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ALGERNON J. POLLOCK

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WHAT THE HYDROPHONES HEARD !

THE hydrophone is an instrument for hearing sounds under water. Most people think that under the surface of the sea quiet reigns supreme, but this is by no means the case.

The hydrophone was very successfully used during the great war for the detection of submarines.

The following is the recital of one of the grimmest tales of the sea—the story of the end of a German submarine :—

“There was a lumbering noise, such as might be made by a heavy object trying to drag its hulk along the bottom ; this was followed by silence, showing that the wounded vessel could advance but a few yards. A terrible tragedy was clearly beginning down there in the slime of the ocean floor The chasers listened for hours without hearing a sound ; but about 5 o'clock a sharp piercing noise came ringing over the wires. It was a sound that made the listener's blood run cold the crack of a revolver. The first report had hardly stilled when another shot was heard ; and then there were more in rapid succession.”

The crew of the submarine had killed themselves. Twenty-five shots in all were heard.

We have here brought before us in thrilling intensity the position of men brought face to face in a very peculiarly terrible way with—DEATH. We can dimly realize their position, but little as we can realize it we are thrilled. What must it have been to the men in those circumstances to end their own life? Life is sweet, especially when called to end it while comparatively young and in full strength and health, as were those submarine officers.

But we may well ask what makes death so terrible. The *circumstances* in which these submarine officers died were terrible, but let the dying person lie on the softest bed, and be surrounded by loving friends, skilful doctors and nurses, *death ITSELF* is infinitely more terrible for all but the believer in Christ. Why? Because, "The wages of sin is DEATH" (Rom. vi. 23); and "It is appointed unto men once to die, but AFTER THIS the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). We can understand the dying remark of an infidel, who, laying his hand on the Bible, exclaimed with passionate earnestness: "The only objection to this Book is—A BAD LIFE."

The unbeliever when he dies goes from the life and pleasures he knows and loves so well, to what is to him the great unknown, and conscience makes him dread it, and well he may. Yet, Scripture plainly warns the sinner of his doom. There is no heaven for the unbeliever.

For him there is "a certain fearful looking for of judgment." (Heb. x. 27).

We would fain bring you up face to face with death, as those submarine officers were, that you might be persuaded to prepare for it.

And how can we prepare for it? Only in one way, and that is by coming in repentance to God and putting our whole confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

How the devil deludes people that, amending one's ways and turning religious, and doing one's best is the way of salvation. The Bible emphatically denies this. See how the true way is put before us and the false way pointed out, so that we may shun it.

"By grace are ye saved, **THROUGH FAITH**; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God:

NOT OF WORKS lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

True it is that those who do become believers on the Lord alter their ways which are unholy and displeasing to God, but they do this not to get saved, but because they are saved and in order to please the One who has saved them. The old fashioned hymn puts it very sweetly:—

*"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."*

As for the believer, death comes as a friend, as the very messenger of God to conduct His child from earth with its sorrows and sadness, with its failures and disappointments into the far better portion. So much did the Apostle Paul realize this that he could write:—"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is FAR BETTER." (Phil. i. 23).

Death for the believer has lost its terrors. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 55 and 57). Yes, "giveth us the victory."

Reader, rest not till you know that you are saved by the grace of God, and ready for death should it come. Better still if the Lord should come and take the believers to glory without dying at all.

THE EDITOR.

LOST! AND KNEW IT.

DICK was brought up in a respectable home. His father and mother were regular church-goers, his father being church-warden for many years. Dick himself was a regular church-goer, often attending service twice on Sunday, a regular

Sunday School scholar, but for all that he was not happy for he felt that if he were to die he would not go to heaven, in other words he was

LOST AND KNEW IT.

Dick was about ten years of age when he realized his lost and sinful condition, and for this reason he tried hard to live a Christian life. He knew that only true Christians would go to heaven. Alas ! he utterly failed in the attempt to lead a Christian life, yet tried again and again with only the same result. He would say to himself, "It's hard to be a Christian," yet he continued his efforts, knowing full well that if he did not go to heaven he would go to hell, for there are *only* two places spoken of in the next world in the Bible.

At the age of sixteen Dick was confirmed, which made him redouble his efforts to live the Christian life, but he found he could not. This fresh effort only lasted for about a week, hardly that. He found that he had no more power over temptation than he had before.

Dick was nearly in despair, for he knew that were he to die he would go straight to hell although he had been confirmed. Often when it thundered he would shudder at the thought of the possibility of being struck down dead by the lightning, and on each birthday he would say to himself, "I'm a year nearer hell." Awful thought !

Two years after being confirmed, however, Dick, who was still trying hard, gave up trying and just knelt down on his knees in his bedroom, and, trusting the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, asked Him to forgive him his sins, and to save him. The Lord Jesus answered his prayer, for did He not say, as recorded in His Word, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?" (John vi. 37).

To Dick's greatest surprise and joy, he began to have power over temptations, and to have a desire for reading the Word of God and for prayer. The fear of going to hell was gone; in fact he realized he was actually on the road to heaven, for he believed the words of the Lord Jesus that if he asked to be forgiven and saved, trusting the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, he would be, and he was.

Dick found out after that the reason for his failure in trying to live the Christian life was because he tried when he was not a Christian, and that only the Christian is given power from God to live the Christian life. How could he live the Christian life till he became a Christian? Impossible!

Dear reader, are you in the same position as Dick was? Have you been baptised as an infant and confirmed in youth, and yet you do not feel happy, for you are not sure that you are going to heaven? Well, let us call your earnest attention to the words of the Lord Jesus, "Except a man be *born again* [not confirmed or baptised] he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). Do as Dick did, come to the Lord Jesus, tell Him

how you feel (He knows already), tell Him that you know He has died for you, for the Lord Jesus has been nailed to the cross for your sins and mine, and has paid sin's penalty. Tell Him you accept what He has done for you. If you do this, *immediately* your name will be written in the Lamb's Book of Life in heaven, and you will have the same joy and peace of God in your heart as Dick has to this day, for the above is the true story of a conversion.

J. A. DEGARIS.

"A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING?"

SOME time since a Christian man well-known to me called at my house one evening, and thrusting a bundle of papers into my hand asked me to print them for him. Showing him the impossibility of printing a single book, I asked what they were. He replied that they contained the story of his conversion.

The story runs as follows:—"I was brought up in a godless home and under the influence of everything that was evil. Indeed, my father was a confirmed drunkard, and during his drunken fits would savagely attack my mother, often inflicting severe wounds, and generally smashing up the few pieces of furniture that the home contained, and so terrible was his conduct that

often I dare not venture home for days together, and at night would creep into some shed to snatch a few hours sleep.

“At the age of fourteen I was turned out of house and home to seek my living as a cook on board a fishing vessel, and during the voyages was brutally treated—indeed, it was the general custom in those days to illtreat the little cook boys. I had never heard the name of God spoken except in blasphemy, and had trodden only the paths of sin. Small wonder that God and His love for sinners never entered my thoughts.

“But one day in January of 1906, the voice of the Holy Spirit pressed upon me a line of a well-known hymn,

“When the Roll is called up yonder I’ll be there.”

For the first time in my life I began to consider these things, and to wonder whether, indeed, I should be in heaven. Then the Holy Spirit of God drew aside the veil and showed me myself in all my naked sin and wickedness, and I was afraid; my sins terrified me. I felt it was time to make amends and lead a better life. I stopped swearing and tried to keep from evil thoughts, and to cleanse my ways. Then commenced a terrible struggle. The burden of my sins lay heavy upon me. One night I lay on my bed but could not sleep, I saw nothing but death before me. I saw the graveyard with a freshly dug grave ready prepared for me. More dreadful still I saw the yawning chasm of hell ready to receive

me, and in my agony of soul I turned over, and tried to blind my eyes to the awful sight, but I could not.

"My distress of soul continued, the dread of being lost was continually tormenting me, whilst the question contained in the line of the hymn only added to my sufferings. One Sunday morning an old man handed me a card of invitation to a Men's Meeting to be held in a church in the neighbourhood. I decided to go, and accordingly took my seat in the back of the church, feeling very strange. My heart was sorrow-stricken, so deeply was I convicted of sin as the minister read the Word of God. It was with great difficulty, that I kept from breaking down and weeping.

"The service over, I found myself standing in the street with the terrible struggle between good and evil going on in my heart. I decided I would wait until the people went away, then I would return to the church and have it all out with God. But on this occasion the devil got the victory. I waited too long, for when I went to the door I found it locked.

"When I got home I went to my bedroom and laid down, I was too worried about my sins to bother about dinner. All I wanted was to get right with God.

"When evening came I went to the Sailor's and Fishermen's Bethel, where a mission was being held, and took my seat in the back of the hall. There was great power in that meeting. Every

word uttered by the preacher searched the inmost recesses of my guilty heart, and try as I would I could not restrain the tears of deep repentance.

“When the meeting was over I rose to depart, but the devil was not to gain the victory that night, for one of the Lord’s people came and spoke to me about my soul. I asked if we could go into a room alone, which we did. He opened his Bible and began to speak to me of God’s love, and told me how the Lord Jesus died to put away my sins, and how I could be saved by simply believing in Him. He tried hard to make the precious gospel clear to me, but for the moment I got no relief. Then I said to him, ‘Let me pray for myself.’ So I knelt down and put my hands together, and in agony of soul cried, “O God, forgive all my sins.”

“And, true to His blessed Word, He forgave all my sins, for Christ’s sake. I was conscious that the burden was for ever gone. I knew that the Lord Jesus had borne my sins in His own body on the tree. I rejoiced in the fact that on the 11th day of February, 1906, I had passed from death unto life, and I have never lost the joy of it since.”

Reader, are you saved? Can you sing,

*“When the Roll is called up yonder,
I’ll be there?”*

F. C. GREEN.

"A WORLD OF TINSEL."

SOME years ago anyone travelling about the streets of London might have seen on hoardings, the words quoted above. They struck me at the time as being very true. Since then my conviction has been amply confirmed and deepened.

How the world seems to glitter *when one is young*. Everything then appears so promising. Prospects appear good, and the world generally opens before the eyes with all its allurements and attractions.

But as time rolls on, that which you now think so beautiful and enchanting will fade away; it will disappoint you, and looking round for some other enjoyment, you will only be deceived by its superficial gaiety once more. It is all on the surface and is so soon gone.

Yes, indeed, *you* perhaps, my reader, have found and proved in very truth that you live in a *world of tinsel*. All your hopes suddenly dashed to the ground, never to reappear again in such glittering form. The *tinsel* has begun to drop and the plain fact stares you in the face that the world is *not* what it at first appeared.

Do you know why this is? I think I can tell you. Whilst it is quite true that God "hath made everything beautiful in His time," sin—oh! that horrid thing—has spoiled all; and ever since sin first entered the world, mankind has been trying

to hide the awful effects of it up by carefully painting it over and making it indeed a *world of tinsel*. What a mockery it all is, is it not? All the *facts* are underneath the tinsel and cannot be got rid of.

You have had enough of it all, friend, have you? Then look off unto Jesus, for "the world passeth away." (1 John ii. 17). Trust Him, who said, 'I am the light of the world' (John viii. 12). He was 'the *true* light' (John i. 9)—no mere glittering of tinsel which wears off—but the light that shall shine when sun and moon are gone (See Rev. xxi. 23).

Come to Him—with all your disappointment and dissatisfaction—Him, whom when on earth ever welcomed the weary, the heavy laden, and the poor sinners whom no one else wanted or cared for; and then shall there be joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one sinner* repenting (See Luke xv. 10).

He who gave His life's blood to save you—if you will but take the place of a sinner needing His salvation—will welcome you as He has done the writer.

Can you sing:—

*"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed FOR ME?"*

L. A. ANDERSON.

OLD MARGARET'S STORY, OR SAVED AT 'EIGHTY.

IT was a cheerless winter day. Snow lay deep upon the ground. Being an old woman from the country, unacustomed to the bustle of a large railway station, she had seated herself in the wrong train, her mistake only being discovered while the tickets were being checked, and, as she had now missed the last connection for the district into which she intended travelling, there was no choice left but to spend the night in the city.

Next day she attempted once more to travel. On this occasion, sure enough, she found her seat in the right train, but another difficulty presented itself, the validity of her ticket was questioned, as it bore the previous day's date. What was to be done? The inspector could not allow this infringement of the Company's regulations by allowing a passenger to proceed with a ticket that had done service already for aught he knew.

The case would not have been so serious, as no heavy sum was involved in this fresh difficulty that had so unexpectedly arisen, had she been able to purchase another ticket; but there she stood, lacking the wherewithal to pay a second time. Apparently in great distress, her tears flowed freely as she endeavoured to convince the inspector that her story of misadventure the evening before was genuine.

Eventually, one of her fellow-passengers intervened. "Will you not try to do something for the old woman?" pleaded a young lady sitting in the opposite corner, who had heard her story. "The ticket has been paid, only the mishap of yesterday prevented her from using it on the day of issue. Do show some sympathy, and the Lord will reward you!"

The inspector left the compartment to take counsel with the higher official, who, after explanations had been made, gave instructions that the date upon the ticket should be altered to meet the changed circumstances. Thereafter he returned and handed the precious document to the distressed country-woman. Her tears were now dried up, assured that her ticket was at last in perfect order and that she could proceed on her journey.

The above seems only a trivial incident, but it had far-reaching results as the sequel will show. After these exciting experiences, glad to escape from her enforced detention, "Grannie"—as her friend called her—realising she had found a sympathetic ear in the one who had successfully appealed on her behalf, commenced to tell her story. She was eighty years of age. Her husband, who had died previous to this, earned a meagre living as a farm labourer, leaving her as she said, "*penniless, friendless and homeless.*" Now she moved from one farm to another, doing little jobs of work as opportunity offered, never having the same lodging very long at a time.

Her conversation proceeded in the Buchan

vernacular, a dialect well-known in Scotland, but as we fear such would be unintelligible to the majority of the readers of *The Gospel Messenger*, we shall give in English the substance of what passed between them. Her friend considering this was an excellent opportunity for the presentation of the Gospel proceeded thus :—

“The Son of God has been here in this world, in deeper poverty than even yours. Verily, He was ‘penniless, friendless and homeless.’ There has been no one so poor as Jesus, and we can only appreciate His poverty when we consider who He was and whence He came. It was amazing love which brought Him down to die and to make atonement for sin, so that sinners such as you and I might share His glory above. Do you know this Saviour ?” she enquired. “Have you come to Him ?”

Grannie replied :—“I have often wished I could come to Jesus, but I do not know the way ; besides, I have been an out-and-out sinner all my life and have nothing to commend me to Him.”

The story in John iv. of the woman at the well of Sychar, where the light revealed the sin of one guilty sinner, but at the same time did not repel but drew her to the Saviour, was here revealed in very simple terms in her own mother tongue. The great desire of her friend (whom we shall name Z) was that she should meet the same Saviour that day.

In order to get down to solid bedrock, Z took out her New Testament and read Rom. x. 9 :—

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.”

“Do you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus?” queried Z. “That I do,” Grannie responded. “Do you believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead?” “Yes I do,” she again replied. “Thou shalt be saved,” was the emphatic assurance, conveyed to the distressed soul by the written Word of God. Grannie confessed Christ, there and then accepting Him as her precious Saviour and Lord just as the train was nearing the station where she had to get off. Gathering her few belongings together, Z helped her on to the platform, and bidding her an affectionate farewell, in a minute or two the train was on the move again.

Two years and six months had passed away, during which period the one used of God in Grannie's conversion often wondered how this new-born soul of eighty years was faring, and if she were still in the body.

It was a fine summer afternoon—in striking contrast to the day they first met—Z happened to be out shopping. In the city of A——, just off the principal thoroughfare, there stands a fine statue of the late Queen Victoria. Z had occasion to pass that particular spot in the afternoon. As she did so, at some little way off she observed a woman far advanced in years sitting on the base of the monument. Something seemed to suggest

to her she had seen those features before, and feeling a strong impulse to satisfy her curiosity she retraced her steps, when it suddenly dawned upon her, the solitary figure was that of the old lady she had met in the train that winter's day. Going up to Grannie she accosted her in this fashion :

“Hallo Grannie! Do you know me? What has brought you here this afternoon?”

Recognizing her at once, Grannie replied, “Oh! my dear, I am so glad to see you. I am just sitting here asking the Lord to send you along. I was telling Him your name is Z and that you stay in X——,” mentioning a district in the city, “and I so much wanted to see your face once again, and being in A—— I felt the opportunity had arrived.” The pleasure and satisfaction at meeting once more was mutual. “And did you really come to Jesus that day in the train?” was the next question. “I WOULD like to know,” continued Z.

“I will tell you all that, my lassie,” Grannie answered. “As I approached the farm to which I was going, before entering the house, I went to the back of a dyke in one of the fields, then I went down on my knees on the top of the snow, and committed myself to the Lord. Lest I should make any mistake, I committed myself to Him every day for a whole week after. Now I can say with assurance that Jesus is mine. The master and his wife received me kindly, but when I told them I had been converted in the train the whole house laughed, wondering what I could mean by that.

It got abroad in the district somehow that I had turned religious, and was saying that I was saved. One of the neighbours came along to correct me. 'Oh! Margot,' said she, 'you cannot be *sure* of being saved until the day of judgment.' "

"And how did you answer her?" interposed Z.

"Well, you know I cannot read myself, but I asked one of the children to turn up the Bible at Rom. x. 9 and read to Mrs.—— what my assurance was based upon. Latterly it got to the minister's ears of the great change that had taken place in me. He came and asked how it had all happened.

"Well you see," I told him, "your preaching was far too grand for the likes of me, but a lassie in the train told me the story of Jesus and the woman at the well of Sychar, and the warm welcome she received from the Saviour, and I just came to Him in the same way."

"But Mrs. K——" said the clergyman, "don't be too sure; not here, but here after shall we know for certain if we are approved of God."

"In any case," continued Grannie, "none of their arguments have moved my faith in the Saviour's word, for I know I *am* saved and I am happy."

In this simple, artless tale we learn how an old, illiterate Scotchwoman found peace with God. It has been admitted by the worldly-wise, that the gospel may be a fine thing for old wives and children. Certainly! why should an old woman or a child be excluded from the saving benefit flowing from the death of the Lord Jesus. It was

spoken in derision when the Son of God was here on earth—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them" (Luke xv. 2). This has been the title, and the only title that myriads have had in their approach to Him.

But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that only those *in* childhood, or had reached their "second childhood," should listen believingly to the story of the cross. Men of giant intellect (who have earned world-wide renown) in the full flush of early manhood have bowed the knee to the sweetest of all names—Jesus. Many have spent honoured and useful lives, proclaiming their faith in the once-crucified but now exalted Lord. His benison, and the prospect of seeing His face, has been their sheet anchor in the hour of death. Would you not like to pass into eternity with His name upon your lips, my reader?

"Life has been very bright to me and now there is the brightness beyond. I shall see JESUS who created all things: JESUS who made the worlds; I shall see Him as He is. I have had the light for many years, and oh! how bright it is! I feel so *safe*, so *satisfied*." These were the last words of one of Scotland's most eminent sons—Sir David Brewster, Astronomer, Scientist, Man of Letters, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, etc.

Lovingly, affectionately, would we urge you to make his Saviour your Saviour. Then "we *shall* meet above" to praise Him for His grace through a long eternity.

IN A PRISON-CELL.

“THREE months, with hard labour,” was the sentence pronounced by the judge. A hardened criminal would not have minded that very much, but to the prisoner at the bar it was a terrible blow.

He was led away from the dock, and presently found himself dressed for the first time in prison garb, and in his cell alone. Then the full shame of his position dawned upon him; this was the result of his waywardness and sin, and what would the end of it be?

The thought of it brought him down to his knees, and he groaned aloud before God. Then and there he made his decision, and it was that from that time he would quit the service of Satan.

Now that was a good decision to make, but it did not give him the peace he sought. He discovered, as many have done before him, that resolutions with regard to the future cannot wipe out the sins of the past. There lay his black record. How could that be met? Could he in any way make amends for that?

“You ought to have prayed before you got in here,” sneered the warder, who saw him on his knees; “but perhaps, better late than not at all.”

But the prisoner heeded neither jest nor scorn; his whole desire was to be right with God.

There were two books in his cell. One of them was a book of instruction as how to live right, the

other was a Bible.

To the former the anxious soul turned. He read there deceptive words, for the writer knew not God's way of salvation, and advised his readers to fast and pray in order to secure the pardon of God. Ah! thought that lonely reader, I have been praying without fasting, that is why I have not got the peace I seek. I will fast as well as pray. And fast he did. Much of his food was returned untasted, and while he continued to perform his allotted prison task, he felt his hand getting weaker, his step less firm, until at length it seemed that he must sink to the ground through sheer exhaustion.

Then he reached his extremity; he had resolved and sorrowed, prayed and fasted, but he was still a stranger to peace.

Then it was with a despairing cry that he took up the Bible. Ah! blessed Book of God! if he had turned to its pages sooner, how much agony would he have been saved. It was not a familiar book to him, and he scarcely knew to what part to turn, but God had His eye on that penitent sinner, and the book fell open at 2 Sam. xii., and the first sentence that met his anxious gaze was, "*The Lord also hath put away thy sin*" (ver. 13). That was enough for him. The heavy burden rolled away, the clouds uplifted, and his astonished heart beat forth its gratitude to a pardoning God.

But he did not long remain in ignorance as to how God could pardon and yet remain the just God, for that long-neglected book became his

cell companion, and therein he read of Calvary, of the precious blood, and of the resurrection of Jesus, whom Christians gladly own as Lord. He read of His exaltation and glory also, and that marvellous story of redeeming love, which shall enthral a full heaven eternally, opened his eyes. All became as plain to him as the daylight which streamed through the grated window into his cell.

Upon this his soul rested as upon a firm foundation. Yes, he discovered that God had freely justified him by His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus ; that, great as had been his sins, the grace of God was greater ; and the precious blood of Jesus, which is the basis of all blessing, had made him clean in the sight of God.

It is probable that you, my reader, have not had to stand at the bar of an earthly judge ; you may have been decorous and upright, but in God's sight you are a sinner, and the awful possibility of standing at God's bar is straight before you. What think you of it ?

J. T. M.

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR LIFE INSURED ?

IT was not an agent of any of the Assurance Companies that put this question to me, but a lady seated in one of the large motor charabancs, which are so popular in these days.

It was tradesmen's holiday, and I had decided to spend the day away from the ordinary scenes which usually meet one's gaze, so chose this motor outing to a part of the Lake District, which I had not previously visited.

I had just got seated when a voice from behind said, "Have you got your life insured?"

This arrested my attention, for although only intended as a joke, yet I realized it could be very practically applied if taken advantage of at the moment. So, turning round, I replied, "Yes, both for time and eternity."

Now almost all the company were strangers to me, and the speaker only a mere acquaintance. I was not certain as to whether they would realize the truth of what I had expressed, for some smiled, and almost all assembled heard these remarks, and as there was yet a few moments before the appointed time for starting, I thought I had better explain.

Turning to the lady, I said, "If I should die before the Lord's second coming, there might be what would pay funeral expenses, but oh! a high premium has been paid for my eternal life—the precious blood of Jesus, shed on Calvary, shed for sinners, shed for *me*."

As the apostle in the inspired Word of God declares:—"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot; who verily was foreordained before the

foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who BY HIM do believe in God, that raised HIM up from the dead, and gave HIM GLORY; that your faith and hope might be in God." (1 Peter i. 18-21).

I close this little incident with the chorus of a little hymn :—

*" Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."*

Dear reader, are you insured for eternity through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ? Are the words of that simple yet sublime chorus, the true expression of your inmost soul? If so, you are safe for time and throughout eternity.

*" And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet."*

E. J. FLETCHER.

"SOMETHING FAR BETTER."

A GENTLEMAN visited a French town in the neighbourhood of which he had been born, but in which, by reason of long absence, he was a stranger. Wishing to reach the post office he enquired of a lady the way to get to it.

"I am going past it, and will gladly guide you there," was her courteous reply.

As they walked together, the lady remarked, "Monsieur is a stranger?"

"Yes, madame," he replied, "yet I was born in these parts."

"Indeed," she replied, her curiosity aroused, "and of what family?"

When the gentleman mentioned the name, she exclaimed, "Oh! that is the name of an old Protestant family. Is Monsieur a Protestant?"

"Something far better than that, madame," he replied.

"A Catholic, then?" the lady ventured.

"Something far better than that, madame," was the answer.

Fairly puzzled, the lady enquired, "And what may that be?"

"A *true* Christian, madame—a follower of Christ," he replied.

Reader, the devil is well pleased if he can persuade you that a *nominal* profession of

religion is sufficient to ensure you heaven in the next world. He cares not whether it is Protestantism or Roman Catholicism, that you embrace, as long as it is only *nominal*.

May I ask, are you a *true* Christian? It is a vital question. There are plenty of mere professors about.

"Yes," you say, "that is my difficulty. There are so many hypocrites, mere professors, that I am disgusted with the whole business."

But is this a wise attitude?

I once saw a leaflet which came from America. It put the matter in a nutshell.

It ran something as follows:—

"Did you ever see a counterfeit twenty dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"Why was the twenty dollar bill counterfeited?"

"Because it was worth counterfeiting."

"Have you seen a counterfeit piece of brown paper?"

"Never."

"Why is brown paper not counterfeited?"

"Because it is not worth counterfeiting."

"Have you ever seen a counterfeit Christian?"

"Often."

"Why is a true Christian counterfeited?"

"Because he is worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"Never."

"Why is an infidel not counterfeited?"

"THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS?"

To refuse to be a Christian because there are so many mere professors, is as sensible as refusing a good half-crown because the forgers have flooded the country with counterfeit coins.

The Bible does not ask you to be a hypocrite, a mere professor. The mere fact that such exist only proves the real article, and the more numerous the false exists the more it demonstrates the value of the real. God wants you to be real.

Let us come to the naked truth ;

Do you *want* to be a Christian? Is your will involved in the matter? A real live Christian is not popular in this world, and this is the test. People put up with mere nominal Christians. It is a fashionable cult and does not force any to take up a cross in order to follow the Lord. Just let them avoid the really gross evil things, and the rest is all right.

Avoid the hypocrites to such an extent that you refuse the real article and you insure your eternal companionship with them in the lake of fire, for hypocrites don't go to heaven.

No, my friend, this is a serious business and demands serious thinking. You must think beneath the business and not wipe out Christianity because of its false professors.

Let me tell you of a Parisian Jew who thought beneath the surface. In the gay capital of France many years ago the claims of Christianity exercised him. Was Jesus the long-promised Messiah of the Old Testament after all?

He decided to go to headquarters in order to

prosecute his enquiry, and to Rome he went. He was amazed to find that the Pope and Cardinals were leading shameless lives of profligacy, and that the way to gain favour or preferment in the church was to obtain the help of their partners in guilt.

He decided to be a Christian. He said, "A religion, that can exist spite of the shameless inconsistency of its chief shepherds, must be upheld by God's Spirit or else it would quickly fall to the ground." Wise decision !

Do you want to be a *true* Christian ? Don't get away from the question. Consider the claims of Christ. His claims are tremendous.

Think of His being "God . . . manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16) : think of His dying on the cross ; think of God's mighty love being thus expressed. The Lord Jesus wrought redemption at the cross so that God could *righteously* offer you in mercy the forgiveness of all your sins, one of which is enough to condemn you for all eternity to banishment from God's holy presence.

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

Will you not be a *true* Christian ? The first step is to come to God as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, and accept the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31), is plain enough for any who are anxious to be right with God.

The alternative to being a true Christian is too terrible to contemplate. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life : but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

"The fearful and unbelieving . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi. 8).

May God so raise the question with you as to bring you to a happy and wise decision. Decide for Christ just now.

THE EDITOR.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

I WAS at Rome with a friend. We visited the Sistine Chapel and stood together in contemplation before the great fresco of the "Last Judgment" painted by Michael Angelo. We were greatly impressed by the powerful representation of the dead, who had been the subjects of resurrection, passing before Christ's judgment-throne, and from there passing (in accordance with the judgment pronounced) into the glory or to the place of outer darkness.

But our attention was particularly arrested by a figure in the centre of this immense picture. There in a sitting posture was a man, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, of which the fingers appeared to sink into his skull. One of his eyes were hidden by his hand whilst the other

eye seemed to look at us with a gloomy, fixed, wicked and despairing gaze. We seemed to see this man slowly sinking into the abyss, and one could imagine he was saying to himself, "This is my eternal destiny!" and to us, "Do not do as I have."

We gazed long without saying a word. My companion was the first to break the silence. "Let us get away from here," said he, "it is not enlivening!"

"It is true," said I to him. "I do not believe," replied he, "that anyone can ever be sure on this earth that he is saved!"

I was silent, for I knew no better than he. Moreover, I felt how necessary in this life was it to have certainty in this matter. The time of youthful dreams was passed. The imagination of childhood had been replaced by the realities of life with its tasks, struggles, its temptations, its failures and its regrets. The years passed only deepening my convictions.

What must I do? Must I carry this crushing burden for ever, always drag along this weight, and what would be the end? Death the judgment throne of God a condemnation like that of the unhappy man in the picture, whose despairing look haunted me. "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars," saith the Scriptures, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8).

It seemed to me that I was made for something better. I had need of pardon, but I knew not how to obtain it. I wanted deliverance, but who could shew me the way? Could it be possible and where could I find it?

Years have passed; the unhappy lost man still fixes the same look on each visitor to the Chapel Sistine, and seems to say to all, "*Do not do as I have.*"

But since I saw the picture I have learned the wondrous fact that it is possible to be sure in this world of pardon of all our sins. I have looked to Him who gave Himself to be the Saviour of the world; I have seen Him dying on the cross and I have learned that it was for me. I have believed in Him and have had inexpressible feelings within—the sins which weighed so heavily upon me are there no more and my troubled conscience is at peace. I have been saved and now understand the value of these words, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15). "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." (Isaiah liii. 5).

Full salvation is the possession of him who trusts in Jesus Christ, and he may have the assurance that no one can take it from him, because it is given to him of God. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1).

Translated from the French by

ARTHUR F. POLLOCK.

A SUBMARINE EPISODE.

THE story which I am about to relate concerns a section of the navy which did valiant service during the War and yet whose deeds were very little known.

Many of our submarines went out on Active Service, risking dangers unknown and innumerable. Others simply failed to return and the cause of their loss will never be known.

Most of our underwater craft did service round the Bight of Heligoland in unacquainted waters and currents. One, the E17, had a rough time. She was carried into the shallows off Terschelling by an exceptional current, and was bumped and pounded there until she began to leak. When she fought her way into deep water again, it was obvious that she would have to make for home on the surface, and hardly had that decision been come to when a cruiser was seen to be approaching with guns trained.

The captain of the submarine had to take the risk of diving in order to escape. Under water, however, the leak was worse, the sea began to get at the electric storage batteries, and the submarine filled with chlorine gas. So E17 came hurriedly to the surface again, her crew left her, and she sunk.

And then it was found that the cruiser was Dutch and not German.

Like the E17 we have been caught in a current of evil and carried into desperate straits. The

submarine was in imminent danger of sinking and total ruin. Without CHRIST we are in immediate danger of eternal and irreparable ruin. There was only one way of escape for the submarine. In her bruised and battered condition, rescue alone could come from a source outside herself. So with every child of Adam's race—the only remedy for a ruined sinner is a risen Saviour.

And why a "risen Saviour" you ask? Because Jesus died under God's judgment, due to us for our sins, and rose again in order to become the Saviour of sinners (see John iii. 15). Jesus is now seated at God's right hand in divine glory—a Prince and a Saviour (See Acts v. 31). The message of salvation declares that "WHOSOEVER will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). The world, that rejected Jesus, also rejects His proffered pardon.

The E17, on rising to the surface, observed a cruiser in sight, and at once took it to be an enemy vessel and instantly submerged. Man in like manner distrusts and disbelieves God's message of love. Yes, poor sinner, it is only from a risen Christ that you can receive salvation and change your name and become a child of God.

The unfortunate traveller we read of in Luke x. 30-35—when lying bleeding to death and helpless—received help and succour from a Samaritan, the One he considered to be his enemy, but who proved to be his saviour and friend.

What surprise and regret filled the hearts of these gallant British bluejackets when they

realized that the ship they had thought was a hostile cruiser was indeed a true friend, who would have brought their vessel safe into port! Alas! their discovery was made too late!

Jesus says "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by ME" (John xiv. 6). Oh! sinner, be warned in time before you find it too late in eternity. Come to God's Christ who alone can meet your desperate need. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

J. GILFILLON.

"I ALWAYS MEANT TO BE SAVED."

"I AM lost! I am lost! Yet I always MEANT to be saved," were the last words of one who had to meet death suddenly by the upsetting of a boat on one of the Cumberland Lakes.

Alas! this sad retrospect, "I always MEANT to be saved," must be that of many a dying soul who has put off the acceptance of God's mercy until too late.

Perhaps the unkept resolve was made when thoughts of death and judgment were pressed upon the mind, or it may have been at some street corner, where it was being told out that "God SO loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should

not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16), that "Christ DIED FOR THE UNGODLY" (Romans v. 6), that "The blood of Jesus Christ (God's Son) CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN," that Christ said "Him that COMETH TO ME, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37).

Oh, how freely God forgives the repentant sinner who turns to Him, in virtue of Christ having atoned to Him for sin—but Satan's whisper prevailed, "Time enough yet, death for you is a long way off." And, with still the fullest intention of being saved SOMETIME, it was put off for the present.

Then, filled with the cares and pleasures of this life, days, weeks, months, years fled quickly by, and at last death came to claim its victim.

Oh, what might have been now, if there had been the turning to God for His forgiveness before it was too late!

Alas, NOW there is only a lost eternity, the going "forth into a night of sorrow, a stranger ever to His saving grace." "HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE, if we NEGLECT so great salvation?"

My reader, NOW, NOW is the time to turn to God, you may never have a TO-MORROW.

Oh, the awful risk of "I always MEANT to be saved," resulting in "TOO LATE, I am LOST."

*"Art thou troubled, sin oppress'd
Come to Jesus now;
Wouldst't thou find thy only rest?
Come to Jesus now."*

"THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH."

THERE is a growing conviction on the part of earnest Christians all the world over that the second advent of our Lord Jesus Christ is near at hand. Moreover there is a general feeling in the world apart from Christianity altogether that the world's affairs are in the melting pot and that extraordinary events lie before us. How graphically true are the words of Scripture, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

The fact is this world must go from bad to worse just in proportion as the world gives up God. And the only way to get right with God is through the Lord Jesus Christ. He must be known first *as a Saviour*. "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii 18). There is no other way to God *save* through Christ.

Reader, if the Lord were to come just now, would you welcome Him? How intensely solemn are the words of Scripture: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha," that is *accursed at the Lord's Coming*. (1 Cor. xvi. 22). Are you ready for that coming? He is coming quickly. He may be here to-day.

*"O watchman, bid the sleeping Church
Awake, arise, and pray;
The heav'nly Bridegroom soon will come,
And now is on His way."*

A. JAMES.

"HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

ON January 22nd, there passed to his rest one of the oldest contributors to this magazine.

Converted to God when a young officer in the Royal Scots Regiment, John Wilson Smith kept his colours flying for God for some sixty years, departing to be with his Lord at the ripe age of 79, at his residence, Cumledge, near Duns, Berwickshire.

It is our joy to be able to class Mr. Wilson Smith with Enoch and Noah, as one who "walked with God."

At once on his conversion he took his stand for the Lord, and it is believed that seeing him preaching in the open air with another young officer, both in their uniform, first suggested the idea of the "Salvation Army."

God greatly blessed his evangelistic labours, and hundreds, if not thousands, will thank God for all eternity for John Wilson Smith as the instrument in God's hands of their salvation.

His was a really beautiful life. The welfare of others was his great concern, and his time, means and comfort were freely sacrificed to this end.

Possessing a personality which would have graced the court of kings, he yet made himself at home in the abodes of the godly poor, as he proclaimed the gospel, or sought to edify and comfort believers.

To the North of England and South East of Scotland he gave the most of his time and strength, though his labours were widely known and everywhere respected, and were extended to

all parts of England and Scotland, and twice in his younger days he paid very successful evangelistic visits to Canada.

Those, who knew him best, loved him most; and surely this is highest praise. At his funeral it was remarked, "We shall never see his like again,"—an estimate of his worth which the writer fully shares.

What was the secret of such a life? It was his simple-hearted and whole-hearted devotedness to his Lord and Master, maintained by prayer.

With him prayer was a perfectly natural thing. He held constant communion with God. Hence, his life was Christ-like and blessed. We write these lines not to glorify the vessel, but to set on record our deep thankfulness for the power of God that made him what he was, and used him to manifest it to others.

His last letter to the writer, written ten days before his death, after speaking of his dying condition, closed with the words:— "However, all is well. 'A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry!' I value your prayers, much love to all."

Why do I write this memorial of my dear departed friend? Not for his sake, but for yours, my reader.

I commend to you the gospel which he embraced in early manhood, and which he loved so well—the gospel which satisfied his own soul and made him such a channel of blessing to so many. "To-day," as he wrote, "all is well" with him.

"Absent from the body," he is "present with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8) The precious blood of Christ, which cleansed him from every stain, and which he ever preached, can cleanse you, and fit you for the glory of God.

Mr. Wilson Smith contributed articles for many years to this and other magazines, and wrote many gospel tracts over the initials "J. W. S." These tracts, one volume "Thou Remainest,"* full of precious truth for believers, and several hymns remain, by all of which "he yet speaketh."

Let him speak to you, my friend, from the tract I hold in my hand, in which he concludes thus:—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John i. 7)." Could anything be more simple or more truly of God? Refuse, repudiate absolutely every other ground. This is enough for God, and surely enough for you.

*In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling,*

were words which, when I was a young soldier, and in soul-trouble, carried a ray of light into my heart. I sought no other sacrifice, nor needed one. That sufficed; and further, when I heard that "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," (John iii. 36), my every question was settled for time and for eternity."

May you be able to say likewise. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31).

F. L. HARRIS.

HARVEST PASSING : SUMMER ENDING.

THE shades of night were falling ; a harvest moon shone calmly over the southern horizon, while a somewhat ominous thickness, portending a possible storm, hung away in the east, as I listened to the glad sounds which proclaimed the harvest home.

A long and lovely summer, ending with some days of exceptional heat and beauty, were being numbered with the past, and a harvest of grain, which, though a week of trying weather had done it some injury, was now being safely garnered, through the goodness of a faithful Creator, spoke to me of the closing of another season of temporal mercy.

My thoughts turned to the word of the prophet : "*The harvest is past : the summer is ended.*" (Jer. viii. 20). They came with fresh power to my memory ; they suited the occasion, and suggested much more to me than the mere events which I heard and saw around me.

The flight of time is bound to raise, ever and anon, serious questions in the mind of every one. We cannot observe the lapse of seasons, or of years, without a variety of thoughts, whether of joy or else of sorrow, of hope or of fears. It is well, now and then, to pause and reflect ; to take thought ; to stop amid the busy course of life and consider.

The past is gone for ever. The future is unknown. The present calls for action. The harvest

is past, the summer is ended. The toil of the husbandman has met its reward ; the sun has passed its solstice. The long dark months of winter spread themselves out before us. Never can this harvest be reaped, nor this summer gladden again. Both are past for ever. And we pass on too. The wheels of our little life revolve and carry us on to the end.

What did the prophet add to the words already quoted? Solemn words, indeed, they were:—
 “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and *we are NOT saved!*”

“ *Not Saved!* ”

We read of some who were “*Not condemned.*”
 “He that believeth on Him [Christ] is not condemned.” (John iii. 18).

The difference is infinite. The former class had expected a human deliverance during their summer time and it had not come. The other class had availed themselves of the golden opportunity of salvation which God had granted them. They had not allowed their harvest to pass nor their summer to end without obtaining, through faith in the Son of God, deliverance from “wrath to come,” and, along with it, eternal life.

THEY WERE SAVED!

“*Saved*” or “*not saved.*” How infinite the difference! To which of these classes, dear reader, do you belong?

Your harvest is not yet past, it is quickly pass-

ing! Your summer is not yet ended; it may end very soon! Oh! the golden opportunity that lies at your very hand! Mark, when past, it returns never more!

"Behold, now is the day of salvation."
(2 Cor. vi. 2). Now will you pause and consider?

You intend to do so one day; but remember that days and months and years have heard that resolution already, and they have fled!

How long?

Ah! reader, you may not have another year. This may be your very last!

Perhaps not another month! "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." We would persuade you to turn to the Lord now, the living, loving Saviour, who still pleads with you, but who will soon rise up and shut to the door, and that dread event means that harvest is past, summer ended, and that all who refused to enter are shut out for ever.

"*And we are NOT saved,*" must be their wail for eternity.

JOHN WILSON SMITH.

This strikingly beautiful and tender appeal from the pen of this beloved servant of Christ appeared in the pages of this magazine in 1908. May it speak afresh to many hearts.

WHAT IS YOUR PASSPORT?

A WELL-KNOWN evangelist, when told that he must preach to the men that a crown of glory awaited those who fell in battle, said, "I take my orders from the King of kings, and He bids me preach to the lost the atoning death and blood-shedding of Christ, and that there is salvation in nothing else."

No, God has no other salvation for man but this. Man's own meritorious actions and good deeds give him no place before God.

No one enters Heaven with any other passport than the atoning death and blood-shedding of Christ on his behalf as a sinner, but what a full entry and welcome that passport ensures him!

God freely forgives every one who turns to Him in repentance; but at what infinite suffering to Christ Himself was that salvation obtained.

"Christ died for the UNGODLY." (Romans v. 6).

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN." (1 John i. 7).

Christ's promise to all is, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37).

Friend, will you not come to Him now, just as you are, with all your sins upon you, and take the full, free forgiveness He died to bring to you? It is only this which stands between you and lost eternity!

"But I could not live up to it," says some one whose eyes are on his past inability to keep himself right.

Get right with God, friend. Take the full ETERNAL salvation He offers you, and you will find, "He BREAKS THE POWER of cancelled sin," and He will give you HIS power to "live up to it."

To any one who would make light of these things, we would say, in the words of another, "You may laugh yourself INTO Hell, but you cannot laugh yourself OUT of it."

Remember that Hell, where "there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," is at the end of every Christ-rejector's life.

F. A.

IS DEATH "A VERY LITTLE THING?"

THE whole civilized world was shocked when it heard the news that Sir Ernest Shackleton had suddenly died. The day after the *Quest* arrived at the whaling station, the island of South Georgia, the scene of the explorer's greatest triumph, it was arranged to have the expedition's Christmas celebrations. But at 3.30 a.m. of that day Sir Ernest died, three minutes after calling the surgeon of the expedition to his aid.

His death has drawn attention to a saying of Sir Ernest's. During the course of the great war he was addressing a recruiting meeting in Sydney,

which aroused great enthusiasm by his stirring appeal to the manhood of Australia. In the course of his speech; he said, "Death is a very little thing." Doubtless the speaker was carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. Patriotism inflamed many minds at the moment. The fate of the British Empire lay in the response to such appeals.

But in sober thought, Is death a very little thing? There is a tremendous effort to-day to belittle death. It is awkward. It is humiliating, say what you will. *Christian Science* proclaims that there is no such thing as death, yet Christian Scientists die just like other people. *Spiritualists* say that there is no death, what we in our ignorance call death is in reality a new birth into higher and better circumstances and surroundings. Generally speaking, it is supposed that all somehow or other go to heaven, and death after all is only an awkward incident.

But what does Scripture say death is? Not the debt of nature, not a passing over, not a new birth, but the wages of sin.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

(Rom. vi. 23).

Of course with modern views it is only logical to deny the fall and the sentence passed upon Adam and the whole human race.

Modern thought might be more properly called ancient speculation and prejudice, and with every restraint that the word of God imposes upon

man becoming weakened and undermined by such views, the world is fast being drawn into the vortex of anarchy, communism, bolshevism, lawlessness and red ruin. Apostasy in the church and lawlessness in the world are apparent only too visibly. It takes very little sight to see the threatening breakers ahead and very little hearing to detect the rumble of the approaching cataclysm of civilization.

But modern thought does not alter facts. Customs come and go, but death is just the same.

Is death then "a very little thing?" Certainly not to the unbeliever. To a man, who entering into eternity with his sins upon him and refusing the gospel of the grace of God, it is a very big thing—the most awful thing that can befall him. He dies—leaves all that he holds dear, all that affords him pleasure and gratification, he passes out of the place where the opportunity of salvation is present into the place where all such opportunities are lost. It is vain for men to talk of a second chance after death in face of the plain statements of the Lord Himself when He gave warning of "a great gulf fixed" and the impossibility of any passing from one side to the other. His language could not be plainer.

Death is indeed a big thing for the unbeliever, the saddest thing that can befall him.

Is death "a very little thing" for the believer in Christ? No, for him it is a big thing too, but in a different sense. For him it is "to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." (Phil. i.

23). And the comparative in this case is more emphatic than the most superlative superlative.

It is for the believer the passing from this vale of tears, this wilderness of his pilgrimage into the presence of his Lord and Saviour into rest and joy beyond words to describe. This I rejoice to know that my dearly loved friend, whose departure from this life is announced in the first article of this issue of our magazine, has realized.

Heaven and hell are great realities. The same Bible that tells us of the one tells us of the other. We are illogical, inconsistent, partial, if we believe what we like and refuse what we dislike. It is no more than the stupidity of a spoilt child, save that it is in relation not to passing trifles as with a child, but to eternal realities. Our beliefs do not alter facts. Heaven and hell are great realities, equally so.

And Scripture tells us plainly that none but the believers in the Lord Jesus Christ can find their place in heaven, and that the unbelievers, whether they are marked by the open scurrilous infidelity that characterized Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, or the high-toned morality and uprightness of the Unitarian, must find their place in hell.

The Apostle John draws the line in sharpest definition.

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

Read your Bible, and you can multiply these warnings.

Let me say earnestly in conclusion that death is a very big thing and I pray God that you may be truly prepared for it. Get the link of faith firmly established between your soul and the Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Then you will not need to fear death. Instead of the fear of death putting believers in Christ into bondage they can claim death as their servant, a servant who acts at the bidding of God Himself. So we read in 1 Cor. iii. 22, that death is theirs, and that they can exclaim in triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory." (1 Cor. xv. 55).

But alas! how different for the unbeliever. Dying in his sins, going into eternity unprepared, how terrible is his doom. The Scriptures are indeed as kind in their plain warnings as in their loving intreaties. Once more, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2). There is no need for you to be lost.

THE EDITOR.

"HOW KITCHENER LEFT SCAPA."

THIS is the heading of an interesting letter, which was current in the daily press some months ago. It appears that a gentleman residing in the island of Cava, Scapa Flow, in that wild desolate part of the world, north of the turbulent Pentland Firth, was on friendly terms with the officers on board the ill-fated *Hampshire*.

This gentleman writes that he well remembers the *Hampshire*, moored opposite his home for many weeks, and that on the stormy day of June 5th, 1916, a party of her officers came ashore at Cava and called at his house.

Luncheon hour in the navy being at noon, tea was ordered specially early. No sooner had the party sat down to partake of their host's hospitality than a picket-boat was seen steaming towards the island, and presently an orderly called to say that the presence of his friends was required on board immediately.

Although conversation on naval matters was always strictly taboo, and carefully avoided by officers of the grand fleet, yet it was noticed how genuinely surprised the guests appeared at receiving such a sudden call, and they departed vehemently "strafing" the admiralty and Von Tirpitz for not allowing them at least to finish their tea.

The guests departed, promising to return the next afternoon. Half-an-hour afterwards the inhabitants of Cava were astonished to see the

Hampshire leave the Fleet, and steam out to sea.

Two short hours passed when the terrible tragedy happened. On that wild tempestuous night the *Hampshire* struck a German mine and Lord Kitchener and all the guests of but two or three hours previously perished. What a terrible and tragic end! How utterly unexpected!

Does it not vehemently urge upon us all the wisdom of being prepared? This life is not everything. It is short at best. Its glittering prizes have soon to drop from nerveless and tired hands. Monarchs cannot keep the crown upon their heads for ever. Millionaires cannot carry their wealth away with them. Power, honour, the glittering prizes of this life, wealth, must all be left behind and often how suddenly.

It was so in the present case. It may be so in yours.

As you read these lines you may be swiftly carried along in a railway train. A few more revolutions of the wheels, and you may be hurled to your death. Who can say? It is evident that people killed in railway accidents never expected their fate, or else they would have taken steps to avoid it. You may be reading the offer of salvation for the last time. You will be wise if without a moment's delay you accept the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour.

Had I been privileged to be present at that tea party at the Island of Cava, and had I warned those officers of the insecurity of life and the need of *immediately* bowing to the claims of Christ, if

they had not already done so, judging by what is common conduct on every hand, I might have been laughed at for my pains.

What must indeed have passed through those men's minds, what must have passed through Lord Kitchener's master mind, when they faced their watery grave, with the cold salt-water as their winding sheet, and the ocean bottom as their graveyard, when they faced what even iron wills and indomitable purpose could not alter?

Oh! my reader, if you are inclined to laugh at our warning, we would redouble our appeal. Whether sudden or not, whether you have no more preparation and warning than these officers and men on the *Hampshire*, or have a long lingering illness, the end must come and then where will you spend ETERNITY? We warn you, that you can never enter heaven unless your sins are forgiven you by God. You can never say you have not been warned.

Take note of it. Act upon it. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iv. 7).

Oh! the compassion of God. He gave His only begotten Son. Christ has wrought atonement on the cross. Salvation and forgiveness are righteously offered to you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31).

Moreover the second advent of our Lord Jesus Christ is surely at hand. Things in the world are going from bad to worse. Men are becoming

so utterly indifferent that they will not even take the trouble of being active infidels. What others believe is a matter of supreme indifference to such.

What a sad day for this poor world when all the *true* Christians are taken out of it. What a day when "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth" is removed. when there will be no gospel preachers, when heaven's ambassadors are re-called, "when . . . the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door." (Luke xiii. 25), when "God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie." (2 Thess. ii. 2).

Men will wake up then, but alas! too late. Be warned in time. We beseech you, do not miss the blessing. Eternal issues are at stake.

THE EDITOR.

"IT WANTS LIFE."

"IT looks like rubber, it feels like rubber, it is chemically identical with rubber, and yet it is not rubber."

Such were the remarks of an eminent chemist after examining a specimen of a newly manufactured article that had been called rubber.

"But why is it not the real thing, what is lacking?" he was asked.

"In one sense nothing, in another sense

everything and"—snapping his thumb and finger together to illustrate the power and activity of life he exclaimed.—"it wants that, and wanting 'that' it wants everything. It wants LIFE."

Many articles called foods have been manufactured, and have been perfect in every way as far as appearance and composition have been concerned and yet they were unable to sustain life even in its lowest forms.

Though all the physical properties were present, they were *dead*. They lacked the divine touch, that made them true foods.

For want of a better name the mysterious but essential elements, which have the power of sustaining life, have been called Vitamines, but "Life-germs" would have been a far better word, as life is only maintained by life.

By it the child develops bone and muscle, teeth and tendon, blood and brain; he increases in stature and strength, in intelligence and beauty; without it he crumbles once again to the dust from which he sprang. Who can control the forces by which these changes are effected? None can! It is beyond man's domain!

Here at least, no matter how unwillingly, he must recognize the hand and the power of God, who is in this domain unchallengeably supreme!

Here His wisdom and strength are displayed beyond question!

If a man could produce life from dead matter (which he never will), be it a bird, fish or insect, seed, plant or tree, he would establish for himself

a title to be heard on the subject of life, but till then it is wisdom to observe silence in the presence of Him who could so speak that the "herb yielding seed" came into being; of Him who could say, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind;" of Him who could breathe into man's nostrils the breath of life, so that he became "a living soul."

In the sphere of giving and maintaining life God has unchallenged authority.

He gives it to His creatures that they may enjoy what His bounty has already provided for them.

The tiny seed becomes a harvest, that they may have bread; the forest covers the hill side that they may have shelter; the horse and ass grow up that they may bear their burdens, while the vast accumulations of bygone life afford them fuel to cook their food and a power by means of which alas! they often boast their fancied independence of Him.

But it is well for you, O reader, that the goodness and forethought of God goes further than this! These material blessings are but specimens of His skill, and evince care for man's bodily requirements, affording scope for the exercise of his intellectual powers.

But since the introduction of sin into the world, other needs, deeper and more serious have arisen. For being a sinner, man is dead to God! Take this statement home to yourself, reader, and apply it to yourself.

He declares *you* to be dead in trespasses and sins.

Though a hard saying in the ears of many, this is true.

Let us seek an illustration of the seeming paradox.

To an intelligent Chinaman who had never heard of electricity, or seen an electric car, the first account of a vehicle laden with people moving at twelve miles an hour, self-lighting, driven in the dark without any visible animal power would be received with genuine incredulity.

He could not understand it nor would any explanation remove his difficulty. Knowing nothing of dynamos, nor of attraction and repulsion of magnets he is dead to it all.

It is even in a fuller sense that man is dead to the things of God. For they cannot be entered into at all by the natural mind, as the Scriptures declare: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . neither can he know them" (1 Cor. ii. 14).

But here again we can turn to God and see how He has met this fresh range of need. No sooner does God pronounce man to be dead in trespasses and sins, and sets forth the necessity of an entirely new start, than He discloses in perfect grace new and everlasting life which He makes available to all without distinction, condition or cost.

To bring this to pass, and to make it accessible to all, the Lord Jesus came to a world ignorant of God, and dead to Him, and declared, "Verily,

verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath EVER-LASTING LIFE, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24).

When such a declaration as this is made, how foolish they must be who do not accept it by believing on the Lord Jesus as a personal Saviour.

Here again the supremacy of God in the sphere of life is declared. He gives that which is absolutely essential, in order that you might enjoy those heavenly blessings which have been prepared for those who will take life as a free gift. "The gift of God is eternal life" (Romans vi. 23), which is made righteously possible by the atoning death of the Lord Jesus on the cross, *and in no other way could it come to us.*

Alas! it is not at all uncommon to meet people who readily accept these Scriptures as a statement of doctrine, but, at the same time deny them in practice, for they speak of securing the favour of God by their good living and their efforts to merit it.

These efforts take the form of attending religious services, doing good, teaching in the Sunday School, reading the Bible, and being pious.

But the question is, Will all this give LIFE?

It is not sufficient to be, and to do good. This is excellent for the earth, for the present time. The most important thing is to face eternity and

all the great issues that are therein involved—the vast question is your fitness for the great future—that future of endless joy or of unutterable woe.

If you have not the life that is presented to you by God's beloved Son you are still dead, and no amount of good works will make you live.

Without life you are like the imitation rubber.

You look like a true Christian, act like a true Christian, talk like a true Christian, but you are *not* a child of God, you are *not* born again, you will *not* see the kingdom of heaven.

You will not only show the truest wisdom for yourself, but you will glorify God Himself by ceasing from striving to do the impossible, and

*"Take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The LIFE EVERLASTING He GIVES."*

It awaits your acceptance, take it! Take it now and happy be!

S. SCOTT.

"I'VE NEVER DIED IN WINTER YET."

WILLIAM B— and his wife, Annie, had lived together for over twenty years. They loved each other, yet their lives were quite a contrast. Annie was a Christian and sought to live a life of separation from evil, and faithfulness to the Saviour who had so loved her. Her husband was of opposite views. He did not believe in the Scriptures, and when spoken to on such things his answer was accompanied with a volley of curses.

Many a time did his wife plead with him to give up his bad habits and come to the Saviour, but without success. It may be, dear reader, that someone has spoken to you about your soul's eternal welfare. Have you paid heed?

A loving father or mother may have pleaded with you to come to the Lord Jesus and accept Him as your own Saviour. Have you done so, or are you still travelling down "the broad way, that leadeth to destruction"? (Matt. vii. 13). If so, I would earnestly ask you to stop and consider carefully what the end of it will mean to you. Do not put off the question of your soul's salvation any longer, but come to the Lord Jesus NOW.

Let us follow William B—— a little further. His wife had prayed for many a year that he might be saved.

In the closing days of February, 1919, he became ill. His wife, fearing that the worst might happen to him, again sought him to "only believe and be saved," but this time his strange answer was, "I've never died in winter yet."

"Yes, my man," said his wife, "but we don't know but that you may die this winter," and again she pleaded with him to come to the Saviour and be saved.

A few days passed by of great suffering, and he gradually became weaker. Those around could clearly see that the end was drawing near. His wife still continued in earnest prayer for his soul's salvation ere it was too late.

Two days before he died, while his wife and a friend were together in the room, they heard his voice entreating the Lord for his forgiveness.

The words he used were, "Lord, Lord, have mercy on me."

Have you, my friend, bowed your knees to Jesus yet and asked Him for mercy? Have you confessed yourself a sinner and accepted Him as your Saviour? If not, why not? Remember that you must bow your knees to Jesus sooner or later. If you do not bow to Him in this day of salvation, you must bow to Him in the day of judgment.

Oh! do not delay coming to Him. Come NOW, just as you are. He wants you to be saved. Listen to His words, "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." (Isaiah i. 18).

Reader, God loves you. He does not want you to be lost for ever. His desire is that you should be saved. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Peter iii. 9). Oh! come to Jesus NOW while you have the opportunity. Do not wait until to-morrow, it may be too late. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1).

After only nine days' illness, William B— died, but before he passed away he was able to

say a few words to his wife, which brought comfort to her.

Just a few hours before he died, he sang the following verse of a well-known hymn,

*“ Christ receiveth sinful men !
Even me with all my sin ;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.”*

Dear reader, before I close, let me once more plead with you about your never-dying soul. If you were called to die, ARE YOU READY ? Do not be like the man we have been speaking about, putting it off until your death-bed. You may never have one, and your time may be even shorter than that of William's.

He never died in winter before, he strangely said, yet he has died, and who knows but that you may be the next.

Let me ask you again, ARE YOU READY ? “ 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). Have you believed on the Lord Jesus yet ? Are you saved ? “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved ” (Acts xvi. 31). “ Behold, NOW is the accepted time ; behold, NOW is the day of salvation ” (2 Cor. vi. 2). Remember God's time is NOW.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED.

A SOLDIER boy, writing to his mother a description of his awful experiences in one of the engagements in France during the Great War, said, "I have been through hell!"

Had he, think you? Then it must have been the newspaper hell, but certainly not the Bible hell, for the Lord Himself pronounced it impossible ever to return from that place of torment.

Speaking of the hell to which every unforgiven sinner is travelling, He said, "There is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass . . . cannot." (Luke xvi. 26).

There are many to-day who profess to adjust their theology by what they call "The teachings of Jesus," and yet they are the loudest in their objection to any mention of it in the preaching, though it is solemnly significant that the Lord Jesus, the One who knew most concerning it, was the One to give the clearest teaching and the most serious warnings about it.

Some years ago, Foote, the then editor of the infidel paper called "The Freethinker," made one pertinent remark. He said, "If we believe in a heaven we should believe in a hell, for *one is the counterpart of the other*, but we don't choose to believe in either." That is honest, but observe, to believe in neither does not annihilate either.

A flippant young man, who wished to air a little cheap infidelity, and perhaps at the same time smother the outcries of his guilty conscience, cried, "Where is hell?" "It is just at the end of the road you are travelling, young friend," was the

quiet but direct reply. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat" (Matt. vii. 13), said the Son of God.

Dr. Mackay, the writer of that God-honoured book, "Grace and Truth," used to sum up his preaching in this epigrammatic sentence, "There is a hell for every sinner out of Christ, and a Christ for every sinner out of hell." That last statement ought to be good news to you, my dear unsaved reader. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8).

To hear Professor Popular preach, we might judge that God had regretted sending His Son into the world to save sinners; if only He had waited till to-day, the Rev. Dr. Downgrade could have told Him that it was quite needless, that He was taking far too serious a view of sin. Given a twentieth century war, men could offer "the supreme sacrifice" themselves, and by "dying in battle," procure their own passport to Heaven.

What a pit-fall of the devil! What a crying shame that this crowning deception of the whole war should be practised on our brave men, facing death and eternity on the battlefield, and foisted upon them too, by men who were supposed to have been the heralds of "A faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" (1 Tim. i. 15).

"The supreme sacrifice" has been already offered, and better still, accepted by God. "Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an

offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour." (Eph. v. 2).

Through the perfect work of Christ at Calvary salvation is now available for every sinner under heaven. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12). Christ alone can save. The work of salvation is His alone, and, "*It is finished*" (Jno. xix. 30), proclaims that it is a completed work.

There is no "re-enactment of that sacrifice"; the suggestion is profane. "For by *one offering* He hath *perfected for ever* them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14). "There is *no more offering for sin.*" (Heb. x. 18).

In an address given by the Dean of Sydney a short time ago, and publicly reported, he stated that those who died in battle, were "mingling their blood with the blood of Christ for the redemption of the world"!! Could profanity go further than this?

By this statement he dishonours Christ in two ways. First, he infers that the death of Christ was in itself insufficient to accomplish the redemption of the world, and second, he makes the precious blood of Christ common with the blood of other men.

What a solemn warning to him and all such are the words, "Of how much sorer punishment . . . shall he be judged worthy . . . who hath counted the blood of the covenant . . . an unholy thing?" (Heb. x. 29). One scripture alone, which this

gentleman ought to know, suffices to expose the fatal fallacy of his statement. "None . . . can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." (Ps. xlix. 7).

How could we offer in sacrifice to God, either for ourselves or others, a life which had been already forfeited by our sins? Our sins put us under the sentence of death, God's righteous penalty. "Death [is] passed on all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12). But listen to the joyful news, "As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: *so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.*" (Heb. ix. 27).

Be not deceived, dear reader, there is no salvation outside the atoning and all-sufficient death of Christ.

Take your place before God as a confessed and repentant sinner, and it is our joy to say to you, on the authority of the Word of God, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31).

ARTHUR CUTTING.

I AM NOT GOING TO A CHRISTLESS GRAVE, ARE YOU?

I GOT into a street car in Buffalo, U.S.A., and when the conductor came for the fare I gave him the leaflet, "WHERE HELL IS." As I handed it to him he laughed, and said, "You always give me one of these religious papers; I

suppose you think me a very wicked fellow, but I am as good as they make them."

I held up my Bible, and asked, "Do you see this Book? It tells me 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jer. xvii. 9). That means your heart and mine. It does not sound so very good, does it?"

"Oh, well," he said, "there is plenty of time for me to think about these things; I am still young."

"Yes," I said, "but if you go into any graveyard you will see graves of all sizes. A little girl once asked her mother how old must one be before he dies. The wise mother gave her child a long piece of string and told her to go into the graveyard and measure the graves, and every time she measured to tie a knot. 'Look, mother, the graves are all sizes.' 'Yes, dear, that is when people die; at all times and sizes.'"

Again the young man laughed, and said, "There is plenty of time for me."

On leaving the car, I said, "Remember, the time is short, and you need not go to a Christless grave and hell; JESUS DIED FOR YOU."

This young man had only been a conductor six or eight weeks, but during that time I had often met him, and always gave him a tract. As this was not a busy line I often had a little talk with him and other conductors.

The next morning I travelled by the same car, but a new conductor was there who told me that the one I had spoken to the day before had

intended going for an afternoon's pleasure, but in jumping from one car to another had missed his footing, was run over by the other car, and injured so that in a few hours he died. I felt very badly, thinking he had indeed found a Christless grave, but later in the day I was told that he had accepted the Saviour, and wished me to know that he was not going to a Christless grave. I went to his home, and as I looked on that young man's dead face I could not help thinking what an awful warning to anyone who thinks there is plenty of time.

Are you going to a Christless grave? If you are not converted to God, if you are not "born again" (John iii. 3), you are on the broad road that leads to perdition. Hurry up, as there is no time to lose. God's Word declares, "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job xxxvi. 18). God loves you, and is waiting to be gracious. He so loved you as to give His beloved Son to die in your stead, that you might not perish, but have everlasting life (John iii. 16). Through simple faith in the Gospel of God's grace you will pass from death into life, from darkness into light (John v. 24). Why not *now* have the matter of your eternal destiny settled? Don't resist the Holy Spirit and keep the door of your heart barred against the Lord Jesus Christ. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

"AT A QUARTER TO THREE."

"IT was at a quarter to three this morning that the representatives of the British Government and the accredited plenipotentiaries of Sinn Fein put their names to a document which I believe will be memorable in history, and on which I am prepared, and my colleagues are prepared to ask for, and to abide by, the suffrage of our fellow-countrymen."

Such were the well-chosen words spoken by the Lord Chancellor in Birmingham a few hours after the signing of The Irish Treaty. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole world was thrilled when the news became known. At time of writing the treaty has yet to be ratified at Westminster and in Dublin. In the language of politicians the future is "in the lap of the gods." In the language of Holy Scripture, and of the great company of true Christians, it is in His hand, "Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will," (Ephesians i. 11).

In any case, we shall ever remember that it was at a quarter to three in the morning, when most of us were wrapt in slumber that this historic document was signed; and that a decisive step was taken in the accomplishing of a transaction that promises to be one of the most important in history.

"AT MIDDAY,

O king!" So spake the apostle Paul—the manacled prisoner—as he stood before King Agrippa,

and told the wonderful story of his conversion. Had anyone told Saul of Tarsus, as he started out that morning, that at midday he would have a personal interview with the Lord Jesus Christ, he would have laughed that person to scorn. Was he not that day going to put the top-stone to his fiendish work of persecuting the disciples, and blotting out, if he could, the name of Jesus? Yet as the sun shone its brightest, and as Saul's hopes rose to their highest, he was struck down by a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, and he heard a voice from heaven, the like of which he had never heard before, but which fell like music on his ear, and it said, sweetly, tenderly, graciously.

“I AM JESUS!”

Is it surprising that He never forgot that hour? Then it was that the greatest transaction in his life was accomplished, and Saul the “blasphemer,” the “persecutor,” the “injurious” (1 Timothy i. 13) was saved, for he learnt that

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” (1 Timothy i. 15).

No; he never forgot that memorable midday hour.

“AT MIDNIGHT

there was a cry made, “Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.” (Matthew xxv. 6). Thus spoke the Lord Jesus Christ as He foretold an hour, still future, but which, we have every reason to believe, is very near at hand.

Perhaps as the next midnight hour peals forth on yonder turret clock, His shout of triumph may rend the air, wake the sleeping saints, and summon the living—*who are ready*—to meet Him on the glory cloud. The event of transcendent importance will strike the hour of deliverance for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, for, changed into His likeness, we shall see Him as He is, and for ever praise His Name who alone is worthy. Alas! it will sound the death knell to those who are not ready. Outside the closed door they will find themselves with no possible hope of admittance, and with

NO SECOND CHANCE,

but *for ever too late*. That, dear reader, is why there is such an intimate connection between

THE MIDDAY TRANSACTION AND THE MIDNIGHT EVENT.

And that is why it is so urgently essential that you should get this matter settled just now. Let us, in closing, pass on to you a momentous utterance of the Lord Jesus Christ :—

“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).

Realizing your need, *hear* the life-giving word of the blessed Saviour; *believe*—not with a mental assent, but in your heart of hearts, as staking your

soul's eternal security upon Him—on our Saviour-God; know that everlasting life is yours because He says so. Look at the calendar, note the hour upon the clock, and sing :—

*“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.
Happy day ! Happy day !
When Jesus washed my sins away.*

W. BRAMWELL DICK.

A GOOD MAN LOST AND A BAD MAN SAVED.

MANY a reader of this title will say that it is utterly wrong, and that it ought to be a “good man saved and a bad man lost.” Perhaps you think the title is a huge blunder, but let me assure you that however many may agree with you in your opinion does not make that opinion right. Let us test it by the Word of God.

Here are two men presented to us in a parable which fell from the lips of the Lord Jesus Himself—a Pharisee and a Publican—one a good man as men would say, the other a bad one.

“And He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others :

“Two men went up into the temple to pray ;

the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

"I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (Luke xviii. 9-14).

Here we get in parabolic language, the good man lost and the bad man saved.

But why should the good man be lost and the bad man be saved? Because the good man, (*"There is none that doeth good, no, not one"* God says) exalted himself where the bad man abased himself.

Have you ever taken the place of abasing yourself, of owning that you are a poor lost sinner?

You may say that the publican must have been a desperately wicked man. You can paint him as black as you like, and as bad as imagination can make him for villany, deceit and fraud, but listen,

"GOD be merciful to me a sinner,"

he cried. His repentance was deep. His cry for

mercy was real, and the Saviour Himself said, "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

You may ask what was wrong with the Pharisee—the good man? Remember the priest in olden times pronounced a man a leper *if he had only ONE spot of leprosy*. The leper might say, "Oh, it is only one little spot, it is not worth troubling about." But God judged otherwise. He was pronounced unclean and had to take his place with the vilest and most loathsome lepers.

The Pharisee's true place was not to exalt himself and boast that he was not as other men, but to utter exactly

THE SAME CRY

as the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Then he would have been blessed.

Remember, the Pharisee was lost with all his fancied good deeds, because he took not the sinner's place; the publican was saved in spite of all his bad deeds, because he took the sinner's place. Hence you may come to the conclusion that there is mercy for you. Take your stand alongside the publican, utter the same words in heartfelt earnestness and his blessing shall be likewise yours. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

W. COOK.

DANGEROUS WATERS.

“**S**ILLY ass, silly ass,” yelled the skipper of a tug boat, which was moored at the gangway of our ship as we swung at anchor outside Suez. The broken English of the excited man awakened our interest and we discovered that the cause of it was, that three passengers on the ship had plunged into the sea for a swim.

These men laughed gaily at the gesticulating Egyptian, for the sea was temptingly cool, until the meaning of his excitement dawned upon them. “Silly ass, silly ass, shark get you,” he continued to cry, and that put energy into their movements, and they showed that they had no wish to be devoured by those monsters of the deep.

We were entirely on the side of the skipper, and felt inclined to join our voices with his to urge these men to safety, and it was a great relief when we saw them clear of the danger that threatened them.

A life of pleasure is like that azure sea of the Suez Gulf: how light-heartedly men and women plunge into it, heedless of the dangers that threaten not their bodies but their souls. Shall we be blamed, who seeing these dangers, give warning sometimes?

We are not kill-joys. We would not take from any man anything that God has given him richly to enjoy, we would not take from him those things which he has sought for himself in independence of God, but would offer him something brighter and better than the brightest and best pleasure that the earth can give.

But a life of pleasure, lived without God, can only end in disaster, for in it terrible dangers abound, dangers that slay the souls of men. "The whole world," we read "lieth in wickedness," [*literally* the wicked one], (1 John v. 19). The world is the system of things in which men endeavour to make themselves happy, apart from God, and the wicked one is the devil.

Let none of our readers imagine that the devil is a great philanthropist who maintains the world system for the benefit of men. No, he does it to ensnare them, to blind their minds against the light and to destroy them.

Awake from your pleasant dreams of safety! Fools, fools, to be so heedless, so short-sighted, so easily deceived! There are other waters to swim in, the ocean of God's love awaits you, here you may bathe without danger, here is fulness of joy!

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," (Romans v. 8). Plunge in here and then "Keep yourselves in the love of God" (Jude v. 21).

J. T. MAWSON.

A ROTTEN FOUNDATION.

DR. WEBSTER, compiler of the famous dictionary bearing his name, was born at Hartford, Conn. U.S.A., in 1758, and fought in the Revolution under his father, a farmer, who was descended from a governor of Connecticut and a governor of Plymouth Colony.

His compilation of a dictionary comprising 114,000 words, upon which he spent more than 38 years, is a monument to his perseverance and ability.

In a preface to his dictionary he recounts the most important decision of his life. He tells us with engaging frankness that after reading Dr. Johnson's "Ramble," he made a firm resolve to pursue a course of virtue through life, and perform every social and moral duty with scrupulous exactitude.

Here he rested, placing his chief reliance for the salvation of his never-dying soul in the faithful discharge of all the relative duties of life, though not to the entire exclusion of dependence on the merits of the Saviour.

In this state of mind he remained, but with many misgivings, till he was verging on fifty years of age.

It was in the winter 1807-8 that a revival broke out in New Haven, where he then lived, and the blessings of it were brought into his own family. His two oldest daughters were converted.

This happily led him to reconsider his own position, and to the diligent study of the Bible.

As he read he found out that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii 9); that the redeemed sinner can say of the way of salvation and of God's mercy, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5). Indeed, does not Isaiah go further when he says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags (Isa. lxiv. 6)?"

If only men would study the Bible, how it would, when believed, remove from them every confidence in their own efforts and fancied righteousness.

Dr. Webster read of the work of Christ on the cross, he believed that, and that alone, was the ground of the sinner's salvation. What was the meaning of the words uttered with a loud cry on the cross, "*It is finished*"? What was the meaning of the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from ALL sin" (John i. 7)?

The glorious truth took possession of Webster's mind that salvation is not of human effort, but secured by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the personal Saviour. He was thus enabled to cast himself fully on the Redeemer's merits, and trusting Him as Saviour, he realized from the assurance that God's Word gave him that his soul was saved and his sins forgiven.

Nor did he shrink from publicly confessing his Lord, for he informed his family of the great change that had taken place, and in April 1808 he

publicly confessed the Lord before the congregation with which he was associated, being joined in this by his two eldest daughters and later on by a son twelve years of age.

Thus the grace of God happily worked. It must have needed the courage of deep conviction to confess before his own children the terrible mistake he had been making for years in trusting to his own self-righteousness. What joy was his in thus giving up a treacherous foundation of sinking sand for the firm foundation of the Rock of Ages.

My reader, what is your foundation? Are you really safe? Read your Bible diligently and you will find therein what proved such an untold blessing to Noah Webster.

He has passed to his rest, thank God it was not in trusting to his own integrity that he died, but in the faith of Christ. Is this faith yours? Be in earnest, soon life's little day will be over and then—ETERNITY. But where? Answer this as befits its deep solemnity and vital interest to you. No one can decide this matter but yourself.

POWER !

AT the conclusion of a visit to some great engineering works in the Midlands, a Persian prince astonished his guide by asking, "And, pray, what do you sell here?"

Doubtless the mind of the Oriental was so benumbed with a multitude of strange experiences that he scarce knew what he was saying, or realized how inappropriate were his words.

Mr. W. however rose to the occasion at once, and replied with a merry twinkle in his eye, "We sell, sir, what all the world is seeking to possess—*power.*"

Though the wit of the reply was lost on the visitor, the observation was perfectly true, as to what all the world is seeking after, both in the literal and in the spiritual sense.

ALL seek power in some form or other. Some wish to acquire wealth and all the good that they think it will secure them. Others seek for authority and power, statesmen, generals and even monarchs. Again others profess that if they could rise above their care, sorrow or sickness, and be assured of a life of happiness, they would reach the height of their ambition.

But are these the things that we are most in need of? Are they not only partial benefits?

One may cross the mighty Atlantic time after time in comfort and security, but one day the lifeless, drifting floe, broken from its parent berg in the Polar solitudes, crosses his track, and the

last nautical triumph, relentlessly bears its burden of a thousand souls, into the presence of their Maker with scarce a moment's warning.

Look at the graceful airship R 38 sailing with ease on her final trial, ere she crosses to the States as the best product of British aëronautical skill! One moment a masterpiece! the next a heap of wreckage!

In spite of great advancement in the study of medicine and surgery, the most skilled physician must stand helplessly by, whilst death is carrying off the most cherished object of his heart, to save whom he would gladly give his last remaining possession.

But is victory, however complete, over space, matter and disease, man's greatest need?

No! It is not!

He needs power to stand against the assaults of his most dire enemy, Satan; he needs to be able to answer to his God, for that which he has done. What can the researches of science do in the regions of death!

Alas! where power is most needed, man has none! In the most necessitous moment of his history, he is absolutely helpless.

Here is most glaring defeat!

But it is precisely here that the "power . . . of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Peter i. 16) is, and has been so wondrously shown!

First, He was Mighty in Creation! "By Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible." (Col. i. 16).

It was He that spoke the word and the heavens were formed, He uttered His voice and the earth and sea came into being. From the vast suns of space, to the microscopic dust of the balance all alike are the work of His fingers.

Second, He was mighty in the domain of the Devil.

When He was here as a Man, He was tried, tempted by every device that could be brought to bear upon Him, all the powers of evil spent their energies in vain to make Him turn aside. He never flinched for a moment, He resisted, He suffered being tempted, but Satan fled before Him, frustrated. He bound the strong man!

Third, He was mighty in death.

In death instead of being overcome, He annulled him that had the power of death, that is the devil. Instead of defeat, He won the greatest victory.

Instead of being bound by death, He became a Deliverer, for He delivered "them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 15). He wrought salvation. He has finished the work of atonement. He has opened up the way to heaven.

Fourth, He is mighty in resurrection.

He has burst the bonds of death and come out in all-glorious might. In resurrection, God gives to the universe the greatest proof of His perfect satisfaction with the work of His Son. In resurrection He is "declared to be the Son of God with power." (Rom. i. 4).

Fifth, He is mighty in Salvation.

He is now the Saviour of sinners. He saves to the uttermost those who come unto God by Him. (See Heb. vii. 25). Salvation is preached through the Lord Jesus. "Through this Man [the Lord Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii 38-39).

He gives life, joy, peace, salvation. He satisfies the greatest needs of men, the deepest, those which nothing else can touch. How precious are the gifts of His hands! They are all free! They are without money and without price!

Why do you not stretch forward and receive them from Him even now, so as to enjoy their present and eternal benefits?

Sixth, He is mighty in the strengthening of His servants.

After His resurrection He commissioned His disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 15, 16).

Why not, then, listen to the call of the blessed Lord? Men are submitting to Him to-day. They are trusting Him for salvation. They are owning Him as Lord.

Is He not worthy of your trust? He has claims over you. Are not the terms of surrender sufficiently clear?

As all power and all authority are His, is it not wisdom to recognize the fact? He is your Lord! "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).

Lastly, He is mighty in judgment.

Hitherto His power has been and is still exercised in goodness and blessing, but it will not always be so.

"God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man [CHRIST JESUS] whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." (Acts xvii. 31). That is to say, the judgment of Christ will be as sure as His resurrection. God "hath given Him authority [power] to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of man." (John v. 27).

In that day Jesus the Saviour will appear as Jesus the Judge! If you will not have His salvation *now*, you must have His judgment *then*!

But it is as true to-day, as in the days of His flesh, "that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins" (Luke v. 24). Why not then avail yourself of that matchless power which will bring with it every blessing that God can give?

THE STORY OF A WELL-KNOWN HYMN.

IN the year 1836, a young lady was preparing for a great ball to be given in her native town. Full of gay anticipation, she started out to the dressmaker's to have her dress fitted. On the way she met a Christian friend, an earnest faithful man, and in the greetings which passed between them he learned her errand. He reasoned and expostulated, pleading with her to stay away from the ball. Annoyed and disturbed, she told him to mind his own business, and went her way.

In due time the ball came off, and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed by all there; but after dancing all night she laid her head on her pillow with returning day, yet most unhappy. The real friend whom she had met had always been such a loving and cherished one, and the truth of his words came to her conscience and would give her no rest. After three days of misery, during which life became almost unbearable, she went to him with her trouble and to apologize for her rudeness.

She said, "For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, but I want to be a Christian. What must I do?"

We need not be told that he freely forgave her for her rudeness to himself, nor that he joyfully directed her to the true source of peace, telling her to come to the Lord Jesus Christ, just as she was.

This was a new gospel to her ; and one which she had never contemplated before.

“What, just as I am ?” she asked. “Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world ? How can God accept me as I am ?”

“That is exactly what you must believe,” was the answer. “You must come to Him *just as you are.*” The young girl felt overpowered as the simple truth took possession of her mind. She went home, knelt down, and sought that Saviour whom she had slighted, telling Him of her guilt and vileness. As she knelt, peace, full, overflowing, filled her soul. Inspired by her new and rapturous experience, she then and there wrote the hymn, so familiar to generations of Christians for almost a hundred years.

Has my reader had a similar experience to Miss Charlotte Elliott, to whom this incident refers ? The first verse of the hymn runs as follows :—

*“JUST AS I AM, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.”*

The same Saviour whom she sought and found still waits to be gracious, and will assuredly respond to the cry and utterance of everyone who feeling his or her guilt and burden of sin, will thus seek Him. His own word is, “Him that cometh to Me I will IN NO WISE cast out” (John vi. 37).

A VITAL MISTAKE.

LONG years ago there lived a German nobleman. His life was foolish and dissipated. Drinking and gambling and worse filled his days. He neglected his family, his estate, his affairs.

One night he had a dream, which changed his whole life, so deep was its impression. He saw a man with solemn countenance looking intently at him, his finger pointing to a dial, where the hands marked the hour of four. As this dream-visitor did so, he looked very seriously at him, uttering two words, "*After four,*" and disappeared.

The nobleman awoke in great fright, and believed that the vision meant his speedy death. What could "after four" mean? It must mean that he was to die after *four days*, so he sent for a priest, confessed his sins, and received absolution. He begged forgiveness of his family for his neglect of them, sent for his man of business and settled his affairs as best he could. He then waited for death. Four days passed and he did not die.

He then thought perhaps the vision meant *four weeks*. He had a longer time for preparation, so he devoted these four weeks to making atonement for all the evil that he had done, and doing all the good that he could. The four weeks passed and still he lived.

Then he thought it must mean *four months*, and he spent this time in a more thorough repentance; he did all the good he could on his estates; he found out all the poor and suffering and helped them. The four months passed and still he did not die.

The vision must mean *four years*. He felt sure this time. With four years before him he entered into public life and did good on a larger scale than ever.

At the end of four years, instead of dying, he was chosen Emperor of Germany, and became one of the best emperors that ever lived.

But after all the years fled, and there came a time and he knew it not, when he had only four years to live. Three years and eight months passed and he had only four months to live. Three months more rolled by and he had only four weeks to live. Three weeks and three days passed and he had only four days to live. Four days passed by and he died.

Alas! alas! if his change went no further than reformation as far as this life is concerned, his death was a dire calamity. No longer a foolish dissipated nobleman but an emperor, who left behind him a grand record for wisdom and goodness, yet the great question of his sins remained unsettled, unless he had come as a poor lost sinner and trusted the Saviour.

Useful as his reformation was for himself and his family and his country, it affected time and this life only, and left untouched his relation to

God and eternity. And surely this was the great question, besides which all else is trivial and unimportant.

How many have been deceived in this very way, thinking that reformation is sufficient, when God demands conversion. The Lord said, "Except ye be converted . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). We cannot be our own saviours, or else why did Christ die?

Leave not the gospel out of your plan. You cannot afford to make a mistake on a question that affects eternity. God ever builds on repentance and faith. The Apostle Paul preached "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21).

If this nobleman were only reformed then Scripture characterizes his works of reformation as *dead works*.

To be right with God we must begin with "repentance toward God," and then follow on with "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," or else all is unavailing.

Your time to leave this world will come. You may not have *four days* left of your earthly life, for life is very uncertain and death is very busy. Prepare now, but remember repentance is the only foundation God can build upon and then faith in the blessed Saviour, who has wrought out the work of salvation on the cross.

WITHIN REACH OF THE BLESSING.

I WAS asked by some friends to speak to a young lady who was intensely unhappy. The cause of her misery was not because of any mere earthly happenings, or that she had had some special ambition in life thwarted, but because she believed that she had sinned away her day of grace. She believed that for her there was no hope of salvation, that having turned away from Christ when she might have trusted Him as her Saviour, and, having chosen the world instead, she could not hope that God would offer her mercy any more.

Her relatives thought that she would surely lose her reason and had been strengthened in this notion by a doctor, who did not understand her case, and who had advised them not to allow her to read the Bible or any book likely to accentuate her morbid condition.

She looked just as miserable as her friends said she was, but she brightened considerably when I told her that I had been looking in my Bible for a text especially for her, and had found one that would suit her case exactly.

She expected that I would turn up an obscure passage that she had overlooked, but instead I opened my Bible at the third chapter of John's gospel, and read to her the sixteenth verse:—
“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."

A look of complete disappointment succeeded that of hope, which for a moment had brightened her countenance, and she said, "I have read that scores of times."

"I know you have," I replied, "but you have never understood it yet. Tell me, what is it the verse says 'God so loved'?"

"The world," she answered.

"Well," I asked, "are *you* in the world?"

"Of course I am," she replied, somewhat impatiently.

"All right," I said, "then things are not so terrible as you imagine, for if you are still in the world there is hope for you. It is the world that God loved, and for it He gave His only-begotten Son, consequently, before you can get out of the reach of this blessing, you must take lodgings in the moon, or fly away to one of the planets, or *drop down into hell.*"

She looked at me in a questioning sort of way for a moment, then deliberately took the Bible from my hand and read over the wonderful words, and as she did so the cloud of misery lifted, and that poor perplexed creature stepped into the sunshine of the love of God.

It was very sudden, and very surprising. How completely changed was her appearance as she begged the loan of my Bible (for hers had been taken from her), so that she could read over those precious words in secret, but the change was as

sure as it was sudden and surprising, for eleven years after I received a message, from her reminding me of her great deliverance.

The question may arise as to how such a phenomenon can be accounted for, and my answer is in the words of Scripture:—"The entrance of Thy words giveth light" (Psalm cxix. 130).

The same words have given light and liberty to thousands, for when they are believed the whole outlook is reversed. It is seen that instead of God being an indifferent Spectator of the miseries into which the follies and sins of men have plunged them, He is infinitely concerned about them, and has, by His most unspeakable gift, opened up a way by which every man and woman amongst them may be eternally saved.

Alas! the majority treat the story as beneath their notice. In their sin and blindness and pride they think that they can do better for themselves than He can, and are angry with Him because He does not favour and further their own projects, which can only increase their miseries and make more sure their damnation.

But still He waits, and we count His long-suffering salvation, and once more urge upon all who may read these lines that John iii. 16 proclaims eternal blessing for them, that simply faith in God's beloved Son—the faith that owns the need and appropriates the blessing—is all that God asks of them.

DO YOU KNOW ?

NONE of us know everything. All of us know something. A few of us know a great many things. Some of us know

**THE ONE THING OF SUPREME
IMPORTANCE.**

The question is : Do YOU know it ?

It is a dark foggy night, and a man is groping his way along the wharf of a large dock when he takes a wrong turning. Another few moments and he is over the edge ! A splash, followed by frantic cries for help for some minutes ! Confused efforts are made to locate him, but all in vain, and soon the cries are over. The next day his body is recovered, and at the inquest he is identified. A very able and skilful man is no more ! He knew ten thousand things. What he did not know about docks and ships and navigation was not worth knowing, but the one thing of supreme importance in those critical five minutes he did not know. He did not know how to swim !

We have supposed a case by way of illustration. Now let us tell you a true incident. A few years ago a young man of Jewish birth was in the employ of the United States legation at Christiania. He was a clever, witty fellow, well informed, and also a very ready talker. One day, when work was slack and discussion busy, he began boasting of his powers of speech, and ended

by offering to mount a chair and make an impromptu address on any subject that might be chosen by those present. He stood by his chair ready to begin, but the subject was not readily forthcoming, till one of his fellow-clerks, who was a thorough-going believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, took up his challenge, saying, "Very well, mount your chair and take this question for your subject, 'How should man be just with God?' It is a question raised in your own Scriptures." The effect of those words was remarkable. His whole appearance changed. His self-confidence forsook him. He hung his head and retired from the attempt without uttering a word.

Now why was this? Simply because though so well informed upon worldly matters in general that he felt himself able to discuss most topics with intelligence and ease, he was totally ignorant of the far greater things which lie outside this passing world. The one thing of supreme importance for dying men and women he did not know.

You may feel inclined to remark that being a Jew and consequently rejecting the New Testament, it was not surprising that he had no answer to the question proposed to him as his subject; and clear enough it is that he was disqualified in this way. But, then, how many of those who call themselves Christians would be ready to answer that question at a moment's notice, or even to answer it at all? To have something to say as to how a man should be

just or right with God, one must needs be right with God oneself.

To be right with God, is the one thing of supreme importance. It matters little what you are, if you are not *that*. To have known an immense number of things that count in this life will not avail you anything if you remain in ignorance of this one thing that counts in eternity. The question of questions is—Are you right with God ?

If you do not know and are willing to confess your ignorance, we have the clear light of God's Word to show the way.

First: You cannot earn justification before God. You cannot deserve it. If you are justified at all, you must be content to be so *by the grace of God*, and by that alone.

Second: The only thing that will procure justification for you is *the redemption work accomplished by the Lord Jesus Christ*, when He died on the cross. His atoning death, His resurrection, alone can meet the guilt of your sins and put you right with God.

Third: You can only be thus justified before God if and when you believe. It is when you *believe in Jesus* that God reckons to your account the value of His death and you are positively justified.

Fourth: When you do believe in Jesus and are justified—as we trust indeed you will be—that great blessing will reach you *freely*. God

justifies not only without charge, but also without grudging.

In making these four statements we have been but emphasizing what is said in the following extract from the Word of God :—

“Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus . . . that He might be just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus” (Rom. iii. 24, 26).

What we are anxious about is not that you should memorize these verses and master the four points and say, “Now I know *how* to be right with God”; but rather that receiving them as the Word of God you should believe in Christ for yourself, definitely accepting Him as your Saviour and Lord, and thus be able to say, “Now, believing in the Lord Jesus I *am* right with God.”

Then indeed you will know the one thing of surpassing moment. You may not be counted great or learned in worldly wisdom, but you will know how to “swim” when death’s “waters” rise about you, and you will not be taken aback and speechless if challenged as to your happiness here or your hopes of heaven hereafter.

F. B. HOLE.

"HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE SWELLING OF JORDAN" ?

A LADY living in Hull told me that when she was quite young she was crossing a field, when she saw in the distance some preachers holding an open-air service.

Bitterly opposed to such things, she turned another way to avoid them. But the preacher was blessed with a good loud voice, and the breeze carried one searching question,

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan" ? (Jer. xii. 5).

Spite of her bitterness against God's people and their message, spite of her action in going another way, God sounded this momentous question in her ears. Somehow or other these words she could not shake off. They followed her and made her miserable, as the question demanded an answer.

She asked her Christian father what Jordan meant ? He explained that in the Scriptures it is the figure of death. This only made her more miserable, as now she freely acknowledged that she was not ready to die.

Her concern and anxiety brought her to a readiness of mind to embrace the gospel which she had hitherto sought to avoid. She found that nothing she could do could save her, that *all* that was necessary for salvation was done by the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, and all that she

had to do was to believe on Him. As the Scripture says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

This lady lived for many years in the enjoyment of the Saviour's love. Her delight was to speak to others about Him. Now for some years she has rested from her labours and is with the Lord in the "far better" portion.

But now a word with you, my reader. Are *you* ready to die? If death came your way, are you prepared to enter eternity?

You cannot say you have not read that wonderful verse:—"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). To refuse the blessing of this verse will be like the worm that never dies and the fire that never shall be quenched in a lost eternity. Oh! the remorse, the eternal remorse, of those who refuse the gospel of God.

Pay heed, we beseech you, to Him who says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Are you a big sinner? He will not cast you out. Are you a hypocrite? He will not cast you out. Oh! trust Him, the blessed, living, loving Saviour, just now.

CONVERSION OF A STRETCHER-BEARER.

THROUGH the kindness of a Christian gentleman we are allowed the privilege of reproducing the substance of an extract from a letter he had lately received from a correspondent in England. It gives a brief account of a remarkable chain of blessing that God has graciously given through the reading of one book. It calls for no literary varnishing. It shall tell its own sweet and pathetic story, in its true and unvarnished simplicity. Here it is.

A Christian doctor in Bournemouth, England, gave a lady patient of his a copy of "Notes on Exodus" by C. H. M.; and she in turn gave it to a clergyman, who called to see her on his return from the front on leave. He afterwards wrote and told her that he had read the book, and it had opened his eyes to the reality of divine things.

He was not engaged at the front in the capacity of Army Chaplain, but was acting as stretcher-bearer.

One day whilst assisting to carry a mortally wounded soldier to the rear, the other bearer was shot down. He then dragged the stretcher to a safer place and lay down flat beside it.

Shortly after, the wounded young man said, "I'm going, sir. Give me a kiss and tell my mother I am safe in the arms of Jesus!" On raising himself to respond to the poor dear fellow's wish, the clergyman himself was shot in

the back by a sniper, but he was able to talk to the wounded lad before he passed away. When they were found, the poor boy, only about nineteen years of age, was seen to be dead, with his arms clasped round the clergyman's neck, so tightly indeed, that it took some time to separate them.

While in the hospital this clergyman wrote to the lady, telling her what a blessing the book had been to him, and that he was writing while he could, for he himself was mortally wounded, but he would like the book to be sent to his mother.

His brother, a colonel in the Guards, but who had been discharged through drink, wished to see the book that had made such a change in his brother. He read it, and he too was converted.

Whilst travelling by rail into London a few weeks ago, this same colonel was mortally wounded by a bomb during an air raid! A friend who was travelling with him at the time said, "I never could have believed it possible that any one could have been so changed as he was." She spoke of it as one of the "Modern miracles."

And so it was, thank God! This is one of many such miracles of grace that God is working to-day, and by similar means. What a cheer this should be to tract distributors.

Here are two of the most unlikely cases, and of the very opposite kind, yet reached by what some might think the most unlikely means. One it might have been suggested was too good to need salvation, and the other was too bad to receive it,

both of which are false, whoever suggests them.

The boy had already the satisfaction of knowing that to 'be "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was something more than a bit of religious sentiment. It was a great and blessed reality.

His faithful stretcher-bearer after years of the unreality of a Christless religion, had also found the joy and peace that follows a simple faith in Christ.

What passed between them in those solemn moments we do not know; but this we know, that to put the kiss of love upon the brow of this dying lad, his devoted stretcher-bearer had to pay the heavy price of his life.

How this reminds us of the Saviour of the lost, who in order to enable God righteously to imprint the kiss of forgiveness upon the cheek of a dying sinner, had to quit the infinite honours of the throne and stoop to the unutterable shame of Calvary, and "give His life a ransom for many" (Mark x. 45).

Is such love as this nothing to you, dear reader? Have you requited this love by a full confiding trust in Him who so expressed it, or do you still hold Him at arm's length?

Let these striking incidents remind you that nothing short of *reality* will do in your dying hour.

Religious make-beliefs, callous indifference and flippant infidelity, will all collapse like a child's sand-castle when the death-waves roll up. Get right with God! Hold aloof from Him no

longer. Come to Christ as a sinner confessing this very hour, and prove for yourself the truth of His own words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

*"Many are choosing Christ to day,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heaven shall their blessed portion be,
Where will you spend eternity?"*

ART. CUTTING.

MY LIFE'S STORY.

I WRITE it, just because it is similar to that of tens of thousands, and that God having in mercy and in spite of myself saved me, I pray that the whole simple narrative may be blessed to YOU.

I was brought up in a small village near Edinburgh. When I was nine years old, my sister, the only Christian in the home, died. This solemnized me at the moment, especially as she expressed a dying wish to meet me in heaven.

School days over I got into bad ways. I had a chum, who worked in a distillery. When on the night shift my other pal and I would visit him, and longing to show our manly qualities we set about having a drink of whisky. We soon got a taste for it, and we used to walk to a neighbouring village and frequent the public house there, one standing at the door to keep watch in

case we were found out and the news of our misdeeds should reach our homes.

One night when our chum was on the night shift at the distillery we got too much, and I knew nothing after a certain point till I awakened, finding myself in a ploughed field with my chum at my side. I arrived home about four o'clock that morning.

I slipped into bed, and slept till I was awakened by my mother at half past six to go to work. She enquired where I had been. I told her that I had been to a party at my chum's house, but she had been there to see what had become of me and had found out what had really happened.

I had just turned seventeen when I lost my mother and for a few months went on from bad to worse.

Then, one Saturday night, a young lady friend invited me to go to a gospel service the next night. I refused, saying, "What do I want at a gospel meeting?" However, she renewed the invitation the next Saturday, and I consented to go on condition that we went together.

How well I remember hearing the sweet story of God's grace to sinful man. I was sinful beyond my years. A desire to hear more arose in my heart and I attended that gospel service for some months.

One night a Mr. R—— from Edinburgh was speaking on the Parable of the Great Supper (Luke xiv. 16-24). I was convicted. *I knew that I was a lost sinner going to a lost eternity.*

Two nights later I told two young Christians, who were working with me in the coal mines, that I longed to get the matter settled between God and myself. They spoke earnestly to me but still I got no help.

However, the next day at work I felt worse than ever. The picture of my dead sister came before me, and her dying wish that she might meet me in heaven came vividly before me. Deeply anxious I broke down and trusted the *Lord Jesus* as my personal Saviour. The glorious light broke in, and now I can sing,

*“Jesus, Thou alone art worthy,
Ceaseless praises to receive,
For Thy love and grace and goodness,
Rise o'er all our hearts conceive.”*

I was saved and knew it. “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth . . . from ALL sin.” (1 John i. 7).

I have not described the blackest part of my life. It is sufficient that God knows it. Thank God, I can say, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, has cleansed ME from ALL sin.” And what it has done for me it can do for you, dear reader, if you will only trust the Lord Jesus as your own dear Saviour. All you have to do is to simply believe.

You are travelling swiftly towards eternity—towards an everlasting heaven or an endless hell; which? Have you considered it? If not, I beseech you to do so now. You must either accept Christ or reject Him. Which shall it be?

“ God so LOVED
the world that He
GAVE His only be-
gotten Son

that whosoever BE-
LIEVETH in Him
should not perish, but
have everlasting life.”

(John iii. 16).

Could God give more? He gave His well beloved Son. And does He mean what He says? Assuredly.

Then the one who simply believes on the Lord Jesus as Saviour can rely on God's unchanging Word, and know with assurance that he shall never perish, but have everlasting life.

What a foundation for faith—Christ's work and God's word. The finished work of atonement makes the believer *safe*; the unchangeable word of a God, who cannot lie, makes him *sure*. And if safe and sure then *happy*. The heart is free then to be occupied with the Lord Himself.

*“ Satisfied, too, the love of Christ enjoying,
Oh! ever upward, turn thy gaze to Him;
Changed to His image, all thy soul set longing,
To see His face where nought the eye can dim.
Lord, haste that moment when in the air,
Thou'lt call Thy people to share Thy home
so fair.”*

J. A. C.

HE REFUSED TO LISTEN.

I HAD been distributing a few gospel booklets in the country villages near where I was staying. It was about tea time and being somewhat hungry I walked down the garden attached to a small cottage where refreshments could be had. Having had something to eat, as I proceeded to take note of my surroundings the owner of the place appeared on the scene.

He at once offered to shew me round his ground, and was very pleased to explain how he had acquired his plots of land, bought his cottage, built his greenhouse, and planted the land with all possible kinds of vegetables, plants and fruit trees.

Having spent a pleasant time going over the ground I prepared to take my departure, but before doing so offered my entertainer a gospel book. Oh! the hatred, the anger and annoyance that came over that man's face! He looked as though he could have done anything. He *wanted* to hand the book back to me, saying, "I do not require anything of this sort. I have no need for it. If you like to believe there is a God you can, but I do not. I have studied all this out for myself, and know far more than you can tell me."

He stated that *he* did not want Christ and absolutely refused to listen to anything that was said, turning to go indoors without even saying 'good afternoon.'

I could only turn away sad at heart to think that the creature should so talk of his Creator, whilst I knew that unless the Spirit of God worked in that man's heart he must go for ever into a lost eternity without God.

Is there one among our readers who is ready to shew his or her hatred as that man did? If so, remember the hatred to Christ in the days of old when :—

1. Herod the king sought to kill Christ (Matt. ii. 16).

2. All the religious parties sought to cast Him down headlong (Luke iv. 28 and 29).

3. The Scribes and Pharisees communed what they might do with Him (Luke vi. 11).

4. The whole multitude besought Him to depart out of their coasts (Luke viii. 37).

5. The two *enemies*, Pilate and Herod, were made *friends* at the prospect of the death of Christ (Luke xxiii. 12).

6. You are just continuing the cry, "We will not have this man to reign over us," if you refuse Him as Saviour.

You may not want Him but to Him you will have to bow the knee.

"*Every eye shall see Him*" (Rev. i. 7).

"*Every knee shall bow*" (Rom xiv. 11).

"*Every tongue shall confess to God*" (Rom. xiv. 11).

Yes, my reader, God declares, "*He must reign*" (1 Cor. xv. 25), in spite of all man says.

Turn to Him as a poor lost sinner and He will bless you immediately. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

L. A. ANDERSON.

THE POWER OF A BOOK.

IT is related that Boerhaave, the celebrated Dutch doctor of the 17th century, spent several hours every day in prayer and in reading the Bible.

Someone expressed his astonishment that, busy man as he was, he was able to spare so much time for reading the sacred volume. His reply was to the effect that if he did not feed on the Bible, he would certainly not find time in the day to do all that he had to do.

What an extraordinary book the Bible is! A volume which is a collection of sixty-six different books, written by more than forty different writers over a period of sixteen hundred years—kings, poets, soldiers, philosophers, fishermen, shepherds, statesmen and tax-gatherers.

Scarcely one of these writers had been able to communicate with the other, nevertheless, this Book possesses a marvellous unity. What other volume has been composed in this manner.

Take the sixty-six best books of medicine written during fifteen hundred years by the forty best doctors, allopaths, homœopaths, hydropaths,

etc., and make one volume of them ; then endeavour to heal a sick man from such a book ! The best books of medicine and of other sciences are out of date at the end of a few years.

The Bible alone has not become antiquated. It remains abreast of the progress of all ages. It is true to say that it is ahead of civilization and indeed leads it. Infidels have raged against it without being able to remove a single page. The powers of the world have leagued themselves together to destroy it ; it has been decided that it has been refuted, demolished ; it has been ridiculed, burned, condemned more than all other books, but it resembles an anvil which wears out all the hammers. All systems, all philosophies, all attacks, all acts of violence have but broken themselves against it without having power even to shake it, but have been swept aside and destroyed.

The Bible has stood and will remain standing. To-day in whole or in part it is translated into more than five hundred languages and several million copies are sent forth into the world every year.

Wherever this Book goes it produces marvellous effects, because it is the Book of God. Human books give to us and cause us to absorb the thoughts of men, the reading of bad novels fills the mind with impure and wrong thoughts, which the reader comes to consider good and conforms his life to such ideas. The reading of the Bible makes us to know the thoughts of God, His wisdom and His love ; our hearts are affected by

its message ; our minds formed by its instruction, and by it we are led to the knowledge of salvation, and to live in accordance with the will God.

Have you ever heard anyone say : " I was an unhappy drunkard, the shame of my family and a disgrace to society, but I set myself to the study of mathematics, botany or a book of morals, since then I have been a changed man ? " Well ! I can show you not only one nor ten nor one hundred but thousands of men who say, " I was miserable, without peace and without hope until the day on which I came to know the marvellous power of this Book. It has changed my life, I have been delivered from my sins, and peace has entered my heart and my home." Such are the miracles that the Bible performs daily !

The uplifting of the world is an urgent matter and if the reader knows of any other book which is able to bring about this greatest of all results, tell us of it. Meanwhile, in waiting for such a book to be produced, we continue to make use of the volume which produces such happy results, and we counsel the reader to lose no time in commencing to diligently read it, if he has not already commenced to do so, believing as we do that it is the Book of God and will never be supplanted.

Translated from the French by
ARTHUR F. POLLOCK.

MAKE YOUR CHOICE.

A SHORT time ago an indignant letter of complaint, backed up by a short leader, appeared in the columns of a weekly newspaper circulating in a well-known seaside town. They complained of an earnest Christian gentleman—an ex-officer of His Majesty's army—perambulating the streets and carrying striking texts of Scripture, very much after the style of the familiar sandwich man.

It was a curious coincidence that on the very day of the appearance of this indignant protest, a sandwich man was perambulating the same town, advertising the latest films at the local picture palace. There was, however, no indignant letter of complaint written to protest against this, though it is well-known that in far too many cases the influence of the picture palace is for evil, exciting the young to deeds of violence and sensuality, and that repeatedly judges and magistrates have condemned them as productive of juvenile crime.

On the other hand it is without controversy that if a drunkard shapes his course by the Bible he becomes sober, a thief becomes honest, an impure man becomes pure; in short that the influence of the Bible is only wholesome and uplifting and that the best of mankind are those who practice its precepts.

Why then the complaint of the one and the welcome to the other? Is the Bible the Word of God? Does it contain authoritatively God's message of salvation? Assuredly it does. Then should not men welcome its message at all times and in all places? David was of this mind when he wrote Psalm cxix., containing 176 verses each of which with the exceptions of one or two refers to God's word, under the names of word, law, testimonies, precepts, statutes, commandments judgments. He could say, "The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." (ver. 27).

Yet men would like to banish it from the streets and public appeal and confine it to Sundays and then to a brief hour or two within the walls of a religious building. What does this mean? *In reality that they would like to banish it ALTOGETHER.* Such can get what they like in hell. There will be no Sunday there to remind them of God's claims, and no Bible texts paraded through its streets. There will be no Bible there. Men can get what they want there.

What then is the strange reason why the blessed pure Word of God is disliked and refused? The answer is plain: "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." (John iii. 20).

"The only objection to this book," said the dying infidel with intense emphasis, as he placed his hand upon a Bible, "is *a bad life.*" As he stood with the portals of eternity before him

this was his testimony. How significant !

Reader, do you find no interest in the Word of God ? Nay, do you dislike it ? This shows how much you need it. Do not spurn it. Do not neglect it. You do so at your peril.

For while it reproves sin and tells in plain language of its terrible punishment—"death" and "after this the judgment," yet it also tells of God's love in giving His Son to die on the cross, there to make atonement for sin and perform the mighty work of salvation. And now God can righteously and in love offer *you* salvation on the ground of faith alone.

Ponder this verse, and rest not till you get for yourself the wondrous blessing that it contains, "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 world makes its choice. It wants "the pleasures of sin [which only endure] for a season" (Heb. xi. 25), rather than "pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11). If it has the one it cannot have the other. Oh ! the blind folly of such a choice.

What is YOUR choice ? for choice you have made. If it is your choice, repent and turn to the Lord before it is too late. Would that we could beseech you with the importunity that the matter demands.

THE COMFORT OF THE BLOOD.

THE blood was my first comfort, and I believe it will be my last comfort. . . . I feel as though the Lord were leading me from earth to heaven, by the steps of the 23rd Psalm. 'The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . and I shall dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.' "

The words came slowly from the lips of the dying man—a doctor—passing away from a loving wife and children, in the prime of life, with a rest and joy in the Lord I have never seen surpassed. A few days later he passed away with "Bless the Lord" on his lips.

Ah! there is no real foundation for the soul apart from the blood of Christ. That blood cleanseth from all sin, removes every stain, purges the conscience, purifies the soul, relieves the distressed and sin-burdened heart, and sets the one who trusts it perfectly free in the presence of God. Death is robbed of its sting, the grave of its victory, and "judgment to come" has no meaning for the one who rests only on that which the Holy Ghost calls "the precious blood of Christ."

What folly can exceed that which despises God's only way of salvation—Jesus' blood? No solid, real comfort is found apart from Christ and His blood.

What a portion is the Christian's? He has a title without a flaw, and a prospect without a cloud.

PREJUDICES !

BAH ! your Bible is only a book similar to any other book ?

Before replying to you, allow me to ask you one question ! Have you read the Bible ?

Oh ! I have heard plenty about it.

That is not what I asked you. My question was, "Have you read the Bible ?"

Yes at school and a little since.

Thus a book, which you have spelt out when you were a child, a book of 1,000 pages, which you have read a little at school, and a very little since, you decide is the same as others. What others ? What are the books that you say the Bible is similar to ?

Well, the books which like the Bible have been the basis of other religions, such as the Koran of Mahomet and the Veda of the Hindus.

Very well, tell me, have you read the Koran and Veda ?

Well, I cannot say that I have.

What ! you compare the Bible that you scarcely know to the Koran and the Veda, which you do not know at all ?

I repeat what I have heard, that everybody says that the Bible is only a book like any other book.

Yes, everybody who has not studied it ; but, since up to to-day you have only heard such, allow someone who has read this Bible for a long time to give you counsel. Read it yourself, so that you may arrive at a personal opinion on this subject.

But they do not understand it !

They ! . . . they ! . . . who are "they ?" It is well to know how they read it. They open it at random, sometimes at one page, sometimes at another ; they read some lines without knowing what goes before or what follows, and consequently they do not understand. If a child did the same with his school books, and then said, "I do not understand anything of arithmetic, he would soon be told that the method employed was the best for understanding nothing and learning nothing.

And since this book tells us of God, of heaven and of the future life of which we do not otherwise know anything, we ought to pay some attention to the book.

There was a time, someone related, when I duly read each day a portion of the Bible, but, two hours after, if anyone had asked me what I had read, I would not have been able to say. I remember also, that, as a young boy, I worked on a farm and, besides other things, I had to hoe a field of turnips, but I did it so quickly and with so little care that it was necessary to set up a stake at the place where I left off at evening so as to see where to continue the next morning. This procedure was very much like my old way of reading the Bible.

Reading the Bible serves no useful purpose unless we do so with the object of seeking something. Read it as though you were seeking a treasure. In reading it, ask Him who has indeed

hidden a treasure in it to cause you to find it. And God, who gave His Spirit to the apostles to write, will enable you by that same Spirit to understand. He will instruct you Himself, showing you how He pardons those who feel their need of forgiveness and turn to Him. He will give you the assurance that heaven is open to whoever admits that he has not merited it, but who trusts Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

If you read the Bible, thus, it will become for you, as it has for multitudes, an inexhaustible source of consolation, of strength and of hope.

"Sir," said a poor woman to a man who mocked at the Bible in her presence, "it is twenty years ago since my husband, a poor working man, died, leaving me with six children and without support. Since then, I have had to struggle against all the difficulties of life; but during that time the Bible has been my only consolation, my one mainstay. I am able to say to-day that God has been true to all the promises which are contained in His Book. And now, if you take my Bible away, what will you give me in its place?"

Translated from the French by

ARTHUR F. POLLOCK.

"LOOK AT HIM."

"**L**OOK at Him! Look at Him! I loves to
point Him out!"

It was on one of the small steamers which

ply on the river Mississippi, that a poor black man uttered these words with plaintive earnestness.

One of the passengers, curious to know what was the matter, said to one of the sailors, "What does he mean?"

The old sailor smiled and replied, "It was like this mum. One day when old Sam [this was the black man's name] was painting the ship's side, he somehow, nobody knows how, fell into the water. We all thought that he would drown, but a captain of a ship near by immediately plunged off the bridge and saved him. So whenever old Sam sees this captain he cries out like that."

Dear reader, I have something far more wonderful to tell you about than that—something that should make your very heart rejoice.

It was in one sense a similar case, but **FAR FAR BETTER**, for not only has one life been saved, but **MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SAVED** and **MILLIONS MORE SHALL BE SAVED**!

Reader, have you heard of the wonderful person who has accomplished all this, and, not only a wonderful but a *glorious Person*!

We point you to the Son of God. He, the perfectly holy Son of God, stooped down from the heights above to save the black man. Do you know who the black man was? No, you may say. Then let me tell you. He was the poor,

guilty, helpless, lost sinner. "For God so loved the world, [which means everybody in it] that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him *should not perish*, but have *everlasting life*." (John iii. 16).

Like this brave captain, he plunged into the water? Oh! no, something far worse than that. He plunged into DEATH performing the work of salvation on the cross of Calvary. Then He was raised again on the third day, and is now seated at the right hand of God.

This brave captain, when he caught the drowning negro, never let him go until he knew that he was safe in the ship.

So does the Lord Jesus Christ do to all those, who trust in Him as Saviour. He says, "I give unto My sheep eternal life *and they shall never perish*." (John x. 28).

So will He do to you, if you but trust Him. He will keep you safe until He puts you into His everlasting home on high.

This little verse illustrates it well.

"He'll save, He'll keep you,
 He'll fill your heart with joy,
 He'll drive gloom and sadness away.
 He'll do all this for thee,
 He has done it all for me,
 And that's why I'm happy night and
 day."

Yes, He will save you and keep you, keep you so fast that you will never, never be lost. "That if

thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *THOU SHALT BE SAVED.*" (Romans x. 9).

No one knew why Sam fell, but God knows why man fell. It was through *sin*.

Do you know, reader, that you are full of sin. Have you ever thought of eternity? Where will *you* spend eternity? I can tell you, that if you are not washed in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, you will spend it in HELL!

Do you know what and where Hell is? It is in simple words, "Banished from the presence of God and the Lord Jesus Christ."

Beware! do not get into such a place, turn to the Lord Jesus *NOW!* "*Now is the accepted time.*" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

Let the language of your heart be

*"Just as I am, without one plea,
And that thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O LAMB of God, I come."*

"Just as I was He received me."

Can you say those words, reader? I can and I have. Beware! turn to Him ere it be too late.

P. MACCORMACK.

THE GREAT PILOT.

WHEN the S.S. "*Berengaria*," a Cunard liner now, formerly the German *Imperator*, went into dry dock at Southampton to be made ready to take her place on the Atlantic service, she had first to be got out of the Tyne, where she had been transformed into an oil-burning ship.

She lay with her nose up stream, and a very well-known Tyne Pilot was asked if he could turn her round so that she might go out toward the sea bows foremost. The task was difficult. The ship is 919 feet long, and the river at South Shields is only a 1,000 feet wide, while only 960 feet of that is deep enough to float the *Berengaria*.

The pilot, Mr. John Burn, however, undertook to do what was required, and a large crowd watched while the huge 52,000-ton vessel swung slowly round. The pilot was completely successful. "I felt it was all right," he said, "I spoke to my Father about it."

He had asked the Great Pilot to undertake for him, and he did not ask in vain.

Why, you may ask, did he feel it was all right? Because he is a simple, happy Christian, living in the knowledge of a present salvation, a Saviour's love, and a heavenly Father's care.

Do you know this, unsaved reader? Is it all right with you for time and eternity? The turning round of the *Berengaria* in so narrow a channel was a stupendous task, and a great responsibility for the pilot in charge. It was his

duty to control every movement of the great mammoth liner and every movement of the assisting tugs. Have you ever realised the responsible position into which every unsaved sinner is placed before God? Have you ever realised that your abode and condition for eternity rests with yourself and hangs on the question, "What think ye of Christ?"

Come to Jesus NOW, there's death and danger in delay. Trust Him for your soul's salvation and through His grace be brought into the unspeakable knowledge of a Father's care.

To know Christ is to know the Father. "He that hath seen Me," saith Jesus, "hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9). The way to God and eternal salvation is found only in the person of the Son of God. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh to the Father but by Me," (John xiv. 6).

Trust the only Saviour of sinners NOW, and then go forward, caring naught for the tasks that may be set you, or the storms which may rage against you, singing all the way to glory "It is well with my soul" till you see His face—the eternal Lover of your soul.

J. GILFILLAN.

JOHN MAYNARD ;

The Heroic Helmsman of the "Ocean Queen."

SOON after the "Ocean Queen" started on what proved to be her last trip on Lake Erie, fire broke out in the hold. On ascertaining that it could not be extinguished, the captain at once gave the order to the helmsman, "Make for the nearest shore." The 300 passengers crowded together in the forepart of the ship, leaving the helmsman alone at the wheel beneath which the fire was raging.

As the fire gained ground the captain anxiously cried out, "John Maynard, can you hold out till we reach the shore?"

Back came the heroic answer, "Aye, aye, Sir."

Then a little later, in order to encourage his faithful helmsman, he again cried out, "Stand by the wheel John, for just five minutes more, and we shall reach the shore."

Once more came the heroic reply, "With God's good help, I will."

But soon the flames reached John Maynard, scorching his honest hands and noble brow, and presently one of his arms was seen to drop powerless at his side, But those flames had not yet conquered the noble spirit within, for setting his teeth firmly, he pressed his knee against the stanchion and with his other hand guided the ship until it reached the shore.

When safely landed the 300 passengers first thanked God for His mercy towards them and then looked round for their faithful helmsman to thank him for his part in their salvation, but the

captain then told them that just before the vessel touched the shore he saw John Maynard reel and fall beside the wheel, which his one hand was at last obliged to relinquish, and soon after those 300 passenger saw the "*Ocean Queen*" sink in Lake Erie, carrying down with it the charred and lifeless body of their saviour.

What a noble death? Has there ever been a greater instance of one sacrificing his life for others? Yes—ONE—for the death of JESUS stands out in strong and superior contrast to the death of JOHN MAYNARD, wonderful as his death was.

(1). Maynard only did his duty. As a paid servant of the *Ocean Queen*, its 300 passengers expected him to do all in his power to save them. But the LORD JESUS was under no such obligation to anyone. It was of His own free will that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15).

(2). There may have been some "good" people amongst that 300, and for such some would even *dare* to die. But Christ died for the "ungodly." (Romans v. 8).

(3). Surely some could have helped Maynard on that boat. It seems strange that not one rushed forward to seize the wheel when his arm dropped powerless at his side. But no one could help JESUS in that "great salvation" which He accomplished at Calvary's cross. It was when we were "without strength" that Christ died for us. (Rom. v. 6). So we had to simply "stand still,

and see the salvation of the Lord" (Exodus xiv. 13).

(4). Maynard knew while he was suffering that he had the full sympathy of all who looked on—a great encouragement in such trying circumstances. But the Lord Jesus had to say, "I looked for *some* to take pity but there was NONE; and for comforters, but I found NONE," (Ps. lxxix. 20).

(5). Moreover, Maynard hoped to save himself as well as others. To have left that wheel would have been to imperil his own life as well as those 300 passengers. But the Lord Jesus knew that His own death was an imperative necessity if sinners were to be saved. He must be "lifted up." He *must* die, before we could have eternal life. (John iii. 14, 15).

(6). But a greater contrast still exists in the nature of the two deaths. Those who have suffered from burns can imagine something of the physical agony through which Maynard passed as those cruel flames licked round his face and hands. But no one can ever have the slightest conception of the *soul agony* through which the Lord Jesus passed when on the cross. There He bore our sins and suffered the punishment due to them. There He was made sin for us and received the judgment or condemnation due to it.

He who was always the beloved of the Father was accursed of God for us. It was *this* aspect of His sufferings (not the mere physical sufferings He bore there—exceptionally cruel though they were) that made Him utter that agonizing prayer in the garden of Gethsemane, "O, My Father, if it

be possible, let *this* cup pass from Me."

(7). There is also a great contrast between the numbers saved by the Lord Jesus and John Maynard. Maynard only saved 300 by his death; but in Rev. vii. 9-17 we are told that no man can number that "great multitude" which ascribe their salvation to God and the Lamb, and this is only one of the many throngs seen in that book, all saved "through THE BLOOD of THE LAMB."

(8). Again, Maynard's power to save ceased when he saved that 300 with his death, but on the day of Pentecost, fifty days after the death of Jesus, 3,000 were saved by the first announcement of His death, resurrection and ascension; and since then

*"Millions have fled to His spear-pierced side,
Welcome they all have been, none were denied."*

And "Yet there is room."

(9). Moreover the salvation that Maynard accomplished for the passengers on the "*Ocean Queen*" only affected their bodies, though we hope that it was used of God ultimately to the salvation of their souls. But the Lord Jesus not only saves our souls, but also our bodies—from death if we are alive and remain at His coming, (1 Thess iv. 17); and *out of* death if we die before He comes (verse 16).

(10). The 300 whom Maynard saved were only saved for time—a few years at the most; but those whom the Lord Jesus saves are saved for time and eternity. Some of those whom Maynard

saved may have died soon after : but those whom Jesus saves shall "never perish." (John x. 28).

(11). It is not recorded of those whom John Maynard saved that they erected a monument to his memory on the spot to which he guided them at the cost of his life. He certainly deserved one. But in heaven—to which place the Lord Jesus will safely guide all who believe in Him—all those whom He has saved will be eternal monuments to His saving grace. Meanwhile, may we be living monuments to His praise down here. In *word* by offering to God through Him the sacrifice of our lips giving thanks to (or confessing) His name ; and in *deed* by doing good and communicating (as He did) for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Such sacrifices can never take away our sins, but they can show our gratitude to Him who by His own blood has obtained eternal redemption for us.

(12). The sweetest contrast we have left till last. John Maynard sacrificed his life to the dictates of duty. "DUTY NOBLY DONE" might well have been the epitaph on his monument had one been erected to his memory. But the LORD JESUS laid down His life on the altar of LOVE. Yes, each one whom He has saved by His death, will be able to say of Him, "The Son of God, who LOVED me and gave HIMSELF for me." (Gal. ii. 20). While the mighty army of the redeemed will in heaven for ever praise Him thus :—"Unto HIM that LOVED us, and washed us from our sins IN HIS OWN BLOOD . . . to HIM be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." (Rev. i. 5, 6). T. O. MACCORMACK.

HOW AN INFIDEL WAS ARRESTED.

MANY years ago in my native town there lived an infidel, a painter and glazier by trade, having a small business of his own. He lived alone, and spent his week-ends playing cards with two companions. They were often seen at the window in a room above the premises which overlooked a piece of spare ground, occupied on Sunday evenings by a few earnest godly preachers, who draw immense crowds to hear the sweet story of God's boundless love to perishing sinners. Many can trace their conversion to these open-air meetings, which were always largely attended.

The infidel was much annoyed as he could not help seeing from his window the crowds gather, and the sound of the singing created no end of contempt in his mind. However he resolved on a plan to stop these meetings. With the assistance of his two friends he arranged to interrupt the speaker with threatening language. Strange to say the one who had agreed to insult the speaker was speechless.

The infidel grew impatient, and boldly shouted out himself, "*Before I would stand up there and make a fool of myself like that preacher I would prefer my tongue taken out.*"

It did not stop the preacher as he continued his faithful pleadings for sinners to accept Christ as the only Saviour for the lost. At the close, prayer was offered on behalf of the hearers that they might receive God's offers of mercy while in

the day of His Sovereign Grace, also for the scoffers that they might beware of their danger as God is not mocked.

Nothing more was heard of the infidel until twelve months had passed when it was known he was suffering from cancer on the tongue, and had to undergo an operation and have it removed. With no hope of recovery, as death faced him, he thought of his conduct twelve months previous, and became deeply anxious about his soul. He sought forgiveness from the preacher he had insulted, who by this time was in China as a missionary.

However one of the speakers was called to his bedside, who was welcomed by the dying man. With tears in his eyes he made known how unhappy he was and how he had spoken to the preacher twelve months before. Well-known verses from God's word were read to him and prayer was offered. The dying man accepted the Lord Jesus as His own personal Saviour. During the short time he lived he bore a bright testimony. With his Bible on his breast he made signs and pointed to the verses which were now his stay and comfort and blessed hope for eternity.

Trusting this true account, so well-known to the writer, may be used as a warning to others. "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). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3).

*"How vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad."*

*How vast! 'whoever will,'
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e'en to him."*

NINIAN HILL.

WORKS OR GRACE: TRYING OR TRUSTING: WHICH?

IN Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark and the largest city in Scandinavia, there is a very handsome park on the edge of an arm of the sea. In it is a very beautiful monument—the most striking of its kind in the world. It consists of a group splendidly modelled in bronze, depicting a woman sitting on and driving four immense bulls. Beneath it is a magnificent stone fountain of immense size, consisting of three cascades, the water flowing into a small lake below. The water is driven through the bodies of the bulls, coming out in very fine spray from their nostrils. The effect is most striking and beautiful.

This monument is intended to illustrate an ancient legend. They say the land all belonged to Sweden once, and that some King had told a woman that she might own all the land she could

plough in one day. The story goes on to tell that she harnessed four powerful bulls to a big plough at break of day, and ploughed with them till it was dark. They say she ploughed that part of Denmark marked on your map as the island of Zealand, and that the furrows were so deep that the land dropped in more and more, till it was separated from the mainland of Sweden and became an island. Of course this is what we call a legend.

Near by is an English building. It is formed of stone, and every stone of it came from England. At first this seems very curious, but it is explained by the fact that Denmark is a country without building stone—all soil and sand—and all the building stone has to be imported, mostly from Sweden. Being for English purposes, and stone having to be got from another country, for the sentiment of the thing I suppose they procured it from England.

As I stood in the park I could see both the fountain, with the woman and the bulls in bronze and the English edifice at the same time. What a lesson they taught.

The bronze statue of the woman and bulls seemed to say, "ALL OF WORKS."

The building seemed to say, "ALL OF GRACE."

Let me explain what I mean. The woman was to possess all she ploughed on a given day. Now she choose, according to the legend, four powerful bulls, and ploughed hard from the first streak of day till the last bit of light. Now if God said to

us that we might have all the heaven we worked for we should get none at all, for, unlike the powerful bulls, God tells us we are "without strength" (Rom. v.) He tells us we cannot do anything at all for our salvation. How beautiful it is to read, "For when we were yet WITHOUT STRENGTH, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6). So if salvation were "all of works" or even partly of works or even a little bit of works, we should never reach heaven. As well tell a bird with a broken wing to fly, as tell a strengthless sinner to earn his own salvation.

As to the building, if those who built depended on the resources of the country in which it was built, it would never have been erected. The building is in Denmark, the stones all come from England. Does this not illustrate "all of grace?"

If God is to save us, everything must be brought to us. We are in this world. No Saviour could be found belonging to this world, just as there was no stone to be found in Denmark, suitable for building purposes. So we read "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (I Tim. i. 15).

So if we are to be saved the Saviour must come from heaven, and in that way every stone in the edifice of our salvation comes from heaven—forgiveness, justification, eternal life—everything. So salvation is "NOT OF WORKS lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9), but is ALL OF GRACE so that God may have all the glory and we may have the blessing.

Reader, will you not give up trying and take to

trusting? Will you not give up "ALL OF WORKS" for "ALL of Grace?" Will you not give up yourself and your own doings, and trust to the Saviour from heaven?

THE EDITOR.

SUPPOSE IT'S TRUE, WHAT THEN?

"**W**HERE IS Hell?" asked a sceptic, sneeringly.

"At the end of a Christ rejector's life," was the reply.

But, sceptic, suppose it's true, after all, that Hell is a REALITY—hell, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?" Will your not believing it do away with its existence?

Suppose it's true, after all, that God WILL punish Sin in another life, will your not believing it cause Him to alter His just dealings with you? You who have sinned against Him, with a high hand, and who even now reject His offered mercy?

But suppose it's true, after all, that God SO loved the world that He gave His Son to die and shed His blood to atone to Him for man's sins that He might make a righteous way of escape from that awful eternity, for all who will avail themselves of it, that in virtue of that great redemption price paid by Christ on Calvary's

Cross for sinners, He freely forgives every repentant sinner who turns to Him, and to such He can say, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow—though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18)? Your not believing it only seals your doom as a Christ-rejector.

But you SAY you do not believe there is a God. Deep down in your heart you KNOW there is a God, the God "with whom we HAVE TO DO," and you have only to be brought suddenly to face death, and you will own Him before all!

"O God, have mercy on me," loudly cried a notorious infidel miner when some ore fell on him in the Cleveland Mines.

"Why, you always said THERE WAS NO GOD," said his mate in astonishment.

The fool hath SAID in his heart, "There is no God," but Scripture never says, "The fool BELIEVES in his heart there is no God."

"Haste ! haste ! haste !

Delay not from wrath to flee.

*Oh ! wherefore the moments in madness waste
When Jesus is calling thee."*

JUST LIKE HIM.

IT was in the city of Aberdeen the other day that a seafaring man rose up to tell a truly wonderful story. Let me give you the gist of what he said.

With little thought of God in his life, he had gone on till quite recently, regardless of the future, when one night he heard the gospel at an open-air meeting in the Castle Gate. Aroused to some sense of need he went home, but with nothing definite in his mind he knew not where to turn for rest, so that when his wife proposed soon after that they should go to the theatre, he agreed and they went.

Horrible to relate, the play was a caricature of the Salvation Army. To what depths will human wickedness go in its rebellion against God! However, God can use even what the devil devises against Him, and in this case, a part of the proceedings was that one of the lady actors quoted that wonderful text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28).

These words of the Lord Jesus, though thus spoken, rivetted the attention of our seaman friend. He bent his head and saw, and heard no more, in spite of the nudgings of his wife and her urgings to look up and see what was going on.

Deeply convicted and anxious, he went next morning to where a gospel tent was erected, thinking, and rightly, that there he might get some help in his distress.

The only person there was the tent-keeper and to him he told his anxiety, and there in the little side tent he learned the grand and blessed news, how God could save and bless righteously a sinner like him—how that believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour, and confessing Him whom God raised from the dead as his Lord he would be saved. We read "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9).

The dear fellow trusted the Saviour, and there and then his burden rolled away. He left the tent a saved man.

It was Sunday, so going home he persuaded his wife and daughter to accompany him to the tent meeting that night, when, thank God, they also were saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and, of course, there was great joy in their home.

But now a difficulty arose. He realized that as a saved man he must recognize God in his home, but his children being well grown up, and never having prayed in his life, how was he to conduct family prayers—to kneel and pray in the midst of young men and women?

However, he believed he ought to have family prayer, and determined to make the attempt.

On rising from their knees, however, he felt he had made such a bungle of it, that he could not think of doing so again.

Next night, however, it was deeply impressed upon him that he should continue family prayer

and yielding to the heavenly impulse he gathered his household as before. All rose from their knees but the youngest, a boy of twelve.

"What is the matter, Alec?" asked the father.

A flood of tears and the words, "My soul," was the unexpected but blessed answer.

Now it was the newly converted father's joy to point his weeping boy to the Saviour he himself had found so recently, and after some little time, dear Alec was enabled to trust that blessed Saviour whose precious blood cleanses from all sin.

All went to bed, but after a little his father felt strangely moved to get up and once more assure himself from his boy's lips that he was indeed right with God, so getting out of bed he told his boy he wanted to be perfectly sure he had trusted the Saviour. Alec assured him he was all right, which drew a laugh from an older brother who slept with him.

Rebuking the laughter the father again sought his bed, but only to rise once more to make assurance as to his boy doubly sure. "Are you quite sure you are all right, Alec?"

"Yes, father, quite sure."

"Then I think you should get up and we will praise the Lord together, which the boy gladly did, and there, about midnight, father and son, had a praise and thanksgiving meeting to Him who had saved them both from hell.

Next morning the father had to go early to join his vessel, and that week Alec was taken ill and,

before his father returned from his voyage, had gone to be with the Lord, who had met him in grace and saved him so recently.

What joy amid the sorrow was theirs, who mourned him, that dear Alec was saved before he died. How gracious is the Lord, not only meeting the parents in saving mercy, but reaching their boy so that they might rejoice in the bright and constant hope of meeting him again in that blissful home where death and partings are unknown.

Reader, the same Saviour waits to receive *you*. Will you not turn to Him in all your need, and take His salvation now? for "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).

F. L. HARRIS.

"EVERLASTING LIFE IS FREE."

MY ear suddenly caught the sound of singing. It was on a week day, in one of the crowded thoroughfares of a populous Scottish city, a time and a place one did not expect singing. Quickly looking round I saw a body of about forty men, four abreast, marching along and singing. I came to the conclusion that in these days of widespread unemployment, it was a procession of workless men, thus calling attention to their sad condition.

Judge of my surprise when I heard the words sung heartily and earnestly :

*"Everlasting life is free !
Everlasting life is free !
Simply by believing on the Son of God,
Everlasting life is free !"*

The words were joyous, the singing was sweet, the faces of the men in the procession were the faces of men in the sweetest of *employment*, that of praising God. The singing caught me and I joined in and followed the procession, which led to a large market place, where a happy gospel meeting was held on that and subsequent days, when God graciously saved more than one listener.

The writer was privileged to be one of the speakers on this occasion and he drew the attention of the crowd to the mistake that he had made. He contrasted the demands of the workless with the terms of the gospel. Strikers generally strike for more wages or fewer hours of work, or, as it is at this present moment, against a cut in their wages, but here was something offered for nothing, something priceless beyond words, something which cost the Son of God untold agony as He atoned for sin on the cross, but is the free gift of God.

Were these Christian men justified in the words which they sang ? Assuredly, we give two texts from God's sacred Word which amply justifies the two statements made in their chorus.

They sang :—

“Everlasting life is FREE!”

Scripture says :—

“The wages of sin is death, but THE GIFT OF GOD is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”
(Rom. vi. 23).

They sang :—

*“Simply by BELIEVING on the
Son of God,
Everlasting life is free!”*

Scripture says :—

“He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life.” (John iii. 36).

“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).

Here, indeed, is something for nothing. But more than that. Just as God's greatest material boons are free—air, water, food, clothing*—without which we should perish, so God's spiritual gift is free and without it we shall assuredly *eternally* perish.

My reader, I beseech you to give this matter earnest thought. ..You simply cannot do without eternal life, if you are to be happy and secure. The alternative is simply appalling.

* Man only pays his fellow-man for rent, labour and transport, but God gives the soil, the reproductive power of life, the sunshine and the rain. God gives the increase.

Weigh well these verses :—

“He that believeth on
the Son HATH ever-
lasting life :

and he that believeth
NOT the Son shall not
see life ; but the wrath
of God abideth on
Him.” (John iii. 36).

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“He that believeth on
Him is NOT CON-
DEMNED :

but he that believeth
not is CONDEMNED
ALREADY.” (John
iii. 18).

Ponder over these texts. You can decide on which side of the line you are. If on the wrong side, we beseech you to get upon the right side *by believing.*

“*Everlasting life is free !
Everlasting life is free !
Simply by believing on the Son of God,
Everlasting life is free !*”

THE EDITOR.

AN ARIZONA COWBOY.

A FEW years ago in the city of San Francisco, a cowboy from Arizona walked into the American Bible Society Depot. He was not the kind of man usually associated in one's mind with a Bible Depot ; a typical cowboy with one eye

gone (shot out in a fray), his one hand in his hip pocket, as though feeling his revolver, his cowboy hat stuck on the back of his head, it looked as if he were ready to stage a "hold up."

To the great surprise of the one in charge however, he said in a quick demanding voice, "I want the Book of Mark": then, bringing his great fist down upon the table he said, "This is the book that brought me to God, four years ago, in one of the lowest lodging houses in this city, I'll tell you the story."

He continued "For thirty years I was cowboy in Arizona. I came to 'Frisco four years ago for a 'blow out.' After a night of revelry, I awoke in one of the lowest lodging houses in this city, and saw on the table in my room a little book. Reading its title, 'The gospel by Mark,' I was troubled and worried, wondering how it got into that place, but I left it alone.

"The next day, after another night of carousal I saw the book and was seized with great conviction. I picked up the book, and went over to the Union Park Square, in front of St. Francis Hotel, and there on one of the benches in the park I began to read.

"I had never before read the book, and turned at random to the eleventh chapter and read there of Jesus driving the thieves out of the Temple.

"That very day, I was going to commit a crime which, if discovered, would have sent me to San Quentin Penitentiary. 'There,' said I, 'that is what I am, a gambler and a thief. Christ could

drive out those thieves, He is a great Man all right, He is *my* Man'! And there on the Park bench four years ago I gave my heart to Christ.

"After my conversion God said to me, 'Get up and go to work.'

"I said 'Yes Lord, but where can I go?' I seemed to hear, 'Go to the Post Office.' I went and there found a letter for me, offering me a government position. I took it and am there to-day. The book, and the book alone, brought me to God, but the devil has not left me alone. Forty times a day he tempts me, but I tell him 'Get thee behind me Satan, there's nothing doing here,' and he leaves me alone."

Another triumph of grace, another brand plucked from eternal burning, another trophy of redeeming love! What a testimony to the life-giving word!

Dear reader, you may know nothing of the depths of sin to which the cowboy had sunk, but you need the same Saviour. Scripture says, "There is no difference: for all have sinned" (Rom. iii. 22-23.) Degrees of guilt there may be, but all are alike sinners before God on their way to everlasting perdition.

Thank God, if there is "no difference" in our sinnership grace makes no distinctions. Jew, and Gentile alike, are bidden to call upon Him with the assurance that there is "no difference," the same Lord is rich unto all. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 13.) Have *you* yet called upon

Him? Have you put in *your* claim for salvation?

Remember "The word is nigh thee that is the word of faith, which we preach, that if thou *shalt* confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and *shalt* believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou *shalt* be saved." (Rom. x. 8-9).

Do not turn away in unbelief from this gracious Saviour, lest when your frail bark is caught in the eddying waters of death, and you cry out for deliverance in vain, you have to lament eternally, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and we are not saved" (Jer. viii. 20). God grant you "repentance unto life," while it is called "*to-day*."

*"To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh."*

J. W. H. NICHOLS.

WHAT THE BLIND MAN SAW!

VISITING Wakefield, a few years ago, my attention was brought to a marked instance of the implicit acceptance of things not seen, in the case of a blind man. He pointed out to me a large picture of his little son. Not a single detail of the picture was omitted by him. Every detail was pointed out, and discussed as fully as though he possessed his natural vision. He had never

seen the picture, or the loved child it represented, but he had heard his wife describe it so often until it stood out vividly in his mind. In other words, he had faith, he accepted "the evidence of things not seen." God's word says "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, *the evidence of things not seen.*" (Heb. xi. 1). If you could have seen his face light up with pleasure as he warmed to the subject, you would not have doubted the inner vision upon which he was drawing.

My heart was wrung for the poor man's affliction, and the incident impressed me deeply.

I thought if the blind man accepted human evidence so heartily, with how much greater confidence should we accept God's word, and realize that upon its sure and certain testimony we are quite safe to rely for time and eternity.

The word of God tells us that we are by nature lost and undone, and not only this, but unable to save ourselves, and it has also told us of a rich provision He has made in the gift of His Son, who came to this earth and laid down His life as a ransom. He atoned for sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and now on the ground of that wonder-work on the cross God is offering salvation to all who will believe and accept it by faith.

Should we not with the trust and confidence of the blind man accept what God tells us? For it is faith that saves. Own yourself to be a sinner, and in all simplicity of faith appropriate to yourself this great salvation that God so freely offers. He desires that you should take Him at His word.

The knowledge that God has spoken is all that is required by faith. It is serene and implicit trust that pleases God, and without it, it is impossible to please Him. He is the One with whom all things are possible.

May the reader be impressed with the relative importance of the temporal things that are seen, and the eternal things not seen, and be enabled to exercise that holy boldness of faith toward God with the firm conviction that the One in whom that faith is reposed is abundantly worthy of it, and be assured that its reward is beyond all human computation.

*“Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.”*

A. A. GOFFIN.
