man came to seek and to save the lost" (Luke xix. 10). He was *guilty*, and what peace to find that the blood of Jesus was the ground of the sinner's justification, and that God justified from all things those that believed! (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) He was *defiled*, and what a discovery to make that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"! (1 John i. 7.)

Calling his mother to him one day, he said, "Oh, mamma, I am a great sinner,—I am such a sinner, but Jesus is a great Saviour!"

Great was the joy of the mother on hearing from the lips of her dying boy this blessed confession. His being taken from her was as nothing now she knew that he was saved, and was going to be for ever with the Lord.

"I am a great sinner,—I am such a sinner, but Jesus is a great Saviour," it was the knowledge of this that gave him peace.

The mother asked, "What is it that has given you that peace and assurance, Eddy?" His reply was, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

He never had a doubt after this. His soul was filled with peace and assurance unto the end. He had found out that he was a sinner; he had discovered that Jesus, the Son of God, had died

for him; and he had learnt from the Word of God that the blood, the precious blood of Jesus, cleanseth from ALL sin, *and he believed it*, and was saved.

And now, he who had never sung before, asked his mother to sing, and he with her, that lovely hymn that begins with—

“O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!

Our load was laid on Thee;

Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—

To bear all ill for me.

A victim led, Thy blood was shed;

Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—

O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!

But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,

'Tis empty now for me.

That bitter cup—love drank it up;

Left but the love for me.”

Ah, yes, the first movement of the saved soul, the first aspiration of the heart that has tasted the sweetness of redeeming love, is that of praise to God, and gratitude to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. This praise will flow on throughout the eternal ages.

Eddy, before he found peace, never wanted to hear of the Lord's coming; but afterwards, he said to his mother, “Oh, mother, would it not be nice if the Lord were to come, and take us all, and He could change the brothers?” referring to his unsaved brothers.

The desire of the renewed soul is to see the Saviour face to face. Nothing but this will

satisfy the one who has tasted His love. The *man of the world* may have "his portion in this life," but the child of faith aspires to heaven, and says, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness" (Ps. xvii. 15).

Fruits always follow when the soul is born again, and the Saviour known. Eddy, who was naturally stubborn, was now perfectly subject to the will of God, and to his parents. His "faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect" (Jas. ii. 22).

But the end came, the moment when he must pass away from this poor world with its sorrow, into the presence of the Saviour who had loved him, and whom he had so lately learned to love.

Before his ransomed spirit passed away to be with the Lord, he said of Jesus, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, the altogether lovely." With this blessed testimony to the love, and loveliness of the Saviour, he entered His blissful presence, to go no more out for ever.

Beloved reader, while reading this unvarnished story of the grace of God to this young man, may you, if unsaved, find out that you are a sinner, and like the subject of this paper, as taught of God, be able to say, "I am a great sinner; oh, such a sinner, but Jesus is a great Saviour."

"And, as made a child of glory—
Justified, forgiven,
By the Holy Spirit strengthened,
Start for heaven."

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.



OUR knowledge does not amount to much after all. It seems to me the lines of the poet—

“What am I?

An infant crying in the night,

An infant crying for the light,

And with no language but a cry”—

would about express where you are. You have not yet discovered where man has come from; you are equally in the dark as to where he is going. His origin and destiny are as great secrets as ever they were; and I can read upon your temples, as clearly inscribed to-day, as eighteen hundred years ago it was upon the shrine at Athens, “THE UNKNOWN GOD.” Yes, I know you have got your telescopes, telegraphs, steam-engines, and printing-presses; and the masses are better fed, better clothed, better housed, and better educated than they were even one hundred years ago. But if people lived in mirth and splendour every day, I want to know WHAT IS TO BECOME OF US WHEN WE DEPART HENCE OUT OF THIS WORLD? Why are you silent? You cannot tell? With all your education! What has it done for you? Are men easier governed now they are educated? Are your children more obedient? Has it made better husbands and wives, better masters and servants? Will your sanitary arrangements shut up the grave-

yards, and take away the fear of death? Do *I* think these things are useless? I say not that, but I say you are fast hastening out of the world you are seeking to embellish, and what then? *Where will you spend ETERNITY?*

You tell me you are on the way to make some great discovery. I believe you are, but it will not be in the planetary system. The Lord says "Behold, I come as a thief." This will be a terrible discovery to a Christ-rejecting world. Men have lived and died as happy as you, who did not know Venus from Mercury, and who, if they thought anything about it, may have thought the earth as large as all the stars put together.

You thought you saw a snowstorm in Mars; what if you did? I have seen many a snowstorm on *earth*, and thought it nothing to make a noise about. But let me ask you, "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?"

You *think* the other planets may be inhabited. Very likely. Did any one say they were not? Has it no interest for *me*? I do not say so, but it is not the first thing that should interest *you*. What would you think of a man in a sinking vessel in the North Sea perplexing his mind over the rise and fall of the tide in the Mediterranean? You do not see the analogy? It is not a question whether a thing is interesting, but what is there which claims my *first* care? Are not you a dying man? Can you call the next hour your own? Is not death upon your track? Why perplex your

mind about the starry heavens while there is an unsettled question between you and the One who made both them and you. Bear with me while I again press the question, "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?"

Who would have objected to Cain and his posterity studying astronomy, building cities where science and art flourished, and embellishing the world? But it was in *the land of the Vagabond* (Nod) they were doing it, and the flood was about to engulf all they gloried in. *At present* the judgment of an angry God, whose majesty has been insulted, His laws broken, and His Son murdered, is hanging over this godless world, and your eyes are open to everything except your own exposed condition, and your ears to every voice except the voice of Him who speaks from heaven. May God awaken you! You do not believe in all this? I am aware of it. Neither did the antediluvians in the testimony of God through Noah. He preached a hundred and twenty years, and as far as we can learn never made a convert; but their unbelief was a poor bulwark against the torrent of Almighty wrath. The *unbelieving* have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone (Rev. xxi. 9). *Where will YOU spend eternity?*

Perhaps you tell me, you are only studying the works of God, and what more glorious occupation or more pleasing to the Creator? What would a great painter think of his servant who, having in a wanton moment horribly disfigured his greatest

work, coolly lit his cigar and went around inspecting the picture gallery? Would that master not think his servant was adding insult to injury? And what must God think of the man behind his telescope, as careless of His call to repentance as if the command had never been given? "BE NOT DECEIVED, GOD IS NOT MOCKED" (Gal. vi. 7).

They used to think it was 10,000 miles to the sun, now they know (?) it is 91,000,000. I don't think I could have much conception of either distance, they would be about equal to me. But can any one tell me, *Does the One who made both earth and sun, and put them so far apart, CARE FOR ME?* Put *this* question in the scale with all the others, and they are lighter than vanity. You say no one knows His nature. But I MUST, or *farewell for ever to happiness.*

There are spots in the sun, you tell me, and tongues of flame, which leap up from its surface to the height of thousands of miles; and man has made all these discoveries. Marvellous! Do you see yon man by the wayside, a cripple from his birth? Who put the spots in the sun and surrounded it with those fiery tempests? You do not know. Then I need not ask you who made that cripple. Oh, yes, you say, there were laws that regulated both. Had the *laws* no AUTHOR? Was there no One that cared when the iron heel of adversity struck a lifelong cry of anguish from the centre of his quivering soul? Was there no One that put his tears into a bottle? Go and tell

him of your glorious discoveries. Perhaps he will tell you that his cry of distress has risen so much higher from his poor palpitating heart, than from the sun those fragments of flame, that it has entered into the ear of the Creator Himself, and an answer of peace has been returned to him more quickly than if borne upon the wings of lightning.

You don't know anything about these things. You only know it is 91,000,000 of miles to the sun, and that some of the planets have moons. Why, I knew *this planet* had a moon when I was four years old. But, tell me, *is there anything lives of a man when the breath is out of his body?* Is there going to be a RESURRECTION? IS THE LAKE OF FIRE A REALITY? You tell me it has never been discovered by the telescope. Nor heaven either? No. You have heard of Stephen, who looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the GLORY OF GOD AND JESUS. You say that could not be true. Why? Did you ever hear of any man having the hardihood to tell such a bold lie in the hour of his execution? And Saul saw the same Person in the same place when on his way to Damascus. Was this a lie also? What did he gain by it? "He was seen of *above five hundred brethren at once.*" It was a strong conspiracy that, and to think not one of them should betray the others. And, after all, you prefer to believe that the "disciples stole him away while the watch slept."

So man dies like a dog, and the worms eat him; and there is no resurrection, angel, or spirit, and

responsibility to God is all a fable. And this is the wisdom of the wise and the understanding of the prudent! Man, after all his discoveries, is only a brute—an intelligent brute, if you please, but none the happier that he is so. But it is only the history of the Gentile world (Rom. i. 21-32) repeated in Christendom. When man does not glorify God he dishonours himself. There is nothing new under the sun. Man would rather believe himself the offspring of a chattering ape than listen to the version of Moses, because it brings in responsibility to God, and treats man as a fallen creature under sentence of death.

Ah, it is a troublesome book that Holy Bible. It is the candle of the Lord in this dark world. When you take it up, or hear it read, you feel the eye of God is upon you. It is a heart searcher. It "*told me all that ever I did.*" It will not flatter you. It is no respecter of persons. It is a light above the brightness of the sun. You say you cannot believe it. Do not deceive yourself, YOU DO NOT LIKE IT. It tells you you have got God to meet about your sins. It is too straight for you. It calls the pharisee a hypocrite, and the philosopher a fool, and has no good thing to say about anyone but the blessed God. It tells the man whose face is as fair as the morning sun, that his heart is deceitful above all things and incurably wicked. It makes no apology. Blessed be God for ever for it! It tells me *in the heart of the Creator of the universe* THERE IS LOVE FOR ME.

It tells me of JESUS! *Precious name!* It tells me of my *scarlet sins*, tells me also of His *precious blood*. It reveals to me *Him with whom I have to do*. I see myself a sinner, but I see in Him a *Saviour*. I joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, the blessedness of being under His searching eye! of being detected, exposed, but seeing all put away in the death of Christ, and to know that I am loved as the Son is loved!

And this is the book you want to get rid of, and you love to be left in the dungeons of uncertainty? What a choice! It is too humbling to be a subject of the grace of God; to confess you needed mercy and a Saviour. Alas, if you will not have Jesus as *Saviour*, you must have Him as *Judge*. MEET HIM YOU MUST. You say you *do not* believe it. Better say you *will not* believe it. As wise men naturally as ever have been in the world have believed it. All the objections that are before you were before them. Do not say it is only stupid people believe the Bible. I admit—yea, it is the teaching of the Bible—that God has destroyed by the Cross the wisdom of the wise; but as great minds as have ever existed have found in the Word of God life and salvation, have examined all man's infidel writings, and have been amazed at the blindness and stupidity of the authors. The blind man the Spirit of God brings before us in the 9th of John no doubt thought the leaders of the people remarkably wise, but when he got his eyesight he marvelled at their stupidity. "Why,"

he says, "herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes." There is no ignorance so dense as wilful ignorance. May the Lord awaken you. Soon all that will be left of you in this world will be a lump of dust, and your spirit—oh, where? Is yours to be a Christless death, a Christless burial, a Christless resurrection, and a Christless eternity in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone?

If you reject the *Saviour*, you must have the *Judge*. If you turn your back upon the *love*, you must have the *wrath*. If you despise *God's truth*, you must have the *devil's lie*. If you refuse life, salvation, and the glory of God, you must have death, damnation, and the lake of fire. God give you to see your danger.

"Oh! what fatal folly and madness most strange,

Thus to blindly pass over

The Scripture of truth, and the universe range

The truth to discover!

Oh, how the proud mind of the flesh must recoil

From the knowledge of God, thus to struggle and toil,

And hide, like the ostrich, his head in the soil,

From that INFINITE LOVER!

Oh, sweet would thy lot be if thou wouldst but fly

To the bosom of God!

Who bids thee, as lost, for salvation rely

On a Saviour's blood.

What tongue could thy happiness fully express?

Thy portion thy whole soul for ever would bless.

Why grope in the mists, amid pain and distress,

On death's terrible road,

Bitter the cup of eternal despair
 Thou art now filling :
 In the regions of woe thou wilt drink of it there,
 Unwilling or willing.
 Justice shall give each his own bitter bowl,
 Where the waves of God's judgment for ever shall roll ;
 Fire of hell, body, and spirit, and soul
 Eternally killing.

Oh, why wilt thou grace and salvation despise ?
 Why wilt thou die ?
 The TRUE LIGHT is shining ! oh, lift up thine eyes,
 God's mercy is nigh !
 Dreamer, awake ! awake ! See, it is day !
The truth shines in JESUS ! each life-giving ray
 Invites thee from death and the darkness away
 To glory on high ! ”

J. B—D.

A WORSHIPPER AND A WORKMAN.

(2 TIM. II.)



VERY serious damage is done to souls by displacing truth and confounding things which God has made to differ. If a man teaches plain and positive error, we may be on our guard against him ; but if he comes with misplaced truth, we are far more likely to be ensnared.

Thus, for example, there are terms made use of in the chapter before us which only apply to one who “has passed from death unto life,”—as “a workman,” “a good soldier,” “a sanctified vessel.”

If these be applied to one who has not yet rested his burdened conscience on the all-sufficient sacrifice of the cross, he will assuredly be plunged in hopeless confusion and perplexity. If a helpless sinner casts his eye toward the door of the Father's house, and finds it garrisoned by the "ifs" and "buts" and conditions of a cold and dark legality, he must retire in despair. And yet how often is this done! How often are the responsibilities which devolve only upon the true believer, pressed upon the conscience of the unregenerate? The effect of this unskilled division and application of the Word is most deplorable. Anxious spirits are driven back—burdened consciences have their grievous yoke made more grievous still—hearts that have long sighed for peace and struggled hard to find it, anywhere and everywhere but in Jesus and His precious blood, are bowed down in hopeless sorrow—all by the system of confounding the worshipper and the workman.

How important, then, to distinguish them! How important to show the conscience-smitten sinner that the work which is to make him a worshipper was finished over eighteen hundred years ago, on the cross! How needful to lead such an one entirely out of himself, to fix the earnest and believing gaze of his soul upon "the one offering of Jesus Christ, once"! It is utterly impossible that true, solid, eternal peace can be enjoyed, or true spiritual worship presented, until

the conscience is purged by the blood of the cross. I must know, not only that all the claims of my conscience, but that all the claims of God's throne have been perfectly answered by One who died in my stead, ere I can breathe freely, walk at ease, or worship within the veil. There is no "if," no "but," no condition. The door is thrown open as wide as the sinner's heart could desire. His nature, his condition, and all his heavy liabilities have been divinely met in the cross. God can say, "Deliver him from going down to the pit," not because he has kept all My commandments, nor even because he has earnestly tried but reluctantly failed to keep them, nor yet because he has sincerely repented and purposes to lead a new life; no; but because "I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM." Here is true peace. God knew the exact amount of ransom required, and He has Himself found it—found it all—found it for me.

Reader, rest here! See the full amount of ransom told out beneath the eye of infinite holiness in the life-blood of Jesus! See it! hear it! believe it! rest in it! You are not asked to throw the weight of a feather into the balance to make up the full amount. Jesus has paid all; and as the eternal Father raised Him from the dead and enthroned Him at the right hand of the Majesty in the highest heavens, He, as it were, declared in the audience of all created intelligence—He sounded abroad through the entire universe, "*I have found a ransom.*" It is needless for you to say, "I can

find no rest, I am so terribly bad. I try to live better, but it is all the same. The more I try, the worse I am; I try to keep the commandments; I attend the public ordinances of religion; I sometimes hear as many as three sermons on the Lord's day. I do all I can, but yet I have not got peace; I am not happy, I do not know that my sins are forgiven." Dear friend, all this is "I." You must look away from this poor, miserable, guilty, hell-deserving "I" altogether. God says, "I have found a ransom." Has He found it in you, or out of you? Has He said, "I have found ninety-nine parts of the ransom, and you must find the hundredth"? Ah! no; He has found it ALL. He has done all that He knew to be necessary, and He tells you "the glad tidings" in order that you may "hear and live."

Do not, therefore, read another line of this article until your weary heart has found sweet repose in God's ransom. He does not ask you to pay a farthing; but He tells you He has paid all. Take Him at His word—confide in His love—lean on His ransom. May God the Holy Ghost open your eyes to see and your heart to understand and believe the things that make for your eternal peace. Then, but not until then, you will be a worshipper—a purged worshipper; and, moreover, it is only when you are a purged worshipper that you can be a purged workman. To attempt to be a workman before you are a worshipper is to reverse God's order, and to make shipwreck of

everything. You must put things where God puts them, and leave them there. It was when the leper was pronounced clean that he began to wash his clothes. (See Lev. xiv. 8.) Had he attempted to do so before, he would have polluted the water instead of cleansing himself. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (2 Cor. vii. 1).

This is the way to be a purged workman—a sanctified vessel—an approved servant. "If," says the apostle to his son Timothy, "a man purge himself [that is, the dishonourable vessels in the great house], he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work" (2 Tim. ii. 21). To be purged, as to my conscience, by the blood of Jesus, is one thing; to purge myself, by the powerful activities of the divine life within, from the defilement of the scene around me, is quite another. These things must be kept distinct. To confound them is to derange the entire Christian character—to rob the soul of peace and destroy the testimony.

The Christian is called to carry on a constant struggle. The moment his soul has found peace in Jesus, this struggle begins. It is when the shout of victory falls fully and clearly on the ear of faith that the battle begins. This may puzzle nature, but faith understands it perfectly. The

believer is at once a conqueror and a combatant. He plants his foot upon "the foundation of God," which "standeth sure"—so sure that all the enemy's power cannot shake it—and in the enjoyment of the peace which that sure foundation yields, and not in a spirit of bondage, doubt, or fear, he "departs from iniquity." And what is his object in thus departing—thus purging himself? Is it that he may be a worshipper? By no means. He must be that ere ever the struggle begins. What then? That he may be a purged workman—a meet vessel—an instrument which "the Master" can take up and use. This is simple enough; and it is as practical as it is simple.

Christian reader, you have tasted the reality of a purged conscience; are you calling on the Lord "out of a purged heart"? Are you struggling to "flee youthful lusts, and follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a purged heart"? You may, perhaps, feel disposed to say, "I see such hopeless confusion and division all around me, that I know not with whom to follow or where to find a path for my feet." Well, that may be; but remember this, if the professing Church were broken up into ten thousand times as many more fragments;—if controversy, division, and confusion were to roll like a desolating tide over the entire of Christendom, yet is each Christian man solemnly responsible to depart from iniquity the moment he sees it. He is called to "purge himself" from dis-

honourable vessels. And, moreover, it is in proportion as he so departs—so purges himself, that he will be “meet for the Master’s use.”

Remember, the question here is not as to peculiar views or opinions in reference to matters ecclesiastical. No; it is far deeper, far more personal, far more practical. Wherever you are, you are called to this mighty struggle—this noble work of purging yourself, in order that Christ may use you. How are you responding to this call? Are you sighing after greater nearness and likeness to Jesus? If so, press on! press on! Let “upward and onward” be the motto distinctly inscribed upon your whole course and character. Be not satisfied with anything short of AN ENJOYED CHRIST. This is your privilege; see that you live up to it. Do not ask, “What harm is there in this or that?” But ask, “How can I enjoy most of Christ?” Seek to breathe the atmosphere of His presence—to drink into His Spirit—to walk in His footsteps—to grow in His likeness.

Finally, let us all remember that it is *the energy of attaining*, and not *the measure of attainment*, which leads to communion. If an apostle met a babe in whom he perceived the energy of attaining, he could have communion with the babe; but if the apostle were to make his measure of attainment the ground of fellowship, the babe would be shut out. The question is not, Do you agree with me? but, Are you following hard after Christ?

POLITICS AND CHRIST.



ORD HALIFAX nicknamed a certain class of politicians Trimmers. He himself was a most prominent example of the class, their creed being to make friends with either party as it suited their convenience. Though it remained

for an English statesman to apply the term Trimmers to this class, they have existed from very ancient times.

When Christ was here on earth they were known as Herodians. Jews though they were by nationality, they curried favour with their oppressors the Romans. Favour with Cæsar was more to them than the downfall of a just man.

They thought to put the Lord into a corner, and gain a passing popularity through their craftiness. They asked Him, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or no?" (Luke xx. 22.)

He replied, "Show me a penny. Whose image and superscription hath it?"

They reply, "Cæsar's."

Then came the convicting, crushing reply, which put *them* into a corner, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's."

"They could not take hold of his words before the people: and they marvelled at his answer, and held their peace." No wonder! His reply could

not be construed by even unscrupulous partisans into disloyalty or treason to Cæsar; nor to the God from whom He came, and whom He represented. Nay more; the very fact of God's ancient heritage being ridden over rough-shod by the iron heel of Rome, was the proof that His people had failed to render to God the things that were His. Hence their punishment.

These too are days when politics are to the front. Men are very busy taking their part in the national life; especially are these the days when *the working man* takes a deep interest in the social problems of the day, and when he is gaining a far-reaching influence and power.

Better hours of labour, better homes to dwell in, free schools, direct representation in the House of Commons and the municipal institutions of the country, nationalisation of the land, the railways, &c.—these and more are the aims he sets before himself. He is intensely in earnest about the matter, and thinks a life time is not too long to spend in forwarding such schemes.

But I have a word to say to him. It is not in my province to either approve or disapprove of the various schemes before him, which he fondly hopes will introduce the working-man's millennium. But I have this to say to him. Suppose you cram Parliament with labour members, suppose you abolish the House of Lords, and pass every desire of your hearts by a vast majority, and inscribe all the reforms you are striving for upon the statute-

book, *what about your soul?* You are quickly travelling to eternity. Your Acts of Parliament may do much for you in time, but they cannot affect eternity. You cannot abolish death; and "after death the judgment," Scripture says.

Oh, man! earnest enough about social reforms for time, think of your precious soul, of your sins—so great, so many,—of the great white throne, and the awful eternity before each godless, Christless sinner.

Nay, let not Satan hoodwink you. Your House of Commons cannot shut the gates of hell, nor open the door of heaven for you. Your precious, priceless soul is hurrying on the wings of time to eternity. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Answer that question thoughtfully and earnestly.

And in passing, let me tell you the blessed God has His eye on the tyranny and the injustice of the powerful. Hear what He says to the class which you would call nowadays sweaters:—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the

Lord of sabaoth" (Jas. v. 1-4). Yes; you had better by far be the "sweated" than the "sweater."

God will put everything right. There's a good timecoming—a millennium,—not the working-man's, but Christ's. *He is coming* to put down tyranny and injustice, and rule the nations in righteousness; but, my friend, if you want to be associated with Him then, if you want a part in that millennium, you must make friends with Him now; for we read:—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maran-atha,"—that is, "accursed at his coming." "If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him."

I know we are told Christ was a great moral reformer, a great socialist; and Socialism to-day patronises Christ for its own ends. There is, however, no love in its creed for Christ; and its followers, I am sadly afraid, will fall at His coming under the withering curse of those who love Him not.

His mission to this earth was not that of reform, but something deeper by far than that.

"His errand to the earth was love,
To wretches such as we!
To pluck us from the jaws of death,
Nailed to the accursed tree."

Oh, man! in love He stripped Himself of His heavenly glory, and stooped to earth, becoming not some mighty prince—stoop as that would have been—but the reputed son of a *working man*, till thirty years of age! He came into our estate and

condition to win our love and confidence, and He died upon Calvary's cross; so that, putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, God could come out in the boundless love of His heart, and bring believing sinners into His holy presence, and give them not merely the joys of an earthly millennium, but heavenly glory, and the joys of His presence and love for ever.

As to the believer, he can say, "Our conversation (commonwealth, or *politics*) is IN HEAVEN; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ;" and if Cæsar has his laws obeyed, and his rates and taxes paid, he gets his due; and the believer is left free in a world that cast out Christ, to seek to "render unto God the things which be God's."

One word in conclusion, unknown reader. Do not for worlds put aside the warning thus thrust into your hands. Your eternity is at stake. God speaks in love to your precious soul. This moment "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

Here we separate. Farewell! Shall we meet in glory, praising the same Saviour? or will you pursue the path you are treading, till it lands you in a lost, despairing eternity?

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.
 Return! Return!"

"GOD IS LIGHT, AND LOVE."

Tune—"TAKE ME AS I AM."



JOYFUL sound the Gospel bears,
Surpassing sweet to sinners' ears,
In notes majestic it declares
That "God is Light, and Love,"
**Yes! God is Light, and Love,*
**Yes! God is Light, and Love,*
Proclaim the sound, the world around,
That "God is Light, and Love."

Light saw the fall, when sin began,
Measured the gulf 'tween God and man,
Love intervened, that gulf to span,
Oh, wondrous Light and Love!*

Incarnate Love came here to die,
Light wrung from Him that bitter cry—
"Eli lama sabachthani?"
Unfathomed Light and Love!*

Light judged the sin that man had done,
That judgment fell on God's dear Son;
Love bore the wrath—the victory won—
Grace tells of Light and Love.*

On Calvary's cross Light judged man's sin,
That sinners now, the veil within,
Might enter, purged, redeemed, and clean,
To dwell in Light and Love.*

On that same cross Love bore our sins,
Light's judgment o'er, new life begins
For each whose heart the Saviour wins,
To trust that Light and Love.*

That Light revealed my sin and guilt,
Crushed all the "works" on which I built ;
Love spake of blood, which Jesus spilt,
Oh, glorious Light and Love !*

That blood is now my only plea,
Christ died for sinners, hence for me,
Drawn by such Love to Him I flee,
To rest in Light and Love.*

W. T. P. W.

IS "CHRIST MY JUDGE" ?



NE afternoon I called to see an old lady of over seventy years of age, a simple Christian, though with very little light. She was feeling the infirmities of age creeping on, and, in answer to some questions about her health, said, "I shall soon have to meet Christ, my Judge."

I looked at her, and said, "I do not expect to meet Christ as a judge. He is my Saviour, and died for me, and bore all the judgment due to my sins;" and taking up her Bible, which lay on the table, I turned to the Epistle to the Romans, and

read, "There is therefore now *no condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus. . . . 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, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. viii. 1, 34).

A look of wonder and relief came into the old lady's face, and she said, "Why, He is my blessed Saviour too, but I never knew before He would not judge me; now I see He died for me, and bore all the judgment, and when I see Him it will be as the One who died for me."

I read the verses over a few times to her, for she could read very little, and she grasped the simple truth, and rejoiced in it, telling the curate and district visitor, when they paid their regular calls, how the Lord Jesus Christ had borne all the judgment for her, and it was her blessed Saviour she was going to see.

She still lives on, waiting for the time when she shall "see his face," and never again dreads meeting her Judge; for God's Word says there is no *condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus.

"Sin can't condemn, for grace has justified;

Sin shall not reign, for grace has set us free;

Sin we abhor, since Christ our Surety died,

His grace now rules our souls in liberty.

The grace that has the wondrous work begun,

Shall crown with glory when its mighty work is done.

TAKE OFF THE BONNET.



N a level, near the bottom of a deep coal-pit, sat a group of dusky miners busily engaged eating their mid-day meal, and ever and anon casting furtive glances towards one of their number who sat a little apart, nervously fingering his frugal meal of bread and cheese, but apparently afraid to commence eating it. At length he raised his hand to his head, removed his cap, and, while his eyes were closed, his lips moved in thanksgiving to God. This was evidently what his co-workers had been watching for, as one of their number immediately exclaimed, "He is really saved! he has taken off his bonnet."

God had witnesses to the Light of Life in that dark mine, and these invariably, on commencing to eat, uncovered their heads, and gave thanks to God for the food He had given them. So distinctive had this feature become amongst the men, that no one was reckoned a real Christian who did not thus openly acknowledge God.

The reality of John's conversion had been severely tested that day. On descending the shaft in the morning, he surprised the men in the cage by telling them he was saved.

"Saved!" "Turned a canting hypocrite!" "Consider yourself better than us!" came from a chorus of voices. "We will soon see if it is true."

They kept their word. Indignities and insults were heaped on him in close succession. When after patient labour he had filled a hutch with coal, the pin of a partially filled hutch was substituted for the pin of his full one; thus on reaching the top the full hutch would be placed to the credit of the one who exchanged the pins, and the light-weighted hutch to John's account. Angry words and fierce blows would at any previous time have followed this deception, involving as it did pecuniary loss. To-day John suffered in silence, because he knew he was being abused for Christ's sake. The climax was reached at dinner-time, when, after much natural shrinking, he took off his bonnet, and, as the others styled it, "said a grace."

"Try him once more," said one. The suggestion was quickly acted on. In an instant a bucket of water was dashed over John's devoted head, drenching his clothes, and by saturating his bread depriving him of an expected meal. John rose, shook his dripping garments, and moved along to where another collier, with bared head, sat at his meal. Two blackened toil-hardened hands met in a firm grasp, and Walter said, "Well done, John; you have witnessed a good confession."

How had this wonderful transformation come about? Walter and he shared the same room. "I could not bear him," said John, when telling of his conversion afterwards; "he was always reading the Bible, or some religious book, and praying

and preaching at me. I generally stayed out at nights till I thought he would be in bed ; but as soon as I got in he started and talked to me, told me I was a lost sinner, and that I must be born again."

Brother in Christ, do you feel aggrieved that in your abode you have the presence of one whose tastes are utterly dissimilar to your own? one who smiles contemptuously as you read God's Word; who sneers as you bend your knees to have communion with your Father; who frowns if you offer him a Gospel book, and turns complacently to his comic paper? Take courage. How knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy fellow-lodger? Let him know you have treasures in which he has no part; that you are a son of God, a joint-heir with Christ, and for you is reserved an inheritance incorruptible.

"The Lord is coming," said Walter to John, as he lay down one night.

"Is He?" said John, stoically; and then, to himself, "Here he starts lecturing me again, after I stayed out shivering in the cold till I thought he would be asleep."

"He will take me with Him to glory," continued Walter.

"Indeed," muttered John.

"He will raise all the dead who have fallen asleep in Him; He will change all those living who believe in Him; we will ascend together, and be for ever with Him."

"There is a prospect of peace for me at last," said John.

"A prospect of peace for you!" answered Walter, with great earnestness. "Yes, there is; peace, false peace, will be your portion then; nobody will trouble themselves about your immortal soul then; nobody will pray for you; nobody will say to you, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' You will be let alone—left for judgment."

Silence fell on the darkened room. John shifted uneasily from side to side, uncomfortable at the thought that Walter was praying to God for him. He was just about falling asleep when Walter reopened the hateful subject by saying, "The Lord may come to-night, and so, if I am away in the morning, you will know where I am."

"Away in the morning!" It sounded a little alarming. Could it be true? Was it possible this great event Walter spoke of could really happen? John buried his head in the bedclothes and tried to banish thought in sleep. It was all in vain. "Away in the morning!" ticked the clock. "The Lord is coming!" sounded continually in his ear. Walter was sleeping the calm undisturbed sleep the Lord gives His beloved, but no closing of the eye came to the now awakened soul by his side. "The Lord is coming!" he kept saying to himself; "Walter will be taken; I will be left!" and the sin-burdened lad threw his arms around the sleeping Christian and held tightly to him, vaguely hoping, earnestly praying, if the Lord did come, He might take him too.

Friend, do you know anything of spending a night thus? Has the solemn thought of meeting God ever driven sleep from your eyes?

“Are you ready for the meeting
With the Saviour in the air?
Are you ready for the greeting
With the myriads who are there?
If not ready! if not ready!
Oh! for that great day prepare.”

With the cold grey dawn of morning John aroused Walter, and begged him to pray for him. To Walter the request was a most agreeable one. He had gone through travail for the youth beside him. He had ceased not night and day to warn him of his lost condition; he was now to have the joy of seeing him delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

“What must I do to be saved?” asked John, with deep emotion.

“Do! what can you do? Neither weeping nor praying, nor working, on your part, could make atonement for your soul. But nothing now remains to be done. Christ has done it all. He shed His precious blood to make atonement for your sins. You have only to trust in Him. Listen to His own words.”

.. Slowly and carefully they read those marvellous soul-satisfying words of the Lord Jesus: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation,

but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24). Again they knelt; this time to bless God for another soul loosed from the thralldom of Satan, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Then they went out to their daily toil, there to bear witness to the saving grace of God.

Young Christian, have you experienced the washing of regeneration, and have you in consequence "taken off the bonnet"? You may say, "That simile has no reference to me. My hat is carefully removed the moment I enter my office." Quite likely, but be assured whether your day is passed in class-room, workshop, or office, you will find something there which answers to this. By some act or word of yours you can show to those around whose you are, and whom you intend to serve. Do you shrink from the derision such a course would bring you? Remember, "if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye." The Lord Jesus has bestowed many gifts upon us, and "unto you it is *given* in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on him, but also to *suffer* for his sake." The suffering will not harm you. Did you but see the happy face of our friend John, you would think with us that the chilling douche he received on taking off his bonnet, for Christ's sake, had done him only good.

M. M.

WHO ART THOU THAT REPLIEST AGAINST GOD?



DON'T believe in that eternal-torment doctrine of yours."

"It is not a doctrine of *mine*."

"You preach it."

"That does not make it a doctrine of mine. But why should you bother about it? Who is going to endure it?"

"If what you say be true, the great majority of men and women."

"What for?"

"I suppose because they are sinners."

"Scarcely—at least this is not the whole truth, for '*all have sinned*,' and who then could be saved? You know there has been, through the rich mercy of God, a great Saviour provided, and a great salvation through His precious blood."

"Well, then, I suppose it is because they do not avail themselves of that Saviour."

"Why?"

"There are so many things in the Bible contradictory, and impossible to believe."

"I have not seen these things, and I think I have read the Bible as much as most sceptics. But I venture to affirm that you are entirely mistaken when you give this as a reason for men rejecting Christ. The vast majority who reject Christ, and go to hell, have never heard of those so-called contradictions. How is this?"

"I cannot tell; perhaps they prefer the world."

"To God's Son?"

"I suppose so. It has more attractions for them."

"Than the unfathomable love of God to guilty men told out in His cross?"

"All this is so difficult for a reasonable man to believe."

"The mass of English-speaking men and women do not question it in their minds, however little it may have touched their hearts."

"Then I suppose they are too light-hearted to think seriously about it."

"With the tale of hell's horrors ringing in their ears?"

"Well, it is hard if they are to be tormented for all eternity."

"What is to be done with them? Christ they will not have. They preferred a robber and a murderer eighteen hundred years ago, and their mind is unchanged to this day."

"Well, they might be punished for a time."

"And then?"

"Get into heaven."

"How? Without Christ—God-haters?"

"Perhaps they would love Him then."

"Could you punish a man into loving you? You might make him fear you, but '*there is no fear in love*'! But if punishment would do, why not have punished our first parents into saints before the *guilty race* was begun? Hell-fire will

never make the lost love God: they gnash their teeth there."

"But do not you love and serve God out of fear of going to hell?"

"No; blessed be His name, the question of my salvation was a settled thing with me before I began to love Him. '*We love him, because he first loved us*' (1 John iv. 19). The devil once made me believe God was a hard Master, and refused an innocent man an apple. The cross shows me that for a guilty man He spared not His only begotten Son, and this is how He commends His love toward us, in that '*while we were YET SINNERS Christ died for us*' (Rom. v. 8). And the real truth about man is, he wanted to exalt himself to equality with God—(the thing he is aiming at to-day)—and for the fruit of the forbidden tree gave God up, and, after four thousand years, murdered His Son for nothing at all, out of pure malice of heart."

"Well, I don't understand it."

"You don't want to. Why, instead of bowing at the feet of Jesus with rapturous adoration, do you stand there like a man in a burning house who refuses to avail himself of the fire-escape until he knows all about the origin of the fire, and has examined every chamber to assure himself that the alarm has not been exaggerated? And why are you so anxious to deny the eternity of punishment? Is it not, that if you could persuade yourself that the wrath of God is all a horrible farce,

you would live as you liked, and have an easy mind?"

"But why does man not die like a dog?"

"Because he was not made like a dog. He did not come into existence like a dog, and therefore he cannot go out of existence like a dog. It was by the breath of God he became a living soul. God made him to have to say to Himself, and every creature thus formed must exist for ever, fallen or unfallen."

"But why did God form him thus?"

"That is His business. Have you got *Him* at *your* judgment-seat? If you were not terribly duped by the devil you would never be so presumptuous as to ask the question."

"I don't think there is any presumption about it. Am I to come to the discovery that I am an object of God's wrath, the possessor of a mind at enmity with God, and in danger of eternal damnation, and must I take it as a matter of course?"

"You should not take it as a matter of course, but what will you accomplish by flying in the face of God? Are you stronger than He? Will you enter into judgment with Him, and fasten the blame upon the Judge of all the earth? You certainly should not take your wicked heart as a matter of course, but have you not discovered yourself to be anything but an object of divine displeasure? What does the cross reveal? Have you taken it as a matter of course that God has expressed that in His heart there was nothing but

love to you, however impossible it was for Him to pass over your sins, and that the cross has opened up a way of life for all under the sentence of death? Have you not taken this so much a matter of course that you have rejected it altogether?"

"But God would not cast any one thus into a hopeless hell."

"This assumes that you know Him. How did you come to the knowledge of Him? By what searching have you found Him out? To say God would or would not do a thing is to assume you know His nature."

"God is love."

"How can *you* tell? Have you come to this conclusion from your own observation of the state of this world? Do the jails, lunatic asylums, infirmaries, graveyards, bear witness to it? Are the pains, oppressions, violences, sorrows, deaths, calamities, and miseries of the human race the proof of it? Do those that are born mutes, monsters, blind, idiots, declare it? Who told you God is love?"

"Why, the Bible says so."

"I thought you questioned the Bible. But if it says '*God is love*,' it says also '*GOD IS LIGHT*,' and His wrath is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men (Rom. i. 18); and the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them

that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power (2 Thess. i. 7-9). So you see if God is love, He is also holy, and can have nothing to do with sin except in the way of judgment. And here it may be well to remind you, that the devil's first lie in Eden was that the penalty attached to eating the forbidden fruit was only a scarecrow, and would never be inflicted. And right through the Old Testament it is the same tale,—man rejecting the testimony of coming wrath, and setting up prophets who prophesied SMOOTH THINGS. Our first parents discovered, when it was too late, that they had listened to a liar. May you discover it in time. All your reasonings come from the pride of your wicked heart, which, like Cain, refuses to bow to the justice of the judgment which lies upon you."

"But this hell-doctrine seems to me a stain upon the character of God."

"I don't think you are altogether so very careful of the honour of God as such words might lead one to suppose. But the stain is all the other way. Does God take pleasure in sin, and will He fill heaven with devils and wicked men? And if He can do this, why must man die off this earth? Why, if a little temporary punishment would suffice, does He put a period to the existence of man in this world? Why not reinstate him in blessing here on earth?"

"Well, I cannot make it out. I believe I will think no more about it."

"You cannot help thinking about it; and if you stifle the voice of conscience here in this world, you will have to listen to it for a hopeless eternity."

"But what is one to do?"

"Get at the root of your trouble, and your difficulties will vanish; they are born of your miserable pride. Forgive me being plain with you. I have only been taking you on your own ground, —answering you a little according to your folly,—and there is not a morsel of sound sense in all your philosophy. You think God ought to have been other than He is, and that He ought to have done differently. You would judge God. Need I say it is *you* that must go into the dock? The child of wisdom always justifies God and judges himself. But what is the speciality in your cup of misery that is not in every other man's? Here am I, a sinner like yourself, perfectly satisfied with the revelation God has been pleased to give, rejoicing in God and in Christ as my Saviour; and as all His counsels and ways of grace pass in review before my soul, I bow my whole moral being in worship and adoration. I am beside myself with joy. I am glad I have lost innocence and a garden upon earth, because the Father's house has been opened to me, and as a son with His Son, in the likeness of Christ, I shall be there for ever. I am glad I am not an unfallen man or angel, because I could never be so much to Jesus, or He so

much to me, as He is now He has shed His blood for me.

“The fall does not trouble me, nor the lake of fire either. I would not, even if I could, change places with the archangel. If a monarch set a beggar’s hovel on fire over his head that he might bring him into his own palace as a prince, and fill his heart with every good thing, would that beggar murmur at his hard lot? But how good of God, when by our own wilfulness we had burnt our house of clay to the ground, in infinite grace and through the blood of Jesus, to open heaven itself to us. A way of escape has been made for you, and see to it that you do not miss it. The judgment of sin has been borne by Christ. In unfathomable love to men, God sent Him. The work of the cross is a finished work, and God through it has been glorified. The blood is upon the mercy-seat. It is the only ground upon which God can receive you. His invitation is to all; you are no exception. ‘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). Delay no longer. Escape for your life. Look not behind you.

“Hearken not to the senseless reasonings of your miserable mind. May the voice of God drown every other sound in your soul. When the chill fingers of death are loosing the silver cord that binds body and soul together, you will, too late, awake to find you have reasoned your soul (which

is more value to you than the universe of God) into the flames of hell, and what will you say when He shall punish you? Will your reasonings be to you, in the dungeons of damnation, like a fountain of waters, where for eternity you may bathe your burning brow, and cool your parched tongue? Will it be a consolation to you to look back from a lost eternity to the day of God's patience and long-suffering, when, with heart of flint, and neck like an iron sinew, and brow of brass, you turned a deaf ear to the testimony of the Holy Spirit, and, despising the precious blood of Christ, sought to cast the blame of your ruin upon God Himself? Do you think you will have a kind of triumph even in the lake of fire? Poor dupe of Satan! May the Spirit of God awaken you at this present moment. Humble yourself before God. Bow at the feet of Jesus. There is no time to be lost. Any moment the door of grace may be shut, and then He will say—'Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I WILL NOT ANSWER; they shall seek me early, but THEY SHALL NOT FIND ME' (Prov. i. 24-28).

"May God grant that you may, as a penitent sinner, now fly to Christ, and believe on Him to the salvation of your soul."

J. B—D.



PRECIOUS IS THE NAME OF JESUS.

(TUNE—"Jesus I am resting." H. Cons. & Faith, No. 241.)



PRECIOUS is the Name of Jesus
To each child of heavenly birth,
For it tells of Godhead goodness
Seen once here on earth :
Now in glory faith beholds Him,
Still, as then, the sinner's Friend ;
Oh ! what joy it is to know Him
Loving to the end.*

**Charming is the name of Jesus,
Heavenly music choice and rare ;
'Tis the name of Him who saved me,
And for me doth care.*

Love it was, and deepest pity,
Brought Him from His glory down,
On the Cross to bear my judgment,
And the thorny crown.
Deep His anguish, full His sorrow,
Ere from Him the life-blood flowed,
Which to God, once and for ever,
Paid the debt I owed.*

Long I wandered in the darkness,
Heedless of His loving call,
And refused to find in Jesus
 Joys that never pall.
But at length His grace compelled me
At His pierced feet to fall ;
Now forgiven, cleansed, redeemed,
 Jesus is my all.*

Lost and guilty, erst He found me,
Wandering in the paths of sin,
To His Father's house of gladness
 He then brought me in.
Yes, He set His heart upon me,—
Careless, wilful, though I were—
Loved me, washed me, saved me, set me
 Free from every care.*

Now I'm waiting just to see Him,
Soon I'll hear His blessed voice
Calling me and all His loved ones
 With Him to rejoice.
What a future lies before me,
Glory aye with Christ above ;
Jesus now, and then my treasure,
 Resting in His love.*

**Charming is the Name of Jesus,
Heavenly music choice and rare ;
'Tis the Name of Him who saves me,
 And for me doth care.*

GONE!



LET us reflect a little, dear reader, upon the past, and the teeming millions that have lived here, but are now *gone*. In so doing, we shall learn to so number our days, that our hearts shall be applied unto wisdom. We shall come to the wise conclusion that *we* must go

too ere long, and the important question is, "*Where shall we go?*"

Often our poor foolish hearts are inclined to envy the great ones of this world, and this is always so until we go into the sanctuary of God, then understand we their end. For "man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish" (Ps. xlix. 20). "Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity" (Ps. lxii. 9).

To say nothing of the mighty ones who lived upon the earth for sixteen centuries before the flood, we will commence with Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. His glory was great, his riches immense, his power as a ruler was unlimited; but all came to an end, after a few brief years, and he is *gone*. But gone where? As he entered eternity, it was as a responsible being to give an account to God, the judge of all. But from this earth he is *gone*.

Multitudes on multitudes have gone likewise. They have gone, individually responsible to God, but *gone, where?*

Then come on the great ones of Persia, Grecia, and Rome, with their Darius, Artaxerxes, Alexander, Pompey, Nero, and Constantine. Their glory has passed like a shadow; their monuments crumbled to dust; they have vanished and gone; but *gone, where?* Gone to give an account to God. Solemn truth! enough to awaken consciences the most hardened.

But to come nearer home. The great Charlemagne has reigned and *gone*. Henry the Eighth, with his unnumbered sins, has *gone*. Napoleon, with his insatiable ambition, is *no more*. The poor money-loving Gould is *gone*. Ingersol, the daring, God-insulting infidel, will *soon go*. Hosts of deluded infidels and atheists have gone to give an account to Him who will judge them in righteousness. They have *gone!*

On the other hand, multitudes of the saints of God have lived and *gone*. Where? Thank God, they are at rest above,

Cain's brother, Abel, that one whom God accounted righteous (Heb. ix. 4), is *gone*.

Enoch, the man who, amid the surrounding evil, walked with God for three hundred years, has been translated to heaven.

Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Caleb, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, John the Baptist, Anna, and Simeon, and millions more of that age, have

gone to that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

The thief on the cross went to paradise the day that Jesus died, Peter in a later day; Paul from the block, and multitudes from the flames of martyrdom, have passed into the paradise of God, entitled thus to do by the blood of the Lamb.

From Abel down, the title to enter has been the blood of the Lamb. The ground of exclusion from the presence of God has been *unbelief*.

And now, dear reader, to come closer home still, let us consider ourselves. As to *myself*, I can say, through God's infinite mercy, that I am saved. The precious blood of Christ is my only title to heaven. This I have known for many years.

Now then, as to *yourself*, How is it with *you*? If you were to die to-night, as far as this scene is concerned, you would be gone, *but where*? Reflect, dear reader. Ask yourself the question, If I were to die to-night, where should I go? How should I meet God? Where should I spend eternity?

And you *may* die to-night. And if not, the time is fast approaching when you must bid an eternal farewell to this whole scene, and go, *Where*?

Dare you shelve such a momentous question? Shall the trifles of earth be of more importance to you than your eternal salvation?

Shall the Son of God die for sinners, endure the anguish of Calvary, and at the cost of His own blood open up a way of escape from judgment, *and you be lost*?

Shall the Holy Spirit plead with you all the days of your life, urging your acceptance of the Lord Jesus as Saviour and Lord, and all be in vain? *Shall He meet with nothing but resistance at your hands?*

Shall the love and compassion of God, His Divine beseechings, His faithful warnings, all be disregarded by you, and, in your foolish unbelief, will you rush on to the sure and everlasting judgment of God?

Be warned in time. Let not your life be wasted in unbelief, and your doom fixed in eternal woe.

But even now God's Spirit may be at work with you. The desire of your heart may be to be saved. If so, there is but one way, and Jesus tells you of that. He says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John xiv. 6).

Jesus is the way, then. What a blessed way back to the Father! He says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). We are reconciled to God by the death of His Son. It is a blood-sprinkled way; for without the shedding of blood is no remission. As the father received the prodigal, so will God receive all that come to Him through Jesus, trusting in His precious blood. He fits them for His presence, and they are His for ever.

Oh, return, dear friend; get God's great salvation; then it will be your joy to serve Him here, and to praise Him throughout the everlasting ages.

“ACCEPTED” AND “ACCEPTABLE.”

“He hath made us *accepted* in the beloved” (Eph. i. 6). “Wherefore we labour, that whether present or absent, we may be *acceptable* to him” (2 Cor. v. 9).



THE two words which form the heading of this paper, though rendered by the same word in our Authorised Version, are not at all the same. The former has respect to the person of the believer, the latter to his practical ways. It is one thing to be accepted; it is quite another to be acceptable. The former is the fruit of God's free grace to us as sinners; the latter is the fruit of our earnest labour as saints, though, most surely, it is only by grace we can do anything.

It is well that the Christian reader should thoroughly understand the distinction between these two things. It will preserve him effectually from legality on the one hand, and laxity on the other. It remains unalterably true of all believers, that *God hath made* them accepted in the Beloved. Nothing can ever touch this. The very feeblest lamb in all the flock stands accepted in a risen Christ. There is no difference. The grace of God has placed them all on this high and blessed ground. We do not labour to be accepted. It is all the fruit of God's free grace. He found us all alike dead in trespasses and sins. We were morally dead—far off from God, hopeless, godless, Christless—children of wrath, whether Jews or Gentiles.

But Christ died for us, and God has co-quickenened, co-raised, and co-seated us in Christ, and made us accepted in Him.

This is the inalienable, eternal, standing of all, without exception, who believe in the name of the Son of God. Christ, in His infinite grace, placed Himself judicially where we were morally, and having put away our sins, and perfectly satisfied, on our behalf, the claims of divine righteousness, God entered the scene, and raised Him from the dead, and with Him all His members, as seen in His own eternal purpose, and to be called in due time, and brought into the actual possession and enjoyment of the marvellous place of blessing and privilege, by the effectual operation of the Holy Ghost.

Well, therefore, may we take up the opening words of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and say, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies in Christ. According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein *he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.*" All praise to His name throughout the everlasting ages!

All believers, then, are accepted—perfectly and

for ever accepted—in the Beloved. God sees them in Christ, and as Christ. He thinks of them as He thinks of Him; loves them as He loves Him. They are ever before Him, in perfect acceptance in the blessed Son of His love; nor can anything, or any one, ever interfere with this their high and glorious position, which rests on the eternal stability of the grace of God, the accomplished work of His Son, and is attested by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

But are all believers *acceptable* in their practical ways? Are all so carrying themselves as that their dealings and doings will bear the light of the judgment-seat of Christ? Are all labouring to be agreeable to Him?

Christian reader, these are serious questions. Let us solemnly weigh them. Let us not turn away from the sharp edge of plain practical truth. The blessed apostle knew he was accepted. Did that make him lax, careless, or indolent? Far from it. "*We labour*," he says, "*to be acceptable to him.*" The sweet assurance that we are accepted *in Him* is the ground of our labour to be acceptable *to Him*. "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead. And he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15).

All this is pre-eminently practical. We are called upon, by every argument which can bear

sway over the heart and conscience, to labour diligently to be acceptable to our blessed and adorable Lord. Is there aught of legality in this? Not the slightest tinge. The very reverse. It is the holy superstructure of a devoted life, erected on the solid foundation of our eternal election and perfect acceptance in a risen and glorified Christ at God's right hand. How could there be the very smallest atom of legality here? Utterly impossible. It is all the pure fruit of God's free and sovereign grace from first to last.

But ought we not, beloved Christian reader, to rouse ourselves to attend to the claims of Christ as to practical righteousness? Should we not zealously and lovingly aim at giving Him pleasure? Are we to content ourselves with vapidly talking about our acceptance in Christ, while at the same time there is no real earnest care as to the acceptability of our ways? God forbid! Yea, let us so dwell upon the rich grace that shines in the acceptance of our persons, that we may be led out in diligent and fervent effort to be found acceptable in our ways.

It is greatly to be feared that there is an appalling amount of antinomianism amongst us—an unhallowed traffic in the doctrines of grace, without any godly care as to the application of those doctrines to our practical conduct. How all this is to end, it would be hard to say; but, most assuredly, there is an urgent call upon all who profess to be *accepted in Christ* to labour fervently to be *acceptable to Him*.

C. H. M.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

“Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.”—Ps. cvii. 8.



IVE thanks unto our God,
And magnify His name ;
He worthy is of ceaseless praise,
Of everlasting fame.

He gave His well-beloved,
His holy, spotless Son,
To save us from our low estate,
Poor sinners—lost, undone.

O love unsearchable,
That brought Him from on high
To seek and save us, ruined ones,
And in our place to die !

His was the travail sore,
“The wormwood and the gall ;”
When God laid on His spotless Son
Th’ iniquity of us all.

He now exalted sits
At God’s right hand in heaven ;
A name above all other names
To Jesus now is given.

We praise, we worship Him,
Our Saviour glorified ;
Who lived, who died, who rose again
To win His Church, His bride. M. S. S.

A PAINFUL REVIEW.



SHORT time ago, a dear young Christian was taken ill by typhoid fever, and passed away. On one occasion as she was lying very ill, her past life passed in review before her, including the books she had read, books that many

call *good* books. As the books passed in review, the review was so sad that she said to her mother who came into the room, "Oh, mother, when will they have an end?" It was, indeed, a sad review, but the Lord graciously gave her that review that she might pass her own judgment upon all she had done and read, ere she passed into His presence. The review *had an end*, an eternal end, never to cause her another pang of sorrow nor regret. Oh, how different with the man in Luke xvi. ! that was an eternal review in hell of *good* things once placed within his reach. Think for a moment what a tremendous and awful review that will ever be.

What an awful review will thousands have of the trashy novels, journals, and books read, each like a tongue of fire speaking of precious hours,

that were worth worlds, spent over that which resulted in losing their precious souls! What a mighty harvest of opportunities of accepting Christ as a Saviour will pass in review before such, each soul having, no doubt, a most touching story connected with it! Scenes of the tenderest solicitude of mothers and sisters, and fathers and brothers. Scenes of sickness when promises were made to decide for and accept Christ, but broken time after time. Times when the heart was tender, and oftentimes sighed and longed to be a Christian, but put it off and off till too late—too late. These lost opportunities of salvation will revolve and revolve like a mighty panorama, each revolution deepening and tensifying the anguish of the soul. And thus will it be when millions of ages are past and gone. This future is too awful to contemplate.

Dear reader, now is the moment to accept Christ. That young Christian *had* accepted Christ before her illness! it would have been too late then if she had not done so. And, oh, *will* you, and *can* you, *trifle* with your soul's *eternal* welfare, by spending your precious time over some trashy novels, books, or tales, and let slip the salvation of your precious soul? Oh, let the above solemn review influence you to accept Christ at once as a Saviour, that it may never be said to you, "Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, . . . but now . . . thou art tormented."

THE ARTIST AND THE GIPSY.



EARLY in the seventeenth century, a Düsseldorf artist was engaged in painting a picture of the crucifixion, for a church in that city. He gave a great deal of thought to the picture, but as a relief to his mind and feelings he undertook at the same time to paint a Spanish dancing-girl. The model chosen for the latter was a lively young gipsy in her teens.

On her first arrival at the studio, Pepita was full of wonder, and her eyes roved from one marvel to another.

Presently she began examining the pictures. Soon the great altar-piece caught her attention. For days she gazed at it intently. At last, in an awed voice, she asked—

“Who is that?” pointing to the most prominent figure.

“The Christ,” answered the artist Stenburg carelessly.

“What is being done to Him?”

“Being crucified,” ejaculated the artist. “Turn a little to the right. There! that will do.”

Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words.

“Who are those people about Him—those with the bad faces?”

“Now, look here,” said the artist, “I cannot talk

to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you."

The girl dared not speak again, but she continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her.

"Why did they crucify Him? Was He bad, very bad?"

"No; very good."

That was all she learned at one interview; but she treasured each word, and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery.

"Then if He was good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let Him go?"

"It was because——" The artist paused with his head on one side, stepped forward, and arranged her dress.

"Because?" repeated Pepita, breathlessly.

The artist went back to his easel; then looking at her, the eager, questioning face moved his pity.

"Listen, I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions;" and he told her the story of the Cross—new to Pepita, though so old to the artist, that it had ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quivered; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears.

The altar-piece and the Spanish dancing-girl were finished simultaneously. Pepita's last visit

to the studio had come. She looked upon the beautiful representation of herself without emotion, but turned and stood before the altar-piece, unable to leave it.

"Come," said the artist, "here is your money and a gold piece over and above. The 'Dancing-girl' is already sold: I shall want you some time again."

The girl turned slowly.

"Thanks, signor!" but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love Him *very* much, signor, when He has done *all that for you*, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them; but impossible. He hastened to send the picture to its destination; still he could not forget, "*all that for you.*"

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. He went to confession. Father Hugo questioned Stenburg. He believed all the doctrines of the Church. So he gave him absolution, and assured him that "all was well." The artist allowed a liberal discount on his altar-piece, and, for a week or two, felt at ease. But then uprose the old question, "You must love Him *very* much, do you not?" and *would* be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So, wandering about, he heard of things which had

not come under his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls—a poor place—and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there; but the man he questioned could not satisfy him. This roused his curiosity.

A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there—one of those despised men who appealed on every occasion to the Word of God. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know them; yet, perhaps, here he might find that which he sought. They might possess the secret of peace. So Stenborg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join them; but a man cannot approach the fire and remain cold. This Reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who was walking the earth with Christ; yes, one to whom He was all. Stenborg found what he longed for—a *living faith*. His new friend lent him, for a time, a precious copy of the New Testament; but, hunted from Düsseldorf, after a few weeks, he left, and had to take the Book with him. Its essence, however, was left in Stenborg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now. He felt in his soul the fire of an ardent love. "Did all that for me! how can I ever tell men of that Love, that boundless Love, which can brighten their lives, as it has mine! It is for them, too, but they do not see it, as I did not. How can I preach it? I can-

not speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try, I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it—*the love of Christ!*"

So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul, "I can paint! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that altar-piece His face was all agony. But that was not the truth. Love unutterable, infinite compassion, willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees, and prayed to paint worthily, and thus speak.

And then he wrought. The fire of his genius blazed up. The picture of the crucifixion was a wonder.

He would not sell it. He gave it a freewill offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes repeating to themselves the words written so distinctly beneath—

"All this I did for thee ;
What hast thou done for Me?"

Stenburg also used to go there, and watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day he observed, when the rest of the visitors had left, a poor girl standing

weeping bitterly before it. The artist approached her. "What grieves thee, child?" he asked.

The girl turned; she was Pepita. "Oh! signor, *if He had but loved me so,*" she said, pointing to the face of yearning love bending above them. "I am only a poor gipsy. For *you* is the love, but not for such as I;" and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

"Pepita, *it was also all for thee.*" And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, death, and resurrection, and also explained to her the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received, and believed his words. "*All this I did for thee.*"

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Two years have passed. Winter had come again. The cold was intense, and the wind moaned down the narrow streets of Düsseldorf, and shook the casements of the artist's dwelling. His day's work was done, and by the blazing pine logs he was seated, reading a copy of his beloved Gospel, which he had with difficulty obtained.

A knock sounded at the door, and a man was admitted. He wore an old sheepskin jacket, on which the snow had frozen; his hair hung in dark locks about his face. He glanced ravenously

towards the bread and meat upon the table as he gave his message.

"Would the gentleman come with him on urgent business?"

"Wherefore do you wish me so?"

"I cannot say," replied the man; "but one who is dying wants to see you."

"Eat," said the artist. "I will accompany you."

The man murmured his thanks as he devoured the food.

"You are hungry?"

"Sire, we are all famished."

Stenburg brought a bag of provisions.

"Can you carry this?"

"Ah! gladly, gladly. But come—there is no time to lose."

The artist followed. His guide led him quickly through the streets, and out into the country beyond. The branches were laden with snow, and the great crowded trunks confusing. No path, but the man never hesitated. He silently and swiftly kept ahead of Stenburg. At last they came to a glade belted round with trees, with a few tents.

"Go in there," said the man, pointing to one of the tents, and then turned to a group of men, women, and children, who thronged about him. He spoke to them in a wild tongue, and lifted his bag from his shoulder.

The artist, crouching, crept into the tent. A brilliant ray of moonlight illuminated the poor

interior. On a mass of dry leaves was the form of a young woman. Her face was pinched and hollow.

"Why, Pepita!"

At the sound of the artist's voice the eyes opened. Those wonderful dark eyes still were brilliant. A smile trembled to her lips, and she raised herself on her elbow.

"Yes," she said, "HE has come for *me*! He holds out His hands! '*For thee.*' '*All this I did for thee;*'" and she bade him farewell.

.

Long years after both the painter and the gipsy girl had met in another land, a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage into Düsseldorf, and while his horses were baited, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent—the world bright, and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg's picture arrested. He read and re-read the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away—it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul.

Hours passed; the light faded. The curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night came—nay! rather, for that young man, the dawn of eternal life. He was Zinzendorf.

He returned to the inn and re-entered his carriage, but to turn his back on Paris, and seek again his home. From that moment he threw life, fortune,

fame, at the feet of Him who had whispered to his heart—

“All this I did for thee ;
What hast thou done for Me ?”

Zinzendorf, the father of the Moravian Missions, answered that question by his devoted life and his welcomed death.

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Düsseldorf, for when some years ago the gallery was destroyed by fire, it perished ; but it preached, and God used it to tell of His gift—Calvary's Substitute—of whom Paul said, “He loved me, and gave himself for me.”

Can you, reader, say, “For me” ?

ANON.

THEE AND ME.

Tune—“JESUS MY SAVIOUR.”



LEAVING the home of the Father on
high,
Into this world came His Son once to
die ;
Bringing salvation, came Jesus thus
nigh,

Seeking for thee and me.

Seeking for thee and me,

Seeking for thee and me,

Bringing salvation, came Jesus thus nigh,

Seeking for thee and me.

Grace filled His bosom, and loved moved His heart,
God though He were, yet in manhood He'd part,
Ransom and victim, He life would impart,
Suffering for thee and me, &c.

Nailed to the cross, full atonement He made,
Shedding His lifeblood, our whole score He paid ;
Righteousness smote Him, when sin He was made,
Dying for thee and me, &c.

Righteousness satisfied, sins put away,
Glory saluted Him, just where He lay,
Out of the sepulchre Jesus made way,
Rising for thee and me, &c.

Victor o'er Satan, annulling the tomb,
Vanquishing death, and dispelling sin's gloom ;
Jesus returns to the Father's blest home,
Living for thee and me, &c.

Crowned now with honour, the Father's delight,
Faith sees Him seated in glory so bright ;
Faith hears His accents, though still out of sight,
Calling for thee and me, &c.

Shortly He'll rise from His Father's right hand,
Come to the air for His long waiting band ;
Oh ! how we'll welcome His word of command,
Summoning thee and me, &c.

"THERE'S TIME PLENTY."



"HERE'S time plenty," was the answer I received the other night from a gay young woman of the world, when I spoke to her about her soul's eternal weal. "Time plenty," indeed, but for what? In hell there will be plenty of time for the rejecters of Christ, to remember that they trifled with God's grace too long. There will be plenty of time for them to weep bitter tears of remorse over their folly, and to cry as one of old—"I have played the fool." But, friend, if you want to be saved there's no time to be lost. God says "Now." This present moment is all that you can call your own. If you fool it away, you may lose your soul.

A story is told us of an Italian serpent charmer, who used to perform before large audiences with a great boa constrictor. One feat in the performance was that this tremendous snake should coil itself round and round the man's body until nothing was seen of him but his head, then at a given signal the reptile would uncoil itself again, and quietly glide back to its den. Oftentimes had this feat been successfully performed.

But one night the company was gathered as usual. The actor appeared on the stage, and was applauded to the echo again and again, as the delighted people watched his clever feats. Then came the last act as usual, and the serpent began to

slowly wrap itself about the body of the man. The people waited in breathless stillness to see the result. The signal was given for it to uncoil itself. But instead of doing so it was seen to draw itself together, and an awful shriek rent the theatre as the life was crushed out of the poor fellow's body.

Yes! he played with danger once too often. He might have said, There's plenty of time to give it up, and to retire from this dangerous business; but he did it just once too often.

My reader, what are you going to do? Will you turn again from God's offered mercy? Will you despise the Saviour? Will you turn to the fascinations and glitter of this poor world, and neglect God's "great salvation"? To do so is to imperil your precious soul. God says Now. "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18).

"Ah!" said a dear old Christian of eighty-seven years, as I read him those words, "fifty-two years ago I trusted them words, and they're true to-day. But it's only through the blood." Yes, friend, that's it, "only through the blood," the precious blood of Jesus. Then if salvation has been purchased at such a cost, reject it not. Trifle no longer. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

J. T. M.

T O - D A Y .

"This day is salvation come to this house. . . . For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE xix. 9, 10.



HERE is just one little word, my unconverted friend, that the Lord has laid very much on my heart, and I want to impress it on *yours*, and that word is *To-day*. If you *want* to be saved, be saved *to-day*; if you want to escape the damnation of hell, escape it *to-day*. The Lord has come to seek and to save. He wants to save you *to-day*. Let me ask you this question, Do you want to be saved? "Oh yes," I hear you answer; "of course I should like to be saved." *When* would you like to be saved? *When*? "When I die," you say. Let me tell you then, my friend, if this be your thought, that you are doing your very best never to be saved at all. You are doing your very best to secure your own eternal ruin, for *to-day* only does God offer salvation to you; *to-day* only is yours.

To-day is of priceless value, *to-morrow* you cannot call yours. The Lord's Gospel is *to-day*, the devil's gospel is always *to-morrow*. The Lord's word is *to-day*, for *to-day* you are *lost*. Perhaps you say, "I do not agree with you, I do not believe I am lost." Are you saved then? If not, what are you? The Lord has given me this message for you: Go and tell them that they are *lost*, and

that I came to seek, and to save them *to-day*. Oh listen to His message then to-day, for literally there lies *but a comma* between "the acceptable year of the Lord," and "the day of vengeance of our God" (compare Luke iv. 19, and Isa. lxi. 2).

When the Lord was upon earth, and entered the synagogue, He read, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." He stopped in the middle of the second verse of Isaiah lxi., and did not read "the day of vengeance of our God." Why? Because it was then, and it is now, the acceptable year of the Lord. But what is the next thing? *Vengeance!* Judgment is the next thing in this world's history; how soon it may set in, I know not, you know not.

God in goodness is now restraining the wheels of the chariot of His righteous judgment, that the energy of His grace may go out. He is restraining judgment, that you may have another hour to be saved in. Oh, will you not make use of this hour wherein His grace lingers over you? Do not trifle with God, for if you are not a saved person at this moment, *God* knows you are lost; whether *you* know it or not; whether you believe it or not.

Again, I say, do not trifle with God, do not sport on the very verge of eternity, on the verge

of everlasting ruin. Do not risk that day of judgment, the judgment of the God whose mercy you have despised and refused. Think how the heart of Jesus yearns over you, think what He feels at your refusing His love—Jesus who came from the Paradise of God, down to the darkness and gloom of Golgotha, to save you, and yet you are utterly careless of Him. Oh wake up, wake up from your fit of madness, for madness it is. What madness so great, as for a sinner to say *To-morrow*, when God says *To-day*!

Christ has shed His precious priceless blood for sinners, and knowing this can you be longer careless? Can you bear to turn away from such love as His? Listen to this word, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha" (2 Cor. xvi. 21). What is that? Cursed when He comes! What will it be, think for one moment, what will it be to be cursed when He comes, and to bear that curse for eternity? Will you risk it? Will you not rather hear the Lord's word to-day? Salvation to-day. Mercy and pardon are for the penitent soul to-day, and who could remain impenitent when He calls so lovingly?

The devil would suggest your putting off receiving Christ till to-morrow. *To-day*, says Christ; *to-morrow*, whispers Satan. To-day Christ says He will save you. To-morrow He may be compelled to curse you. Why to-morrow? Because to-night He may come. To-night, when all are wrapped in deepest slumber, the clouds may be

parted, and the Lord descend from heaven, and those that are His will hear His shout, and the sound of God's trump, and be caught up in the cloud to meet their loving, and their beloved Lord in the air, and *you*, yes, *you* will be left behind. You, child of godly parents too, you will be left, and left for ever: they gone to be with Jesus, you left behind to meet His judgment. I know, then, you will raise your hand and knock at His gate, only to hear those terrible words, "Depart!" "Depart!" "I know you not." Think of it. What will it be to hear the voice of Jesus saying to you, "Depart from me," telling you it is *too late*!

Oh! be warned in time, do not put it off; do not think you may have plenty of opportunities. "*To-day*," God says. To-day may be your sole—your solitary chance—of accepting Christ. It is real agony to the heart of the evangelist to think of seeing one he has known on earth among the number of the eternally lost in that day. For *once* I shall see you (God grant it may not be once only), but once we shall meet, and where? At the *great white throne*. You will be there, and I shall be there, but I shall be with the Judge, and like the Judge, and you, where will you be? Oh, will you be among the impenitent, the unwashed, the unforgiven, the condemned, among those who stand clothed in their sins before that great white throne to be judged out of the things written in the books, according to their works?

Preachers say sometimes, Sinners are judged only for rejecting Christ. God does not say so. That is the deepest, darkest sin of all—the sin of despising His mercy, refusing His love—but there is more than that against you before God. In His books are recorded all your sins, every one of them; each thing put down you have done, each evil word, each evil way, each idle thought. For these you must give account in that terrible day, and beyond all this, as the aggravation of all the rest, that you heard the Gospel of God's grace, time after time, and rejected it. Do not, I implore you, reject it any longer. Do not refuse to listen to His voice a day more.

Jesus says, He “came to seek and to save that which was *lost*.” He treats every one as *lost* who is not already *saved* by faith in Him. This is the point from which I behold the Gospel. I am lost; but Jesus came to seek and to save the lost; therefore He came to seek and to save *me*. He came to seek and to save you, will you not let Him? Do I hear you say—I am seeking Jesus? Well, you are sure to find Him, for the Saviour-seeking sinner and the sinner-seeking Saviour are sure to meet. Whenever a soul is really anxious, the moment will come when the Gospel will fall on the ear of that one, and he or she will see Jesus and get salvation. The soul that is anxious leaves, as it were, no stone unturned to get where it wants to get—to the feet of Jesus. Satan will always try to hinder the anxious soul; but his very

devices bring out decision for Christ. Again I say, the soul that is really anxious will always get to Jesus. And where is the spot where you may meet Jesus, the Saviour? That spot, my dear friend, is the small circle of the *consciously lost*; for He came for the lost, and only for the lost. Reader, if you are not lost, I have no Gospel for you.

The really anxious soul will not let anything hinder him in the deep desire of his heart to see Jesus, and do not *you* let anything hinder *you*, for *to-day* He wants you. Come then to Him *to-day*. *To-day* He invites you. Answer His invitation *to-day*. *To-day* you may have Jesus, *to-day* He bids you to His feast, do not hesitate then another moment, accept His offer, be His *to-day*, His only, His for ever. You know you have thought of these things before, have been "almost persuaded" to come to Jesus, have meant to come some day, but you have never quite decided, you have not come out boldly for Christ, and the time has passed on, and your convictions have passed, too, in measure. And *to-day* you are still undecided. Oh! I entreat you, I warn you, do not remain so another day. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." So said Elijah (1 Kings xviii. 21), and so say I to you *to-day*. You have a Baal, sinner, some lust or sin that governs you here, and will damn you eventually.

Perhaps you say, "I have plans laid for to-

morrow that must be overthrown if I were to decide for Christ to-day." Yes, you may have your plans, but let me tell you this, your plans may be well laid for the morrow, but to-night a marauder may enter your house, and rob you of them all, that grim marauder *Death*. Death is a relentless thief, whose power none may resist. If he enter what will become of all your plans, what will become of you, and your never-dying soul? Let me tell you of one who had plenty of plans; he laid his schemes well, and for years to come. He was a rich man too, and all seemed to go well with him, and in his heart he said, the future shall be as the present. But was it? No! listen! "*Thou fool,*" says God, "*this night thy soul shall be required of thee.*" Then what of his plans? what of his schemes? "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." Why in hell? Because he would not go to heaven; because he *chose* the world instead of Christ. Don't be his companion for eternity.

Make your choice *now*, my friend: let me counsel you; decide for Christ, make a thorough surrender of yourself to Christ, and what will be the result? The moment you receive the Lord Jesus Christ, that moment salvation is yours. The moment you receive in simple faith, Him who came from heaven, and who died, and who is gone into glory, that moment you are entitled to know you have salvation. Salvation is a word that wraps up in itself all the blessings of the Gospel. Be you like

Simeon, take salvation the very moment you have the opportunity. The second of Luke says that, when His parents brought the child Jesus into the Temple, Simeon received Him into his arms, and "blessed God, and said, Lord, *now* lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy *salvation*." That is it, I get everything in Christ, pardon in Christ, eternal life in Christ. He is my righteousness too, my sanctification and my redemption likewise. Do I receive Christ? Then I receive *everything*. I get my sins forgiven, my soul saved, and I stand before God in the conscious possession of salvation, His free gift.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved," says Jesus. The moment a soul looks to Him, in simple living faith, that moment it has salvation, for it has the Saviour. Christianity is no dry set of doctrines, for the mind to take in, but it is Divine truth and blessing for the soul, wrapped up in the person of the Man Christ Jesus, who came down and did a work upon the cross by which all my sins are put away, and who is gone up again into the glory, to draw the heart and mind unto Himself up there; and now the Holy Ghost has come out, and says, "You trust *Him*!"

Now, will not you trust Him? He is worthy of all your heart, shall He not have it? Forget not that the Gospel has been pressed on you again and again. You have over and over again heard it or read it, and know well what its sweet sound means.

Now I can only lay upon you the solemn, the awful responsibility of rejecting Christ any longer. Will you not say, To-day I believe simply in Him? Then you can say with assurance, I *know* I have eternal life, *because* I believe on the name of the Son of God. It is presumptuous to doubt, for God has said, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life" (1 John v. 13). It is true humility to believe God. This day, if you will decide, Jesus will receive you; this day He will bless you; this day He will welcome you; this day He will save you; this day He will give you eternal life, pardon, peace, everything He can give you; but if you put it from you till to-morrow, to-morrow He may only have to curse you, and that for ever and ever.

The Lord give you to believe on Him *to-day*, and more, do not be ashamed to confess Jesus, do not be ashamed to own that He has saved you, and that you are His for time, and for eternity.

Surely the past may suffice to have lived without Him, and to-day will be sweet to recall, if it marks the moment when you owned and confessed the Lord Jesus. To-day, then, harden not your heart any longer, but, since God has said, "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," do you say, to-day—Lord, I can believe.

"Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

WARNING VOICES.



“**OD** speaketh once, yea, twice, yet men perceiveth it not.” God had been speaking in a certain town in the States, where one of His servants was telling out the good news of salvation, in the early part of this year. A man had started from home in the early morning to catch the train leaving at 7.35. As he neared the railway crossing he heard the train leaving the station, so he waited there, thinking he could jump on one of the cars as it passed by. He made the attempt, but missed his hold and fell down between the wheels. They carried his mutilated body to the hospital, and amputated both of the poor fellow's legs, but before four o'clock he had passed into eternity.

Where would you be, dear reader, if before four o'clock you were to enter eternity?

On the day that he was buried, a boy who was at school at a neighbouring town started in the afternoon with some other lads to skate home, a distance of about six miles. When within a mile or so of home, he came to a place where the ice was thin, and, not being aware of his danger, he skated into six feet of water, and was taken out DEAD.

This is the way in which God often speaks, but, alas! “man perceiveth it not.” Beware, unsaved reader! Times without number He has spoken to

you, as you know full well, but you have refused to heed His warning voice. Once again He speaks to you; have a care lest this should be the last time, and you should wake up in eternity to find that salvation rejected was damnation accepted.

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." "*See that ye refuse not him that speaketh,*" the rather say—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

E. E. K.

ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?



NOW forcibly one is reminded of these words by the small number of those who escaped in the terrible "Elbe" catastrophe.

Only *twenty* out of about four hundred who started, but a few hours before, on the ill-fated s.s. "Elbe"—doubtless in hopes of a prosperous voyage—only twenty escaped with their lives.

At about half-past five on the morning of 31st January, that fine ocean liner was run into in the

pitch darkness, when steaming full speed ahead in fancied security.

The details of that awful scene must be fresh in the minds of many readers. Roused from their berths by the shock of the collision, and the noise of many feet hurrying hither and thither above them, the poor passengers hasted on deck, and *terror* and *panic* seized them as they became aware of their imminent peril, and of the necessity of immediate escape from the fast sinking ship. An awful struggle against time for the saving of life ensued. The officers at their posts and all hands at their stations did their utmost to lower the boats. But the tackle was frozen stiff in the bitter north-east gale, and soon their already difficult task was rendered impossible on one side by the lurching of the vessel to the opposite one, where the water was fast rushing into engine-room and hold, through the great gap which had been made by the collision. Two, or perhaps three, of the boats on that side were lowered. One only got clear. A second was dashed against the ship's side, before the frozen tackle could be loosed, and its occupants were thrown into the water—one only of which, the only lady passenger saved, was afterwards picked up. The third boat, if it was ever lowered, was never heard of after.

We forbear entering further into the heart-rending account of that scene. Of how wives perished with their husbands, children were torn from a father, sister from brother, shipmates from

each other. In twenty minutes all was over. The great vessel with its crowding mass of human beings on deck, disappeared stern first, in the ice-cold sea, and twenty alone out of its four hundred passengers and crew escaped!

How small a proportion, one in twenty! And if we take the passengers alone into account, only four in about 320, or one in eighty, escaped a watery grave!!!

Supposing the proportion of those who obtain eternal salvation is anything like the latter figure, or even the former one, how well worth while to be in real earnest to secure it. Reader, are you?

See those men and women struggling, striving, agonising to get a place in a boat. All intent on one sole object—to escape from the sinking vessel. Apt illustration the latter of the true condition of the vast majority around. Fast sinking into, and about to settle down to eternal perdition. But how are they occupied? Is their one thought to escape? No, it is their last. Deferred often to a dying bed, and often not entertained even then. Instead of seeking salvation the vast majority are fully engaged in their ordinary pursuits, “eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage,” “as in the days that were before the flood,” “until the day that Noah entered into the ark,” “and the flood came and destroyed them all” (Matt. xxiv. 38, 39; Luke xvii. 27). And many are living in reckless sin and defiance of God, and this, spite of the warnings they are constantly getting, both

from God's servants, and such awful visitations as the "Elbe" disaster!

Can you imagine those on board that sinking ship, after they had been aroused and told of their peril, settling down to sleep again, or getting up to pursue their daily occupations, or to follow their favourite sins? And yet this is what millions are doing with a far worse peril impending over them—the danger of perishing eternally, and never giving the future a thought, or if it presses itself upon them for a moment, silencing it forthwith.

But mercifully we are not permitted to know the proportion of those who will be saved. In reply to the possibly idle inquisitiveness of one—"Lord, are there few that be saved?" (Luke xiii. 23), our Lord replied in effect—Take care and be saved yourselves. "Agonise to enter in at the strait gate," or "Strive with an earnestness to enter." The word is the same in derivation as that employed for the Lord's "agony" in the garden, when "he sweat as it were great drops of blood." How it emphasises the importance He attached to salvation. He who alone knew the real value of a human soul, and said—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" said also,—“Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door” (Luke xiii. 24, 25). Men think they have unlimited time

before them to seek salvation. Therefore they can put any temporal matter before it, even the most trivial. Did they but know the uncertainty of how soon the day of grace might close, they would be as much in earnest 'as the occupants of the "Elbe" were to escape.

In the thirteenth of Luke we read of the master of the house rising up and shutting to the door. Scoffers say, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (2 Pet. iii. 4). Men have forgotten that it is plainly foretold in the Bible. But it will none the less surely come. "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry" (Heb. x. 37), and that in "yet a little while." It will be useless then "to begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; but he shall answer unto you, I know ye not whence ye are" (Luke xiii. 25).

There are those too who think they are all right—who suppose that the outward observance of religious rites and forms is sufficient; but if they trust to these, they will find out their mistake when it is too late—like some who left the "Elbe" in another boat. They may have thought they had a better chance of escape than those who actually did so. Their boat was larger, their company more numerous, but, alas, it was dashed against the vessel's side, and only one of their number survived. If you are in the boat of works

for salvation, you are in the wrong boat. Change your boat ere it be too late, and rest by faith on the finished work of Christ, and on that alone for salvation. Listen to what those shut outside the door of salvation plead, and what "the Master of the house" replies (Luke xiii. 26, 27): "Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I know you not whence ye are: depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity." It will be useless in that day to plead religious observances, sacramental commemorations, and the like, or even the privilege of having sat under the best of teachers. If you had profited by them aright, you would be inside, not outside the door when it is shut.

But still, thank God, it is open. Still salvation's day is lengthened out. Still God is beseeching you to be reconciled to Himself. Then be in earnest to obtain salvation while you may,

"To the blood for refuge flee."

Believe in that once dead, now risen Saviour, exalted at God's right hand, the unanswerable proof of God's perfect satisfaction with the work which Jesus accomplished for His glory, and our salvation on the cross. "Be it known unto you . . . 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).

FOUR THINGS WORTH KNOWING.



WANT to bring under your notice, beloved reader, four portions of the Acts of the Apostles, in which occur the words, "Be it known unto you." They bring out four things which are well worth knowing. Thank God I know them, and God wants you to know them too. They contain in themselves the true secret and spring of joy down here, and for all eternity by-and-bye.

1. JESUS MADE LORD AND CHRIST.

Will you take your Bible and read the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?

There, "*Peter standing up with the eleven lifted up his voice and said, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, BE THIS KNOWN UNTO YOU, . . . Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did, by him, in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain . . . This Jesus hath God raised up . . . being by the right hand of God exalted.*"

"Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ" (vers. 14-36).

The consequences of the death and resurrection of Christ are stupendous. Here is a reversal of Babel. God had come down there and confused their tongues. Now Jesus has been obedient, Jesus has glorified God, Jesus has died, and the result of the blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus, and His being raised from the dead is that God can send down the Holy Ghost, to teach in every language the things concerning Himself. Know this, says Peter, there was once in this world a Man that honoured God: every one else has dishonoured God, but there has lived in this scene, and died out of this scene, a Man whose every thought, and every word, and every action was suitable to God, and glorified God, and God has now glorified this One.

But how did man treat Him whom God thus honoured? Man cast Him out! Have you ever thought of this fact, God's Son has been murdered in this world? A false friend betrayed Him, a true one denied Him, and all forsook Him and fled. Pilate would have released Him, for even to the hard Roman governor it was plain there was no fault in Him, but what did the multitude cry? "If thou let this man go thou art not *Cæsar's* friend." *Cæsar's* friends must side with *Cæsar*, and Jesus' friends must side with Jesus, and there was no one there that day to side with Jesus. "Away with him, away with him," is the cry: chief priests and scribes, the religious men and the rabble all join to swell that cry, and now,

thought Pilate, "Cæsar is my master, and I should not like to offend Cæsar, I might lose my place or my popularity." Ah! many a man barter his soul for popularity in this world.

But Pilate does not want his death—he has another resource—he brings out the poor miserable guilty Barabbas, the robber and fierce murderer, and side by side they stand—the cruel robber and murderer, and the peerless Son of God, and Pilate asks which he should release unto them. You would have said there could be no doubt as to their answer. Jesus had healed their sick, raised their dead, done good to all, and the other was a wretched murderer—they must choose Jesus. Listen, then, listen to their awful cry, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" "Not this man, but Barabbas!" And then they mock Him, and scourge Him, and on His peerless head they place a crown of thorns, and then lead Him forth to die. The robber's cross, the heavy murderer's cross—prepared, I doubt not, for the robber, on which to expiate his crimes—was laid on Jesus, and He who had life in Himself was led forth to dark Golgotha's scenes of agony and death.

But you will say, "Do you charge us with being the murderers of the Son of God?" No, but if still unconverted, I charge you with being partners with the world that slew Him. You may not have swelled that rabble cry, "Away with him!" but you are indifferent to Him. You take the side of the world that did it; are you not still in the

world, and of the world? Does it not own you and claim you? And does not God know full well that you are not yet Christ's, and have never bowed the knee to Him?

Do you say, The world is different now! Is it? Carry Christ into the street, and you will soon find if it is altered. A crowd will gather to listen to a German band, or to see a puppet-show, and no opposition be excited, but you get up and speak of Christ at the corner of a street, and what will you find? Presently, Policeman B274, comes up, and touching you on the shoulder, says, "You must move on, the thoroughfare cannot be obstructed;" or, "There is no room for this kind of thing here." Ah, no! there is no room for Christ; there is room for everything else; but I never knew the time yet when the world wanted Christ. The world does not care about God, does not want Christ. It did not want Christ in that day, and it does not care about Jesus in this day. If any one does want Jesus, I have blessed news for that one. Jesus wants you, dear friend: more, far more than you want Him, Jesus wants you!

God has exalted the One you have not cared about as yet. God reverses the action of the world. The world mocks and scourges Him; God sets Him at His own right hand. The world murders Him; God raises Him from the dead. God steps into the scene where man has done his worst,—murdered the Son of God,—and God lifts Him from the grave, and puts Him on His throne

till He makes His foes His footstool. Are you His foe? "I hope not," you say. Are you His friend then? "I hope so." Well, I will tell you one thing, if you truly are the friend of Christ you like His company, you like to be near Him. That is how I gauge my friends. My friend likes to be near me, likes to be with me. Do you say you are not His foe? Well, be honest, are you His friend then? A friend must show himself friendly. If you are not His friend, not siding with Him, you must be His foe, and it is a terrible thing to be a foe of the Lord Jesus; you will be His footstool in the day of His coming glory.

But would you not like to be a friend of this blessed Lord Jesus? If you are not His friend you are guilty of the deepest, blackest sin outside of hell,—indifference, aye, deep-rooted enmity to God's blessed Son. Not merely are you a sinner, but you are a *guilty* sinner. Guilty of slighting the Lord Jesus. Peter says, Do you know that the first great fact God presses is this, you have slain the Son of God, there is your guilt. And God has put Him in glory. Have you been going on wearing a garb of religiousness without having Christ? Then you are a hypocrite. Hypocrisy is pretending to be what you are not. And there is another side to it too, viz., covering up what is really there. It is hypocrisy too, if you love Him and do not own Him,—are ashamed to take His side.

But you say, "He is Lord." Yes. But is He your Lord? You will have to own Him Lord some

day, but will you own it only when you are His footstool? Is it not better to be a friend of Christ's now, and a friend of Christ's in that day, than a foe now, and His footstool when He comes to reign. My friend, look to it, have you only the name of a Christian, or have you Christ? Are you a real or a counterfeit Christian? If you are a counterfeit one, I will carry you on a little further; perhaps you have grey hairs, and a long life of religiousness behind you, but death is before you, and when you die a long funeral procession follows you to the grave in which you are buried, and friends mourn you, and your name is recorded on your tombstone, and a list of your virtues perhaps, but what then? There is another day coming, the day of the first resurrection, but you do not rise, and the Lord's people, all the dead and living, go up to meet Him, but you do not go up; they are for ever with Him, but you are not there. And long after there comes another day, and another resurrection, and the great white throne is set, and the Lord whom you never knew sits on that throne, and there you stand before Him, and before the whole universe of God, in your true character—an unveiled liar. All your robe of religiousness torn from you, and in your sins before your judge. Do you say, "That is terrible language"? The more the pity that it should apply to *you* then. It is true language, as true as terrible.

Turn now for a moment to the next thing Peter wants us to know, viz., that,—

2. SALVATION IS IN HIS NAME.

"BE IT KNOWN UNTO YOU *all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved*" (Acts iv. 10-12).

Man slew Him, but God raised Him and put Him in glory. His name is down here on earth to be trusted in. And now this moment, as you read these lines, you may know the power of that name. God grant you may. Can you say, He is *my* Saviour?—can you say it honestly? Perhaps you say, "He is *a* Saviour." That will not do; it is no use to you His being *a* Saviour, if He be not *your* Saviour. The moment a soul trusts in Jesus, it is *saved*. If you have come to Jesus, if you are looking to Jesus, if your soul is reposing in Jesus, salvation is your birthright, as a sinner *now*. You may know *now* that He is your Saviour. The reason I know I am saved is, not that I knew I was among the elect, but that I knew I was among the *lost*, and He came to seek and to save the lost. He will never shake a sinner off that clings to Him, He will not shake off the feeblest soul that trusts in Him.

Yes, His throne must come down ere He shakes

a sinner off that trusts Him. Will you not trust Him? Will you not have salvation?

Perhaps you say, "I see that He is exalted up there, and I see that His name is proclaimed down here, and there is no salvation in any other, but is it for me?"

Let Paul answer that question, as he gives us the third thing God wants us to know.

3. FORGIVENESS PREACHED, AND JUSTIFICATION OBTAINED THROUGH HIM.

"BE IT KNOWN UNTO YOU, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"But," you answer, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Whose sins? "Whose, why everybody's, of course." That is not true, you do not believe everybody is forgiven. Do you believe in the forgiveness of Paul's sins? He believed that himself. Do you believe in the forgiveness of mine? I believe that myself, thank God. But do you believe your own sins are forgiven?—it is all nothing to you if yours are not forgiven. Because Christ's blood has been shed, and He has glorified God about sin, therefore forgiveness can be preached to you. "And by him all that believe are justified from all things." By Him, not by your tears or your prayers, or anything you can do.

God comes out and forgives, as we get in the case of the two debtors in Luke vii. "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." The one owed five hundred pence, the other fifty, but neither could pay, and He forgives in His own style, "He frankly forgave them both." There is the action, and the style of the action—without a grudge—that is the way God forgives a sinner. Oh, taste His love just now, come to Him now, believe Him now, taste His forgiveness, and believe His word. Here is the third thing I am to know—that I am forgiven—I am justified. Praise the Lord. Do you believe on Him? Then you are to know you are forgiven and justified. All that believe are justified. Satan cannot raise a single charge. God justifies, who will condemn? Christ died for me, and was condemned for me, that He might never condemn me. He will not condemn the one He has died for. Does Satan say, "Look at your sins"? Ah, I reply, "Look at my Saviour." Does He bring up my unworthiness? "Look at my Saviour," again I say, "He has met every charge for me, and He is worthy."

Many tell me they do not feel saved, or feel forgiven; but you must know you are forgiven before you can feel forgiven; and know you are justified before you can feel justified.

The last wondrous fact I bring under your notice is that,—

4. THE SALVATION OF GOD IS SENT TO THE GENTILES.

"And when they had appointed him (Paul) a day, there came many to him into his lodging, to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening. And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not." His last words to them were:—

"BE IT KNOWN, THEREFORE, UNTO YOU, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it" (Acts xxviii. 23, 24, 28). It is sweet to see how, in two or three words, God sometimes heaps up the whole of the blessing He proposes to bestow on the soul. "The salvation of God!" The moment I hear the word salvation, it brings this to my mind; if God sends me salvation, it is clear I have not got it, that needs no proving; and if God sends it, it proves, too, that I need it. Salvation comes from God, that is the source. You are the recipient, and the thing sent is exactly what you need!

This was Paul's last sermon, and it was a very grand one, twelve hours long; his whole object was to make Jesus precious to their souls; and he kept them from morning till evening, speaking of Jesus to them, and it is the very sweetest work possible. I would rather be pleading with you for Jesus, seeking to make Him precious to you, than be ambassador from the British nation to the

greatest foreign court. I will not detain you for twelve hours now, I promise you; but this I also promise you, that if you believe the word concerning Jesus, you will be a saved person ere you lay down this paper. Were you steeped in sins when you took it up, you may become whiter than snow ere you lay it down, through the precious blood of Jesus, God's beloved Son. Do you say, "I do not believe in sudden conversions"? Well, I will show you your company; you are like those in the 24th verse of this chapter, "And some believed the things that were spoken, and some *believed not*."

Why did they not believe? Because they listened to the devil's insinuation, just as you are listening to it now. There is one who believes in sudden conversions more firmly than any in the universe of God. Shall I tell you who that is? The most firm and thorough believer in sudden conversions is the devil! Perhaps you never thought of that before. I will prove it to you. Look at Luke viii. 12. "Those by the wayside are they that hear, then cometh the devil and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved." The moment you hear the word of God, you are on this platform—those by the wayside! Then,—then what? mark this. Then cometh the devil, the moment they hear, lest they should believe and be saved. Was I right? Did I tell the truth just now? Ah, the devil knows full well that if you believe the message God is sending you through this paper, you will be

saved on the spot. Satan knows well what the effect of the Gospel is,—hear, believe, and be saved. How quickly? Quicker than the time it takes you to read the words. The devil knows the truth of this full well; he knows the Gospel, he knows the effect, knows the power, knows the force of the Gospel far better than most, even of those who preach it, and because he knows the power of the Gospel so well, he comes and takes away the word out of sinners' hearts, lest they should believe and be saved. He does not care what he brings in to draw the eye off Christ, or distract the soul from believing the word of God.

I know you have never thought of this before, never thought you could be saved where you sit, you have thought salvation was a long process,—something you had to do. Satan likes you to believe that; if he can possibly help it he will not let you believe God has provided all, and that you may have salvation just now through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Some believed, and some believed not," and so it will always be, but the man who does not believe is an infatuated man, has not the wariness of a bird even. "How can you say that?" do you ask. Well, the Psalmist says, "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird," and Satan sets his net for you now, and whispers to you, "Do not you believe in sudden conversions, do not you take in this sort of thing, you have a good deal to do before you can be saved." But, I say, if Satan did not believe so firmly in sudden

conversion himself, he would not be so anxious to keep you from believing in the possibility of it. Oh believe the word that God has sent to you just now. He sends to you a message of salvation, and you must accept it or refuse it, and remember my friend, if you will not take God's salvation you must take God's damnation, for there is no middle ground. So do not trifle with God's offer of salvation. Remember, there is no door out of hell though there is an awfully wide door into it, take care that you do not go in by that wide doorway—procrastination!

Are you a rich man trusting in your riches? If you have not Christ, what is it all worth? You are a poor man if you have not Jesus, you have more sins than sovereigns, more guilt than wealth; and when you lie in the grave and the worm feeds upon you, who will have your gold then? "My posterity," you say. Yes, but who has your soul? Satan has your soul,—your soul is in hell. Whatever you have got, if you have not Jesus it is all nothing. And, oh! tell me, would not you like to know Jesus, to possess Jesus to-day? "Yes," you say, "I would willingly barter all I possess to win this salvation:" that will not do. God is too rich to *sell* salvation, and you are too poor to *buy* it. It must be His own free gift, salvation is free for everybody who cares to have it.

Having glanced at the four things that God would have us know—1st, that Christ has gone to glory, God has put Him there, though man cast

Him out; 2nd, that His name is down here on earth to be trusted in; 3rdly, that by Him I am forgiven and justified; and now, 4thly, that the salvation of God is sent to the Gentiles, and they will hear it,—I would ask you, my friend, one solemn question ere I close, Where are *you*? Do you believe these things, or do you not? And I warn you, if God sends you salvation, do not you refuse it. You get salvation by accepting the Saviour. "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation," Simeon said, for he held the Saviour in his arms.

What a salvation to refuse! Will you not take it? You have nothing to do but to take what God offers. Receive Christ, and salvation is yours both now and for ever. Receive Him and you have everything in Him. Christ is like a golden casket, and in that golden casket a magnificent specimen of every precious stone that is known. The casket is gold, and I have everything in that casket. Everything is in Christ, I have life in Him, acceptance too, He is made unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Possessing Christ I all possess, I have everything in Him, and I have only to fall down and thank God. And can I lose it? Never! I shall lose eternal life the day Christ loses it, not before; for I have been accepted in Christ. He took all my sins, and He is my righteousness. May you, dear friend, lay down this paper knowing who, and what Christ is.

"THE STING OF DEATH" GONE.



IVE me that sleeping draught now, Agnes; it does not matter whether I come out of the sleep again or not; I am safe for eternity."

These words were addressed by old W. J—— to his dear aged partner in life, who, in vain for days, had pled with him to take the drug the doctor had prescribed to induce sleep. His bodily sufferings had been so severe, that he had been unable to sleep for weeks. But deeper, and more dreadful, were the agonies of his soul, in view of soon meeting God.

Previous to this fatal illness, he had been a very moral, strict living, religious man; so much so, that he thought he had a fair, good chance of getting to heaven—his life being such as would favourably commend him to God. An opportunity had been given, some years before his death, to bring out his *estimate* of his *own* righteousness. His son Walter, who had been a grief to his religious father and mother by his careless, irreligious life, was converted to God. On telling his father the good news, that he was now a saved man, instead of filling that father's heart with joy, the communication only produced anger, which made him exclaim, "It's presumption of the highest kind for one like you to say you are saved. Your life, as I have often told you, has been a cause of much sorrow to

your parents. Now you come and tell us you know you are saved. How can any one know that in this world? I have been a strictly religious-living man ever since I came to the years of responsibility, and I dare not be as presumptuous as you are in saying I am saved; but I have a good hope of getting to heaven when I die." Often afterwards his son spoke and wrote to him on the subject of salvation by GRACE ALONE, but to all appearance to no avail, as he clung most tenaciously to his own self-righteous rags until death stared him in the face.

The doctor, who had done his best to effect a cure, at length made the sad announcement to him that he could hold out no hope of recovery; but he would give him something that would deaden the pain, and induce sleep. The communication just made—"No Hope of Recovery"—took from him, as if by magic, and at once, all the good hopes of heaven he had spoken of to his son. "What," he said to himself, "if Walter is right, and I am wrong? He seems so SURE he is SAVED, and I could never shake him, and I feel so UNCERTAIN. It's nothing better than a leap in the dark. Oh, I cannot face a holy God as I am! I am not fit to meet Him. I know that with all my strict religious life I have committed sins, and I do not *know* they are forgiven. Oh, what shall I do? I am lost, I am lost!"

Such was the deep distress of his soul, when Agnes, his wife, brought the sleeping draught at

first to him, that he exclaimed, "Take it away; take it away, I dare not take it."

"But it will relieve your pain, and you will get a sleep."

"I know it will, but I don't want to sleep."

"But it will do you so much good, for you have had no sleep for such a time."

"Don't press me to take it, Agnes, for I dare not sleep. If I were to take that draught and go to sleep, I am afraid I might never come out of it again; and, oh, I have such a fear of meeting God, for I am not fit to meet Him!"

He continued in this state for several days, during which time a friend of the writer visited him, and sought by God's help to point him to the sinner's Saviour. After several conversations with him, he was enabled to rest his sin-stricken soul upon Christ. No sooner had he done so than he KNEW, like his son Walter, that he WAS SAVED. For all who trust Jesus must be perfectly safe. The moment a poor sinner rests his soul on Him, all his safety depends—not on himself in any measure—but on the One he has trusted. If He is a perfect Saviour—and who will question it?—all who trust Him then MUST be saved.

It was not long till a most striking proof was given of the wonderful change that had taken place in W. J——'s soul. After my friend left the house, he turned his eyes to his wife, with an expression of perfect peace on his face, and said: "Give me that sleeping draught now, Agnes; it

does not matter whether I come out of the sleep again or not; I am safe for eternity."

He lived for a few weeks, always thankful for his nightly "sleeping draught" to deaden his bodily pain; but more thankful by far for the unspeakable relief he had got for his guilty soul, by the all-cleansing blood of Christ. Not only had he got relief from guilt, but his soul also rejoiced in the blessed, personal Saviour he now knew, and in whose presence he was soon to be. The happy change in him very soon produced anxiety of soul in his dear aged wife, and she also found peace shortly after her husband's death. Often it has been the writer's happy privilege to visit her in her widowhood, and from her lips he received the story of her husband's conversion.

Now, dear reader, one word with you before I lay my pen aside. How do you stand in relation to death? Has its "*sting*" been *removed* for you? It's no use thinking that the sting can be taken out of death by any good deeds of yours. It is very questionable if your life will compare with the strict moral life of the subject of this paper; and you have just read how it failed to take the sting out of death for him. He felt it was there in all its *terror* when he came to face it. If you do not *know* your sins are *all forgiven*, be assured that death retains its awful "*sting*" for you. But, thanks be to God, that sting may disappear for you this very moment, if you, as a lost, guilty sinner, trust that blessed Saviour, who died for our

sins under the righteous hand of a sin-hating God, that He might remove the sting of death, which is sin (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4, 55-57), from before the eye of God, and from the conscience of the poor sinner who believes in Jesus. Then will you be able to say of death what Paul said, "To die is GAIN," and to "depart and be with Christ is far BETTER" (Phil. i. 21, 23).

J. M.

JESUS SAVES.

(TUNE, Lois. Hymnal Companion, No. 443)



H, I've joyful news to tell,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves;
 He hath vanquished death and hell
 Ransomed souls these tidings swel.,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves.

Once upon the painful tree
 Jesus bled! Jesus bled.
 Gave Himself for thee and me,
 Yes, to set the prisoner free
 Jesus bled! Jesus bled.

Bearing sin's full weight and load
 Jesus died! Jesus died;
 Meeting all the claims of God,
 Us to ransom by His blood,
 Jesus died! Jesus died.

All His wondrous work complete,
 Jesus rose! Jesus rose;

Satan bruised beneath His feet,
 Death and hell confess defeat;
 Jesus rose ! Jesus rose.

Now of this be fully sure,
 Jesus lives ! Jesus lives ;
 For the Spirit o'er and o'er
 Whispers in convincing power,
 Jesus lives ! Jesus lives.

Wand'rer ! hear the heavenly news,
 Jesus loves ! Jesus loves ;
 Loves to heal the sin-made bruise,
 Saves the worst—will none refuse,
 Jesus loves ! Jesus loves.

Once again this note I'd shout,
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves ;
 Come to Him, He'll none cast out,
 Blessed news ! let no one doubt,
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves.

W. T. P. W.



A FATAL DELUSION !



HE theories of men may suffice for a time,
 but when death comes in view, and it
 becomes a question of meeting God, and
 giving an account of ourselves to Him,
 we need the solid rock of eternal truth
 upon which to stay our souls. Nothing
 but having our feet planted firmly upon "the word

of the Lord which endureth for ever," will do in the hour of death (1 Pet. i. 24, 25). "The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Ps. xii. 6).

Some years ago lived in Nova Scotia a man known to the writer. He had embraced what is known as the Universalist doctrine. All went well while health and strength lasted. The delusion that all would be saved buoyed him up, in spite of the strong assertion of the Word of God that, "whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15). The idle dream was indulged in for many a long year, yet there had been no conversion, no repentance toward God, no faith in Christ, who died for sinners, no "confession with the mouth unto salvation"; but the flippant repetition of a doctrine that was begotten in man's own corrupt mind, and had no foundation in the Word of God.

But he grew old, and sickness came on, and death hovered near, and the "swellings of Jordan" were just ahead, all calculating to awaken the gravest fears in a soul not anchored on the immutable truth of God.

The writer often visited him, and was particularly struck with the fact that, notwithstanding the man's belief in the doctrine of Universalism, there was no peace of soul, no rest of heart, no knowledge of the Saviour, no feeling of being at home with God, no joyful anticipation of the future. There was but a step between him and death, and

yet with years of profession that all would be saved, he could not at this crucial moment extract one drop of comfort, or one moment of peace, from his doctrine. Alas! it was a most fatal delusion! and it failed him just at the moment when he needed it the most. During a visit, when the poor man seemed like one befogged, unable to see or grasp anything, the writer said to him, "Well, Mr —, tell me, what do you think of Universalism now?"

The poor man slowly replied, "*Mr —, it is a good religion to live by, but a very poor one to die by.*"

The dying man was in his answer partly right, and partly wrong; for what will not enable one to face the realities of death and eternity in peace cannot be "a good religion to live by." A fatal delusion, though it makes great promises, and gives great assurances, as Universalism does, is not at all likely to give, in the hour of death, that rest of soul so much needed.

A false religion, the lullaby of Satan, and the opiate of hell, was what wrecked this poor soul and has done the same for thousands besides.

Does not the Son of God say, "Except ye be converted, and become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven"? (Matt. xviii. 3.) If a man dies unconverted, as thousands do, then it is clear that he does not enter the kingdom.

Does not the Son of God say, "Except a man be

born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"? (John iii. 3.) Then it is clear that if a man dies, and is not born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Does not the Son of God say, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"? (Luke xiii. 3.) If a man therefore dies unrepentant, he is lost for ever.

Does not the Son of God say of the religious opposers of the truth, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell"? (Matt. xxiii. 33.) If a man dies morally like a serpent, and a viper, what absurd folly to suppose that he can "escape the damnation of hell"!

Beloved reader, it is not a delusion we need, however pleasingly dressed up it may be, but the pure truth of God. Mark what the Saviour says in John v. 28: "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, AND SHALL COME FORTH; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; *and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.*"

The twentieth of Revelation will give us further light: "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead (*i.e.*, the wicked dead) lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

In verse 12 we have when the rest of the dead rise, that is, those who have died in their sins, and have not had part in the glorious first resurrection: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. . . . AND WHOSOEVER WAS NOT FOUND WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE WAS CAST INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE" (vers. 12-15).

Beloved reader, if unsaved, flee from all the fatal delusions of the nineteenth century; *believe the Word of God*; it will never fail you; it will stand you in good stead in the hour of death; and why? because it tells you of the only way of escape from "eternal judgment." It tells you of God's great love, of the gift of His blessed Son, of His precious sacrifice for sin upon the cross, and of His blood which cleanseth from ALL sin. It says, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). It repeats again and again, "*He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life*" (John iii. 36).

"O Heavenly Father, grant us all
The new-born babe's simplicity!
From us the doubtful mind remove;
We boast a God that cannot lie!
Taught to repose, through love divine,
On Truth itself, on Truth divine."

THE ACT OF DECISION FOR CHRIST.



T may be that some are just in that stage of their spiritual history wherein the following letter was useful to the recipient of it, a man who came under concern about his future at some special meetings in Scotland.

The person indicated was an officer in the mercantile marine, a man of superior breeding and intelligence. He went to several meetings, and was conversed with by one and another, my wife being among the number. It was thought that he had come out of darkness into light; and one night I was introduced to him as a recent convert.

Soon after, I received a letter from him, the general drift of which is sufficiently expressed in the following words which I quote from it: "I was sorry to leave home so soon, for I felt as if I could get some good from you, whose faith seems to be so strong. I want to have that faith and trust. I want to know that I have got it. Can you help me? . . . I am anxious to receive your reply to my question—Can you help me?"

I answered as best as I could, and enclosed several tracts that I thought might assist him. His second letter came four days later, saying: "Your remarks are very comforting, and I trust will help me out of my great difficulty. But I must take time, and study your letter and Bible refer-

ences, and examine myself to see if I have a real faith. I pray for it night and morning, and try to be earnest in my prayers. The books you have sent I shall study carefully, and hope to get some help from them."

Again I wrote to him, and a few days after came his third letter, saying: "I thank you for the plain way in which you have put before me the matter of feeling; also your remark, 'Examine Christ (not yourself or your faith) and see if you can as implicitly trust Him with your soul as you can trust a bank with your money.' I say to myself that I do trust Him—that I know He can save me, that I know His blood was shed for me, &c.,—but still I am not sure if I fully realise it all. I seem to be like the man in the pamphlet you sent me—'I have long tried to be religious, but cannot,' only I cannot say, as he did, 'I see it now.' I keep your letter in my pocket, and often take it out to read, hoping that light will come to me."

At this juncture it dawned on me that I had been on the wrong tack with him in my attempts to argue and explain. Here, evidently, was a man who was dead in earnest, and who, I believed, was ready to come to God in His own way, only the devil was raising difficulties. This seemed to be a case wherein the man must be brought at once to a definite transaction with God—a deliberate conscious surrender of self, and acceptance of Christ. I accordingly wrote a letter to that end, grounding it wholly on God's word. Let me in-

roduce the letter by my correspondent's answer to it.

He writes : " I am most happy to tell you that through your letter I have got hold of the ' main-sheet ' now, and with God's help will never let go of it. I saw it all at once on reading your letter, and as I could say from my heart that I believed God raised Christ from the dead, and that I was willing to accept this living Christ as my Lord, I followed your advice ; and it seemed as if a load were lifted off my mind ever since."

Here is the advice referred to, as contained in my letter, and may God bless it now, dear reader, to the salvation of your soul.

" If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*" (Rom. x. 9), (*R.V.*)

" In this verse you have the entire conditions of salvation. Read it carefully ; note the two conditions—confessing something, and believing something, and then ask yourself : ' Am I now willing, at this moment, to accept Jesus as my Lord ? ' If your heart replies : ' Yes, God knows I am ! ' then kneel down, and say to Him aloud : ' Lord Jesus, I really believe in my heart that God raised Thee from the dead, and that Thou art listening to my words—and now, according to this verse, written by the Holy Spirit of God, I hereby come to the point of decision, and now, at this moment, deliberately, willingly, and thankfully, I

confess with my mouth, that I take Thee to be my Lord, my Master, my Saviour; and I give myself to Thee, the best way I know how, body and soul, for time and eternity. Lord Jesus, I do not say I do this; but I really mean it and do it. Amen.'

"When you have done this, and really done it, as really as your wife did when she accepted you as her lord (her husband)—she did not merely say she accepted you, but she did accept you—then you have God's word to your soul, 'Thou shalt be saved,' in other words, 'This is salvation.' He does not ask you to feel or realise your salvation. He relieves you of all doubt, or trouble, or anxiety, or speculation on the subject, by coming down with His Almighty 'shall.' He takes all the responsibility, and says: 'That is salvation, feel or no feel.'

"When you believe that God in this verse, in the last four words, speaks the truth, says only what He means, and means just what He says, then kneel down a second time, and humbly and gratefully thank Him for saving your soul."

Let me add the following lines as singularly appropriate:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

"THEY THAT WERE READY WENT IN."

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of man cometh."—MATT. xv. 1-13.



THESE are the words of the Lord Jesus, and you may say, "What is there involved in that?" Well, beloved friend, precious and profitable as is every word of God, whether spoken by the Lord Himself, or by any of His servants, yet there is always something very specially impressive and instructive in the words spoken by the Lord Jesus Himself. There is one simple point I want to press on you now; one thought I have before me, and it is this, that if *you* are not *ready* when Jesus comes, your eternity will be a *sadly* awful one. If you are not ready when

Jesus comes, there is nothing before you but eternal woe—eternal punishment.

"They that were ready went in," those that were not ready were outside. There is nothing more simple, dear friend, but there is nothing more solemn. *"They that were ready went in,"* and, oh, if the Lord came just now, what joy it would be to our hearts who know Him. The voice of the archangel and the trump of God would be heard, and His own voice, the voice of the Saviour, would bid us rise up to meet Him. We should be caught up to scenes of joy and rest with Jesus. But, my friend, are *you* ready? ready to meet Jesus, ready for that trumpet's call, ready to *go in*? "No," you say, "I am not." Then do not lose a moment, I entreat you, *"be ye also ready,"* be ready now.

God wants to have you as the companion of His Son for all eternity. He is seeking out a bride for His Son. Just as Eleazer goes down through the desert, and tells Rebecca of all Abraham's wealth and greatness, and that unto his son he had given all that he had—"That is," says he, "there is a bridegroom in the far-off land, and I want a bride for him, I want a heart that is prepared to go out to meet him"—so God is seeking now hearts prepared to go out to meet Christ.

There was a going forth in early times. In the apostles' days there was a constant expecting the Lord's return; but then wise and foolish all settled down and went to sleep. The wise were wrong in going to sleep, but there was this

difference between them, that when the cry was made, "Behold the bridegroom," the lamps of the wise were *alight*; they needed trimming, but there was oil in them, they had never *gone out*. I have no doubt the Lord is gathering out a people now to wait for His Son, and one day when the world is expecting nothing, without any warning, He will come. . He will come, and we who trust Him shall go up to meet Him, and the door will be shut. "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage."

Jesus shows the bright side first, the joy of the marriage supper. "I desire," God says, "to make you the companion of my Son in heavenly glory. My heart's wish is that you shall share with Christ that bright scene of eternal blessedness." "No," answers the careless soul. "Then," says He, "you *must* share the fate of the devil and his angels; there is no alternative."

Soul, listen, listen! *You* must be with Christ for eternity—you must share with Him that bright scene of glory, or *you* must share for all eternity the fallen gloomy fortunes of Satan. Which is it to be? Make your choice, your eternal choice. *With Christ*, or with Satan—which?

"Oh," you say, "I should like to be with Christ, of course; I have long made a profession of Christianity." Yes, but are you really a Christian?

Are you *ready*? Profession is not enough; it is the lamp without the oil in it. Who are those

who had the oil? They are those who had given their souls no rest till they had the certainty of salvation. The oil in the vessels is the Holy Ghost. They had not only "heard the word of truth, the gospel of salvation," and trusted in the Lord Jesus, but, as Paul tells us in Ephesians i. 13—they were "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

Many souls are stumbled because they think they have to possess the Holy Ghost in order to believe. Not so, you believe, and then you get the Holy Ghost. It is like a man buying a number of sheep, and then marking them as his own. God buys with the blood of Christ, and marks with the Holy Ghost. The wise virgins had the oil, and if you are in earnest you will not be content without knowing you are saved; and surely it is high time you were in downright earnest. God is in earnest in His desire to have you; the devil is in earnest in his desire to damn you; I am in earnest in my anxiety to see you brought to God, *you* are the only one who is careless in the matter, and it is *your soul* which is at stake for *eternity*. O ye heavens, look down on this awful sight—a sinner unconcerned about his eternal salvation! God was so concerned as to send His only Son that you might not perish. The Lord Jesus was so concerned that He came, and suffered, and died, the just for the unjust. The evangelist is deeply concerned that you may be converted. The devil is thoroughly concerned to seek to hinder your coming to Christ. *You only*

are unconcerned about the matter. Appalling spectacle! an unsaved sinner on the verge of hell, totally unconcerned.

Oh, dear soul, the day of *your* concern is coming. What concern there will be when you wake up to find there is no oil in your lamp; what earnestness, what terrible earnestness, will be depicted on your face, as outside the door you stand! "*Too late!*" says God. "TOO LATE?" exclaim you. "TOO LATE!" will be the echo of the arches of heaven, resounding through earth, as then you cry, "Lord, Lord, open to me!"

Oh, be in earnest now; the Lord would have you roused to your state; you may never have another opportunity. Can you risk being among that number who are refused from His door, or hear those awful words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire"? This is no imagery of mine. These are the Lord's own words, most solemnly true. If you are not the Lord's, you must be damned. If you are not linked with Christ, you must be lost. If you are not His by living faith now, there is nothing before you but these two woeful things,—then to knock too late *outside* that door, and to hear from His lips, "Depart from me." I have no doubt from Scripture that if the Lord comes and finds you unconverted, your history is over; the door will be shut, and not a solitary ray of hope will ever again fall on your benighted soul,—the door will be closed for ever. NOW ONLY is *your* time. Oh, be in earnest NOW.

I believe the Lord is separating His own more thoroughly now. The Lord's people are banding together more; the world and the faithful are beginning to separate more and more even now; and, much of worldliness as there is among the saints of God, yet the line of demarcation between them and the world is more distinct. What a tide of blessing too has rolled over the land! What means it all? Christ is coming! He is coming!—coming quickly too. Are you merely a professor, carrying the lamp in your hand? You must have the oil too. Have you ever known what it is to be broken down under a sense of your sin? Have you ever been in earnest about your soul's salvation? Have you ever bowed in heart to Jesus? Have you ever been really converted? Are you ready to go in? Do not say, "I hope so." That will not do. It is not enough. You would not be content with a mere hope about things down here. No, it is only in the interests of their immortal souls that men are foolhardy and careless.

Do you ask, my reader, "How am I to get to Christ?" If you are in earnest, you will soon find the way to Christ. "But," you say, "what do you want me to do?" I want you to take salvation from the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ. I want your heart for Christ; I want you to bow down to Him, to trust Him, and to adore Him. May God turn your eye on His Son; for remember He is coming. The heavens conceal Him now, but

another hour and it may not be so. He may have come out, and those who are ready will have gone in, and the door be shut, and shut on you for ever. Would you like to be outside? He wants to have you inside. He wants you to believe in His name, to believe in His love. He wants not merely to rescue you from the power of the devil, not merely to save you from hell, but to make you a sharer of the joy that is His, to taste the grace of His Father's heart, to bring you into association with Himself in the bright scene of His heavenly home. Oh let there be reality now in your heart; do not be content any longer with being a mere professor. Perhaps your first real confession to Him may have to be, "I have been only a hypocrite, and never a real believer at all." Very likely; but believe Him simply just now, for if you are only dreaming of being a Christian some day, the time is soon coming when your dream must be rudely broken.

"At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." Why midnight? The darkest time of all had come, and the dawn was near,—the morning of His coming. The bright hope He gives to Christian hearts is that they shall be caught up to meet Him. If the Lord were to come to-day, there would be enacted a scene, of which the mount of transfiguration was a lovely picture. Moses is a type of those who have passed through death; Elias a type of those who go up without dying at all; but all are

together with the Lord. Again, we shall be like Enoch, translated, taken off the earth without passing through death. No doubt Enoch was considered a pest to society in his day, because he prophesied of coming judgment, and warned men of their ungodliness. Men do not like to hear of coming judgment, but it *is* coming.

The last time the world saw Christ, they put a reed in His right hand in bitter mockery, and then they pierced that hand with nails, and fastened it to the cross. The next time the world sees Christ, He will be holding the rod of power, wielding the sword of judgment. Will *you* meet Him in grace *now*, or risk meeting Him in judgment *then*? Would you *like* to meet Him if He came to-day? "Well, no, I cannot say that I should. I would rather put it off a little longer." Quite so. That answer just shows where *you* are. *You* do not know Him. The soul that knows the Lord will always like to go to meet Him. Every child of God delights to think he shall meet and see Jesus. My Saviour is the one who loved me, and died for me, and I know nothing so sweet as this simple thought,—to be with the Lord Jesus. It is transcendently sweet. Whose company does one love best on earth? The one dearest to us of course. It is very simple; and whose company is so dear to us as His?

"Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps; and the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." The

wisdom of the wise lay in this, "they took oil." The folly of the foolish was shown in that they "took no oil." Of course their lamps had gone out, for there was no oil in them. There had been the profession of Christ; no doubt they had been baptized, and if they lived where confirmation takes place, had been also confirmed; had been members of churches, but there had been no question of real conversion. Have you been really converted? Have you the oil? Have you the Holy Ghost? How do I know I have the Holy Ghost? Because I am quite sure God is my Father, and it is the Spirit of adoption that makes me cry Abba, Father: the soul that is really brought to God—could you hear that one on his knees alone with God—would be heard to say, "*Father, Father.*" Do you look up and call Him Father? "How can I call God, Father?" you ask. By believing in Jesus you become a child. "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." God gives the Holy Ghost to those who believe in Jesus. The moment you, as a poor sinner, take your place at the feet of Jesus, believe in Jesus, trust Jesus, have done with confidence in yourself, and trust Him, that moment you become a child of God, and the next thing is the gift of the Holy Ghost. You get the oil in your vessel.

"But the wise answered saying, Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you, but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." Why does it say *buy*? Does it contemplate the

possibility that anything we could give could purchase the gift of the Holy Ghost? Not at all. "Thy money perish with thee," Peter says to Simon Magus, when he suggests such a thought, "because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." It is *without* money, *without* price, and yet Jesus says, "Come *buy*," and again, "I counsel thee to *buy* of me gold," and why is this? Because it contemplates a soul willing to pay any price; it contemplates a thorough, positive, earnest desire in the soul to get what it needs.

Friend, are *you* in earnest? again I say. Are *you* ready? You ask, "Can a soul be sure it is ready?" Yes. "But what about my sins?" Did you never hear this—"Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many"? He settled for me the question of sin when He suffered, the just for the unjust. How do I know I am ready? Because He died for me, He bore all my sins on the cross, and met all the claims God had against me. Are my sins to be put away by what He *will* do? No, by what He *has* done. A Christian stands between the first coming of Christ and the second; between the cross and the glory. I look back to the cross and see the work all finished there, when He was offered up. If I think of my sins I am ready, because of what Christ has done. Our readiness consists in this, that we have believed in the One who died and rose again, and we look forward now to Him as the coming One, enjoying meantime all the fruits of His finished work.

Do you say, It is presumptuous to be sure? Well, if *God* says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," am I to believe God, or am I to doubt Him? "The *gift* of God is eternal life." Now what do you do with a gift from a friend—do you send it back or do you *take* it? "I take it, of course," you say. Are you presumptuous to take it? I say if God speaks to me, I will believe His word. If He sends me a gift, I will take it, let who will call me presumptuous. John says, "These things have I written unto you that believe in the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life." I either believe God, or make Him a liar. I believe Him when He says I am a ruined sinner; shall I not believe Him when He says He *gives* me eternal life? I must believe the witness *to* me, before I can get the witness *in* me—believe before I can feel. Is He not worth believing? Is He not worth trusting?

Trust Him *now*, do not delay: remember, "they that were READY went in, and *the door was shut*."

But you say, "I do not like that word, 'The door was shut.'" I do, because it prevents the possibility of the believer ever getting out again, he is *shut in with Christ* for ever. I grant you it is an awful word for those who are outside, and once more therefore I would solemnly ask you, If the Master of the house rose up this hour and shut the door, which side of the door would you be? Do not risk it longer? Do not be infatuated, do not be outside the door in that day, with only the devil's portion for eternity.

And now, dear Christian, what a glorious future is before you, to be caught up and meet the Lord in the air. It is part of the victory of the Lord Jesus that you and I need never taste death, because He has tasted it in all its bitterness and woe for us. It is part of the spoil that He has wrung from Satan, that you and I may go up to meet Him without passing through death at all. May the Lord keep our hearts waiting more simply for Himself.

The Lord press these words on your heart, dear unsaved one, "THEY THAT WERE READY WENT IN, AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

Do not sleep this night without knowing that *you* are ready, for you may lay your head down on a bed of feathers, and awake in a bed of fire. May the Lord have mercy on you who have no mercy on yourselves.

W. T. P. W.

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.



OUR brave coastguard men learn how to throw out the life-line with great dexterity, so that it may fall upon the stranded vessel in order that the seamen on board may secure it to the mast, and passing along it reach the shore, safe from death and a watery shroud.

May Heaven's evangelists be ready in this the day of glad tidings not to hold their peace, but throw

out bravely the word of salvation—God's Life-Line—to sinners perishing in the stranded wreck of this doomed world, thereby setting the feet of every believing one secure upon the Rock—Christ.

During a recent gale in the Firth of Forth some fishing smacks off the Fife coast suffered severely. One boat carrying too much sail was caught by a sudden squall; heeling over, her ballast shifted, and down she went, five souls perishing in the angry deep. Skipper and all perished in a moment, suddenly, and that without remedy. Amongst them was a father and his son of only fourteen. This boy had gone on the voyage much against his will, saying he would rather work on a farm than go to sea. Alas for him! if he did not trust in Jesus. Alas for every unregenerated soul! What an awful awakening for the eternity beyond, will there be in the day when the sea shall give up the dead that are in it!

During the same gale a young man was washed overboard into the seething sea—brother to one who was drowned with the above crew. Those in the boat did their utmost to rescue him, but the waves were running high and the current strong. He sank once and again; but, strange to tell, at that moment when all attempts to save him appeared of no avail, he was caught in the ear by a hook upon one of the lines attached to the boat. He was thus literally fished alongside, and with much difficulty lifted on board. This providential event proved to him a life-line without doubt. He was

going about Cockenzie with his festering ear bandaged up; but better a wounded ear than a lost soul! If this young man be not converted by his marvellous escape, he ought to be, for it was of God's mercy he was not cut off in his sins.

No doubt, dear reader, you are interested in this narrative; but what about your own soul? "The redemption of their soul is precious" (Ps. xlix. 8). You must be redeemed, or perish. "None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should still live for ever and not see corruption. For he seeth that the wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others. Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. *Nevertheless*, man being in honour *abideth not*; he is like the beasts that perish. This, *their way*, is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings. Selah (pause to consider). Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them, and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning (resurrection), and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling." What a faithful description of the men of the world—of you, unsaved sinner. Beware of their way, which is their folly, or "confidence," as the Hebrew word literally means. Say, is "their way" your "confidence"? A way "without God," "without hope," "without Christ," and a perishing "without mercy."

Oh! think of it. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the *end* thereof is the ways of death." You may be running "in the way of Cain," the religious sacrifices of "the fruit of the ground;" a professed believer in Christ, but not an actual possessor of Christ. Halt! your end will be destruction. You may be amongst the timorous, afraid to confess Jesus as Lord. Beware! for the fearful have their "part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Does the gospel of grace, forgiveness, and life through the death and resurrection of the Christ of God fall unheeded on your ear; or the divine trumpet call of judgment to come fail to arouse you? Awake!

A servant of Christ, when in a blacksmith's shop, observed a pretty dog fast asleep beside the anvil. The place echoed the sonorous ring of the iron, and the clatter of the mighty hammer deftly yielded by the brawny arm. The sparks flew around like a rain of fire, but still the dog slept on perfectly at ease.

"Oh," said the smith, "he is used to it. At first he was afraid and ran away, then he came nearer and nearer, and at last got so accustomed to it, that he sleeps securely amidst all the noise."

So with the Gospel-hardened multitudes in Christendom. Are you amongst them? Oh, rouse thee, before the hour of the awful awaking to the damnation of hell! Seize hold by faith on Christ, He alone can save you, and save you now.

He died for the ungodly. He liveth beyond the power of the grave. He is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

T. R. D.

"A SAVIOUR, CHRIST THE LORD."

(TUNE—"Herrnhutt." Hymnal Companion, No. 529.)



CHARMING is the Gospel story,
 Love's tale of Jesus, Lord of glory,
 The sinner's Friend, seen here on
 earth ;
 Bethlehem's lowly manger held Him,
 There trustful shepherds sought and
 found Him,
 When angel's voice disclosed His birth.
 Hail ! hail ! Incarnate Word !
 "A Saviour, Christ the Lord,"
 Hallelujah !
 God's Son, in grace, takes here a place,
 To *seek*, and *save*, a fallen race.
 Perfect love marked all His pathway,
 As, through this world of sin and misery,
 He hastened onward to the cross :
 There in grace for sins He suffered,
 As unto God Himself He offered,
 Our souls to win by His own loss :
 The cup of wrath He drained,
 The victory He gained,
 Hallelujah !

The crimson wave, His opened grave,
Proclaim Him *mighty now to save.*

By the Father's glory raised,
Ascended high, in glory seated,

With joy we see our Saviour now;
Ransomed by His full redemption,
To Him we cry, with adoration,
Worthy of homage, Lord, art Thou:

Both heart and voice we raise

In Thine eternal praise,

Hallelujah!

In Thee we boast, at endless cost,
Jesus, Thou'st *sought*, and *saved*, the lost.

W. T. P. W.

"ONE SINNER."



“**ONE** sinner destroyeth much good” is a fact only too evident. It is extraordinary how much mischief may be wrought by one crooked individual. The sinner may be old or young, rich or poor, man or woman, but the poisonous influence he can shed, and the irreparable evil he can perform, is beyond description. It may be wrought in school or in the social circle, in the world or in the church, but how much positive misery may be the product of a solitary man is incalculable. It is quite true

that a confederacy of such men may intensify the evil, yet our passage in Ecclesiastes ix. 18 attributes the destruction of much good to the hands of *one sinner*.

How deplorable the history of such a sinner as, for instance, Manasseh, king of Judah, or of Ahab, king of Israel! What havoc they each wrought in their respective kingdoms, and what suffering their conduct entailed on their subjects! Now, if the destruction of good were confined to the sinner himself it would be fortunate; but whilst he, doubtless, suffers primarily, yet his conduct affects others besides, and the higher his position the greater the area of mischief. Each of us sheds around him an influence for good or evil, and God takes notice of all that we do. How fearful the responsibility of the one who sets to work to destroy much good. "Every one of us shall give account of himself unto God" (Rom. xiv. 12).

But note another thing that "*one sinner*" can do. He can cause joy in the presence of the angels of God! It is in his power, through the saving grace of God, to thrill the courts on high with unspeakable gladness! Now that is as wonderful as it is true.

"There is joy," said the blessed Lord, in Luke xv. 10, "in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Yes, He says "*one sinner*." Heaven pays attention to the soul-trouble and repentance of one child of man, one poor guilty descendant of Adam! How minute its observation must be, and how heartily the angel-band join in

the delight that is surely shared by Him who is infinitely higher than they. His joy is but reflected in them. The shepherd sought the sheep, found it, and carried it home rejoicing. The woman sought the lost piece of silver until she found it, and then called her friends to participate in her joy. Both said, "Rejoice with me." The father, too, said, on the home-coming of the prodigal, "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad." The very house resounded with music and dancing, and all this, notice, on the repentance of "*one sinner*"! Ah, what raptures must fill that house as sinners, one by one, repent and are welcomed home!

It may be, my reader, you feel that your life-work has been the "destruction of much good." Beginning with yourself, you have wrecked your prospects and blighted your name; you have given free rein to a heart sinful by nature, and have ridden full speed downward; you have carried in your train, and ruined by your influence, multitudes of others. Your history has been baneful—your life poisonous! The varied departments you have filled have witnessed your unfaithfulness, and each relationship has proclaimed your obliquity. You have destroyed much good, and effected much evil, and the consequence is that you are guilty. You are the "*one sinner*" of Ecclesiastes ix.

True, and sadly humbling; yet, thank God, such was the prodigal of Luke xv., who repented, and who was thereafter kissed and clothed, and wel-

came to all the wealth of the father's house. You be the penitent too! You have proved the damning effects of sin, now prove the saving power of grace! "The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all hath appeared" (Titus ii. 11). May you taste its living reality in time and for ever. J. W. S.

"TIME AND TIDE STAY FOR NO MAN."



WHEN about to cross the river Thames at Putney bridge, London, I noticed on Saint Mary's old church steeple, just below the clock face and sundial, the true motto, "Time and tide stay for no man."

In that churchyard too, on tombstones, I saw death records dating as far back as two hundred and fifty years, witnessing forcibly to the truth of this striking motto. The ever ebbing and flowing tide underneath the bridge also bore equal testimony to the fact that eternity cannot be rolled back.

I met a young man upon that bridge watching the tide during his dinner hour, whose attention I drew to this motto, and asked him if he had availed himself of the hint it afforded to be *ready for eternity*; and his reply was, "Yes; ready!" Further conversation with him showed that his answer was a true one; for he had, through the

sovereign grace of God, known himself sinner enough to need the *sinner's Saviour*. He had accepted the blessed Person provided by a holy God against whom he had sinned; in short, he had believed on the Lord Jesus Christ to the eternal salvation of his immortal and priceless soul, and was rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Passing on a little farther on the bridge, I handed a little Gospel booklet to a man who was waiting for a 'bus, to whom I put a similar question; but, alas! his reply was, "No, nor don't need to be!" and the ensuing intercourse gave proof that his answer was no lie, for he was evidently not only, with great indifference, rejecting the Saviour still *waiting* to save, but said, in a defiant manner, that he had "never sinned, nor done anybody any harm;" and turned away, an open scoffer, hastening to death, to judgment, and to the eternal lake of fire, "where *their* worm dieth *not*, and the fire is *not* quenched,"—a deluded soul, cheated out of eternal blessing by Satan, the great enemy of souls.

What a solemn contrast was presented between those two men! One "ready," and he had a face beaming with joy; but the other, "*not ready*," and carrying a countenance the very picture of misery itself. May we ask our reader, Are you "ready" or "not ready" for that endless duration—**ETERNITY?**

Some may ask, "Why refer so much to *eternity*?" Well, just because it is the goal to which all are so

rapidly hastening; and mark, neither *time* nor *tide* will wait for any of us! Think of each one of those clock-ticks, those ever-altering sun-dial shades, and those unabating tide ebbings and flowings, bringing us, as it were, nearer and nearer to the great eternity, which, when once entered upon, millions upon millions of years cannot by one single moment shorten!

But, dear unsaved one, if such you be, remember that although neither *time* nor *tide* can wait for you, nor help you, God in His rich grace is WAITING for needy souls to bow, believe, and be saved; for "He is not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance;" and we "account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation." Then do not, we beseech you, keep Him waiting until you are for ever too late to be saved.

Upon the top of that same church steeple is a weather-vane, surrounded by the usual initial letters of the four quarters of the globe—"E W N S"—and where is to be seen, of course, the direction whence the wind blows. We all know that those four letters spell "NEWS." When people who are interested in the weather look up to that indicator, they *believe* what it shows; at least, from inquiries made on the spot, we did not find that any one doubted the truth of the news it gave.

To any soul interested in God's good news for eternity, we commend for your belief and accept-

ance a few scriptures of indication, and may the God of love, and the God of all grace, let you into the benefits of the same, for His own glory and name's sake:—

1st. "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. iv. 4).

2nd. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16).

3rd. "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" (Matt. xxiv. 44).

4th. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

5th. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

" 'Call them in,' the mere professors,
 Slumbering, sleeping on hell's brink;
 Naught of life are they possessors,
 Yet of safety vainly think.
 Bring them in, the careless scoffers,
 Pleasure-seekers of the earth;
 Tell of God's most gracious offers,
 And of Jesus' priceless worth.
 " 'Call them in,' the broken-hearted,
 Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
 Speak love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
 See the shadows lengthened round us,
 Soon the day dawn will begin;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?
 Christ is coming—'call them in.'"

WHERE IS BOASTING THEN ?



HERE is boasting then ? is the Apostle Paul's question in Romans iii., after having set forth man's terrible condition before God, and His wondrous grace in justifying all who believe in Jesus. Since all alike are guilty before God, whether Jews or Gentiles, having the knowledge of God, or knowing Him not, religious or irreligious, boasting in ordinances, or glorying in their shame, the solemn sentence is given of all, "GUILTY BEFORE GOD." Since then all are guilty, if man receives any blessing from God, it must be on the ground of pure grace, and this leaves no room for boasting on man's part. As the apostle rightly exclaims, "It is excluded. By what law ? of works ? Nay : but by the law of faith" (Rom. iii. 27).

This is a day of great boasting. Men boast in the advancement of the nineteenth century ; of the improvements of the age ; the rapid strides of science, of education, culture, morality, &c. ; in fact, in every circle man has whereof to boast. Yet, solemn fact ! his boast is in that which is fast ripening for judgment.

In religious circles boasting is not less marked. We hear of the advancement of religion ; and surely if the outward form of profession were anything to judge by, we could heartily go with it. But the form without the power, which we see on every

hand, is but the warning beacon telling us of dark days ahead; and the sign of the times, pointing to the perilous times of the last days, which are marked by self-love, boasting, pride, the love of pleasure more than that of God, and men "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (2 Tim. iii. 1-5).

There is much boasting in the professing Church. Like Laodicea of old, there is the saying, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." We hear of the growth of its buildings, both in quantity, size, and grandeur; of its congregations, its missionary zeal, and widespread influence of the cause. Bazaars, sacred concerts, social evenings, pleasant and attractive services, are on the increase, and are much boasted in. But alas! for its spiritual growth, its holy zeal for the glory of Christ, its separateness from the world, we look and listen in vain.

If such is man's terrible condition before God, as we have already seen, then where is boasting? But, blessed be God, in the depths of sin in which man is lying, in all his guilt and ruin, the rich grace of God goes out to him, telling him of His wonderful love in the gift of His Son, and of the grace of Him who stooped so low, even to the death of the cross, to give Himself as a sacrifice for sin. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Oh, amazing truth! the mighty torrent of God's love is flowing out to guilty rebel *sinner*s, since *for such* Christ

died. Have you, dear reader, laid hold of this blessed fact?

Where, then, again we ask, is boasting? There can be none on man's part; but faith takes hold of this wondrous fact, and boasts in the blessed God, and in Him who came to seek and save the lost.

Reader, in whom is your boast? May you be among the number "who rejoice (or boast) in Christ Jesus, and have *no confidence in the flesh*" (Phil. iii. 3).

E. E. N.

THE MUSTER ROLL.

(An Incident of the American War.)



BATTLE had been fought,
And on the plain, unmindful of defeat
Or victory, the slain and wounded lay.
Grim Death was busy still, unsatisfied,
Gathering the remnants of that sad
day's spoil.

As night drew on,
Two men of God were seen moving amid
Those scenes of death and dying agony,
As, nerved by heavenly strength, and tender care
For souls, they sought to comfort dying saints
By whispering in their ears His promises,
From whom nor life nor death can separate;
And to the Lamb of God, whose precious blood

Can cleanse from every sin, to point the gaze
Of those whose day of life was almost past,
Their sins yet unforgiven.

And now they stand
Beside a manly form, outstretched alone.
His helmet from his head had fallen. His hand
Still firmly grasped his keen but broken sword,
His face was white and cold ; and thinking he was
gone,

They were just passing on, for time was precious,
When a faint sigh caught their attentive ears.
Life was there still ; so, bending softly down,
They whispered in his ears most earnestly,
Yet with that hush and gentleness with which
We ever speak to a departing soul,
"Brother, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
Cleanseth from every sin !"

The pale lips moved,
And gently whispered, "Hush !" and then they
closed,
And life again seemed gone.

But yet once more
They whispered those thrice-blessed words, in
hope
To point the parting soul to Christ and heaven,
"Brother, the precious blood of Jesus Christ
Can cleanse from every sin !"

Again the pale lips moved ;
All else was still and motionless, for Death
Already had its fatal work half done ;
But, gathering up his quickly failing strength

The dying soldier—dying victor—said,
“Hush! for the Saviour calls the muster roll:
I wait to hear my name!”

They spoke no more,
What need to speak again? For now full well
They knew on whom his dying hopes were fixed,
And what his prospects were; so hushed and still,
They, kneeling, watched.

And presently a smile,
As of most thrilling and intense delight,
Played for a moment on the soldier's face,
And with his one last breath he whispered, “Here!”

O grand
And blessed death! Quite ready for the call,
He heard his Captain's voice. Life's battle fought—
Life's victory won—the soldier thus received
His welcome and his crown!

ANON.

“The death of Christ forms the foundation of the glory of God, and also forms the foundation of the perfect forgiveness of sins to all who put their trust in it. This latter, blessed be God, is but a secondary, an inferior application of the atonement, though our foolish hearts would fain regard it as the very highest possible view of the cross to see in it that which puts away all our sins. This is a mistake. God's glory is the first thing; our salvation is the second. To maintain God's glory was the chief, the darling object of the heart of Christ.”

C. H. M.

"ON THE VERY EDGE."

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE xix 10.



IN the midst of Drury Lane we reach a Mission-house as the clock strikes one. A motley assemblage is gathered. Men and women, young and old, chiefly from the casual wards and refuges all around—they are the waifs and strays of our giant city. Drunken, dissolute, filthy, ragged, and incorrigibly idle, they come from day to day to pass away the time, to sit down without fear of the police, to get a little change, and, rarely, a chance of something to eat.

Why keep open such a place? Simply because there come among them girls and lads who can be, and who are, rescued from this shocking and dangerous condition. Scores of both sexes have been rescued, and are now doing well for this world, and, we hope and believe, for that which is to come.

But the time for our meeting has come; we enter, walk up the room, and commence our service. Tattered hymn-books are given out, a well-known hymn selected, and we sing. Can such a gathering sing? Of course, they have *all* been taught, and mostly in Sunday schools; therefore our singing proceeds smoothly, but never noisily, until the end. God's precious Word read and briefly commented on, prayer followed, and then

in a quiet voice came an address to the motley audience.

"Some few years since," said the speaker, "I was labouring in the far east of London, when the dreadful cholera burst upon us with a suddenness and severity that caused us to stagger and be at our wits' end. It carried off whole families before any preparation could be made; in many houses they died as they sank down, before help could reach them; children—motherless, fatherless, or both—were all around; and homes, from which all the children were swept as by a poison-breath, were not uncommon.

"As speedily as possible special wards were prepared in the hospital; but the nurses became panic-stricken, and we were upon the verge of a state of things I have never dared to contemplate. Then I felt it my duty to offer my services; and I was at once accepted, and installed in authority over a large number of beds.

"Truly the angel of death hovered there; scores and scores were brought in daily, of both sexes and all ages—some almost gone, others dying, all suffering dreadfully, except those who were beyond the reach of pain and help alike. We received all that were sent to us, did our best for them by effort and prayer: but they died terribly fast; one-half of all that came perished speedily—no time for thought, no time for prayer or repentance, or seeking peace with God.

"Oh! if you had been with me there, had seen

the weeping, the striving, the sinking into death, you would need no argument to prove that the worst possible place on earth to seek repentance is a death-bed, especially when writhing with the most excruciating pain. Therefore I beg of you to seek salvation now. I implore you, by these dreadful memories, to come to the Saviour while time and opportunity are afforded you; lest, in leaving it to the future, you may leave it to that which God has nowhere promised shall be under your own control.

"There I saw the little child clasp its hands and wither away; I saw the young man hurled to death in the pride of his strength! The song of the maiden was exchanged for screams of agony; the dying yell of the infidel and the blasphemer still rings in my ear; while, do what we would, we were powerless to help and save. They came, they suffered, they died, in that awful saturnalia of pestilence and death.

"There came to us, among others, one of the fairest girls I ever saw. I have seen female beauty in many lands, but none fairer than this blue-eyed daughter of one of the sunny homes of England. She was dreadfully ill when she was given to us; and from the first we feared for her, soul and body, when we found that the daughter of beauty was also the daughter of sin and shame.

"I went to her, and, kneeling by her bedside, warned her of her dangerous bodily condition, and inquired how it stood with her immortal soul.

"Never, never shall I forget the look of mingled astonishment, fear, and pain that passed over her face, as she replied, 'Why do you ask? You do not think it possible that I am going to die, do you? I know I am very ill, but I have never thought of dying yet! I cannot die yet! I am not ready! I want time to think and pray, and I can do neither while in this awful pain.'

"Alas for her! her unreadiness could not, would not save her, or even add one minute to her life, any more than it will *to yours!* and as I knelt, I implored her to seek mercy and salvation while time was given.

"'Do you know what I have been?' she said, hoarsely. 'Do you know whence they brought me to lie on this very bed! If I cannot have time to repent, I am *lost! lost! lost!*'

"Her voice ascended in tone with her words; until the last one rang out in a shrill scream, that caused a shudder in every frame, and a paleness on every cheek within hearing.

"Then there came to her side one of England's ladies, who has made her name a household word in the houses of her roughest countrymen, as well as in the mansions of the great and good. She was my colleague in that season and place of pestilence, and she said, reassuringly, 'If you are lost, you are ready for Jesus, for He came to save such; and it is good part of the work done when the soul feels its lost condition, and its need of a Saviour from sin and its doom!'

"‘I don’t mean that,’ said the girl; ‘I want to get well and go back. I don’t want to repent, or to die, or to have anything to do with religion; it’s *too late* for that! Stoop down, and I’ll tell you. I was my mother’s only one, her pet, her darling; and when I *would* come to London, to get more money, and have more liberty, she warned me, and begged me to stay in vain. When she heard what had happened to me, it broke her heart; she withered and died! Her death and my shame broke down my poor grey-headed father, he has never been the same since. Often in the night, when I’m sober, I see them both—he suffering and dying—she, where I shall never be! O mother! mother!’

“‘Have you ever sought his forgiveness?’ questioned my colleague.

“‘No, no,’ she said, ‘I’ve never been sober when I could help it! As sure as I became so, I saw my heart-broken, murdered mother!’

“‘Let us send to your father,’ said I, ‘he ought to know where and how you are. Tell me his address, and I will telegraph at once.’

“‘Do you think he will forgive me?’ she quietly asked.

“‘I hope and believe so,’ I replied; ‘but this I am sure of—if *he* will not, the dear Saviour will, if you will only ask Him.’

“‘I will wait and hear from my father first,’ she wearily decided; ‘then if he forgives me, I shall have courage to go to Jesus.’

“‘Go to Him first,’ implored my colleague, ‘you may wait too long.’

“Busily, with constant accessions and changes of the living and dying, passed the day away with us. In the afternoon we received a reply, informing us, ‘It was all but impossible for her father to leave his sick-bed, but they would cautiously deliver the message, and leave it to himself to decide.’ We sent again, that unless he could come *at once*, he would surely be too late; and then I leaned over her, as she was lying all but unconscious on her bed of death, telling her our reply.

“‘Raise me up,’ she said, ‘*he may come!* I begin to hope that he will, and that I shall die forgiven.’ We raised her on the bed, and she sat with a look of the keenest watchfulness upon her face, never taking away her glance from the entrance-door of the ward.

“‘Shall we pray that he may come, and that you may see him?’ asked my colleague, as the night closed in.

“‘Do you think God will hear for me if you do?’ she questioned in reply.

“‘I am sure He will hear,’ was the answer; ‘and if we can ask in faith He will give us a favourable reply.’

“Oh, dear friends, that prayer, beginning with the request that the heavenly Father would send the earthly one, ready to forgive and bless; and then entreating, agonising, that the dying girl might be helped to see the loving, blessed Saviour

waiting to be gracious, ready to forgive, mighty to save whosoever would come unto Him! Oh, those soft, low tones of earnest pleading, the wrestling faith, that strove for the erring, sinning sister in the darkness of unbelief! She lay and listened—wearily at first, soon interested, then tearful, then with clasped hands, and streaming eyes joining softly in the low earnest cry for mercy, that could scarcely be heard at the next bed.

"‘Read to me of Jesus,’ she said; ‘how He pitied and forgave the one that was like me; there may be hope there for me.’

"We complied with her desire; and then read to her, softly and slowly, how He suffered and died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, and then we urged her lovingly to trust herself wholly in His hands, and to believe and trust in His will and power to forgive and cleanse.

"Through the night she watched, and waited, and prayed, until the pearl-grey of the morning appeared, and the sweet smell of the hay, as it was conveyed to the early market, ascended through the open windows of the ward. The light increased, and the bustle of the morning became plainer without; still she watched, and waited, and prayed; until softly calling me to her, she said, ‘That she felt she was forgiven, and that her father would come and forgive her before she died.’

"Hour after hour passed away, the great clock in front of the building marking their passage; and still she watched, and waited, and prayed. But

her strength was well-nigh gone, her bright eyes were dimming, and her tones fainter and lower as the hours passed away; and we knew that unless his coming was very speedy her wish could not be fulfilled. So we prayed earnestly together, my colleague and I, and the dying girl, that strength might be given to watch and wait until he came.

"And it was so. While I was holding her, I saw the dying eyes brighten, I felt strength reanimate the frame as an old man tottered and staggered into the ward, supported by two friends who had travelled to London with him.

"He came to the bedside and sank upon it for a moment, then raised himself, and received his dying child in his arms. She looked into the tear-stained, convulsed face with unutterable entreaty, and murmured, 'At last, at last! Father, father! forgive and bless me before I die!'

"He had no words wherewith to comply; but he bent down over her and kissed her—oh! so lovingly and forgivingly—again and again. One last long look of love, one long-drawn sigh of supreme contentment and rest, one quivering prayerful spasm of the lips, was the last of earth, and, we humbly hoped, the prelude and the first of heaven."

There was not a dry eye, among us; corners of ragged shawls, sleeves of torn coats, and backs of unclean hands were all busy together, as our quiet friend ended her narrative with an earnest appeal to turn to that loving, mighty Saviour at once, who was so able and willing to save. C. J. W.

"A RANSOM FOR ALL."

(Tune—"Christ Returneth."—S.S. & S., 324.)



RANSOM, for all!" Hear the marvellous story
Of Jesus, the Saviour, who came from the glory,
The lost to redeem, and God's children to gather,

By suffering, and death on the tree.

*Sing! "A ransom for all,"

Sweet fruit of the Saviour's loud call—

"It is finished!" Hallelujah!

Jesus died on the tree—

"Died for all"—hence for me.

While here upon earth—then e'en welcoming any—
His life Jesus promised, "a ransom for many,"
But now that His work of redemption's accomplished,

The Spirit declares 'tis "for all."*

The dear Saviour's blood, all-atoning in value,
To God has been offered, and hence there is for you
A plenary pardon, a priceless salvation,

Which Jesus now offers to thee.*

"Deliver" the captive, "for I've found a ransom,"
God says now, with joy, as He sends out the welcome,

That calls forth the prisoner, from sin's chains of bondage,


To taste the sweet joys of the free.*

O captive of Satan, since Jesus hath suffered—
 "The Just for the unjust"—thy freedom is offered
 Delay then no longer, but rest on the ransom
 He graciously paid down for thee.*

W. T. P. W.

LOST; HALF SAVED; SAVED; SAVED AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART!

Lost.



GOD'S great salvation is for *the lost*. Hence a man *must* wake up to the fact that he is *lost*, or he cannot be *saved*. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost*" (Luke xix. 10). We *all* belong to a lost race. You may believe it, pretend to believe it, or disbelieve it, the fact remains true. God says so. "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (Rom. iii. 4).

If we were not lost, we should not need to be saved. And if we did not need to be saved, God would never have sent His Son to save us. Notwithstanding all the prevailing errors of the day, and the unbelief of many, the mass in Christendom still profess to believe *that fact*. But, alas, how few find out they are lost!

Tens of thousands hope for heaven because Christ died, but it is a *false hope*. They are not saved; and why? Because they have never learnt

they were lost. It is the lost one who gladly hears of Christ as a real, present, personal Saviour. Sinner, professor, you are *lost*! You belong to a lost race, and you are guilty of sins of which God alone knows the total, and every moment you live (whatever your poor deceived heart may imagine) you are ever speeding nearer and nearer to the eternal doom of the lost—the *lake of fire* (Rev. xx. 15). Hear the note of warning while you may! Arouse ye to a sense of your state, and danger, and need!

Whether outwardly moral and religious, or sinful and ungodly, you *must* have Christ as your Saviour, or your case is hopeless. And the time to have Him as your Saviour is *now*. Without Christ you are *lost*; to die without Him is to be *eternally lost*. To be eternally lost, is to be banished from the light of the blessed presence of God in the lake of fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; the blackness of darkness for eternity (Jude 13).

HALF SAVED.

Now Christ is a present, perfect, and eternal Saviour. Hence if you believe God's testimony concerning Him, you are, now, perfectly and eternally saved. But alas, such is the power of Satan, and the blindness and perversity of the human heart, that thousands are satisfied with being what we may call "*half saved*." They believe on the Lord Jesus, but, occupied with self,

self's shortcomings, and their own unworthiness, they continue in an undefined state of soul, with nothing clear as to their eternal salvation. Sometimes they hope they are saved, sometimes they think they are saved, sometimes they are tolerably sure they are saved, sometimes they question it altogether. They believe in Christ; but instead of bowing to God's testimony concerning Him, and seeing that their salvation is eternally secure, as all depends on Him who is already the Victor, seated at God's right hand, they make their salvation depend more or less on their own feelings, which are as changeable as a thermometer. When they feel happy, they feel they believe, and feel they are saved. When they feel unhappy, they are not sure whether they believe, and their salvation is surrounded with clouds of uncertainty. It is *feelings* instead of *Christ*. Souls in this condition may be counted by tens of thousands in Christendom; they are, so to speak, *half saved*.

Is this *the true Christian state*? Unquestionably *not*. It is the state of souls awakened through the grace of God, born again, but without peace or deliverance. Many causes may produce it, bad teaching, legality, self-occupation, self-righteousness, carelessness, allowance of unjudged sins, &c., &c. It is a miserable state to be in. They are more or less spoilt for this world, but they are not in the enjoyment of Christ and His things. It is a state totally foreign to the blessed revelation of the Word of God.

SAVED.

The scripture says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," &c. (Acts xvi. 31). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be *saved*" (Rom. x. 9). "Who hath *saved* us," &c. (2 Tim. i. 9). "According to his mercy he *saved* us" (Titus iii. 5). "By grace ye are *saved*" (Eph. ii. 8). And one might cite other passages.

Now nothing can be plainer from this than that the believer should *know he is saved*. Are you a believer? Yes. Then you should *know that you are saved*. Take God at His word, and there will be no doubt about it. His word endureth for ever. You will never have any assurance of salvation so long as you are occupied with yourself. Christ is the Saviour, glorified, triumphant, and crowned. He finished the work once for all at the cross, by faith in which we are saved. That is enough. So long as you are occupied with self and your own unworthiness you are dishonouring Christ, and robbing God of the glory due to His name. Believe Him, and you are saved; you may know it, have the full assurance of it, and rejoice in it. We read that God "will have all men to be *saved*," &c. (1 Tim. ii. 4). It is the desire of His heart that we should know and rejoice in this blessed truth. *Saved!* What a wonderful thing! Are you then saved? Can you reply, "Yes," without hesitation? Can you look eternity in the face, and know all is well? Can

you look death in the face, and say, Ah, it was my great enemy once, but now I know its sting has been taken away by Christ, and for me it is but the portal to His presence for ever. Can you contemplate the truth of His promised return, and say, Ah, I know when He claims His own, His *saved* ones, He will surely claim me? Can you say unhesitatingly — “By Thy grace I am saved, precious Jesus”?

SAVED AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART.

Now, blessed as it is to know we are *saved*, we should not stop there. It is cause indeed for thankfulness, that death, judgment, and the lake of fire are things of the past, all gone for ever for every believer, and nothing now but glory with Christ in front. But how far do we enter into the fulness and blessedness and infinite extent of *God's great salvation*? How far do we enter into His side of it, and the joy of His heart in Christ and His *saved* ones?

Thousands are saved, and know it, yet have but the faintest idea of the infinite heights and depths, and lengths and breadths, of the blessing found in God's salvation, the present and eternal portion of every believer!

All is ministered to us by God Himself—Light and Love—for the eternal satisfaction and joy of *His own heart*, according to His delight in His Beloved, now seated as the triumphant Saviour at His own right hand. We are blessed for His sake,

and in Him. The great salvation of God is revealed in righteousness as present, free, full, and eternal, the fruit of perfect love, infinite wisdom, and everlasting counsel. Eternity is needed for us to enter into the full depth of the blessing. Through the Spirit, we should know it *now*; and in a measure some do. But, alas, how feeble our finite grasp, and the soarings of the most trustful human heart, in that which is infinite! Alas, how little we get away from *ourselves*, and enter into God's side of things, and revel in the fulness of the grace ever flowing in mighty tides around His saved ones. He planned the salvation, Christ's finished work is the ground of it, the Holy Ghost reveals it to us; it is ours now and for ever, and God finds joy in our joy. Blessed and rich as is the language of His Word, telling us of so great salvation, yet the one who entered into it above all others, when caught up to the third heaven, the sphere to which one can say it belongs, the blessing he was in some measure conscious of was far beyond him. He heard unspeakable words, which it was not lawful for man to utter (2 Cor. xii. 1-5). Fellow-believer, this eternal portion is yours; and *we are saved after God's own heart.*

“Blest are they who, lost, undone,
Rest by faith on God's own Son;
Blest who take, through precious blood,
Refuge in the Eternal God:
They by truth are thus set free,
Rock of Ages, hid in Thee.”

"THE MAN THAT DIED FOR ME."



IN a little mud cabin among the Californian hills a poor miner lay dying of consumption. Both inwardly and outwardly he was very wicked; his heart seemed as hard as a stone, his hands had been stained with human blood; and his mouth was so full of cursing and bitterness, that even his fellow-miners avoided him, except when just placing sufficient food within his reach to keep him from starvation.

The sad tale of his miserable condition reached the ears of a Christian woman, and, moved with pity, she resolved to visit, and endeavour to help him. She went again and again, trying to soothe *his sufferings, and speaking about God*; but was always received with such terrible expressions of hatred, both towards God and man, that, saddened and disgusted, she became discouraged, and felt she could never go again.

One of her little boys noticed she did not pray for the poor miner as she was accustomed to do, when putting them to bed, and, hearing her despairing reply, "I have given him up," said: "Has God given him up, *mamma*? Ought you to give him up till God does?"

This touched her deeply, and on her knees that night she sought to learn from the Lord the value of the man's soul in His sight.

Next morning she went again, her neighbour's little daughter accompanying her in the walk, and though greeted as formerly with an awful oath, she did not notice it, for the love of Christ was constraining her. Presently the sick man heard the child outside laughing in the sunshine, and in an altered voice asked who was there.

"A little girl who came with me," she replied.

"I had a little girl once; but she died," he said, his face softening.

Stepping to the door she beckoned the little one in, who slowly advanced to the sick man's side, and gazed pityingly on his wasted face. Then she knelt, and, looking up towards heaven, in all her childish simplicity and confidence she asked the Lord Jesus to help this poor man. Great tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes as, touched to the heart, he gazed on her upturned face, hearing her thus speak to the Saviour whom she trusted and loved.

And now that his heart was touched, he had ears to hear the sweet yet solemn story of the cross. Of how the Lord Jesus, on whom both his friend and the child believed, had left the heavenly glory, which He had with His Father before the world was, and came down and dwelt as a man among men, a Saviour for sinners, acquainting Himself with their sorrows, and healing their diseases; feeding the hungry, and raising the dead. But also of the shameful reception He met with—envy, hatred, and murder. Yet His grace and love were

inexhaustible, and shone brighter and brighter amidst the barbarity with which He was treated. For when man had increased to the utmost the sufferings of the One who placed himself under God's judgment in our stead upon the cross, the answer to the insolent soldier's spear-thrust was a stream of precious blood, which was freely shed for the remission of sins (Matt. xxvi. 28; Rom. iii. 25). Pouring out His life in the sight of God and in the sight of man, He died that those sinners who avail themselves of His sacrifice might be cleansed once for all in His atoning blood. "For it is the *blood* that maketh an *atonement* for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11; Rom. v. 10, 11). And then, of how God had fully accepted His sacrifice, raised Him from the dead, crowned Him with glory and honour (Heb. ii. 9); and now offers to the acceptance of sinners salvation because through Jesus' name and work, for *they* may rest in what *He* rests.

Poor Jack was much moved by the wondrous tale of man's exceeding hatred, and God's exceeding love, and his distress deepened as His Word, applied by the Holy Spirit, sank into his soul, and gave him an increasing consciousness of his own sinful and lost condition. How terribly distinct grew each sin as it rose and passed again through his memory! Those evil thoughts! those wicked words! those dark deeds! every one of which was known to God; about which he must be judged, and for which he deserved to be shut out for ever from the light of His holy presence, and doomed to the terror and gloom of eternal judgment!

For three days he lay in misery, until he turned away from everything of self, whether his sickening remembrances, empty longings, or weary efforts, and cast himself, just as he was, on the mighty compassionate love of Jesus, "*the Man that died for me*," as he afterwards called Him.

He knew he was bad, and evil, and wicked altogether; but this holy, gracious Jesus loved him enough to die for him, and he *would* trust Him, for surely he *could* trust Him. Grace and joy flowed into his heart as he turned to the One who, while we were sinners and ungodly, had given Himself for us (Rom. v. 6; Gal. i. 4), and he rested in simple faith on His all-sufficient sacrifice and precious blood. For though his sins had covered him, glaring like scarlet and deep-dyed as crimson, he was now washed as white as snow in the Saviour's all-cleansing blood.

During the few remaining weeks of his life on earth he was a joyful witness to the grace of God. Once he called in some of his former mates, who, with grave, awe-struck faces, filled the little cabin, listening as, between his coughs and short breathing, he told them what great things God had done for him.

Using a miner's simile, he said,—

"Boys, you know how the water runs down the sluice-boxes, and carries off all the dirt, and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. . . . But it left enough for me to see

the Man that died for me. Oh boys, can't you trust *Him?*"

One morning, on making her usual visit, his friend found two of the men sitting silently by a sheet-covered board, on which lay Jack's lifeless remains.

On inquiring how he had passed away, one of them replied,—

"Well, all at once he brightened up, 'bout midnight, and smilin', said, 'I'm goin', boys—I'm goin' to see *the Man that died for me,*' an' he was gone."

L. J. M.

A NEW SONG.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things. His right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."—Ps. xcviii. 1.



EJOICE, the Saviour lives again,
The blessed Lamb that once was slain,
His arm hath got the victory,
His ransomed people now are free.

Free from all condemnation now,
What thanks and praise to Him we owe,
To Him who stooped beneath our load,
And died to make us nigh to God.

To Him who washed us in His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God,
To Him eternal glory be
For love so vast, so full, so free.


We love Him, dear to us His name—
 Jesus—for evermore the same,
 The same upon His Father's throne
 As when He trod this earth alone.

Fast linked with Christ, our risen Head,
 The "firstborn from among the dead,"
 One with Him in His victory,
 Past death and judgment now are we.

In sweeter strains we soon shall sing,
 And make the courts of heaven ring,
 With songs of triumph, and of praise,
 To God, the God of love and grace.

M. S. S.

SELF-DECEIVED, OR DIVINELY DELIVERED.



FEW weeks ago, in company with a friend, I went to a neighbouring village to preach the Gospel. Having some time at our disposal before the hour appointed for the meeting, we resolved to have a walk along one of

the country roads, in hope that the Lord would give us a message to some of those we might happen to meet, and we had not gone far until we came up to an old man of threescore years and ten, sitting by the wayside, who looked the picture

of health and contentment; but, alas! as the sequel proved, he was without Christ, and in his sins. We felt greatly interested in him, and offered him a Gospel book, which he thankfully accepted.

"You appear to be very old," I remarked, "and must soon pass into eternity."

"Yes," he very gravely replied, "it won't be long."

"Where do you hope to spend it?" I inquired.

Looking still more grave, and fixing his eyes upon me, he said, "In heaven, I hope."

"But have you a title to go there, or how do you expect to get to heaven?"

"I never did any harm, I have always paid my way, and I am doing the best I can," was his reply.

"But will God accept that from you, and take you to heaven on account of what you have done? Is that a sufficient reason why you should get there when you leave this world?"

Poor old man, he seemed confused at being questioned so closely, and said he was afraid it was not. "For," said he, "the scripture says, 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"Have you been born again?"

He hung down his head, and felt he could not say so. I quoted the following passages, which for ever closed the door on his expectation of reaching heaven by his own doings:—

"Therefore by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight" (Rom. iii. 20).

"We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

I thus sought to show him how impossible it was to be justified before God on the ground of works, remarking that even such a godly man as David had said, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall *no man* living be justified"; and reminded him that if the prophet Isaiah confessed himself, and those with whom he was associated, to be unclean, and their best doings but filthy rags, how could he expect a holy God to accept his bundle of filthy rags as a reason why he should be justified and taken to heaven? We urged upon him the necessity of being honest with himself before that God with whom we *all* have to do, either in grace now, or in judgment hereafter, and not to cover up his true condition, seeing it is written, "Whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. xxviii. 13). After pressing upon him the need of owning he was a lost sinner, and that being such he could not meet God, we parted company.

I could not help looking to God to open the old man's eyes to see himself as he was in His sight, and to deliver him from the power of Satan, the god of this world, who "blindeth the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine upon them" (2 Cor. iv. 4).

Reader, are you self-deceived, like this old man, and deluded by the thought that you have never done any harm, have always paid your way, are doing the best you can, and hoping God will take you to heaven on this ground? If so, may you be awakened to see the rottenness of such a foundation; to see that you are not only undeserving of anything from His hand, but, on the contrary, if He gave you what your sins deserve, you would be banished for ever from His presence.

I earnestly urge upon you to own what you are; be like the publican, who would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me *the sinner*," as if there were not another but himself in the world.

Oh! be like Job, who had been trying to justify himself; but who, when brought consciously into God's presence, exclaimed, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job xlii. 5, 6).

What a place of self-judgment! Nothing good to say of himself, or anything he had ever done.

Oh! reader, may you thus discover yourself and thus abhor yourself before God, owning that you are *the sinner*. This is what God is looking for.

"He looketh upon men, and if any, say I have sinned and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit" (Job xxxiii. 27, 28).

If you are not saved or delivered, the reason is you have not been honest; you have not owned, as true of you, what God says is true of all, that "*all have sinned*, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23).

If you try to save yourself, you will find that all human efforts are unavailing. But hear the blessed news: "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6).

Do you say, "I have no strength; I have tried to save myself, and have given up in despair of ever being saved?" Then you are just the person for whom Christ died—one who has no strength, and is ungodly.

But perhaps you shrink from the word "ungodly"? You may not think yourself just as bad as that. Then you have no warrant for saying that Christ died for *you*.

That all *are* ungodly, however, there is no doubt, for "the scripture hath concluded all under sin."

How then can God, who is so holy that He cannot look upon sin but with the greatest abhorrence, and so righteous that He can "by no means clear the guilty," have anything to say to such as you?

Blessed answer,—He "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son" that He might die for our sins, and that we might be brought to God.

Wonderful grace! that God should love us so; and "*whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins*" (Acts x. 43).

Bless His holy name! God is just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26).

Whoever you are, black or white, high or low, moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, swearer or drunkard, whatever grade or caste you may be, on the ground of what Jesus has done God can freely forgive you; for, "by him *all that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Mark, it is not all that *feel*; no, "all that believe,"—believing first, feeling after.

But you say, "I would like first to feel saved." That would be impossible; you must believe a thing before it can affect you.

Let me give you an illustration. Suppose you owed your landlord £20 for backgone rent, and you had not a farthing in the house to pay him, would you not feel very unhappy?

"Yes," you say, "I surely would."

But suppose your landlord threatens to sue you for this backgone rent, would you not feel still more unhappy?

"Yes," you say, "I would be miserable."

But suppose a kind friend, who knew your circumstances, went to your landlord and settled for all the backgone rent, paying down the £20 in cash, and in return the landlord gives him a receipt for the money, and your friend brings you the written receipt, whereby you see that your £20 debt has been fully settled by your kind friend, how would you feel?

"Oh!" you say, "I would feel very happy."

But do you not see you must have the receipt before you can be happy? and the more simply and unhesitatingly you rely on it the more peaceful you will be. You did not see your friend pay down the £20, but you believe he did so when you see your landlord's name attached to the receipt. But suppose a neighbour comes in, who knows the whole case, and seeing you so happy, asks if you are not deceived after all. "What!" you say, "deceived? I cannot be deceived; I have got the receipt in the landlord's own handwriting, and he must be satisfied or he would never have given a receipt." But another comes and asks, "Do you really *feel* that your landlord is satisfied?" "Well," you say, "here is the receipt in which he declares he is, and I feel very happy; not because I feel he is satisfied, for that would be impossible, but because I know from the receipt that my debt has been discharged, and he *is* satisfied."

Now, so it is, my reader, with what you owe to God. You cannot feel the debt is paid, but God's Word says, "Christ was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification"; and His death on the cross was a sufficient payment or answer to God for all our sins from beginning to end.

But He is not on the cross now—He is risen. He was once there for our sins and offences, but now He is on the throne of God, and let me ask you, Could God in righteousness put Christ on His

throne if He had not perfectly satisfied Him on account of sins, even *all* our sins? Surely not. But, having satisfied God fully and for ever, yea glorified Him in all His holy nature in reference to sin, God has now in perfect righteousness put Him in the highest place in heavenly glory; and the believer looks no longer to see Him on a cross, but can say, "We see Jesus, crowned with glory and honour." He sat down, having accomplished redemption's work, and fully glorified God in the doing of it; and He waits there until God shall make His enemies His footstool (Heb. x. 12, 14).

When once He rises up from off the throne, and the door is shut (Luke xiii. 25), if you are found still in your sins your doom will be sealed for ever.

May God, then, give you, my reader, to be amongst those that are "ready" when Christ comes.

P. W.

GREAT is God's joy in man's salvation. That is the burden of Luke xv. The Trinity is in joyful activity for man's blessing. The Shepherd—the Son—seeks, finds, and rejoices over the *lost* sheep. The woman with lit candle—the Holy Spirit—sweeps for, finds, and then rejoices over the piece of silver, *dead*, but precious. The Father, when the wanderer has returned, and been so lovingly received, says, "Let us eat, and be merry, for this my son *was dead*, and *is alive* again, he *was lost*, and *is found*." This is grace indeed! This is God! To have back His own, "safe and sound," fills His heart with joy. It may well fill ours. W. T. P. W.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE, OR SATAN DEFEATED.



PHYSICALLY, John was a very tall, good-looking, young Scotchman of strong build.

MORALLY, besides being what is termed "a good-natured fellow," he was quite steady and proper in his habits, but had little or no religion about him, either in form or reality. Like many of his fellows he had seldom, if ever, given the all-important question of his "soul's salvation" five minutes' serious consideration.

Careless as he was about spiritual things, God broke in on his dead, indifferent soul, in a way he little dreamt of.

An evangelist was having a series of Gospel meetings in the village where he lived, and two Christians, who took a lively interest in the Lord's work, worked beside John. They spoke much to him about his soul, and tried their best to get him to promise to come to the meetings, but failed. Though he boldly resented all they said at the time he was spoken to, yet some of their words, to his great annoyance, he could not shake himself clear of.

On reaching home, after one of these unpleasant days, his wife observed a marked change in his

manner, but said nothing to him. He took his tea, washed, dressed, and seated himself at the fire side, without exchanging more than two or three words with his young wife. After gazing into the fire for some time, he turned his expressive eyes upon her, as she occupied a chair on the other side of the fire, and said, with deep emotion, "Mary, these men torment my very life about getting SAVED. They tell me people are being saved every night at Mr Y——'s meetings; and because I will not go and hear him, they lecture me about my soul, saying if I don't get converted like themselves I shall be lost, and go to hell. I consider I am as good as any of them, though I cannot quote as much of the Bible, or speak about religion as they do. But what annoys me most is to hear them saying they KNOW, for CERTAIN, they are SAVED. Now I don't think ~~any person can be sure about that in this world~~" Then appealing to his wife, he said, "Do you?"

Slowly and tremblingly came the answer, "Yes!"

"You really believe that can be known here?"

"Yes," she said, with more firmness.

"Then if you believe such a thing can be known, why do you not know it for yourself?"

With blushing face she said, "I do know it, John."

"You know you are saved, and yet never told me of it before? How long have you known it?"

"Since before our marriage."

"Then why did you not tell me of it before, now?" asked John.

"Because I knew you did not care about these things, and thought it would displease you to mention it."

"But if I had died and gone to hell, would you not have felt you were greatly to blame?"

A flood of tears was the only answer.

If the reader is a true child of God, but has not yet confessed Christ to any one, we plead earnestly with you to do so at once. By doing so your own happiness will be increased a hundred-fold; you may also be a blessing to others, and, what is more important still, it will delight the heart of the blessed Saviour, who laid down His life for you, and bring glory to His worthy name.

It was now evident that a great change had come over John, for he proposed that both of them should go to the meeting that night, and added, "If there is the possibility of *knowing* one is saved, I will not rest till I get it."

John's remarkable experience for the next few days shows what an effort the devil makes to keep the poor sinner in his grasp, and no one knows the awful power Satan has over the unsaved until they are awakened to see they are lost, and want deliverance.

At eight o'clock that evening John and his wife were side by side in the meeting. Not long had the preacher spoken till he felt the Word of God cutting sharp and deep into his guilty conscience. He saw now he was really lost, with nothing but a yawning hell before him, ready to engulf him at

any moment. His agony was intense ; he thought his case was hopeless.

At the close of the first meeting the preacher gave out that there would be a short meeting "for prayer, and helping anxious souls." "This opportunity," John said, "I will not miss," and kept his seat accordingly. What with his deep agony of soul, mingled with feelings of shame to be found in such a meeting, he hung his head for a considerable time ; and on lifting it his eyes fell on one of his fellow-workmen, who had been speaking to him that same day, and whose entreaties he had so sternly resented. The thought of his present position as an anxious inquirer, in view of the hostile attitude he had assumed towards Christ's things in his presence a few hours before, was more than his proud heart could bear. The devil too, who is always on the alert, whispered in his ear, "You are making a perfect fool of yourself, just showing yourself to be a mere child, with no mind of your own." This effort of the arch-enemy of souls on his proud spirit so overpowered him that he rose to his feet, and left the meeting.

He had not gone fifty yards, however, until he began to reflect on what he had done. "What a wretched fool I am," he said to himself. "I might have got saved if I had stayed in. I fear God will never give me another chance after the way I have acted to-night." In the midst of his deep misery of soul a happy thought struck him. Mr —, a Christian farmer, who had been much used

of God in leading souls to Christ, had to walk home about two miles after the meeting. He thought he would put himself in his way, and by a conversation with him he might get what his soul longed for—the *knowledge* of forgiveness.

His hopes, however, were blighted; for after pacing to and fro till past midnight he had to go home without seeing him. He went to bed, but sleep he could not, yea *dare not*! He ventured, in his distress, to make a solemn vow to God, that if He would spare him till the next meeting, he would not let anything make him leave the anxious inquirers' meeting in the same way as he had done on the previous night.

A day of misery passed, and John found himself again at the meeting. The preaching over, and the usual invitation given for anxious souls to remain, he fully determined to perform his midnight vow, and sat still in his seat. No one came near him for some time. At length, the farmer referred to above was in the act of coming to him, but on seeing him approaching, all the satanic thoughts and feelings of the previous night rushed in upon John's soul with increased vigour, and so overpowered him again, that, almost without knowing what he was doing, he made for the door as fast as his legs could carry him. He halted about the same spot as on the night previous; and as if not sure whither all this was only a dream, he said to himself: "Is it really possible I have yielded to the devil again? My case is most surely hopeless now,

for I cannot ask God to give me another chance. Oh, what shall I do? Will I have to spend my eternity in hell? I cannot reconcile my mind to such a fate, though I know I deserve it."

At this distressing moment the hope of seeing the farmer on his way home came again as a momentary relief. He thought if he could only see him *alone* on that road under cover of darkness, how much easier it would be for him to tell out all his difficulties to him there, than having so many looking at him while being spoken to in the "inquiry meeting." But he had to learn that though God is always ready to bless the poor sinner, He does not see it to be for our good, nor His glory, always to fall in with *our plans and ways*. That night he had to go home again after two hours' waiting and watching, without seeing his friend the farmer; he having taken a near way through fields both nights.

Words could not express the intense agony John's soul passed through that night, as he lay in bed in perfect terror, lest God should take him away in His anger by a stroke of judgment before morning light. In his desperation he ventured to renew his vow of the previous night with additional emphasis, That he would not allow *all the powers of hell*, the pride of his own heart, nor anything else, make him leave the meeting as he had done, if God would only give him *one more chance*.

The longed for meeting came, and found John again in his seat. Never once had he wavered in

his determination to carry out his vow, from the moment he made it till the end of the Gospel meeting, when the usual invitation was given for anxious souls to remain behind. The sound of the last word from the preacher's lips had scarcely died away, when Satan, with one of his fiery darts, made his last great effort to keep John in his fiendish grasp, by again overpowering him with all the proud feelings of the previous nights; and so successful for the moment was this foul arch-enemy of God and man's blessing, that his poor dupe was the first in the meeting on his feet, and in an instant vanished out at the door. "Thanks be to God," Satan's success was *only* momentary, the hour of the poor sinner's deliverance had come. He had not gone twenty yards till, realising what he had done, he said "This is awful," then turned right about, pushed his way through the people leaving the meeting, and placed himself in the first empty seat; then hanging his head he prayed to God to hold him in his seat till he got saved. A good many prayers went up to God from His people, who had been witnessing this awful conflict, before John was spoken to. That night, after a short conversation with the preacher, John was **SAVED**.

The scripture used of God to set this poor captive free was this: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou **SHALT BE SAVED**" (Rom. x. 9). The battle that had raged in his soul these few days between

the powers of light and darkness, was now ended. The victory was the Lord's. John was no longer the dupe and captive of Satan, but *translated* into the kingdom of God's dear Son (Col. i. 13). Instead of the bondage of sin and Satan here, with the LAKE OF FIRE hereafter, he was *now* in the enjoyment of the *liberty* wherewith Christ makes us *free*, and if God's Son makes us free we "*are free indeed*," and unspeakable bliss and glory with Christ hereafter for ever is our portion (see John viii. 32, 36; Gal. v. 1-13; Heb. ii. 14, 15).

Now, dear reader, in whose kingdom are you a subject? It must either be Christ's or the devil's. You cannot be half in the one and half in the other. If you have never been "born again," be assured you are yet in the kingdom of Satan. Ever since man listened to Satan in the Garden of Eden, obeying him, and disobeying God, he has by *nature* been a subject of his kingdom, and before man could be delivered out of it, Christ, as the sinner's substitute, had to atone for man's sin by dying on the cross. There He met every claim of God against the sinner, and now He can *righteously* claim and deliver the poor sinner—whose case He has taken up—out of the hands of the devil. This is what He has done with millions, and what He will do with you just now, if, as a *lost sinner*, you believe on Him, as your own personal Saviour. Why not do so NOW? For "*NOW is the accepted time*" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

CAIN AND ABEL, OR THE TWO WAYS.



WHAT a lesson God would have us learn from the history of Cain and Abel, as set forth in the 4th of Genesis.

How plainly we can see that "the way of Cain" is all wrong, and that those who follow it must end their course under the judgment of God; and yet the way of Cain is popular, the many are to be found in it (compare Matt. vii. 13), although the Spirit has said, "Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain" (Jude 11).

The way of Abel, on the contrary, is the right way; it is the way that leadeth unto life, and yet there are few that find it (compare Matt. vii. 14).

We will now look at these two ways, as set forth in Scripture, and let the reader discern for himself which he is on.

First, as to the way of Cain. I see in Cain a man who rejected revelation, and who approached God in his own way; a religious man, who brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord.

By faith (and faith always follows revelation) Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain; that is, he brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof.

"And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his

offering, but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect."

I shall now try to set down clearly the way of Cain. (*Read from top downwards.*)

Gen. iv. 1. Born outside Eden.

Gen. iv. 3. Cain's offering.

Gen. iv. 5. Cain angry.

Gen. iv. 7. Cain rejecting the word of the Lord.

Gen. iv. 8. Cain a murderer (1 John iii. 12).

Gen. iv. 9. Cain justifying himself.

Gen. iv. 14. Cain despairing of mercy.

Gen. iv. 16. Cain hiding from God.

Gen. vii. Cain's world, ending in judgment.

You will observe where he begins. He was born outside of Eden, he came of fallen parents, lying under the sentence of death (Gen. iv. 1). Next we have Cain's offering (ver. 3), or his attempt to approach God without blood-shedding, and with the fruit of the ground which God had cursed. This is his first wrong step, and his second is in ver. 5. His offering and himself rejected, Cain was very wroth; in the pride of his heart he was soon angry, and dealt foolishly (Prov. xiv. 17). This was shown in his third step (ver. 7), when he rejected the word of the Lord. And what wisdom was in him? (See Jer. viii. 9.) And so he took the fourth step (ver. 8), and murdered his brother. God in His grace, instead of being silent to him (2 Peter ii. 9), called him to account at once, which led to Cain's fifth step (ver. 9). And what unutterable folly it was! He justified himself, and tried to conceal his sin; then, when God in His

government exposes, and visits his sin on him, he takes his sixth step (ver. 14), and is in despair; but God shows him mercy. He gives him space to repent, and will allow no man to take his life from him (ver. 15). Surely if Cain had not rejected the word of the Lord, if there had been any wisdom in him, he would have read this favour aright, and have even then come into blessing as a vessel of mercy; but no, he takes the seventh and final step in the way of Cain (ver. 16). He went out from the presence of the Lord, and we know well when the convicted sinner leaves the presence of the Lord in the day of grace unforgiven, there is no hope for him in the coming day of judgment.

All that is left for him—poor fugitive and vagabond, with the burden of unforgiven sin, hiding himself from God and in rebellion against His word—is Cain's world. There men call their lands and cities after their own name (see ver. 17, and Psalm xlix. 11), and try to make themselves happy without God, with commerce, music, and science. Even God's mercy shown to Cain was turned into ridicule by Lamech, in vers. 23, 24, like scoffers in these last days who say, "Where is the promise of his coming?" (2 Peter iii. 3, 4.) But all this shall end as Cain's world ended, "they knew not until the flood came, and took them all away" (Matt. xxiv. 39).

Now, my reader, are you in the way of Cain? Remember the different steps.

First, Approaching God without blood, without

owning you are a fallen, guilty sinner ; and though morally and religiously upright, you come to God without Christ.

Second, pride and anger filling your heart when you find a poor sinner, who has done his worst, accepted and blessed through the blood of Jesus, whilst you, who have done your best, are rejected.

Third, The Word of the Lord, that shows you where you are wrong, refused, and rejected by you.

Fourth, You persecute and speak against those who trust only in the precious blood of Jesus.

Fifth, When your conscience accuses you, or when God speaks to you about your ways in a dream, or by His word, or through your neighbour, you justify yourself, and deny what you have done.

Sixth, You come to despair of mercy. You say religion is a sham ; you sought the blessing, and could not get it.

Seventh, You throw the whole thing up, you go thoroughly into the world, you build again what once you destroyed, you say you make no profession, and you try your best to be happy without God, and perhaps you even scoff at His mercy and long-suffering to this poor guilty world. Take care, my reader. Beware of "the way of Cain."

Thus we have in Christendom, where men have ceased to contend for "the faith," many who have gone in the way of Cain, with its different steps : some only beginning, doing their best, attempting to find acceptance with God by their works, their

almsgiving, or even by taking the sacrament and being baptized; some who are angry when a poor sinner is saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work alone, without any works of their own; some who refuse to listen or believe when God's way of salvation is declared to them; some who would (if they had the power) put the believers in the Lord Jesus Christ to death; some who, when taxed with their hatred to the saints, deny it, and justify themselves; some who, while making a great profession, are bold, daring infidels, who have no hope in the mercy of God; and some (once religious) who have deliberately given up all profession of any kind of religion, and gone boldly into the world, trying to be happy without God.

Reader, are you going in the way of Cain, with its seven steps, ending in Cain's world, and Cain a fugitive and vagabond in it with the burden of unconfessed and unforgiven sins on his soul, trying to be happy without God, your world to end as Cain's world ended, in judgment, with this difference that your world will be burned up (see 2 Peter iii. 7-10); whereas Cain's world was overflowed with water, which God brought in upon the world of the ungodly (2 Peter ii. 5).

Now for the way of Abel, and its seven steps, ending as it does, in separation from the world, and testimony for Christ.

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained wit-

ness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh " (Heb. xi. 4).

Like the way of Cain, it begins outside Eden; but instead of being steps downward, it is all steps upward:— (*Read from below upwards.*)

Testimony. Heb. xi. 4; Phil. ii. 15.

Persecution. Gen. iv. 8; 1 John iii. 12.

Acceptance. Gen. iv. 4; 1 John iv. 17.

The Cross of Christ. Gen. iv. 4; Heb. ix. 13-14.

Repentance. 1 Thess. i. 6; Acts xx. 21.

Faith. 1 Thess. ii. 13; Heb. xi. 4.

Hearing. Rom. x. 17; John v. 25.

Born outside Eden. Gen. iv. 2.

The first step is hearing, for, as Romans x. 17 tells us, "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." So we know that Abel heard. The word came to him, whether by Adam or Eve we cannot tell. And, like the Thessalonians, he received it, not as the word of men, but as it was in truth, the word of God (1 Thess. ii. 13). Thus Abel took the second step—he believed. It was "by faith" he offered, and his faith came by hearing, as we have seen.

Now when the word of God is heard, and believed as His word, the third step, or repentance, always follows.

Thus the Thessalonians, who received it as the word of God, received it with "much affliction" (1 Thess. i. 6), and when there is repentance toward God, faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ follows (Acts xx. 21).

With Abel, his faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ (the fourth step) was shown in the sacrifice he brought. As Genesis iv. 4 tells us, he "brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof." In other words, he came to God as a poor repentant sinner, with no merit of his own, but with the blood and fat, which represented the life and excellency of the spotless victim which he brought. He confessed by his sacrifice (what every poor sinner must own if he is ever to be saved) that through the death and bloodshedding of our Lord Jesus Christ, who in due time would offer Himself without spot to God, and suffer for sins, the Just for the unjust, he confessed by that alone he could draw near to a holy God.

The fifth step, or acceptance, followed immediately; "he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts"; but this was speedily followed by martyrdom. Cain slew him because, as 1 John iii. 12 says, "his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."

Thus the sixth step is, to be cast out or persecuted by the world (comp. 2 Tim. iii. 12). No need to separate from them; if we are faithful to Christ, they will cast us out (see Luke vi. 22, 23). But it does not always go so far as martyrdom. Finally, we have the seventh step, testimony—"He being dead yet speaketh" (Heb. xi. 4). Now, my reader, remember the way of Abel, and its seven steps.

Some are still at the first step; they have heard

the Gospel again and again, but they have not hearkened. It is written in John v. 25, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall *hear* the voice of the Son of God: and they that *hear* shall live"—or we might read it, "they that *have heard* shall live." Well, have you heard? that is, have you hearkened? When a man hearkens to the voice of the Son of God speaking to him in the Gospel, faith always follows. It comes to his soul as the word of God. This is the second step, and many have heard and believed, and are now at the third step, "much affliction," or "repentance toward God."

It is a blessed thing to see souls here, for the more deep and real their repentance, or condemnation of themselves in the light of God's Word, the greater their joy in the Holy Ghost (1 Thess. i. 6). When they take the fourth step, and trust their souls for time and eternity to the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, they learn that His precious blood shed there cleanseth from every sin (1 John i. 7, R.V.), and that such is the excellency of the One who offered Himself without spot to God, and so perfect the work He has done, that God has raised Him up from the dead. What a blessed thing it is to know that!

Now, it is the resurrection of Christ, which is the great proof of God's acceptance of Him and of the sacrifice He offered, that leads us on to the fifth step, namely, our personal acceptance with Him. God had respect to Abel's offering; he obtained

witness that he was righteous, and this was in figure what we have now through the death and resurrection, and ascension of the Saviour (see Eph. i. 6 and 1 John iv. 17). Now the moment we confess Christ, or the world knows that we claim to be accepted in Him, through what He has done, we find ourselves at the sixth step, or persecution. "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (John xv. 19). And remember we must not resist. See James v. 6, "Ye have condemned and killed the just: and he doth not resist you," and also 1 Peter ii. 19-24. I am sure of this, that whenever the Lord's people have resisted their enemies by force of arms, it has been to the serious loss of the whole Church of God. "But," says some one, "How can you bear testimony if you do not resist? Will not the enemy put out the light?" So no doubt the devil thought when he got Cain to kill Abel; but "he being dead, yet speaketh," or is "yet spoken of," that is, in spite of all the devil can do, Abel and his way of approach to God are not forgotten. The light lit then has never been, and never will be quenched, although the vessel of the testimony suffered martyrdom. He was killed, and did not resist (James v. 6). Still his testimony of how man can approach God and be for God, although outside of Eden, goes on.

Now, if my reader will turn to Philippians ii. 5,

he will see that this is what the Christian is left here for.

"That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world."

The Lord grant that we may be so in the way of Abel, that we may shine as lights for Him here till He come. Amen.

W. M.

A TRIUMPHANT HOME-GOING.



FRANKLY confess that, while I shrink from approaching the deathbed of one who knows not God, I find great comfort in watching the closing moments of the true Christian.

The one may, indeed, have "no bands in his death," but, spite of his insensibility as to his real condition, he takes a hopeless leap into the dark, and has to learn, perforce, before the judgment-seat what he refused to believe in time. The other may be racked by bodily pain, and tortured in every limb, yet he is in the light, and passes from a bed of suffering to his Father's house on high. He is "absent from the body and present with the Lord," there to await the resurrection of the body, so that his cup of bliss may be perfectly, and eternally full.

Now, had the deathbed of the Christian no attraction, it is evident that none would come to attend saving those whom duty called. But there are attractions of the highest and most delightful kind, and again I must say that, for one, I love to hear the "death song" of the child of God. It is, thank God, a song, not a wail,—a victory, not a defeat. The death has, in the fullest sense, been undergone by *Another*, and all that makes death a judgment on the Christian has been annulled at the cross. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). That blessed fact, and faith in the truth of it, settles the whole matter, and leads the believer to "joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the reconciliation" (Rom. v. 11).

Yes, notice, "we joy in God!" And yet the fulness of such songs is not always the same. Some are sweeter and louder than others. No two Christians have exactly the same exit, or make identical confessions of the grace that saved them. Thank God for the variety, as also for the same solid foundation that the cross supplies for all!

It was my immense privilege to witness, but the other day, one of the most exquisite sunsets I ever beheld. It was that of Andrew Hope Smith, of Cruicksfield. Born and brought up under Christian influences, he had as a young man thrown off early impressions, and had become a thorough man of the world, a keen sportsman, and, to all outward appearance, was a complete stranger to God.

Leaving this country he went to New Zealand, and there he learned in that distant land the same truth as was felt by the prodigal of Luke xv. Grace wrought in his heart, and he was led, through various experiences of light and shade, to turn to God.

I knew his last fourteen years in this country, and can, with many others, bear testimony to the wonderful change that had taken place. During that time, at all events, the grace that had brought him salvation, taught him also the denial of ungodliness and worldly lusts. Old habits were completely forsaken, and in ways that were unobtrusive and simple he bore a faithful testimony to his Saviour. In June last with terrible and unexpected suddenness he was felled, as by a stroke of lightning, with a malady which cut him off in eleven short days. His suffering at first was excruciating, "almost more," he said to me, "than mortal man could bear," and for the first few days he could do little but writhe in agony. It was then he said, "Oh, the folly of putting off for a deathbed the salvation of the soul!" Had he done so, his salvation would, humanly speaking, have been an impossibility! May you, my dear reader, be wise in days of health and strength.

It was soon perceived that the sufferer's case must terminate fatally. Judging from my manner, on a certain occasion, that I had something on my mind which I dreaded to express, he said, "Tell me all, I have nothing to fear." I did so. The result

was lovely. There was no more surprise than had I said that he must be carried to an adjoining room. His peace remained undisturbed. He gladly acquiesced in the Lord's will, whether the issue should be life or death. Indeed, without asking in prayer for restoration, or even for a mitigation of his sufferings, his one request was for patience to bear them. "I have seen others in as much pain," said the attending medical man, "but none so patient; he is always so contented." Yes, his patience was wonderful. And, but for extraordinary physical powers, "not one in a thousand could have undergone what he did." But, now weakened, he was assailed by the enemy, and there was a short struggle for the mastery. Faith prevailed, as "Christ was presented" to the unwearied enemy, and from that point, for the last six days, the victory was complete. These were "six days of heaven upon earth" to himself, and to those who came near him. "I never saw such a deathbed," said the nurse to the doctor. "Nor will you again," he replied.

Whilst sitting at his side on the first of these six days, he burst out, saying, "Our Jesus hath done all things well. Hallelujah! I would be marching through the gates! Lord, give me patience." Two days before the end he said, "I am perfectly happy; I have seen Him! Christ is all, and in all!" And again, "Time! My times are in Thy hand! Oh, to think that I'll be for ever with Thee, my lovely Redeemer! Thou art my comeliness!" and he sang

the hymn, "I will sing of my Redeemer!" And again, "Sing loudly—all should sing; let all creation shout His praise!"

On another occasion just before the end, he said, "Death! it's nothing. I am as happy as the days are long!" And so he was. It was a perfect pleasure to be beside him. There was a play of humour that indicated a sense of grace on the one hand, and no fear on the other. One could but just look on, and behold a vessel full of the Holy Ghost, and living therefore in a region beyond the present—a vessel which illustrated the "ecstasy" of which we read in 2 Cor. v. 13, and which, indeed, is the normal Christian state, alas! so little realised. The power of God was there in a fulness that annulled what was of the flesh, and that carried the spirit of the dear sufferer above his weary surroundings *to the Lord on high*. *It was a foretaste of heaven to some of us.* Just seven hours before the end he said, "A grasp—another grasp! A thousand years! Eternity! Infinity! How sublime! God fills it! Sins from childhood—millions (all forgiven)! God is brimming (rising?) up into eternity! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth—reigneth!—could anything be so sublime as that?" And again, "All things are yours; life or death: for ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." What deep eternal assurance in those inspired words, "Ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's"! What links are there, and how strong, how everlasting!

Then one short hour before the end, on taking a

sip of water, his last words were, "*Oceans of water.*" Satiety lay before him. There was no lack. God's abundance was there for his sweet enjoyment now. He needed to crave no meagre drop to cool a parched tongue. His soul was satisfied, and, thus satisfied, he passed from our midst.

What a God is ours! He is "Love," and He loved! yea, "so loved the world as to give his Son." He is able to fill a poor empty vessel to such an overflow as to make it triumph amid defeat, and sweep through the valley in a perfect blaze of victory! He is able, and He deigns to do it.

Ah! dear friend, get to know His wonderful grace to-day, in view of a happy life, a happy death, and a happy eternity!

J. W. S.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE."



TRAVELLING through the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains in America, it is not an unusual thing for the guard of the train to call attention to an erection, not more imposing in exterior than the immense letter-signs floating over the tiles and chimneys of many large cities, calling attention to the establishment of some enterprising tradesmen. This particular sign is, however, of rare and uncommon interest.

The iron work supports a bracket, bearing the three words "THE GREAT DIVIDE."

The reason these three words stand against the sky in that particular place is this, that the rivers rising upon one side of the erection flow into the Pacific Ocean, whilst those which rise upon the other side flow into the Gulf of Mexico, and into the Atlantic Ocean. It is to call attention to this remarkable fact that the sign has been erected. A distance of a few feet apart in falling to the earth bears one drop of rain thousands of miles away from another drop, both parts of the same cloud. A gust of wind may separate thus widely two drops falling closely together from the sky!

GOD *also has His "great divide,"*—that which divides between saint and sinner, between believer and unbeliever, between the lifeless formalist and the living Christian, between the speculative philosopher and the converted sweep. *It is THE GOSPEL OF GOD.*

A poet of considerable merit has related to us in lovely verse the tale of a boy and girl, who started life together, hand-in-hand. A tiny babbling streamlet separated them at first, and, as they journeyed, the little stream gathered volume till at length the loving hand-clasp had to be relinquished. On and on they went, till the stream had given place to a stately river, and it was with difficulty they kept sight with each other. The river rolled on, receiving its tributaries, till at length it was more like a lake as it rushed to meet the ocean. Farther and farther the brother and sister separated, till at length they were lost in the mist

and distance to each other's view, and the angry roar of the turbulent river more than drowned their feeble cries, as the mighty river rushed into the still mightier ocean. That journey is the journey of life; the stream, its course from childhood to old age; the terminus, the grave; the ocean, eternity—measureless, timeless, shoreless, unending.

The poet's fancy may be beautiful. To me it is inexpressibly sad, for such is the illustration of thousands of lives. The difference between two lives may be little in man's view, but infinite in God's. Two may live in the same house, eat at the same table, know the same friends, hear the same Gospel preacher Sunday after Sunday,—and one may be travelling to heaven with its everlasting joys, the other to hell with its eternal woes. One may be husband, the other wife; one parent, another child. Each beat of the heart, each throb of the pulse, each tick of the clock, each rising and setting sun, each waxing and waning moon, all tell the tale that we are journeying. Each moment of time carries on its broad and mighty pinions the whole human race nearer to eternity. Very, very soon writer and reader will have entered that eternity, and it is with trembling anxiety we would ask the momentous question, *Where will you spend it?*

There are thousands of distinctions in this world, but here is one which divides the world into two great classes—THE GOSPEL OF GOD. "*It is the*

power of God UNTO SALVATION to every one that believeth." "The Gospel of God" is "concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. i. 3). "He that believeth on him IS NOT CONDEMNED: but he that believeth not IS CONDEMNED ALREADY." "He that believeth not the Son . . . the wrath of God abideth on him."

In the face of these plain, unmistakable statements from God's Word, I would ask my reader affectionately, On which side of *God's great divide* do YOU stand—hell-ward, or heaven-ward?

Do you say you are doing your best; I am sober and steady now; once I was a loose kind of a fish? Stay, my friend, in other words you were reeling drunk into a lost eternity, now you are travelling into it sober. One can excuse a drunk man travelling a dangerous road, disregarding all warnings, but not the sober wide-awake man. You may have got a teetotal suit on, but are you travelling the right road yet—have you been converted? Right glad are we for a man's own sake if he be reformed; but oh, how awful, if he rests content merely with that!

I heard a young man preaching in the streets of Newcastle two weeks ago, and he told the crowd that once he was an *unconverted Sunday-school teacher*. A man near me replied, "*And so was I.*" I asked him if he were converted yet. He said, sadly enough, "No, I'm not."

On one side of *God's great divide* are not only drunkards and harlots, gamblers and blasphemers,

but also unconverted Sunday school - teachers, unconverted deacons of churches, unconverted ministers and clergymen. You reply, "*Don't be too uncharitable.*" My friend, it is false charity, cruel as hell itself, to conceal the truth, however painful it may be, on such a subject.

The Rev. Wm. Haslam tells us he was converted whilst preaching one of his *own* sermons in church. Not many months ago a deacon exclaimed, in soul agony, in a Gospel meeting, "*I have been a deacon for forty years, and not till to-night have I found out I'm unconverted.*" We could multiply examples, but this is enough. We don't ask you, Are you a church member, do you take communion, do you visit the sick, or sing in the choir? No; we ask you, How do you stand towards Christ? Are you converted? Are your sins forgiven? Which side of *God's great divide* are you on?

These are days of heartlessness and indifference. A few years ago infidelity was grim, and its followers were spotted, and avoided by all decent people. Now it is preached from pulpits. It has grown to be a popular pleasure-loving, easy-going, heartless thing. It is chameleon-like. It is coarsely spouted at the street corner, in all its naked, destructive deformity, with its obscene wit, and ancient arguments. It is politely and philosophically preached to audiences, whose belief makes little difference to them so long as they are kept at their ease.

God's Word makes short work of all this. We

may deceive each other, but we cannot God. Believing on Christ, we are either *not condemned*, or *condemned already*. So-called good works will not help you in the matter of your soul's salvation, any more than a murderer whitewashing his cell would help to procure him a free pardon. Nothing would procure that but Her gracious Majesty's clemency, and nothing will save your soul but God's free grace.

Not many lines are needed to bestow a free pardon on a guilty criminal, and not many lines are needed to give you the pith and marrow of God's Gospel—God's *great divide*. It is concerning His Son. The apostle Paul insisted upon three great facts. He died, was buried, and rose again, according to the Scriptures. He died, the Just for the unjust—the forsaken of God—the sinner's substitute, and there on Calvary's cross atoned for sin. He was buried, the evidence of His death; He was raised, the evidence of God's satisfaction with His work at the cross.

And now God delights to offer a free, full pardon, to the vilest sinner. "BE IT KNOWN unto you . . . 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). Oh, receive the Gospel, believe on God's Son, and know that you have passed out of death unto life, and are on the right side of *God's great divide*,—heaven's side,—with the sunlight of God's love resting on you, rather than His wrath. A. J. P.

TWO HOUSES IN JERICHO.



HE first of these two houses was inhabited by Rahab, the harlot, and the second, many years after, by Zaccheus, the publican; yet each was the centre of special interest.

In the first the two spies, sent by Joshua, were hidden, and to its window was fastened the scarlet line by which they made their escape when sought for by the king; to the second came the Lord Jesus, in order to be, at once, the guest, and the Saviour of the sinful publican. These facts give special interest to these houses.

Faith had a large place in each, for both Rahab and Zaccheus, despite their previous histories, were marked by faith. It was by faith that Rahab received the spies (Heb. xi. 31); and Zaccheus, we read, was a son of Abraham (Luke xix. 9). Further, a peculiar charm attaches to their faith, because the city where they dwelt was by no means honourable. Jericho was the first bulwark of the Amorites to oppose the march of Israel to their inheritance. Its massive walls presented a mighty barrier to the people of God. These walls had to fall, and their wicked defenders to be destroyed. The power of Satan must yield to the purpose of God.

And Rahab, conscious of all this, acted in the

prudence of faith, receiving the messengers, caring for, and, in fact, identifying herself with them.

All she asked in return was a true token that she and her household should be spared when victory crowned the arms of Israel, and when God laid low the bold ramparts of Jericho.

Her request was granted, and the scarlet line, bound to the window of the house wherein her family was secured, proclaimed her faith.

Jericho was doomed, but Rahab provided against the doom! Oh! how good of God to make a way of escape from impending judgment! That scarlet line on Rahab's window tells of another provision, another true token, for all who are exposed to judgment of a more fearful kind. The blood of Christ is that true token.

Just as God said in Egypt, "When I see the blood I will pass over you," and the first-born was spared; so now, when He sees faith in the precious blood of Christ, He declares the soul to be safe. That blood cleanseth from all sin. Blessed provision!

The siege of Jericho proceeded quietly, and never before, nor since, has city fallen so mysteriously. Not a blow was inflicted, nor a mine exploded, yet the walls fell down flat! Silently the hosts of the Lord marched round the city once a day, for six days, in the full blaze of daylight, retiring to their bivouac at night, and accomplishing nothing!

A harmless style of warfare the king of Jericho

doubtless thought, as he witnessed the silent march of Israel at the sound of only the ram's horn.

True, but it was the funeral march of Jericho!

On the seventh day this march was made seven times, and as the hosts completed their silent parade, Joshua gave the command to "*shout*"! At that moment the ominous silence was broken, and with a mighty shout from the ranks of the host, the proud walls of Jericho fell!

Then all that was within the city was given to the edge of the sword, and the city itself burned with fire, the very site being placed under a lasting curse.

So fell Jericho!

But Rahab was spared. Amid all the days of that extraordinary siege the line floated in her window, and when the other houses of Jericho fell hers remained standing on the very wall. The token was true, the oath was effectual, the pledge of security was unviolated.

"Thus Joshua saved Rahab, the harlot, alive, and her father's household, and all that she had . . . because she hid the messengers which Joshua sent to spy out Jericho" (Josh. vi. 25). It was the hiding of the messengers that made the difference between Rahab and the other citizens of Jericho, and caused her name to decorate the page of faith's heroes.

Jericho had been rebuilt, and in the days of the Saviour it flourished as a balsam market town. Here lived Zaccheus, the publican, or tax gatherer,

and to this place, on His errand of mercy, Jesus came.

Now, Zaccheus sought to see Him, but in as secret a way as he possibly could, for his character was such as made him avoid the crowd.

He climbed into a sycamore tree on the road to Jerusalem, by which Jesus would leave Jericho, in order to see Him. He judged aright.

But when the Lord came to the place He looked up and saw him, called him by name, and said, "Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house."

On such gracious and unexpected terms Zaccheus made haste, came down, and received Him joyfully. And that day this house in Jericho, the house of a publican and a sinner, was honoured by the presence of the Son of God! What an honour!

But, after all, Jericho was worse than Jerusalem only in degree, and Zaccheus, the sinner, was but little lower than the best in that place. Had the Saviour come for the righteous, alas for the hopes of any; but if He came "to seek and to save that which was lost," if He came to "save sinners," then, thank God, there is hope for all.

He who entered in such perfect grace the house of the publican of Jericho, deigns to enter the heart of any. Grace seeks no merit.

And, if two thoroughly bad people, dwelling in a thoroughly bad city, became the objects of grace, why, dear reader, if you feel yourself as bad as they, and your circumstances as unfavourable as theirs,

why should you not throw open the door of your guilty heart for such a guest as Jesus?

Why not?

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

And if you feel that need (oh, it is a blessed feeling!), you are welcome to Him. “Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.” Let the houses of Jericho furnish a bright example, and give courage to your faith.

J. W. S.

FROM THE JAWS OF HELL.



R——, according to her own testimony, had been a great sinner, she had served Satan well, had danced her last dance, and lain down to die. Hers was a short life; and while Satan had been faithfully served, Christ had been slighted, and His message of life and salvation rejected.

Up to within three or four days of her death, those who desired to speak to her on eternal matters were kept out, while those who would speak of passing trifles were freely admitted. It would seem as if a league had been formed with the devil to ruin her soul for eternity, and her own poor heart acquiesced in it.

A Christian did once venture to speak to her about her soul's welfare, but from that time he was not admitted. Satan seemed to have all his own way. The writer, with a fellow-believer, called one day at the house to see her, but they were told the *doctor* said none were to see her that day. Satan had hedged up the way, and, as in thousands of other instances, the *doctor* was made to do duty at the door, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine into that dark abode, and reach and save the dying girl. But God was over all, and, blessed be His name, He was going to defeat the purpose of Satan, and bring to naught the counsel of the ungodly. He was going to take her from the very jaws of hell and save her. He was going to make good His name as a Saviour-God, display the riches of His grace, and give another striking proof of the value of the blood of Jesus.

The work that saves was finished on Calvary, when the expiring Saviour said, "It is finished: and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30); but a work must needs be wrought *in her*, which was as wholly of God as the work done *for her* on the cross—a work that would produce conviction of sin, and result in real repentance toward God, and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ.

As death drew near, her life of sin came up before her, passed in review before her, and the crowning sin of all was the rejection of the Saviour. Eternity, blacker than the Egyptian darkness, stood

out before her, and the impenetrable gloom of the "outer darkness" appalled her soul. The awful judgment of God was now to her a reality. Her conscience was thoroughly awakened. A period of agony of soul, of deep anguish of spirit, was passed through, which resulted in her turning to God, and crying to Him for mercy. The Holy Spirit of God was leading her to that point; and God, who is rich in mercy, and great in love, turned not away from the repentant sinner's cry, nor refused her because she had wasted her life in sin, and had only turned to Him in that last moment, when her flickering lamp was about to go out.

On that night of anguish of spirit, during which she tossed about like a wave of the sea, she was attended by an unsaved woman, who, touched by her cries of anguish, knelt by her side, and said that God *would* have mercy on her, and advised her to send for a Christian to speak with her. She sent for the Christian gentleman who had ventured a word of faithfulness a little before.

He now placed before her her life of sin, and how she had heard the Gospel many times and had rejected it, and then spoke of Jesus dying on the cross for sinners, yea, for those very sins she had committed. "But" groaned out the dying girl, "*they are so many, they are so many!*" Yes, replied the child of God, but Jesus suffered for those very sins, they were all laid upon Him, and His blood cleanseth from *all* sin (1 John i. 7).

Through God's infinite mercy, and by the teach-

ing of the Holy Spirit, she was enabled to see that Jesus had died for *her*, that He bore *her* sins in His own body on the tree, and that He was wounded for *her* transgressions, bruised for *her* iniquities; that the chastisement by which *her* peace was effected was upon Him, and that by His stripes *she* was healed (Isa. liii. 5). Thank God, she was saved. She, who was already in the jaws of hell, was delivered therefrom; and, as a brand already on fire, was she plucked from the eternal burning. All praise to the blessed God for this, and to the Lamb of God who was slain for her!

She had now but a few hours to live, but they were well spent. Intercession went up from her ransomed soul for her brother away from home. She spoke to, and prayed for, each member of the family; and with her father, a disciple of Ingersol, she pleaded not to bring up his other children as he had brought her up, and finally extracted a promise from him not to preach Ingersolism any more. He at length promised. *May he solemnly keep the promise*; and may her dying prayers be heard, and her exhortations be heeded, so that not one of that family may be missing when the Lord makes up His jewels.

This instance of Divine mercy brings to the mind of the writer that of another.

A young lady was dying. Her mother had sought to instruct her in the truths of the Gospel; her father, in the teachings of infidelity. The poor father was much moved at the sight of his dying

child. The daughter, who loved her father dearly, on one occasion, as he was standing by her bedside, said to him, "*Father, which am I to believe,—what you have taught me, or what my dear mother has taught me?*"

This direct appeal was too much for the poor father, infidel though he was, and, fearful of committing his beloved child any further to the dreary waste of human speculations, he replied, "*My daughter, believe what your dear mother has taught you.*"

Thus again was the truth of the Gospel made to triumph, and Satan was robbed of his prey at the very moment when he thought it most secure.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen" (Rom. xi. 33-36).

Beloved reader, if a stranger to this blessed God of all grace, may you be brought to know Him, yes, to know Him who has concluded all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all. May that mercy reach even unto you.

Remember that *to-day* is God's time to save; to-morrow it may be too late, and you may be lost for ever!

"A SAVIOUR, AND A GREAT ONE."

"They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them."
ISA. xix. 20.



HAVE no doubt that the One who will be the Saviour of those referred to in this chapter is the One who is my Saviour, thank God, and, I hope, if He be not already your Saviour, that you may find Him now; for He is indeed

"A SAVIOUR, AND A GREAT ONE,"

Let me ask you first what you understand by a Saviour? A Saviour is a person who is able to do what the one whom he saves cannot do. If I think of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, I think of Him as one who is able to do what I, a poor sinner, cannot do, viz., deliver myself from the grip of Satan, the power of sin, and the judgment of God.

I do not believe that any man knows Jesus as a Saviour until he finds out that he is lost, i.e., until he finds out that he is a sinner, and what the result of his being a sinner must be. But the moment a soul feels the power of sin, and the oppression of the devil,—for he is the great oppressor,—and turns round to Jesus, then that soul finds out that He is "a Saviour, and a Great One." Only a great Saviour could save a great sinner. God's is a *great salvation*, and Scripture well says, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

Note that the Saviour *delivers* a man. If I am merely hoping to be saved, I am not delivered. The man who is shipwrecked, and who is merely hoping to get into the lifeboat, is not in it. The man who is drowning, and is hoping to be pulled out of the water, is not safe on shore—so the one who is only hoping to be saved is not saved."

"A JUST GOD, AND A SAVIOUR."

If you turn to Isaiah xlv. you will find that God is unfolded as this Saviour, and you have what the character of this Saviour is. "A just God and a Saviour, there is none beside me. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else" (vers. 21, 22). Being a just God, He cannot pass over your sins, He will not make light of them. What a lovely combination of truth and grace is here seen! A just God, who will not overlook the sin, and yet He is the Saviour of the sinner. Do you ask, How can He be a just God, and yet a Saviour? Is the God I have sinned against the Saviour too? That is it. And do you ask, How can I be saved? He says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." You may ask, What do you mean by looking? Well, it is just simply confiding in, trusting to another for that which you need, and cannot furnish, but which this proposed Deliverer can supply. While I look He is saving, the heart bows to Him, confides in Him, and He saves, and saves righteously.

Bow to Him every soul must at some time, for He says, "I have sworn by myself, the word is

gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow" (ver. 23). If yours is the hardest heart that has never bowed to Jesus yet, remember you must bow to Him some day. Surely it is much better to bow to Him now, in the day of His grace, than to be forced to bow in the day of judgment.

The 45th of Isaiah states, that every knee shall bow to God, and Philippians ii. tells us that this submission will be rendered to the Lord Jesus as man, "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord" (ver. 10). This is a striking testimony to the divinity of the Lord Jesus.

Into the very scene where man has sinned, and where God must deal with sin, His Son, Jesus, comes to save.

Let us now turn to Matthew i., where we find

THE SAVIOUR ANNOUNCED,

and a beautiful statement of who He is. Joseph hears that the one who is to be born shall be called "Jesus (=Jehovah, the Saviour), for he shall save his people from their sins" (ver. 21). Wonderful tidings, and charming name! Jesus! It is music to the heart of every Christian, there is no name like it. But we further read, "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us" (ver.

22, 23). Nothing less than a God-man would do for you and me. He must be God, or He would not be able to present to God that which He demands; and He must be man, or He would not be able to understand or to meet my needs.

THE SAVIOUR BORN.

I have a Saviour promised in Isaiah xix., and what the character of this Saviour is in Isaiah xlv. In Matthew i. I have the name of this Saviour, and in Luke ii. I have the Saviour born. The angel comes down and announces to the shepherds, "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger" (Luke ii. 11, 12).

There are two signs given in Scripture, for faith to rest on—a babe and a dead man. (Compare Luke ii. 12, and Matt. xii. 39-41.) Jesus was born to be a Saviour, and He died that He might be able to save.

THE SAVIOUR REVEALED.

In John iv. we find Him revealing Himself as a Saviour to the needy soul of a sinner—and then, as a consequence of her report, the whole city of Samaria came out to see and hear Him—and many believed. The mere knowledge that He is a Saviour is not enough to save. Nor does the fact of Jesus becoming a man save you. Union with Christ is not through His incarnation, but through the wonderful facts of His death and resurrection, and the descent of the Holy Ghost

to unite us with Him. Incarnation only shows the distance between us and God, for Christ was holy, and we are unholy; He was sinless, and we are sinners; He was just, and we are unjust; so incarnation apart from death and resurrection could not bring us to God.

THE SAVIOUR REJECTED.

In Acts v. we find a remarkable statement. There Peter says, "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree" (ver. 30). The world to-day stands charged with the murder of the Son of God, and if you have not turned round to the Lord Jesus, and identified yourself with Him, the rejected Saviour, you are part and parcel of the world who slew Him, and hanged Him on a tree. God sees no middle ground. Do you say, I profess Christianity? That is not the point. Do you possess Christ?

THE SAVIOUR EXALTED.

Peter brought things to a point that day. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance and remission of sins," he says. Peter knew full well how they slew Him, and he also knew how God had raised Him, for he says, "We are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." Did it ever strike you that the Holy Ghost came down to convince the world of its guilt in murdering the Saviour? The fact of His being here is the standing witness of the guilt of the world. If

I were you, my friend, I would cross over from the world's side to Christ's side. To-day there are two great classes: Christ's friends, and His foes. In which of these classes are you? Have you got the forgiveness of your sins yet? Have you ever gone through repentance? Have you ever seen yourself as a lost soul? If not, God grant you may see it to-day, for till you do, you will not care to turn round to the Saviour. Oh! my friend, be sure of this, if you do not repent, you will be damned. Christ—the rejected, and exalted Saviour—gives repentance, and remission of sins. Is it not a blessed thing to know yourself forgiven? Do you say, It is presumption? Is it presumption to believe what God has spoken? Oh! take Him at His word.

Jesus is "a Saviour, and a great one," and He shall deliver. He delivers by becoming a man that He might die. By death He annuls death.

THE SAVIOUR PROCLAIMED.

The Gospel, as preached now, is the setting forth of "our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and brought life and incorruptibility to light through the gospel" (2 Tim. i. 10). This Gospel is for all, and in Titus we get a category of some of the bad people this Saviour saves: "Foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another" (Tit. iii. 3). They have believed Jesus, and with them it is a case of

THE SAVIOUR APPROPRIATED.

“But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy *he saved us.*” Have I then the right to say, I am saved? I have, or else I do not know the Saviour. The man who confides in Christ is brought under all the benefits of the work of the Saviour. The moment you own what you are, you are the very one for the Saviour. Jesus says sinners are wanted, lost men and lost women—not righteous. He did not come to call the righteous but sinners. If you believe on this blessed Saviour, you belong to Him, and He to you. You look to Him, and He saves you. Looking to Jesus is just confiding in Him as the only Person who can do the very thing you want. Repentance is my judging myself, owning I am a wretched lost sinner, and remission of sins is what Jesus gives me. I get from His own blessed lips the assurance of forgiveness and salvation. He has *loved* you, and you *trust* Him; He has died for you, and you are saved by Him; and now you have only to adore Him, bless His name, wait for His coming back, and, till He comes, tell all your neighbours that you have found

A SAVIOUR, AND A GREAT ONE.

Well indeed may we sing—

“Oh, what a Saviour—that He died for me!
 From condemnation He hath set me free;
 ‘He that believeth on the Son,’ saith He,
 ‘Hath everlasting life.’”

W. T. P. W.

"I'LL RUN MY CHANCES."



T was from the lips of a grey-haired sinner that the above words fell, at the close of a Gospel meeting in the city of Rochester, N.Y.

They reminded me of the fate of the R.M.S. "Royal Charter." She was homeward bound from Australia, carrying, besides her crew, a large quantity of gold, and about four hundred passengers. In the English Channel she was caught in a furious gale, her engines broke down, and she was at the mercy of the raging sea. A vessel was hailed, the captain of which offered to tow her into port for a certain sum. "Too much," answered the captain of the ill-fated vessel, "I'LL RUN MY CHANCES."

A couple of days afterwards the papers contained the sickening account of a fearful wreck on the Welsh coast. The "Royal Charter," with the greater part of her living freight, was engulfed in the howling deep. The captain ran his chances, and lost his ship. You, my reader, may run *your* chances, and lose *your* soul!

My soul? Yes, your soul. Have you thought of it? Hell's flames are intense reality, and *you* are in danger of spending your eternity amid them.

There is a loving Saviour in the bright glory, who wants to conduct you *freely* into havens of eternal rest. Don't turn away. Do not, we

beseech you, trifle with God's offers of mercy. For if *you* neglect this great salvation there is no escape for you. You may run your chances, like many do, but it will mean hell for ever for you.

But Christ has died. His blood can give you a clear title to glory. God has raised Him from the dead, and offers salvation through Him to you, guilty though you be. Accept His offer now, and be sure of salvation.

J. T. M.

DO YOU BELIEVE GOD?



"**W**HAT saith the scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 3). Here, then, *troubled soul*, here is the answer to the question that torments you! You have to meet God; you need righteousness

for that, and the more you try to attain to it, the worse you discover yourself to be, is it not so? In fact, you had no idea you were a thousandth part so bad as you have been finding out lately, since you went to hear some earnest gospel preacher perhaps, or some Christian spoke a word to you about your soul. It is righteousness you want, is it not? Well, here is the solution of the difficulty, *God's remedy for your disease*. The authority is divine, *His word*. What saith the

Scripture? Your thoughts, and man's thoughts generally, are all astray. The Word of Him who cannot lie, says, "Abraham *believed God*, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." The question now for your soul is, *Do you believe God?*

Abraham had no more righteousness in himself than you have, not a whit. But he looked away from himself to God. He *believed God*. There is no better, yea, no other, anchorage for a soul than that. God Himself meets your case. On the ground of the finished work of Christ (future in Abraham's case — past now), God accounts righteous *every soul who believes Him*. You have no righteousness, and your best efforts, moral or religious, can never attain to it. God accounts it to the believer. It is on the principle of faith. Abraham *believed God*,—an example for all time. Again we ask, *Do you believe?*

"Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt" (ver. 4), continues the apostle. That is, if you had to work to obtain salvation, God would owe it you for the work done. He would be your debtor. The reward would be a debt, and not reckoned of grace. But we are His debtors. He, the God of all grace (1 Pet. v. 10), counts us righteous in grace. All the works of all the religious souls of Christendom together offered to God could never purchase the pardon of your smallest sin. But the finished work of Christ is of such infinite worth before God, that it would save the whole world to-day, *but for un-*

belief. How brightly Abraham's faith shines out amid the darkness of an unbelieving world! Do this, and thou shalt live—ended at Calvary.

Working time is over. It is the day of grace. Your soul trouble will continue so long as you *work*. It is no good trying to be your own saviour. No doubt Satan has told you, and your poor deceitful heart thinks it true, that you must be *better first* before you can be saved. *Better!* There are very few troubled souls that Satan has not preached that false gospel to. *Better!* You will never have fewer sins than you have this moment. Each day you live the sum increases, and will never diminish. Each day you get *worse*, instead of better. God remembers thousands of sins against you that you have long forgotten. "The thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. xxiv. 9). So long as you are on that road you are not like Abraham. You do *not believe God*. You still believe in yourself; you still have hope in your works.

But what saith the Scripture further? "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." "*Worketh not.*" Note it well, "*worketh not.*" The one who leaves off working, who ceases from his deadly doings; the one who gives up himself, and his works, but *believeth on God*; this is the one who follows in the steps of Abraham,—who takes God at His word,—whose faith is in Him, and not in himself in any way

whatever. Who "believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly." Wondrous sentence for a poor troubled sinner! Ungodly we all are, and vain indeed our efforts to be godly in the flesh. As unlike God as darkness is unlike light, and utterly without strength, and incapable of turning that darkness into light by all our efforts and all our works. To be godly, is to be like God in heart and way. No one is that, nor can be in the slightest degree whatever, till he is justified. Justification must come first. And God justifies the ungodly.

If He justified the godly, where would you find them? And where would *you* be? Maybe you think He would find some godly ones amongst the ranks of the religious. *Without Christ* our religion is a sham, Pharisaism, hypocrisy. The experience of millions is, they feel in some measure they are ungodly, and they try to be godly. They try to be ranked among a class that God does *not justify*. He justifies *the ungodly*. Are you one of those? Yes? You are the one to be justified. He does not justify ungodliness, but He justifies the ungodly from his ungodliness. He justifies them on the ground of the finished work of Christ. *Believe God*. The moment you believe Him, you are *justified* (Acts. xiii. 39). You are accounted righteous. Your *faith* is accounted for *righteousness*. He says so. Believe Him. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

Now let us put verses 4 and 5 side by side :—

<p>"Now to <i>him that worketh</i> is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt."</p>	<p>"But to <i>him that worketh not</i>, but BELIEVETH ON HIM that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."</p>
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In which verse, now, are *you*? Will you continue to seek to make God your debtor? or will you *believe Him*, and be *debtor to Him*? Righteousness is what you need in His presence. You have it not; you cannot obtain it; God gives it. He counts you righteous in His own presence, once and for ever, on the ground of the finished work of Christ, the moment you believe.

"Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin" (verses 6-8). Hence it is no new doctrine. David fell asleep (a man after God's own heart) trusting God. "Righteousness without works" was his joy and confidence before Him. Had it been otherwise, how would *he* have stood? He knew the blessedness of righteousness without works, and describes it for others. There is no blessedness which can compare with it. Do you know it?

God imputeth righteousness *without works*. It is on the ground of pure grace, in answer to the

infinite value of Christ's *finished work*. "In *all your doings* your sins do appear," and to add one to Christ's work is to mar it. It stands out on the page of the eternal Word of God as, *the great foundation* of all blessing to sinners, and the world at large. "Blessed are they whose iniquities *are forgiven*, and whose sins *are covered*." Weigh it well, troubled one. Take God at His word. Believe Him now. "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3). This is true for the feeblest believer. Your sins are forgiven for His Name's sake (1 John ii. 12). "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. x. 17). They are forgiven by God, and for ever. Iniquities forgiven, and sins covered.

How deeply blessed is it to pass on day by day the midst of a world steeped in sin and iniquity, with a heart at perfect peace with God, our iniquities in the depths of the sea, our sins covered by the precious blood of Christ. "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." It seems too good to be true, does it not? It *is* true for all that. The Lord says it. He will not impute sin; mark it well, He *will not*. It has been imputed already to Christ for you. You are clear for ever the moment you believe. All hinges on that. The work of the cross is the ground of it; the word of God is the pledge of it; faith appropriates it, and receives the blessing; unbelief will reap the fruit of its folly in hell.

"Cometh this blessedness, then, upon the cir-

cumcision (the Jew) only, or upon the uncircumcision (the Gentile) also?" (ver. 9). Nothing can be plainer, it is *for all*. Abraham is the father of all those that believe (ver. 11). We appeal to you, therefore, troubled soul, will you *believe God*? Dare you go on trifling with your precious soul, insulting God by offering Him the filthy rags of your own self-righteousness, after all He has done? He is worthy of your heart's confidence. Grace abounds; and from the moment you *believe Him*, you are justified from *all things*, accounted just in His holy presence, to walk henceforth in the pathway of practical righteousness, the fruit of faith, till you are landed in perfect day in His everlasting glory.

E. H. C.

THE JUDGMENT.



"O then every one of us must give an account of himself to God." Solemn words these, my reader, conveying to us in a forcible way that judgment—like salvation—is an intensely individual matter.

We were sailing from the West Indies to New York. At Kingston two stowaways got aboard, and came on deck after we had been about thirty-six hours at sea. The captain not wishing to have the expense of taking them back again (which he would have had to do had they been discovered

by the authorities), ordered them to remain below when the doctor and excise officers came aboard at New York harbour. And so they remained out of sight until all danger of their being discovered was over, and then got into New York without being searched, though contrary to the law of the land. There are some people who think they can get into heaven like that; they mean to stowaway with the religious crowd, and pass through the pearly gates without being searched. What a fatal mistake. "Every one of us" excludes none.

Your life, my unsaved reader, with all its guilty secrets, is going to be uncovered. "What!" you say, "will my friends be let into the sinful details of my history?" That would be a small matter; you will not think of your friends then. The trouble will be, that the God whom you seek to forget now will know all about you, and He will pass His righteous judgment upon you.

Consider this prospect. Death were naught, were it not for *the judgment* which follows.

It must be. The infidel who scoffs at the thought of a hereafter, and the atheist who denies the existence of God, along with the careless profligate who does not take the trouble to deny either, must come into judgment.

Christless professors and religious hypocrites will then be manifested in their true colours, to their everlasting confusion.

But, says one, I don't believe in the judgment. That may be. I might say I did not believe in

policemen and prisons; but if I was caught in the act of theft, I should have to feel the grip of one and the confinement of the other.

The judgment is a terrible fact, my unsaved reader. You may slight it now, but you will face it then. And THEN *your sins* will be uncovered, for your eye and for God's to rest upon. But something else. His all-searching eye is upon you to-day. He knows yesterday's secrets and to-day's sins,—not one has escaped His notice. Great is His mercy that He has not smitten you to death in your sinful course.

But what is to be done? He commands you to repent. Repent now, and escape the judgment of the great white throne.

Thank God, there is a Saviour for sinners. If you see your danger, flee to Him. His precious blood can wipe out all the guilty past. He is in resurrection life and glory, and would impart that life to you. Then would come to pass those precious words in your case, "There is therefore NOW no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

"You had better come to Jesus,
To Jesus, to Jesus!
You had better come to Jesus,
And that just now.
Oh! flee, guilty sinner,
And escape eternal fire,
Or you must stand your trial
On that great day."

AN ACROSTIC.

PRECEPTS FOR YOUNG PREACHERS.

Watch thou in all things.

Endure hardness.

Preach the word.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

Endure afflictions.

Avoid foolish and unlearned questions.

Cast off the works of darkness.

Hold fast the form of sound words.

Cast not away your confidence.

Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of
darkness.

Refuse profane and old wives' fables.

In season, out of season.

Stir up the gift of God which is in thee.

Take unto you the whole armour of God.

Judge not according to the appearance.

Earnestly contend for the faith.

Study to show thyself approved unto God.

Use not your liberty as an occasion to the flesh.

Shun profane and vain babblings.

Take up the cross daily and follow Him.

Hold fast that which is good.

Enter not into the path of the wicked.

Let your speech be always with grace.

Owe no man anything.

Render unto all their dues.

Do the work of an evangelist.

ANON.

"DEAD WORKS."

TRUE Christianity is but the manifestation of the life of Christ, implanted in us by the operation of the Holy Ghost, in pursuance of God's eternal counsels of sovereign grace; and all our doings, previous to the implantation of this life, are but "dead works," from which we have need to have our consciences purged, just as much as from "wicked works" (Heb. ix. 14). The term "dead works" comprehends all works which men do with the direct object of getting life. If a man is seeking for life, it is very evident that he has not yet gotten it. He may be very sincere in seeking it, but his very sincerity only makes it the more obvious that, as yet, he has not consciously reached it. Hence, therefore, everything done in order to get life is a dead work, inasmuch as it is done without life—the life of Christ, the only source from whence good works can flow. And, observe, it is not a question of "wicked works:" no one would think of getting life by such. No, you will find, on the contrary, that persons continually have recourse to "dead works" in order to ease their consciences, under the sense of "wicked works," whereas divine revelation teaches us that the conscience needs to be purged from the one as well as the other.

C. H. M.

"PETER'S NELLIE."



HO'S got a copper for poor Peter?
I'll stand on my head! or give you a
dance! or sing you a comic song, for
a ha'penny, or a penny, or a drop o'
beer.

"Now, who's going to throw the
first copper into the old hat, towards getting a
dinner for poor Peter?"

So spoke a man of middle height and middle
age, who had seen better days, to a company
of working-men who were taking their mid-day
meal in a public-house in the northern district of
London. The liquid red lips, and bloated face,
denoted spirit-drinking.

Hungering and despised, weary and sick at
heart—yet "no man gave unto him." Some
looked upon him with a half smile of pitying for-
bearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible
being; others, especially the younger men, made
no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his
presence, but openly bade him go and leave them
to eat in peace the dinner *they had earned*.

Amid all he stood,—bearing, with a sickly
attempt at laughter, the hard words directed
against him, until he left the place.

But as the evening drew on, and night came, his
gains both in liquor and in money were slightly in-
creased; until the last song was sung, the last house

was closing, and there was only the choice between the damp, chilly streets and his miserable home.

Peter was in his ordinary condition of dull intoxication as he entered his dwelling; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce, caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or a look—a devil that had oftentimes broken out upon them, and driven them forth amid oaths and curses, blows and tears.

Without a word of greeting he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest.

His toil-worn wife glanced keenly from under her bent brow, and then timidly said—

“There’s a bad message concerning Nellie, Peter; she must have caught the fever when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but a boy came late this evening to say she was very bad, and wanted you to go and see her.” As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold, as the bleak wind met him, he steadily and for a time silently held upon his way. At length he began muttering,—

“Nellie! Nellie! down with the fever! I’d sooner it had been all the others together.”

Poor Peter's one lamb, the despised drunkard's last hold and hope in life.

"Nellie down! pleasant-faced, bright-eyed Nellie! I wish I knew there was a God! I'd pray to Him and ask Him to spare me Nellie: but I haven't believed in any God for years; if I had, I shouldn't be as I am now! But Nellie always loved me. When all the rest ran away afraid, Nellie never did; she came the closer, and looked up, wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt *her*. And I never did beat little Nellie, drunk or sober. Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time, with little Nellie's halfpenny loaf safe in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't I, why couldn't I keep sober, and have little Nellie with me at home?"

The nurse laid her finger on her lip, as he entered Nellie's room, and sank upon a chair close to the bedside. Laying his shoes aside, and removing his wet coat, he looked attentively at his sick daughter. Nellie was lying as if exhausted, her face colourless, lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult.

As he looked upon her, a dull, faint heart-sinking within him told him that hope was over—that his darling was passing away. A low, wild cry that he could not repress broke from him, and then his face was covered by his hands, as he fell upon his knees by the bedside.

The sound roused the dying girl; she looked wildly and unconsciously around, until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bedside. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head until it rested upon her hot, labouring bosom, and his arms were flung around her, with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse, dear," said Nellie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently; and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging lovingly round his neck, "I am dying."

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart, was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intently upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. "I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers as I climbed upon your knee, and to remember how you always loved Nellie! I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you: and so I ask you to pray for me and for yourself too."

"I cannot, I dare not, Nellie," he said; "I would if I could—if only because you asked me, but I cannot, and it would be useless. I have sinned beyond forgiveness; He would not hear me."

"No, no, father!" she replied, "Jesus 'is able to save to the uttermost,' and He came to do it,

and He *can* and *will* save you. If you have been a great sinner, the greater honour to Him in saving you. God says: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Father, I shall soon be in heaven; but I want you to come there too."

Closer and more clingingly yet, as though in her entreaty she would grow to him, as in the old happy time, Nellie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away; but it seemed as if she could not go until her striving spirit was gladdened by some words from her father's lips, and she renewed her effort.

At last, with an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father, for the first time in a long life, uttered words of earnest petition to God. He gasped forth, "God in heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me!" The barriers once broken down, the pent-up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms around him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy; and though the words were laboured and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt—and *they were heard*. "For while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

"Amen!" responded Nellie, and then continued,

"I am going to be with Jesus,—seeing Him always; and I want your promise to love and serve Him too."

"I will, Nellie," he said, "indeed I will! if He will have a poor, broken-down wretch like me!"

"Let me pray now, father," she said; and with her last strength she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties for her father, and her mother, and the other children. Then, still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, "Father, one more promise; don't ever drink any more!"

"I won't, Nellie!" he gasped, "I never will, God helping me: I never will touch strong drink again." A glad smile lit up her face, as the promise fell upon her ear, and she faintly murmured, "I am going, father." Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back, and Nellie "was gone."

A few days, and what had been Nellie was laid in a green spot, until the great awakening, and Peter had to return to daily life without his darling. Oftentimes every limb seemed to quiver for the accustomed stimulants. But God helped him. He went to an old employer, saying, "My Nellie is dead. Before she died she made me promise never to drink more, and, by God's help, if I die for it, I will not. If you will kindly lend me money to redeem my tools, I will work steadily for you till all is repaid." He fought hard—and in God's strength conquered; clinging to his work, to Nellie's Bible, and to prayer; and he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus and of Nellie; himself a

living message to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to *save* even a drunkard.

"His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24).^{*} Can you say, "He loved me and gave Himself for me"?

C. J. W.

GUILTY—JUSTIFIED—CONDEMNED.



HE above three words indicate the condition before God of three classes of persons. Whatever our condition may be before men, we all are in a certain condition before God, and the Word of God clearly defines what that condition is.

If we speak of innocence—man's condition is clearly not that, for innocence supposes not only the absence, but also the ignorance, of sin. It was when man fell that he acquired "the knowledge of good and evil." Before that, he was innocent; that is, there was both the absence and ignorance of sin. But man is no longer innocent, for sin has come in, and instead of innocence being man's condition before God, it is that of a sinner. How awful the change from innocence to sin!

If we speak of righteousness—man's condition is not that, for we see the evidence on every hand that that is not his condition; and besides this, God

Himself says, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10). This is conclusive. But some might say, What of man's goodness? Is he not good at heart, and cannot he accomplish good? I have no doubt that those Pharisees, who hated and murdered the Son of God, could perform acts which their fellow-men might call good. A Unitarian, who denies the Deity of the Son of God, and his need of the blood of Christ to atone for his guilty soul (Lev. xvii. 11), may perform acts that his fellows may call charitable; but when the voice of God is heard, all this is swept away like a cobweb, and we hear the truth of the matter: "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 12).

What, then, is man's present condition before God. I speak of man in his natural condition. Let the Spirit of God decide: "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Rom. iii. 19). That is, the Jew who had received the law, and the Gentile who was without law, were both alike guilty before God. One word then describes the condition of man before a holy God, and that word is, GUILTY.

Nothing could be more solemn for you, dear reader, if unsaved. Think of your condition as a sinner, and of that word "*guilty*," which describes your condition before God.

Under the eye of a holy God you are branded with the word "*guilty*"; on your soul is stamped the word "*guilty*"; and nought that you can do can efface it. As the angels of heaven look upon you, they see the word "*guilty*," which, to them, describes your condition; and every step you take is that of a *guilty* sinner hastening on to his doom.

Friend, stop and think! Let reflection do its work. To rush into the presence of God, stamped with that word "*guilty*," is to merit and secure banishment from that presence for ever.

But you say, How can I change my condition? My friend, you cannot; but God can, blessed be His holy name. He can justify, for "it is God that justifieth" (Rom. viii. 33).

Ah, but you say: God is holy—so holy that He cannot look upon sin! How, then, can He righteously justify?

There is but one only way. God's righteous claims had to be met, and what could meet those claims but the blood of Jesus? "God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering" (Gen. xxii. 8), Abraham said to Isaac, as they trod their way up Mount Moriah. This He did when He gave up so freely, and as an expression of His infinite love, His only begotten Son.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission," eternal justice proclaimed. Divine love in the death of Jesus satisfied that just demand. Jesus died; His precious blood was shed; the claims of

God are met; and now, it is God who says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24). And the Spirit of God hastens to proclaim, "It is God that justifieth" (Rom. viii. 33).

On the sinner's part there is the solemn discovery that he is ruined, guilty, and lost. He turns in repentance to the very God against whom He has sinned so grievously, and pleads guilty; and what a discovery he makes, even that God, instead of being his Judge, is his Justifier! He learns that God has been before him, provided a ransom, and has awaited his return, in order to justify and save him for ever.

God points to the death of Christ, and then to His risen and exalted Son at His right hand, and says, "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things."

Reader, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" If so, God says, "By him all that believe are justified from all things." Marvellous and peace-giving words! It is not introspection that saves, but faith in Christ, who "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). Faith is not an inward look, but an outward look; it sees the One who hung on the cross now seated in glory, and all is settled. God on that ground is *just* in justifying (Rom. iii. 26). "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom.

v. 1). "Being *now* justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. v. 9).

But if a sinner hears the Gospel, and rejects it; if he puts a slight upon the love of God, and the blood of Jesus, what is his condition? One verse will suffice to describe that condition: "He that believeth on him (the Son of God) is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18).

"Condemned already," are the words which describe the condition of one who rejects the Son of God as Saviour. "*Condemned already!*" How fearfully solemn! Are you a rejecter of the blessed Son of God, my reader? If so, may God, *just now*, awaken you, and give you, while the day of mercy lasts, to be changed from a rejecter of Christ to an earnest believer on Him; and thus from the condition of one who is "condemned already," to that of one who is "justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"Christ is the Saviour of sinners,
Christ is the Saviour for me;
Long I was chained in sin's darkness,
Now by His grace I am free.

Just as I was He received me,
Seeking from judgment to flee;
Now there is no condemnation,
This is the Saviour for me."

"A REMEDY FOR YOUR DISEASE."



FEW years ago, a French nobleman came to this country labouring under an extraordinary depression of spirits. He came to consult an eminent physician, who devoted himself especially to the treatment of diseases of the mind.

The Count was a man of wealth as well as of rank. Beloved in his family and esteemed by his friends, his cup seemed to run over. But was he happy? No; for, strange as it may appear, a deep gloom hung over his spirits, which neither the charms of a happy family circle nor the important duties of public life could dispel.

His friends became much alarmed on his account, and by their advice he consulted various medical men. They recommended him change of air and scene, baths, music, company. He tried all, but in vain.

Just at this juncture an intimate friend advised him to go to England and consult the above-mentioned physician. To this he willingly assented, and before many days had passed, he was seated with the doctor in his study. Having put a number of questions to him, the doctor, after a most careful examination, said, "There is nothing wrong with you, sir. I can find nothing in the state of your system to account for the melancholy of which you complain."

"That is strange," said the patient. "This depression of spirits endangers my reason. Do, doctor, help me, if you can."

"Perhaps an inordinate ambition may have to do with it?"

"No, I have no desire for great things. I am in the position just suited to my tastes and wishes."

"Some family trouble or bereavement?"

"No, doctor; peace and love reign in my family, and my circle is unbroken."

"Have you any enemies?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"What subject most frequently occupies your thoughts?"

"You are approaching a matter which I hardly like to speak of, doctor. I am a sceptic, and the ceremonies of religion are in my view as repugnant to common sense as its mysteries are to reason. I do not believe in revelation, and yet, I must confess, one of its dogmas haunts me like a spectre. I try to persuade myself that it is the result of a disordered state of the brain; but yet my mind is continually occupied with it."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"A vision of the last judgment is constantly present to my mind. The end of all things seems to have come, and the great white throne is set up. There is One seated on the throne, whose look of stern justice terrifies me. I try to escape from His penetrating glance, but heaven and earth have disappeared, and I am left alone. Every moment

I expect to hear the awful words: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

"What makes you fear such a sentence?"

"Well, in the eyes of men my life is deemed irreproachable, and not without reason. I have less to accuse myself of than most of my acquaintances; but in the presence of such dazzling glory—such spotless purity—my very best actions appear black and hideous. I feel guilty and condemned, and long to find some spot where I can hide from His presence."

"Is that what causes the melancholy of which you complain?"

"I suppose so. This terrible vision is always before me. I cannot get rid of it."

"I have by me an old book, which contains a remedy for your disease," said the doctor, with confidence, as he turned to his bookcase and took down a book, which bore the marks of frequent use. He turned over a few pages, and then handing the book to his patient, he requested him to read aloud the lines to which he pointed.

He read as follows:—

"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

"The unbelief which the prophet complained of two thousand six hundred years ago exists in our own day."

"For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath

no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

"Of whom do these verses speak?" said the Count.

"Of the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, whom He sent into the world, that by His death He might make atonement for sin."

"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."

"That is indeed true: we have not esteemed Him."

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

"Here again the prophecy has been fulfilled."

"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. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"What does that mean, doctor?"

"That the Son of God took the sinner's place, and bore the punishment due to the sinner."

"Is it possible, doctor? What Divine beauty and simplicity! The guiltless dies for the guilty!"

"Read on a little further."

"He was oppressed, and he was afflicted; yet he opened not his mouth."

"Because He stood there as the willing substitute."

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

"He gave up His life as a ransom for me."

"He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

"He took the sinner's place."

"And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put him to grief."

"Oh! what great love to sinners!"

"When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities" (Isa. liii.).

"There it is again, doctor. I see it as clearly as possible!—justified by the death of another! What love in God! What love in His Son! I no longer fear the judgment. Christ has been judged for me. I see it now."

"If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, He Himself tells you you *have* everlasting life. Read it for yourself."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life" (John v. 24).

The Count received this glorious truth then and there, and left the doctor's study a different man. Returning home with a heart filled with gratitude, he desired henceforth to live to the glory of Him who loved him and gave Himself for him.

ANON.

FOR EVER.

"I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever* : nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it : and God doeth it, that men should fear before him."—ECCLES. iii. 14.



DOUBTLESS our youngest reader could tell us that Solomon was the wisest man the world ever saw,—“the man Christ Jesus” alone excepted,—and perhaps the above are the wisest words that he ever uttered or penned. It at

once confronts us with the fact that if we want that which will prove lasting, “eternal salvation,” unceasing joy, unending happiness, enduring satisfaction, abiding peace, yea, “pleasures for evermore,” we must go to God for them. He alone is their source ; none other can dispense them, and, blessed

be His holy name for ever, He offers them freely to "whosoever will." It is just here, dear reader, that you have failed. Your heart yearns for satisfaction; you have tried the world, where all is transitory and passing, and you have failed; you have tried religion, which, without Christ, is but empty form, and it has failed. Let us most affectionately beseech you to be done with it all, and go to God to have your heart's craving met; for "I know," saith the preacher, "that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever*."

Herein Solomon himself made the fatal mistake. He was a mighty monarch, swaying the sceptre over a magnificent kingdom; he had wisdom unparalleled, and riches untold; yet, like every other man, he had in his heart that strange aching void, which we cannot describe, but all understand. He set himself to fill it: he ransacked the universe; every corner under the sun he tried; of every pleasure that the world could offer he drank deeply; every pursuit, whether literary, scientific, or philosophic, he followed, but he had to pronounce all a dismal failure: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit" (ii. 17). In this respect it would seem that David was wiser than his son; he had good experience of the world, he knew full well that there was nothing there to meet his need, therefore at once he soars above the sun, saying, "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee" (Psa. lxxiii. 1); and immediately he can add, "My soul shall be *satisfied* as with marrow and fatness"

(ver. 5). God, by His Holy Spirit, presents to man for his acceptance an inexhaustible store of eternal blessing through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is outside of the world, it is independent of man, it is all of God; and "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever*."

Let us consider briefly those things done by God in the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ, and which "shall be *for ever*."

THE WORK ON THE CROSS.

In Hebrews x. 12 we read, "This man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, *for ever* sat down on the right hand of God." All who are conversant with the furnishing of the tabernacle, are aware that the one article of furniture conspicuous by its absence from that structure was a chair or seat of any description. From this we learn that the priest's work was never done, the altar's craving never being satisfied; therefore man's need was never met. But now the Holy Ghost points us to One who made one sacrifice *for ever*, and sat down on the right hand of God. Let us travel back in spirit to the cross of Calvary, and there we, as it were, hear the voice of God saying, "put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exodus iii. 5). On that cross there hangs One, who though very man is very God, the object of man's contumely and Satan's malice,—shall we add? the object of angel's wonder. His enemies have done their worst. Behold Him

there ! His thorn-crowned brow, His nail-pierced hands and feet ; yet, as has been truly said, " No pain inflicted by man ever called forth a cry from His blessed lips." But now, at midday, when the sun was wont to shine in meridian strength and splendour, the scene is shrouded in darkness. Oh sinner ! couldst thou but penetrate that darkness, the sight thou wouldst behold would break thy heart.

But, indeed, what took place there none but the Divine and Holy Trinity shall ever know. The precious Saviour is there alone. He has been betrayed by Judas, denied by Peter, forsaken by all His disciples ; the creatures of His hand have spit in His face, and heaped upon Him all the ignominy of which their vile human hearts were capable. Now He turns to God, with whom He dwelt, and whose delight He was in the past vista of eternity, on whom He was cast from His advent to this scene, in whom He ever trusted, and not in vain ; for once and again the heavens had been opened upon Him, and God Himself had proclaimed, " This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased " (Matt. iii. 17, xvii. 5). But He makes the awful discovery that He is forsaken even by God ! Hear that piercing cry, wrung from the depths of His heart, " My God ! my God ! why hast *thou* forsaken me ? " (Matt. xxvii. 46). The anguish that was His then no tongue can tell or heart conceive. He was alone, bearing our sins, and the righteous unmitigated judgment of a holy God breaking

over His blessed head! But He endured it, yea, He exhausted it. The darkness lifted; with the shout of a conqueror He uttered these triumphant words, "*It is finished*:" and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30).

Hear, ye heavens! rejoice, ye ends of the earth! shudder, ye demons in hell! "*It is finished.*" God is glorified, the devil defeated, salvation procured and sin to be eventually abolished. The work is done, done by God, and done for ever; for "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever.*" Sceptic! scoffer! careless sinner! anxious soul! He died for thee. Ye who seek reformation, self-improvement, &c., you are too late; to the winds with your works, your religion, and your so-called righteousness! Nearly two thousand years ago the work was done, done *for ever*, and done to the absolute satisfaction and eternal glory of God; so that now, in virtue of that work, and that alone, God offers thee SALVATION FOR EVER, here and now, without works, without effort of thine, "without money and without price."

In Heb. x. 14 we read, "by one offering he hath perfected *for ever* them that are sanctified." The salvation of God is worthy of Himself; it is not temporal, or connected merely with time; it is *for ever*. We frankly avow that we have no sympathy whatever with those who disseminate the doctrine of saved to-day, and lost to-morrow; we do not hesitate to assert that such teaching is dishonouring to God. We can imagine a man

having a besetting sin—perhaps a slave to drink—saying, “It is easy to write thus; I know I ought to be saved, and that now; nor have I any difficulty as to the way; but if saved to-day, Satan would tempt me to-morrow. I might succumb, dishonour Christ, and better not to have professed at all.” Friend, if it were the work of man you might argue thus; but we rejoice to tell you that it is all of God. “Salvation is of the Lord” (Jonah ii. 9), and “I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever*.” “He is able also to save them to the uttermost (or evermore, see margin) that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them” (Heb. vii. 25). “My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand. I and my Father are one” (John x. 27-30).

Trembling soul, put thy foot down there, and believe God’s Son, and God’s record, and say: By grace I am saved,—saved by God, and saved *for ever*! for “I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever*.” Hallelujah!

One more point, and that of deepest solemnity, we must bring before thee ere we close. If thou dost still spurn God’s grace, reject His Son, neglect His great salvation, thou wilt most surely be

LOST FOR EVER.

In Rev. xiv. we read, "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up *for ever and ever.*" The soul who finds his or her everlasting portion in the lake of fire, has the awful knowledge of having been consigned therè by God Himself, therefore "it shall be *for ever.*" Read Rev. xx. 11-15, and imagine what a scene it will be; God forbid that any reader of these lines should be there. "The dead, small and great, stand before God." Out of that opened book the whole history of the individual sinner is disclosed; no extenuating circumstance is found, no redeeming feature can be produced, still God is slow to judge. How He hastens to bless! He has but to see the prodigal turn his step homeward, and He actually *runs*, falls on his neck, and kisses him (Luke xv. 20). "But judgment is his strange work," therefore yet another book is opened, heaven's register is searched, but the guilty culprit's name is not there. And now, from the lips of the eternal God, in the person of His Son, comes that dreadful word "Depart!" and thus banished from His presence, the poor benighted soul finds his or her portion in hell, and "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be *for ever.*"

Thank God, it is still "the day of salvation;" and may He, by His Holy Spirit, lead thee to take thy place as a lost sinner. Trust in His Son, rest thy soul upon His finished work, and be saved now and saved for ever, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake; then thy portion shall be "*for ever with the Lord,*" and thou wilt join in the anthem of the redeemed:

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us a kingdom of priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. i. 5, 6.

W. B. D.

THE HEAVY LOAD, OR THE LIGHT BURDEN.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"—JAMES ii. 5.



NE of such poor yet rich ones was Nan S——; indeed she was more than poor, not even possessing the usual amount of natural ability or mental capacity, but had what is known in Scotland as "a want"—(*i.e.*, weakness of intellect).

Though quite an elderly woman, she gained her livelihood in going errands or doing odd jobs, carrying baskets of goods from the baker or grocer of the small town in which she lived to the country district around; and a glance at her appearance was enough to tell you that she was poor. Yet Nan was rich—rich in faith. Years before she had been at a little gospel meeting in an old tumble-down school-room, where a simple but earnest preacher had told out the old, yet ever new, story of the Cross.

At the close of his address, he requested his hearers, when they went home, to read the 19th

chapter of John's Gospel. Whether any one else in that meeting did so or not we do not know ; but Nan, accustomed always to do just what she was told, on reaching the lonely little garret room in which she lived, lit her lamp, drew in her chair, opened her Bible, and began to read the 19th chapter of John. Slowly and carefully she read it over, and then began to read it again and yet again. Telling me of it afterwards, she said, " I don't know how often I read it over, but every time I read it, the print of my Bible seemed to grow bigger, till at last I saw, not the print, but my Saviour crucified for me. Yes, I saw that it was my sins which had nailed Him there ; but as I wept with sorrow at the greatness of my guilt, I seemed to hear Him say, ' It is finished ! ' and I knew He had borne all the judgment which was due to me. Since then He has been my own precious Saviour. I have never doubted His love, or that He has saved me, and every day He tells me more of His love ; and oh ! I love His name, His people, and His Word, and I often think of that time, soon coming, when I shall see Him, and shall be like Him for ever."

Nan's piety was simple and true, shining out in many ways ; but many a jeer and jest she had to endure from those who scoffed at her " religiousness," as they called it, and made fun of her " want." One day she was busy removing a ton of coals, laid down at the street door of one of her employers, to the coal-cellar in the back court, for

which heavy work she would receive sixpence. A gentleman who was passing, and who knew her well, said jestingly, "I see you're making your fortune, Nan." "Ah, sir," she quickly but earnestly replied, "my fortune's made both for time and eternity, for I have Christ." The gentleman passed on with rather a wondering look on his face, and perhaps it was the last little message from God to his soul, for within a week he was suddenly called from time into eternity; but whether poor or rich for eternity, we do not know.

Nan delighted, whenever she met any of the Lord's people, to talk of Him; and many a time has my heart been cheered and refreshed by these little chats by the way. One hot summer day I had been seeing a friend away in the train, and was returning under the shade of my umbrella, when I met Nan coming toiling up the hill with a heavy basket upon each arm. "You are surely very heavy laden this morning, Nan," I said, glancing at the heavy baskets and then at the perspiration which was trickling down her face. Nan set down her burden while she took breath, then answered in her bright, simple, but earnest way, "Ah, no, I'm not heavy laden now; once I was, but Jesus took my load, the heavy load of my sins, and gave me the light burden of *His will*, for whatever is given me to do I just take from Him, and see it to be His will, *and that makes the burden light*;" and again lifting her baskets, Nan trudged brightly on her way, leaving upon

my spirit the fragrance of Him whose name is as ointment poured forth, and bringing home to my heart in fulness and freshness those lovely words of the Lord in Matt. xi. 28-30, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Reader, which is yours? The heavy load of YOUR SINS, or the light burden of HIS WILL? Y. Z.

"THE WAGES OF SIN."



IN the posting stations in one of our large towns may have been seen, some time ago, a large placard, announcing a play at the Theatre, entitled

"The Wages of Sin."

Without doubt thousands watched the actors as they played their part, little thinking that they too were actors in life's great drama, and that it would soon be theirs to receive the wages of sin, not in play, but in reality.

It was a strange title to choose for a play, but there the truth was told out that sin is a master, and pays wages to his servants. And whether actors or audience, players or spectators, all alike were in his service (for he that committeth sin is the servant of sin), and, terrible fact! "The wages

of sin is DEATH!" Reader, have you ever faced this fact? Sin, you and I have both served, and its wages are our due,—death. And what after death? Annihilation, extinction, cessation of existence, as some tell us? No, God has said it, and therefore it must be true.

"AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT."

Oh, to think that some are trifling, playing, sporting with sin, shutting their eyes to its dreadful consequences,—death, judgment, and the lake of fire to follow. But, blessed be God! there are some who have no fear of death, for they know their sins are gone. Full well they remember the time when first the awful fact dawned upon them, that "the wages of sin is death." How empty all of earth seemed as they looked into Eternity and viewed themselves in its light. Whither could they turn in their deep distress? Their sins stood out against them, death and judgment lay before them; to God alone could they turn. Did He refuse them? Nay; He told of One who had suffered death in the sinner's stead, and borne the judgment which was his righteous due. Sin's wages had been received by Him, that

GOD'S GIFT—ETERNAL LIFE—

might be the priceless possession of all who believe on Him. Dear reader, have you made the Lord Jesus Christ your trust? If not, trust in Him to-day. "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

E. E. N.

NO ATONEMENT IN SORROW.



FEW years ago I was preaching the Gospel in a little village on the Rhine. The Lord was blessing His Word, and many souls were brought to the Saviour.

One evening, as I was on my way to the place in which I was to preach, I came to a house, at the open door of which stood a man, who spoke to me in a very friendly tone, and begged me to come in for a little.

As I was more than an hour too early for the commencement of the preaching, I gladly accepted his invitation. I had seen both the man and his wife at our last Gospel meeting, without knowing anything about them, or whether they were converted or not.

After a short conversation with them, I turned to the husband, and said, "How is it with you, Mr B——, have you peace with God?"

"I believe in a heaven to come," was his answer.

"Why do you believe that?" I inquired.

"I have suffered so much pain, and had so much sorrow in this world. For years I have had an internal complaint, the agony of which at times is unbearable. Mr W—— can give me no relief. So I have prayed much to Almighty God, and I still do, both morning and evening; and I am looking forward, therefore, to a heaven to come.

I have gone through many bitter sorrows also. I will tell you briefly about some of them.

"I am an overseer of works, and am often away from home. One evening as I was returning home very tired, I found that my house had been burnt to the ground, and a heap of ashes was all that remained to me of my worldly goods. All my savings of many years I lost with my house. But my worst sorrow was yet to come.

"One day at noon," continued Mr B——, after heaving a deep sigh, "I was going along the banks of the Rhine to a place where a number of workmen were occupied, under the direction of my only son, in mending some dams in the stream. My son, in a tiny boat, was going from one dam to another, and when he saw me he wanted to put the boat about and come to the shore. He turned the helm round for this purpose, but in a moment it flew back, striking the young man, so that he lost his balance and fell overboard. The rudder had stuck fast in a cleft of the rock. How I felt at that moment I cannot describe to you—my senses seemed to leave me—I could not move a limb, and fainted away. An hour or more passed before they could recover the then dead body of my son."

Here Mr B—— paused. His voice seemed quite to forsake him, and my heart ached with pity for the poor fellow. Then he once more continued:

"From that time forward the world became only a wilderness to me. I went no more into

company, but shut myself up with my Bible and prayer-book, and other religious and edifying works. Having suffered so much here, do I not deserve the heaven to come?"

"You have indeed suffered terribly," I answered; "and only a father's heart could sympathise with your sorrow. But do you really believe that through these sufferings your sins can be atoned for? That, my dear friend, is quite impossible. Only the blood of Jesus can put our sins away, and our own sufferings have nothing to do with it."

"But I am quite at rest about eternity; the thought of it gives me no anxiety; I am quite satisfied about myself."

"But is God quite satisfied about you? for your eternity depends upon what God thinks about you, the God before whom you must appear."

"I believe that God thinks as I do. After I have suffered so much, and prayed so much, all must be right."

"Let me, I beg of you, read a few verses to you out of God's own Word," I said;—and taking out my Bible, I opened it at Romans iii., and read verses 10 to 23, "There is none righteous, no, not one. . . . For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—"Here," I said, "you have God's judgment pronounced about all men, and therefore about you."

Mr B—— looked at me a moment, then his head dropped. Evidently the arrow had gone home. The Word of God had done its work, for,

after a moment or two of profound silence, he raised his head, with the bitter cry—

“O God! then, after all, I am lost, lost! Thy Word says it!” Tears of anguish streamed from his eyes, and ran down his cheeks, and he cried again—“No, I have no hope! I cannot stand before God!”

“It is true indeed, Mr B——,” I said, “that you cannot stand in your sins before a holy God. Look at Golgotha. There we see what God’s thought about sin is.”

As I said these words I went away, for the hour for the meeting had come. The hall was well filled, and I was thankful to see Mr B—— and his wife both enter shortly after I had gone in. I spoke of the love of God for lost sinners, displayed in the gift of His Son, and the atoning work of the blessed Son of God on the cross.

When I came to the same little village a fortnight after, my first visit was to the house of Mr and Mrs B——. At the very door Mrs B—— met me. Joy beamed in her face, and before I had crossed the threshold she gave me the glad tidings. “Oh! Mr S——, I have found peace. I am resting on the blood of Jesus. All my many, many sins God has forgiven, because of that precious blood. Oh! how happy I am! Oh! what love is His—He died for me—even me—on the cross.”

“How has this come about?” I asked.

“When you were here last,” she said, “and were speaking to my husband about the salvation of

his soul, the Word went into my heart like a dart. I saw that I was lost. I had no righteousness in which to stand before God; and for many days I was in deep anxiety and misery, I was so restless I knew not what to do. I prayed, and cried to the Lord to have mercy upon me—even upon me—to save me; and at last I found peace in believing and resting upon His finished perfect work upon the cross.”

“How is it with your husband?” I inquired; “has he also got the peace you are enjoying?”

“Ah, my poor husband,” she said, “he is still in deep misery. He sighs night and day; he prays, and is always reading the Word of God, but he remains most wretched. All the glorious verses which have filled me with comfort, and made me so happy,—I read to him, but as yet all is in vain.”

I went with her into the sitting-room, where I found Mr B—— sitting in an easy-chair. I inquired most sympathisingly as to his state.

“I am wretched,” he replied, shortly. “I can find no peace—I pray day and night, but it is all in vain. I must wait till God gives me grace, and shows mercy to me. I feel every day more and more how bad and wicked I am in myself. Oh! if only God would accept my prayers.”

The poor man was still on the ground of bringing something to God. He wanted to become good first before coming to Christ, instead of casting himself as a *lost* sinner, and utterly helpless, into the arms of Jesus. He did not yet understand

that the flesh is 'enmity to God and always remains so.

Three months later, on my return from a journey, I again visited Mr B——. With tears in her eyes Mrs B—— came to meet me this time. Holding out her hand to grasp mine, she inquired, "Have you heard nothing?"

"No," I answered, as I shook her hand.

"Ah! my dear husband has gone home. He was buried three days ago. He went home to the Lord in perfect peace, and with the full assurance that Jesus *had* put away all his sins, had borne them all on the cross. For a few weeks he had been obliged to keep his bed, and he suffered terrible pain. This day week, as I was here in this room, busy with some work, I heard him call out suddenly, 'Anna, Anna, come, come! the Lord Jesus has forgiven all my sins, as well as yours, and has let me know it! Yes, He has done everything for me; I have nothing to do—I need do nothing. Now I see it all; I can do nothing, and I need do nothing, for He has done everything! There is nothing left for me to do, but praise and bless His glorious name for ever!' What a joy this was for us both I need not tell you," Mrs B—— continued; "but we were not to enjoy it for long down here together, for the very next day he entered peacefully into the joy of his Lord."

Tears choked her voice, but her trust in the Lord was sweet. She knew her beloved husband

had gone to be with Jesus, and she knew that she was on the way there too, to be for ever with the Lord, where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, but where she will see the glory of God, and praise Him and the Lamb for ever and ever.

S.

"THE BLOOD."



AM not going to turn my pulpit into a slaughter-house."

So said a minister—one of the leading lights of his denomination—clever, talented, and popular, but a disbeliever in the atoning value of the blood of Jesus. It is a very common thing nowadays to call the doctrine of the atoning blood of Christ vulgar, and I do not know what else besides.

These are truly serious days in which we live, and it is no wonder that many souls in sheer despair say, If our leaders disagree, how can you expect us to be sure? If the shepherds fall to fighting, little wonder if the sheep are scattered.

Well, it little matters what ministers or laymen think, or the writer of this paper for the matter of that, but **WHAT SAY** the **SCRIPTURES**?

"Ah!" you reply, "that is the difficulty. What do they say? The Rev. Mr So-and-So says they say one thing, whilst the Rev. Dr So-and-So tells

us they say the exact opposite. What *are* we to believe? For my part, I have decided to leave the matter alone, do my duty as far as I can, and hope for the best."

Let me ask you a straight question. You are journeying to eternity. DEATH LIES STRAIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU. There is a Book in this world which comes from God to tell us about eternal realities. That Book is the Bible.

Have you read it through? Have you weighed its words? You have read the newspapers hundreds of times. They are out of date in twenty-four hours. You have read the most recent novel, and know what is the latest.

But have you read the Bible *carefully*? If you find the road you are travelling lands you in the awful terminus of hell, can you complain, if you have neglected to read the directions in Eternity's guide-book—the Bible?

Let me ask you to honestly and sensibly treat the Bible as you would any other book. Take its plain, unmistakable words to mean just what they say, whether it suits you or not. Surely you cannot rest till the all-important subject of your soul's salvation is settled.

To come back to the doctrine of the blood, here are three plain passages. Don't ask any one's explanation of them. It would be foolish to do so, they are so unmistakably plain.

They are these:—"Without shedding of BLOOD is NO REMISSION" (Heb. ix. 22).

"It is the BLOOD that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11).

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

The first verse states most plainly that there is absolutely no forgiveness apart from the shedding of blood.

Cordage belonging to the Government of England is known by a coloured line that runs throughout its entire length.

So a red line—the line of blood, the line of sacrifice—runs right throughout Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation, from cover to cover of the Book.

When Adam and Eve fell, what did God do? Clothed them with coats of skin. To do so life must be taken, BLOOD must be shed. To procure that covering, for the first time in the history of this world, *blood* stained God's earth.

Before that they had covered themselves with fig-leaved aprons. Very pretty and effective, and far more artistic than the coarse skins of animals, you may say. Ah! there was NO BLOOD in the leafy aprons. Those aprons, without one divine stitch in them, would not do for God.

Again: Cain and Abel offered two offerings to God. Cain presented the fruit of the ground. No doubt he toiled hard to produce the most luscious fruit he could, but God rejected his offering. Why? There was NO BLOOD in it. There was no admitting the truth that "without shedding of blood is NO REMISSION."

Abel brought of the firstling of his flock, and was accepted. The blood was shed, the sacrifice was slain, the fire of judgment consumed it, and the offerer was accepted.

Look again at the children of Israel on the Pass-over night. They are about to leave the cruel taskmaster's bondage and slavery. The destroying angel is passing through the land at the hour of midnight.

How will the children of Israel prepare for the visitor of justice? Will their bitter lot and hard bondage soften his heart? No! Listen. God had appointed a divine way of escape. "The BLOOD shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see THE BLOOD, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt" (Exod. xii. 13).

Look again at those two spies in Rahab's house on Jericho's mighty walls, as they are about to leave her. They tell her to bind the scarlet cord, when she shall have lowered them down, in her window, and all beneath her roof shall be safe. Mark, it is a *scarlet* line—sheltered beneath it, all are divinely secure.

Again, think of the rivers of blood that flowed from Jewish altars—their constant, unceasing sacrifices for centuries. What does it all speak about?

From one end of the Old Testament to the other we find the scarlet line—blood, *blood*, BLOOD! What does it all mean?

Let me quote the three short, simple verses again, and let *them* give the answer. Again I say—Do not ask any person the meaning of them. It would be foolish to do so. Their meaning is so plain. Here they are:—

"Without shedding of BLOOD is no remission."

"It is the BLOOD that maketh an atonement for the soul."

"The BLOOD of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The Old Testament is God's picture book, and in it, by type, and picture, and symbol, He teaches the absolute need of a sacrifice before we can be cleansed. John the Baptist, looking upon Jesus, exclaimed, "Behold THE LAMB OF GOD, which taketh away the sin of the world." Did he not see in Him the Fulfiller of the types and shadows? What the blood of bulls and goats could not do, here was One who could—the Lamb of God—who once and for ever met the whole question of sin according to God's righteousness and holiness.

Ah! this is a day when the blood is lightly esteemed, but let me warn you. You are either blood-sheltered or blood-guilty—either cleansed whiter than snow in the crimson tide of *the blood of Jesus*, or trampling it under foot—either fit for heaven's glory, or fit for hell's flames. Which? Unitarianism cannot lead to heaven. There they are all believers in the *blood*—a multitude that no man can number, from every people, and nation, and tongue, redeemed by the precious *blood*.

Unitarianism is preached either boldly or covertly from a thousand pulpits to-day. Many religious novels are full of it. And the devil chuckles as people talk about being abreast of the times, and scoff at the out-of-date theology about the blood.

Believe me, sir, that out-of-date theology is found in the Bible. God's word and character do not alter with the times. He does not abate the claims of His holiness and justice to meet men's mawkish, simpering ideas of justice.

A bloodless theology is as blind as a bat to the whole drift of Scripture, and does not recognise the awful demerit of sin, nor God's character of absolute holiness.

When the Queen exercises her sovereign prerogative of mercy, and pardons the condemned criminal, who does not admire the graciousness of her act, and feel it well becomes one, who is also a sinner before God, to show mercy?

But she does it at the expense of strict justice and righteousness. God cannot do that. He is omnipotent, yet He is powerless to do those things, which involve a contradiction of His being.

Hence the necessity of the cross of Jesus. Hence the awful mystery of God forsaking Him in the hour of His deepest and direst need. Hence the work, which the blessed Saviour voluntarily took upon Himself to perform, and completed to God's eternal satisfaction. "It is finished," He cried, and gave up the ghost.

At the cross, emblazoned in eternal characters, we read, "GOD IS LIGHT, AND GOD IS LOVE."

Come now, and, just as you are, trust the One who shed that precious *blood*. Good works cannot save you. They are 'like the fig-leaved aprons. They are like Cain's offering of luscious fruit. They will not do. There is *no blood* in them, and "without shedding of blood is no remission."

Yours is a desperate case. Nothing but the death of the Son of God can meet your deep need. *HIS work—not yours*—can meet God's requirements. Covered in a righteousness not your own will alone do for God. "All *our* righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). But God is "just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." The vilest may trust Him. Blessed, simple news!

By virtue of the death of Jesus, God is everlastingly satisfied, and justice has no longer any claim over the sinner who has trusted the Saviour. Further, God has *proved* His satisfaction by raising Jesus from the dead to His own right hand in glory. The believer can say of Him, "Who 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" (Rom. iv. 25, vi. 1).

Here let me part with my reader. One word more. Shall we meet in the presence of Jesus for ever? *Only* if we are both trusting in THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. That alone can save.

THE PALE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse : and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."—REV. vi. 8.



DEAD! Dead! Dead! sobs out the tolling bell, and its sad dirge is heard above the voice of harp and organ.

Lost! Lost! Lost! From the very heart of Hell the wild cry rings, and its piercing wail is heard above the sweetest song that earth has ever heard.

Yes; Death is the judgment of God—the wages of sin—and Hell follows after.

Listen. There was no death in Paradise—there life and beauty reigned, and man, innocent and happy, walked amid the joys of Eden, and rejoiced in all the goodness of his God.

But when sin came in, Death too came in, and with it tears and agony; Death, the sad fruit of man's rebellious folly, the first unveiling of the wrath of God; Death, terrible and universal, claiming as its victim every soul of man, and ushering into an eternity, awful, dark, and filled with mystery, those who had lost the earth through sin, and who could therefore have no claim to peace and bliss outside.

Yet men refuse to own all this, and labour hard to beautify the dreadful face of Death, as if by doing so they could annul it altogether.

To some it is the end of everything, the terminus

of tears, and cares, and pain; beyond it there is nothing. To others it is the passage to a world of which they can know nothing; to wished-for joys, of which they have vague hopes, but why, they cannot tell.

So they garland God's scourge with lovely flowers. Their hearses, biers, and cemeteries are works of art and things of beauty, but the opened eye looks out beyond the flower-decked grave, and sees a soul in torment, and the opened ear hears its startled cry wailing out the awful discovery that God's Gospel is truth, and the Devil's a lie; for is it not written that Death on the pale horse rides through the earth, with Hell, not Heaven, following?

Death is everywhere, the baneful shadow cast by the Destroyer's wings blasts the fairest landscape.

Death is not the END, the ALL. Death is a beginning, for does not Hell follow? Death strikes its victim, and then has done with it for ever, for Hell straightway claims it, and Death's terror is submerged in the supreme terror of Death's Associate; the sharp, short stroke of Death forgotten in the eternal stripes of Hell.

"There is no sun, for I have never seen it," exclaims the blind man, and day's great orb meanwhile runs its daily race in undiminished splendour, and men smile at the folly of the sightless.

"There is no Hell, for we have never seen it," scoffs the unbeliever, and meanwhile Death, the

Tireless, scours earth's plain in search of fresh victims, and Hell fast filling, though never filled, follows, while Faith weeps as she remembers that God had said, "It is appointed unto men once to die; but AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT."

Friend, Death is a despot; his will is supreme. He takes no denial. When he knocks at your door, as knock he will, you will let him in, and then he will take you out into eternity. Now HELL follows Death; how shall you escape that?

GOLD-WORSHIPPER, try the precious ore on Death, that for which you have sold your soul must be of value. See! he comes. Now offer him a goodly sum. What! spurns he your gold? Will he not be bribed? Then art thou undone, indeed. He seizes you. Your golden store is left behind, while you—poor, naked, lost, and unforgiven—step weeping into the dark gloom of Hell.

COURTESAN, your blandishments will surely lead Death captive. So fair a face, so sweet a smile will soften Death's hard heart. Hark! 'tis his step, he comes. Blanched is your cheek—your charms are vain. His pitiless, passionless stare chills your palpitating heart. He takes you to his arms, 'tis true, but so that he may carry you, poor slave of lust, to that Hell, where you through endless ages must reap the sad, sad harvest of your guilt.

DRUNKARD, your song and cup will reach Death's heart, he will not touch a jovial soul like you. Listen! his swift, sure step approaches. Why

tremblest thou? Come! come! your song and feast hold no prediction of dark days to come; all must be well, for has not Satan said it? Ah! see the chalice filled with ruby wine is dashed rudely to the ground, and thou, poor cheated one, art the prisoner of Death, and borne to Hell's dark dungeons, where the drunkard's song shall be a groan, and his cup be filled with God's eternal wrath.

Listen, reader, dost thou not hear the tramp of Death's pale steed? The awful rider with his dread satellite draws nigh to you. I warn you in God's name that you must have an interview with Death. The moment is at hand when you and Death shall face each other, and you will realise that he has come to take you to eternity.

And your sins! your sins! Oh! what about your sins?

And eternity! eternity! Oh! what about your eternity?

God! sins! eternity! And Death approaching, and Hell swift following! Oh! sinner, how will you escape?

"And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; . . . I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 17, 18).

'Tis Jesus speaking. He who went to Calvary for man's salvation. There Love looked out of those dear eyes, and saw the world's deep woe

through sin, and death, and hell, and then Love led the Saviour into the very arms of Death. Oh! mystery of Love, the Prince of Life lies unresisting in the cold, cruel grasp of Death.

Weeping women, at the dawn of day, go to embalm a dead Christ, and find an empty tomb, and hear of Resurrection.

But Resurrection is the victory over death. Hallelujah! Jesus, God's Son, in grace went into death and judgment—went into it for every soul of man. Then breaking asunder the iron bands of Death, He rose victorious out of it. See! in His pierced hands He holds the proof of victory—the keys are there—power over Death and Hell is in the sinner's risen Saviour's hand. He from both delivers all who come to Him.

Wouldst thou be saved, my reader? Wouldst thou escape the doom and judgment of your guilt—the Hell your sins have merited? Oh! come to Him. Oh! trust in Him. Jesus, God's Son, Revealer of God's Love, most perfect, precious Saviour!

God brings the divine Deliverer before your gaze. God's love, God's grace, and pity are all displayed in Him. He is the Rescuer—God's great resource. No help is found in man, but help is found for man.

Most blessed news! God has come in, there on that cross, and through that cross escape is found for man—escape from Death and Hell. The Sinless has been judged; He has died and risen, who

has abolished Death, and brought life and incorruptibility to light.

A world outside this world is now revealed—a sinless, blessed world—God's home, whose joys are deathless. Within the human heart springs up new hope. Escape from Death and Hell is heralded. A place with God in glory! Oh! news most blessed brought to every soul of man. Eternal Life has conquered Death—the Saviour's blood has satisfied God's Righteousness, and made it now the sinner's friend.

Hell's gates are closed, and Heaven's door is opened to every soul that trusts the Saviour's Blood.

That door is Jesus. From dark Gethsemane, from dread Golgotha, from the Throne of Glory peal forth the blessed news that God is love.

"To God be the glory, great things He hath done!
So loved He the world, that He gave up His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life-gate that all may go in.*

**Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! let the earth
hear His voice;*

*Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! let the people
rejoice:*

*Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He hath done!*

Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender, who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives."*

DECIDE FOR DAVID.



MOST acute political crisis had been reached in Israel, when, King Saul and his three sons being slain on Mount Gilboa, David's claim to the throne was contested by Ishbosheth, another son of the deceased monarch.

Ishbosheth was strenuously, though fatally, supported by Abner, the general-in-chief of the forces of his late father; and, so far as numbers and worldly influence were concerned, his hopes of ultimate success were very well founded. He had the favour of all the tribes, except that to which his rival belonged—the royal tribe of Judah; and he carried the prestige of direct descent from the king. Everything seemed auspicious. A brief struggle would, no doubt, terminate in his favour, and he should wear his father's crown.

But God had ordered otherwise. David had already been anointed in secret by Samuel the prophet, whilst Judah had recognised in him the coming king; as, indeed, he was the man after God's own heart.

And wonderful it is to trace the gradual accomplishment of God's purposes. They must be fulfilled, though long opposed. His mills grind slow but sure.

And so in the case before us. It happened thus. Ishbosheth preferred a grossly false charge

against the honour of his general, who at once resented by forsaking him, and going over to David. This was, of course, a terrible blow to the cause of Ishbosheth, and proved its destruction.

By the way, what irreparable mischief is oft-times brought about by false accusations, and groundless charges! One of them cost Ishbosheth his throne. A thousand pities for him that he had not held his tongue; or, at the very least, sifted the story to the bottom before making such a charge. Abner, cut to the quick, deserted his standard, and offered his sword to a better master.

A happy change for Abner! To espouse a cause that is radically wrong, because divinely discountenanced, is the part of a madman; yet, in the truest sense, it is deplorably common. Who would embark in a foundering ship? Who, with his eyes open, and possessed of ordinary sanity? Yet I am guilty of no breach of charity when I say that the majority follow the leadings of the god of this world—the devil—who is conducting them, in a thousand different ways, straight down to hell. And are their eyes not open? Are they not sinning with a high hand in broad daylight?

Ah! these are serious matters! May the reader be disillusioned! Charity speaks the truth, and would disclose error.

Abner, then, flings over the ill-starred cause of Ishbosheth, whose very name is suggestive. It means, the "man of shame," and a shame it were to support such a man.

He had interposed himself between Abner's conscience and David far too long; and Israel, too, had been beguiled in like manner. They had opposed themselves to the divinely ordered enthronement of David—a serious position to take!

Now, however, the crisis was reached, and Abner “had communication with the elders of Israel, saying, Ye sought for David in times past to be king over you, now then do it.”

He calls for *decision for David*. In times past, he says, ye sought him; but, alas, he was forsaken for the man of shame.

When you all saw the fair stripling-shepherd stand in God-given triumph over Israel's mighty foe, and win such a victory as silenced the Philistine, delivered the trembling ranks of Israel, and caused its daughters to sing that “David had slain his tens of thousands,” then ye sought him to be king; then he stood unrivalled and peerless before you; then nought was too good for David; but, alas, another claimant was soon preferred, and David allowed to shift for himself, and wander from cave to forest alone!

And the result to yourselves? Only shame! You followed a man of shame to your confusion and loss and dishonour!

That is, the “times past.” It has been a wretched, shameful past. You have sown to the wind and reaped the whirlwind. So do all who prefer Ishbosheth to David; all, in other words, who choose the world instead of Christ, and sin

instead of obedience to God. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Yes, time was when ye sought for David—happy moment soon forgotten, followed by a dark and dismal interval—a humbling period—but another gracious opportunity dawns, another gladsome occasion is granted. Once more, and perhaps never again, sounds the plaintive call, "*Now then do it.*"

David or Ishbosheth—nay, David or death and destruction! Who? Which? David the beloved, or Ishbosheth the man of shame—which? Love or shame! Come, which? Divine favour, or shame and everlasting contempt, which?

Oh! decide for David—for Jesus. And why? Soon Ishbosheth died in cold blood—murdered by two of his quasi-followers, and his cause perished, while that of David prospered continually until it reached the zenith of favour.

He was a wise man who sided with David—nor do I think, dear reader, that I am writing in a parable, or in words difficult of application.

Ask your own conscience if there never was a time when you almost decided to be a Christian; perhaps at the deathbed of some loved one, when you witnessed the power of Christ over the great enemy, and when your loved one passed away in songs of triumph; perhaps in some warm evangelistic meeting, when you heard of the dying love of Jesus, and His glorious victory over death and Satan, and you were "almost persuaded"; but,

alas, some wretched man of shame interposed, you yielded, you resisted the Spirit, you refused salvation; and oh! the dark, dreary interval!

But, thank God, grace is again calling you. Your conscience is afresh awakened. Sins rise as a very mountain before you. You have reached, as Israel had, a crisis in your spiritual history. Things cannot remain as they are. You would like to be pardoned, and made right with God.

Again, thank God for such grace. You would like! "*Now then do it!*" Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation. DECIDE FOR CHRIST! You are welcome still; and it is Christ or judgment, salvation or damnation, one or other—which?

Ah! come; let your desire of times past be gratified now; let every unfortunate mistake of the past be obliterated by a complete and final committal of yourself to Jesus now. His blood can cleanse. He is (I say reverently) the coming man; God's anointed King—eternal Son and perfect Saviour! His cause must triumph—His enemies perish—His name and fame prevail for evermore! Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess to Him.

Now then, yes; "*Now then do it.*"

"Decide for Christ to-day,
And God's salvation see;
Yield soul and body, heart and will,
To Him who died for thee."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.



HE people who lived about seven hundred years ago, thought that somewhere, if only it could be discovered, were two things that would greatly bless the world.

The first was, something that would turn iron and all common metals into gold. And the second, an "elixir of life," that would prevent death and sickness, and keep those who drank it young for ever.

Many were the curious experiments that were made in search of these two wonders; and it is supposed that an Arab named Albucosis in his researches was led to the discovery of alcohol. His career of intoxication and violence was but short, and he found the "elixir of life" to be but the water of death.

Many who read this may smile at the folly of such an attempt, but it is not greater than that of thousands to-day who are seeking for life in a world of death which is lying under the sentence of condemnation, awaiting its doom, and of some who are seeking to be enriched by a world without resource, which has cast off God, having foully murdered His Son. Life out of death is only found in Him who was once uplifted on the cross of Calvary, in order that, whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life

(John iii. 14). God has declared that "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."

To be truly enriched, dear reader, you must possess God's treasure,—the Lord Jesus Christ. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Do you possess Him, knowing Him as your Saviour? so that through faith in Him you can say, "*I am His, and He is mine.*" If not—

"Thou'rt poor without Him,
Though of all possessed."

Value not lightly a gift so precious. Only God could estimate its cost, and, oh, wonder of wonders, *He loved! He gave!* "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up." So that, believing on Him, you might receive life through Him; and know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty may be rich.

Are you really a believer in Him, and know that you have passed from death unto life? (John v. 24). Or are you still unbelieving, and one of the company of which God says,—"*Shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him*"?

LOSE NO TIME.



READER, if you have not yet received "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins," you are again affectionately invited to believe the Gospel. Come now to Jesus. You may never have another opportunity. Time is

short. Life is uncertain. Eternity is at hand. The Judge is at the door. Think of your soul—how great its value! how deep its need! how awful its danger! Think of your sins—how numerous! how great! how aggravated! But all may yet be forgiven! God is love! Christ has died. Christ has risen. His blood avails—it cleanses from all sin. The Spirit of God is working mightily. God's people are praying for you, and God answers prayer. Souls are being saved. Tens of thousands are rejoicing in Christ. Still there is room. Come, then, to Jesus. Come at once. Come just as you are. You have nothing to do but trust simply in Him. We are saved by "*words*," not "*works*." By receiving the words of God, not resting on works of our own. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." God grant you to hear in faith, and to "receive the end of your faith—the salvation of your soul"!

GLAD TIDINGS.

TUNE—"Once for All." S.S. & S., No. 11.



HEAR the glad tidings, told from the
glory,

Jesus has died, oh, wonderful story!

Shedding His blood, atonement He
made,

Dying, the ransom fully paid.*

**Christ died for sinners, oh, love unbounded!
None who e'er trust Him shall be confounded;
Precious His blood, which cleanseth from sin,
Making the vilest white and clean.*

God loved the world, and His own Son gave us;
Christ on the cross once suffered to save us:
Bearing our sins on Calvary's tree,
God's claims there meeting, hence we're free.*

Risen again, on high now He liveth;
Blessed assurance God to all giveth
Who now believe on Jesus the Lord,
Trusting His faithful, and sure word.*

Precious His Name, all names it excelleth,
From glory bright His worth God now telleth;
JESUS IS LORD, to Him all must bow,
Each tongue confessing—"LORD ART THOU."*

All who believe in Christ are accepted,
Fearless they wait His coming expected,
Then rapt to glory Jesus they'll meet,
Worshipping ever at His feet.*

MEET GOD YOU MUST: BUT HOW?



T is recorded of the accomplished ingenious infidel Altamont, that when dying he exclaimed, "Did you only feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flames."

His hell had begun on earth—already the fires were kindling about him. The shadow of coming wrath had fallen upon his spirit. Face God he must. The God he had so wantonly belied and blasphemed, he now dreaded to meet.

And why did he dread to meet God? Ah, reader, let conscience speak. Was it not his sins?

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOURS?

Oh, the power of conscience when fully aroused! When YOUR SINS crowd down upon YOU in all their resistless force, tremble you will. Yes, shake like a reed before a gale; but if shaken *now*, you would be like a young lady of whom I once heard. When she was awakened to her awful condition, she cried, "I am ready for hell, and hell is ready for me!" What a sight! At that moment she trusted Christ and His finished work, and was saved right where she was.

Dear reader, allow the writer to ask you earnestly and affectionately, Are *you* ready to meet God, for meet Him you must? How very important to have divine certainty on such a

subject. The soul's eternal destiny is involved, and a mistake, therefore, would be eternally fatal.

Listen. There are but two classes of people in this world before God: (1) Those who are saved; (2) Those who are not.

What I mean by not being saved, is not having the forgiveness of sins, and settled peace with God. You, dear reader, can test yourself thus: Are my sins forgiven? Have I peace with God, and no dread of meeting Him?

Many people think that certainty on such a subject is unattainable on this side of the great white throne, albeit the Scriptures are so plain on the subject. Such was the case of a man of highly respectable appearance, who fearlessly and boldly stated to me that it was *impossible* to be sure whether one was saved or not.

I begged leave to read to him one or two passages of Scripture. He consented. I read: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; BY WHICH ALSO YE ARE SAVED. . . . For I delivered unto you first of all that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 1-3).

I said to him, "You see the Corinthians need not have remained in any doubt, being divinely assured of what had taken place. '*By which also*

ye are saved,' is very plain and emphatic language, and calculated to banish any doubt that might arise in a timid soul."

"Well," he exclaimed, "I must confess I never observed those verses in the Bible before."

"But, nevertheless, they were there all the time, though you so fearlessly asserted that it was impossible to be certain on the subject."

Three grand facts were preached by the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians. (1) The death of Christ, as that which met the judgment of God, the judgment which we, as sinners, deserved, and should have justly borne in hell for ever; (2) His burial, as the proof that death had actually taken place; (3) His resurrection, as the evidence of God's satisfaction in the work thus accomplished.

This was the preaching that saved the licentious worldly-minded Corinthians, which, thank God, has saved thousands since, and which is just as able to save to-day.

If you, reader, are seeking salvation, if the desire of your heart is, "What must I do to be saved?" if your sins are troubling you, and you dread the thought of meeting God,—there is but one answer to your anxious inquiry: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

Though you may be the blackest of sinners you need not despair, for Paul writes: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save

sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). Behold the salvation of God brought to you through what Christ has done. With His latest breath He cried, "IT IS FINISHED!"

Blessed be His name, the work is all complete; and now it may be your privilege, believing, to say, like a Roman Catholic Irishwoman when dying, "Ten thousand thanks to You. Yourself has done it all!"

Oh, it is so simple! You have not to say, "Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above :) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart" (Rom. x. 6-8).

Accept, then, the word brought to you; let it be truly in your heart as God's message to you, and salvation is yours at this moment, and, like the eunuch, you will go on your way rejoicing.

It may be the reader is like another I once met, who told me he did believe. In fact he assured me he believed every word in the Bible, but somehow he did not feel happy. *His* believing had not brought peace to his soul.

But the question, is, Did he truly believe? In whom, and on what, was his faith based? Had he really received God's testimony concerning Christ and His finished work?

Or was he not, after all, looking *within* to find some good, like many others; and, like what I did

once myself, looking for some inward feeling as a ground of assurance?

I said to him, "Suppose you were involved to the extent of £1500, and had nothing wherewith to meet your liabilities, how would you feel?"

"I would surely feel miserable," he replied.

"Suppose that to-morrow the postman brought you a letter, with your own name upon it, from a well-known firm of solicitors in America, which informed you that a friend had died and in his will had left you £2000. How do you think you would feel when you received such news?"

"I WOULD FEEL ELEVATED," was his reply.

"What would elevate you?" I asked.

"Why, the knowledge that my friend had left me more than would clear me of all my debts."

"Exactly so; but what brought that knowledge?"

"The letter, to be sure."

"But suppose, when you read the letter, you said, 'I fear that letter is not for me; it must be for some other person of the same name.' Or suppose you treat that letter as being fictitious, and next morning return it to the postman, would you be elevated?"

"Of course not," he replied, "when I did not believe it."

"Well, now," I said, "here you are to-day, with all your sins upon you. Your conscience is burdened; your soul is miserable; and you dread the thought of meeting God, because you have

sinned against Him. But God has come out in rich grace, and met your whole case by giving Jesus—His own blessed Son—to die for you. He 'was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification' (Rom. iv. 5).

"Let me tell you plainly, THE REASON OF ALL YOUR MISERY IS THAT YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THE GOSPEL; that is, you do not believe that Christ, by His death, has met your whole case, and that God has been perfectly satisfied about your sins. If YOU DID, YOU COULD NOT HELP BEING ELEVATED. Why, man, if you believed the glad tidings thus brought to you, you would forget all your misery."

Nothing can elevate man, or lift him out of the misery in which sin has plunged him, but God's wondrous grace. With all man's ingenuity he has never discovered what will meet his own state. No wonder, then, the great apostle boasted, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation *to every one that believeth*" (Rom. i. 16).

He had experienced its mighty power in himself—the chief of sinners. The mad persecutor had been transformed into the meekest and humblest, as well as the happiest of men. So much had he experienced its joy and power, that, when standing a chained prisoner before King Agrippa, he exclaimed, "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. 29).

He had witnessed its effects on those sunken in the lowest forms of degradation and superstition, and therefore was not ashamed to go on declaring it to the end of his days, AS THAT ALONE which suited man's need.

Is it any wonder, then, that men are living in misery, and die in agony when they refuse to submit to it?

Ah! it is a solemn reality that death is in the world—it is rampant everywhere. It is God's judgment on account of sin. Its victims are numbered yearly by tens of thousands. The fear of it is on every man.

I know well there are those who say they have no fear of death; but when it comes suddenly, making them to feel they must die, where then could the man be found who would dare to deny the words of the great poet?—

“Darest thou die?

Death is a fearful thing—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.”

Reader, if yet unsaved, AWAKE! AWAKE! The coming of the Lord draweth nigh” (James v. 8). At any moment the archangel's voice may be heard, and the trump of God sound, calling the redeemed out of this world to be for ever with the Lord. The day of grace may leave you. Time is on the wing. The sharp, cruel arrows of death

are flying fast and thick around you. Soon—very soon—you may be counted with those who have gone from this world—BUT WHERE? THIS IS THE GREAT QUESTION.

WHERE? Many have been your opportunities, great have been your privileges. To-day God speaks to you in mercy. To-morrow you cannot call your own. To-morrow may be too late. Judgment is God's strange work. He delights in mercy.

But if you go on in your sins, trifling with mercy, take care lest mercy forsake you. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

"To-day thou livest yet,
To-day turn thee to God;
For ere to-morrow comes
Thou may'st be with the dead."

Do not say, "I have no faith in sudden conversions." Let me remind you of the jailor in Acts xvi., who came trembling before the servants of Christ, whom he had shamefully beaten but a short time before. The terrors of coming wrath were upon him. The sharp prickings of conscience had done their work. His soul was filled with the dread thought of meeting God—that God he had sinned against.

A Saviour he needed, a Saviour he desired; and a Saviour he found that very night!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," was the message

given to him, and the very message he needed, and the message he rested upon.

It was not what he had done, or could do, that the apostle directed him to; but to what Another had done for him, as the ALONE MEANS of salvation.

He simply received and believed the message. The effect was soon manifest in his washing the stripes of God's servants and setting meat before them.

In his case we see the divine order: (1) He believed the message; (2) he rejoiced in what it brought; (3) he proved his faith by his works.

It is important to insist that because we are saved, and have the assurance of it through grace, that we are not to do as we like—live merely as we list. That would be to go on in sin, as people often say. No. On the contrary, we are exhorted to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in *all* things. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus ii. 10-13).

Three things, then, God's grace teaches us. (1) What we ought not to do. (2) What we ought to do. (3) What we are to hope for.

Each most important in its place; and never was it more important than it is to-day to press on those who are saved to be "zealous of good works."

It is a day of lip as well as loud profession; a day of lukewarmness connected with the greatest boastfulness; a day when men are dealing in the grossest carnal way with divine things. It therefore behoves those who are saved to be more intensely real than ever.

And if that "blessed hope" animates us, it will lead us to purify ourselves "**EVEN AS HE IS PURE.**" What a standard!

"I would not work my soul to save,
That work my Lord hath done;
But I would work like any slave
From love to God's dear Son."

P. W.

RESCUED.



SOME thirteen years ago a young man whom I knew well was spoken to by God in a very marked way. He was the child of Christian parents, and many a prayer had ascended to the throne of grace by his praying mother on his behalf, and now the time had come when God was about to answer these prayers.

It was on a lovely Whitsuntide afternoon that this young fellow, accompanied by his companion, went to one of the favourite seaside resorts on the north-east coast of England, and took off a small boat for a couple of hours' pleasure. As they

rowed away from the harbour the sun shone most brilliantly, and there was hardly a ripple to be seen on the water. How their hearts bounded at the pleasant prospect of a most enjoyable time, while they revelled in the full flush of health and strength. The tide was ebbing, and they had placed about a mile between themselves and the shore, when suddenly a solemn warning appeared in the sky in the form of a quickly gathering cloud. Immediately the smooth surface of the sea was broken into countless wavelets, which gradually grew larger and larger, and were finally lashed into foaming billows by the pitiless wind. The two young fellows did their utmost to bring the boat back to shore, but alas, they had tide and wind to battle with, and rather than make any headway, they found themselves drifting farther out to sea.

Now that their lives depended upon their exertions they made repeated and frantic efforts, but all proved unavailing, and their hearts, which had been so light and gay, grew heavy and despairing. They tried over and over again to keep the boat's head to the waves, but it proved unsuccessful, for they just escaped being overturned by a huge billow, only to be submerged by a larger one the next moment. Needless to say, the frail boat could not right itself, and the occupants were precipitated into the seething water. For a few seconds it seemed as if their voyage was about to hasten them from the German Ocean to the

ocean of an endless eternity, as neither of them could swim. A watery grave seemed to be inevitable. Suddenly, however, after being tossed about in a whirlpool of foam and spray until their strength was almost expended, they discerned with renewed hope the stalwart figure of a man running quickly to their rescue along the pier near which, through God's especial mercy, they had drifted. A life-line was thrown to them, and, with a great effort, they managed to grasp it, and were finally rescued from an untimely grave.

Dear reader, this instance was the means, in God's hands, of awakening the elder of these two young men to a sense of the awful position in which he stood before God about the question of his sins, and of his deep need of a Saviour. This exercise went on for a few weeks, when he came in contact with a former companion who had some eighteen months previously been saved, and whose heart was all aglow with the love of God. He spoke to the troubled young man about his soul and of the love of God to poor sinners expressed in the gift of His only begotten Son, and thank God, as the doubting one stood on the pavement in the open air, he believed in Christ and was saved.

What about you, dear reader? you are lost if still in your sins, and you need a Saviour. There is not one of Adam's race exempted from the awful consequences of sin, for all have sinned (Rom. iii. 23). The sooner you get saved the

better, as eternity is drawing nigh. You are on the smooth smiling waters of time, but your bark is most assuredly drifting to the breakers of eternal woe, and most certainly the shipwreck will come. The black darkness of eternal 'perdition is looming ahead, and suddenly you will be overwhelmed in the judgment of God's wrath. Ere it is too late seize the life-line firmly, which is so freely offered to you, while it is within your grasp, "the gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23). "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life". (John iii. 16). The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, has been shed for the very purpose of washing your sins away, and the life-line is Christ Himself, who came from the glory of heaven to earth amongst sinful men, that they may take Him as their refuge from the coming storm, and be eternally saved. Dear reader, take warning, and flee from the wrath to come.

"Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear?
When the breakers roar, and the reef is near;
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?
We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love."

THE LORD HIMSELF SHALL DESCEND!



ALL Christendom professes that Jesus the Christ is seated at the right hand of God. It is a fact, and He is seated there as Lord. Will He *always* sit there? Nay, He may quit His seat this moment. Where to go, and what to do? The answer is in every New Testament in the world: "*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). Ten thousand things will happen after; Scripture teems with them. But this revelation may be accomplished as you read these words. *What would happen to you?* Perhaps you are amongst the millions that do not know; possibly amongst those who do not care. The fact remains, *the Lord will descend. He may descend to-day!* In a moment the two classes in the world before God would be manifested—the wicked and the righteous. "The Lord knoweth them that are his" (2 Tim. ii. 19).

It is not a question of dying here, but *the Lord Himself shall descend* from the throne of God then with a rallying shout, to call His own on high.

Whether asleep in their graves—*i.e.*, the body in the dust, but the spirit with Him (2 Cor. v. 8)—or alive on the earth at that solemn moment, all His own will be claimed by Him, raised or changed by divine power, and caught up to meet Him (1 Thess. iv. 17). It will happen in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye (1 Cor. xv. 52). Scripture speaks of no sign or warning before it occurs. *It will be as sudden as it is sure.* You may delay the moment in your thoughts, you may doubt its accomplishment, you may wrest the scripture from its unmistakably plain meaning, you may deny it altogether, *but the fact remains. God says it.* The Lord Himself *shall descend*, &c. There are no dates connected with it; *they all* refer to Israel and the earth, and have their fulfilment after and in relation to His manifestation and kingdom; but His promised return for His own is the preliminary part of the Christian's hope, and should be his daily expectation. Are you a Christian, and is it yours?

Blinded by Satan, and deceived by sin, you may reason and argue that it will not happen in your day, or that it does not mean literally what it says; still, the stubborn fact, which all have to face, remains indelibly written in the abiding and eternal Word, "*the Lord himself shall descend.*" He came once, according to promise: He will come again. No man knoweth the day nor the hour (Mark xiii. 32). Nearly nineteen centuries have sped away since He said, "I come quickly." All

Scripture witnesses, as also the world's state, that His coming is nigh. He may come for His own *this* moment. Are *you* ready? Can you say, Come?

Perhaps you say or think no one can say that. You are vastly mistaken. Thousands can, through grace, and so may you. There is one absolute necessity to that end, and that is, *to be saved*. You *must* be saved, saved *now*, and know it; then you are ready, and can rejoice in the thought of, and invite His return. To be *saved*, does not mean to be baptized, confirmed, and take the Lord's Supper. To be saved, means that a man has to be brought to see himself a guilty, lost sinner in the sight of God, *to believe on His Son* who died for such, and to know on the authority of His Word that his sins are put away by His precious blood, and that he is no longer seen by God in his lost condition, but in Christ (Rom. viii. 1). It is a wonderful thing to be saved. We are neither saved by what we are, nor by what we do, for our doings are bad, and we also *irretrievably*. We are saved by faith alone in Christ and His finished work. "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). "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,*" &c. (Acts xvi. 31). "By grace are ye saved, *through faith*" (Eph. ii. 8).

Now, as life is uncertain, death reigns, and

Christ may come at any moment, *now* is the time to be saved (2 Cor. vi. 2). It is wise to put every other question off rather than that. The time for decision shortens daily. It would be a terrible thing for you to miss salvation, now, would it not? Be honest with yourself. You would like to have it, would you not? Take care; it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God (Heb. x. 31). Christ is offered you now, a present Saviour, and in Him a present and eternal salvation. But now, in self-judgment before God, just as you are, you can hide nothing from Him; so, own fully all, and, where and as you are, a lost sinner, who deserves eternal damnation, *believe on His Son*. Then is salvation yours; and if He were to return this moment, and shout, you would hear His voice, obey His call, rapt by divine power in the air, to meet Him, and so *be for ever with the Lord!*

But, as surely as He shall claim His own at that wondrous moment, so surely will He leave every unconverted sinner behind. The wise virgins go in, the foolish are shut out (Matt. xxv. 1-13). Profession without possession is worthless. There must be reality. You may be brim-full of religion, and flowing over with religious talk, but without a living personal interest in Christ at that moment, it were better you had never been born. For to be left behind means judgment. God shall send a strong delusion over men so that they believe a lie, that "they *all* might be damned who believed not

the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12). You may believe a thousand things about the truth, but if you believe not the truth itself you cannot walk in righteousness according to God, your profession is utterly worthless, you are yet in your sins; and if our Lord came this moment, your awful portion must be the inexorable judgment of God.

Stop then, proud heart, while you may, and consider your ways, your religion, yourself. Have to do with God now, in grace's day, ere it be too late. Bow in self-judgment before Him, and believe on His Son, and His coming shall surely be for His and your everlasting joy.

E. H. C.

"TELL MY BAIRNS ABOUT THEIR MOTHER'S SAVIOUR."



N one of the country towns in the west of Scotland, a few years ago, a Christian mother lay dying. It was one of those hot days in July which makes even *well* people feel languid; how much more one with a weight of trouble and disease!

The home was a very lowly one, and there were few comforts around, but kind neighbours went softly out and in doing what they could to alleviate her sufferings. Her six little ones—five girls and a boy—played about the room, un-

conscious of the great loss so soon to fall upon them. Life's battle had gone hard with this poor one, for she was the wife of a drunkard, and what anguish and heartburnings had been hers! Indeed, it was in trying to lift her husband from the floor, where he had fallen in one of his drunken fits, that she had hurt herself, and brought on this last illness, with all its terrible suffering.

But soon it would be all over—the doctor had said it was unlikely she would live the day out; and then sorrow and anguish would be her portion no more.

Each time the door opened, the dying one turned an eager expectant look. She had expressed a desire to see the relative who had been the means of leading her to the Saviour some two years before, and now she had a last message to give him. He lived at a considerable distance, but a telegram had been sent to him to come at once.

The hours went slowly past, while the disease marched rapidly on; and when at last he came, her eyes had become glazed in death, and those around thought that she was unconscious. Taking her hand in both of his, as he bent over her he called her name, and asked if Jesus was precious. A glad look lit up her face for a moment as she whispered "Precious"; then making a great effort, she said slowly and with difficulty, "Tell—my—bairns—about—their—mother's—Saviour." These were almost her last words, and very shortly after-

wards she fell asleep, to wake when the Lord comes for His own.

A few weeks after, the wretched husband and father committed suicide, the home was broken up, and the children were scattered, but the dying mother's request had entered into the Lord's ear, and His eye was over each of them. The two eldest went to service, other two were received into Christian homes by friends, and the two youngest were taken in charge by the parish authorities, and boarded out into private houses; but one by one, in different ways and by various means, the Lord brought them to know Himself.

The case of Johnny, the only boy, is of particular interest. He was the second youngest, and one of those who were boarded out by the parish; but he grew up so wild and wayward, that again and again he had to change his home, those who had the care of him being always glad to get quit of him. At last, when about sixteen years old, disease laid its hand upon him, and he was admitted into one of the wards of the Glasgow Western Infirmary. There, from the lips of strangers, he heard of the Saviour—his mother's Saviour. The Lord opened his eyes to see his need, and gladly he accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and thus another of that Christian mother's bairns was safely housed.

After some months Johnny was sent out of the Infirmary as incurable, and his eldest sister being now very happily married, received him home to die. Johnny had just one unsatisfied desire, and

it was this, that the Lord would grant him strength to visit the different families with whom he had lived in his native town, where he had been such a bad boy, that he might tell of God's saving grace and mercy to him, and what a precious Saviour he had found in Him. The Lord graciously granted his request—several of those he visited were moved to tears; and we doubt not but that the feeble words spoken that day by that poor dying lad sank deeper into their hearts than many a preaching had done.

Then Johnny came back to his sister's, was never able to cross the threshold again, and after several weeks of great suffering, during which his joy and peace was unbroken, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and mother and son are now with the Lord.

Christian worker, this has been specially written for you. Those dear ones who led Johnny to the Saviour in the Infirmary knew nothing of his Christian mother, or of her dying request to "Tell my bairns about their mother's Saviour"; but what a privilege was theirs, to be used of God to do so; and such may also be your privilege, to lead to the Saviour some weary, wayward, wandering one who has been cradled amid a mother's tears and prayers.

"Go, labour on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Master's will."

He has said, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not," and in the sweet by-and-by sowers and reapers shall rejoice together.

"I WILL COME AGAIN."



HIS is a most important statement, and one that leaves no doubt to the believing heart, scoffers notwithstanding. Of them it is written, "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming?" (2 Pet. iii. 3, 4). This is simply the taunt of infidelity, as much as to say—He will not come.

Stay, my friend, if you be a scoffer you are mistaken. He will come again, and that quickly. When on earth Jesus said, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again*, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John xiv. 3). This was said to His own.

After the work of redemption was accomplished, and Christ had ascended on high, the Holy Ghost said concerning Him, "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry" (Heb. xi. 37).

Again, from heavenly glory, Jesus speaks, and, in the closing page of Scripture, thrice over does He say, "I come quickly" (Rev. xxii. 7, 12, 20).

Without any doubt, then, the Lord's return is certain. The question alone is, Is it imminent? Is it at hand? Everything says, Yes! A groaning creation calls for His return to deliver it. A careless world, ripe for judgment, invites His return to

judge it. A backsliding and worldly Church needs His return to redeem it from an evil scene which has corrupted it, alas!

All therefore points to His speedy return, and every soul saved, or unsaved, should be impressed with the solemn fact—He is near at hand. What a revolution will His coming produce. For the Christian it will be the blessed exchange of glory with Christ for the trials and exercise of the pilgrim pathway. It will be to go home—home to the Father's house—home to be with Jesus for ever. "God hath *not appointed* us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we watch (are alive when He comes) or sleep (be in the grave), we should live together with him" (1 Thess. v. 9, 10). What a future! We have a title to it without a flaw—His blood—and surely it is a prospect without a cloud.

It is a grand appointment that God gives the believer, and through grace I am going to keep it. Are YOU, my reader? If you are not saved, if you are not converted, it will be a sad appointment that you will have to keep, for, consequent on the return of the Lord Jesus, God "*hath appointed* a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained" (Acts xvii. 31). That man is Jesus, the Jesus you do not love or care about.

Friend, your position is really serious. You had better believe the gospel, and rest on Christ.

What an awful eternity lies before the unbeliever! "The blackness of darkness for ever" awaits the apostate sinner. Apostate angels God "hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude 6, 13). Do you suppose a careless, godless, sin-loving despiser of the gospel will have any better fate in the day of Christ's righteous wrath? I trow not. The gospel has come. The Lord is coming. He will come for the believer. Judgment is coming for the impenitent and unbelieving. Escape it!

This being so, it behoves every unblessed, unsaved soul to hasten to the Lord. He is ready and waiting to save. His blood avails for the vilest, and the worst. Friend, delay no longer. Come to Jesus now. Come as you are, in your sins. He will not cast you out. He delights in blessing the needy. He rejoices in saving the lost. Let Him have joy over you now, ere it be too late. You have really no time to lose. He may come ere the year closes. Procrastinate no longer. There yet is time. To-morrow may be too late. He may have come. "I will come" is His word. Ere He comes *for* us, do you come *to* Him. This is my closing exhortation to you in 1895. God grant that you may heed it, and that the last days of the year may find you a decided believer, waiting for the Lord's return. Amen.