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THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

THE ARREST AND ITS SEQUEL.

HALT ! You are my prisoner ! ” Turning quickly in the direction of the voice I found myself looking into the barrel of a Colt's revolver. The possessor of both voice and gun was on horseback, and from the determined look in his eyes I instantly concluded that it was best to “obey orders.” Kansas was in those days considered to be part of the “wild and woolly west,” and her sons were known to be “quick on the trigger.” So I halted and asked my captor the reason for my arrest.

I gathered, as he read out the warrant, that a certain John Doe, while playing the role of a railroad contractor in a town some ten miles back, had engaged accomodation for himself and an expected gang of engineers and labourers at the local hotel. After waiting for some weeks for his party to put in an appearance, living off the best the house afforded in the meanwhile, he had suddenly decamped, leaving a heavy bill unpaid. A warrant had been sworn out for him, the officers of the law sent in pursuit, and now the marshall had “got” me.

And who was I, and what had I been doing, that I should be thus suddenly and unceremoniously halted in my journey and “consider myself under arrest” ? I was just a young Christian, not long saved, and with my heart all on fire with love to Christ

and souls, I had packed my bag, with a Bible, an assorted stock of tracts, and an extra pair of socks, and had taken to the road, stopping at every village and farmhouse to distribute my tracts, having a word when possible with the recipients, munching crusts for a meal often, and sleeping (on one occasion, at least) in the harvest field.

It was in vain that I pointed out to the marshall that the warrant described the culprit as wearing a light coloured coat, while mine was dark; that my name was not John Doe but Christopher Knapp; that the man wanted was "medium tall," while I was "medium" short. However, he was not going to take time, to say nothing of the trouble, to take my exact measure. He was satisfied he had caught the thief.

It was dusk when we reached our destination. "I've got him!" he cried triumphantly, as he rode proudly up to the hotel with his prisoner at his side. The crowd on the porch came crowding round, the marshall was becomingly complimented, and the landlord, calling for a light, came eagerly out. He held the lantern up so that its light might shine fully on my face, and then—I will not repeat what he told the marshall, after exclaiming, "Why, you've got the wrong man!"

Suffice it to say his remarks were neither complimentary nor parliamentary, and he was glad to disappear in the gathering gloom amid the hilarious roars of the rough west-

erners. He did not wait to apologise, while I was duly commiserated, and taken in charge by the disappointed landlord.

Of course, I had to explain all, which gave me an excellent opportunity to preach Christ to him and to all his house, with the crowd gathered by that irresistible force of human nature—curiosity.

So ends the tale; now to point the moral.

If unconverted, my reader, pardon the unconventional straight way of coming to the point, you will yourself one day be arrested ! Not mistakenly, but as indeed a guilty sinner. Your crimes are not imaginary. Your sins are real, and call for punishment.

What ! you say. *I* guilty ? *My* crimes ? *My* sins calling for punishment ? Whatever do you mean, or whom or what do you take me to be ?

Just what God describes you to be, a sinner in His sight. "Guilty before God" (Rom. iii. 19), is the verdict of His Word. Yes, you say; but you spoke of "crimes;" I acknowledge I have sinned, but what is my crime, my offence so grave as to be characterised by such a word, savouring as it does of murder, treason and the like ?

The answer is this: All sin is against God, and sin against such a Being is nothing short of crime. If you strike me on the face it is an offence, classified as "assault" in the terms of law. But if you strike the President of our country, what is that ? Is

it a mere offence, an act of assault, punishable by a fine of, say ten dollars ?

Oh ! you say, he is only a man like yourself, and the law makes no respect of persons.

True ; but if you see no difference between striking an insulting blow in my face, and doing the same to the chief executive, you are a Bolshevik and your place is Russia, not the United States. And whatever the written law might say in the matter, the unwritten law of conscience, graven in the hearts of all upright men, would brand the deed as a crime calling for severest punishment, and the execration by all of the perpetrator.

And if this holds true with men, what shall be said of sin, which is insult against God ? So do not, I beg of you, make light of your sin or seek to minimise your guilt. Repent, seek pardon at His hands through Christ, lest that stern inexorable agent of Heaven's law, DEATH, arrest you, and you, in a lost eternity, " receive the due reward of your deeds " (Luke xxiii. 41).

Yes, your arrest may take place this very hour, when you are least expecting it. The warrant is already out, trial will follow arrest, with sure conviction and sentence of eternal death. The lake of fire can be the only possible result.

" Christ died for the ungodly " (Rom. v. 6). He is your only hope.

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

C. KNAPP.

FIVE MINUTES AFTER DEATH.

AN officer in the Indian army, who had had a distinguished career, was relating some striking incidents which had happened to him in his military capacity.

As he told story after story his listeners were held spellbound by his vivid narration. He told them of the risings of the nabobs, of the Indian Mutiny, of its suppression, and of his own personal experiences which were many and varied—sieges, skirmishes, hairbreadth escapes and all the anxieties and triumphs which a leader of men experiences.

When he had ended there was a hush for a moment, and then he remarked: "I am looking forward to an experience more interesting and of far greater importance than any I have yet encountered."

His friends were amazed, as he had already attained the age of seventy, and had retired from the service.

There was a pause, and then in a musing way he said, "I mean the first five minutes after death."

Do *you* know what *you* will see in the first five minutes after your own death? It is worth thinking over, as it will settle the whole of your destiny in eternity.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). What will your fate be at the great white throne of judgment? How will you answer for your sins?

One sin turned Adam and Eve out of Eden, one sin kept Moses out of the promised land, one sin caused Ananias and Sapphira to fall dead at the feet of the Apostle Peter, and one sin unforgiven will keep you out of heaven, and there is only one other place—HELL. Is *this* your destination?

God, Himself, the Judge, has provided a way of escape, for He sent His Son to settle the whole question of sin by dying that atoning death on the cross of shame.

How can you appropriate this gift of forgiveness to yourself?

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

Will YOU believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and have no misgiving as to what may happen in the first five minutes after death? Happy indeed if it is so.

A. F. SETON POLLOCK.

ARE YOU SATISFIED? IS GOD SATISFIED?

NO, we have not made any mistake in writing our title as shown above.

There are numberless people who, when spoken to about the all-important matter of their soul's salvation, reply something like this:—

“I am doing my best; I pay my way; do my duty; seek to live an exemplary life; attend divine service, take communion, etc.,

etc. And, pray ! what more can a man do ? and what more can God expect ? ”

If the foregoing more or less accurately describes your way of looking at things, let us ask you to look back over your life, shall we say since the last twelve months ? Are you absolutely satisfied with every moment of that period, and with the minutest detail of your life during that time ? Has there been a thought, the remembrance of which troubles you ? Have you uttered a word that you would rather have left unspoken ? Has there been an act that you wish you could recall ? In other words :—

ARE YOU SATISFIED ?

Frankly, we have never yet met a person such as we have described, who would not at once reply honestly :—“ Oh ! no. I am not by any means satisfied, but I am doing my best, and no man can do more than that.” You cannot do more than your best, but the fact remains that having done your best, you are not satisfied. We are quite sure Nicodemus was not satisfied, therefore, he came to Jesus by night. We are equally certain that Saul of Tarsus was not satisfied, for after having done his best—and if ever a man did his best, he did—he discovered that he was the chief of sinners. This is not all, however. The still more anxious question is :

IS GOD SATISFIED ?

How can He be ? If you are not satisfied with yourself, how do you expect God to be

satisfied with you? Do you imagine that He is more easily satisfied than you are? or that the standard by which He judges is lower than yours? To ask these questions is to answer them.

This seems to show then—does it not?—that you are on the wrong track and, if so, it will be wisdom on your part to discover where you are wrong, and to get on to the right track with all speed. The first question to consider is, obviously, How can *God* be satisfied? Let us say right away:—He is not satisfied with any one of us: “For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. iii. 23).

Nor is He satisfied with anything that we do, for

“By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight” (Rom. iii. 20).

While still more drastic is the statement that

“They that are in the flesh CANNOT PLEASE GOD” (Rom. viii. 8).

It is no good our arguing about it or giving our opinion. There it is and nothing can alter it. That being so, it at once becomes apparent that even if we were so conceited and foolish as to be satisfied with ourselves,

GOD IS NOT SATISFIED

with us; therefore, humanly speaking, our case is hopeless. We are irretrievably lost.

Say ! friend, have you realized that yet ? Have you accepted God's verdict concerning yourself ? If so, then thank God, there is hope for you. How glad we are to be able to tell you that

GOD IS SATISFIED.

Not with you, but with Christ; *not* with your deeds, but with Christ's finished work. Read this again and again, and rest your soul upon it:—

"For Christ also hath ONCE suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18).

There we learn the mystery of divine love and the glory of redemption. The Eternal Son of God became Man, went to the cross, and once and for ever settled the sin-question to God's entire satisfaction and to His eternal praise and glory. Do we hear some one enquire: "How do you know that?" Read the last verse of 1 Peter iii., and there learn that Jesus Christ

"Is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God: angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him."

The fact that He, who was on the cross as the Sin-bearer, is now "on the right hand of God," is the incontestable proof that God is satisfied. The empty cross, the vacant

sepulchre, and the occupied throne bear eloquent testimony to that transcendent fact. Now we are going to reverse the questions at the head of this paper, and ask:

IS GOD SATISFIED? ARE YOU
SATISFIED?

We have already answered the first of these questions. When the Lord Jesus Christ died, was buried, was raised from the dead, and exalted at God's right hand, that showed that God was glorified and Satan was defeated, sin was put away and death was annulled, the power of the grave was broken, and the forces of the enemy were vanquished. So that now, those who "believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead" can say:—

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ"
(Rom. v. 1).

That means that if *you* believe, then *you* are satisfied, and you can sing, and sing with great joy:—

*"Sweetest rest and peace have filled me,
Sweeter peace than tongue can tell;
God is satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied as well."*

Let us beseech you, as we close, stop looking in, cease looking around, but, here

and now, look up. Behold Him who fills God's throne, and who fills God's heart. Believe in His Name, rest upon His finished work, learn the cleansing power of His precious blood, and then, forgiven, justified, saved, brought to God, it will be yours while life lasts, and in ever increasing measure, throughout eternity, to be a sharer with God in His satisfaction with, and His delight in, His own beloved Son, our adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

W. BRAMWELL DICK.

KEYS.

YES," said a young fellow holding up a small key in his hand, "I like this better than any of the other presents I have received."

"What ! " exclaimed his friend, "even better than your watch ? What can it be ? "

"It is the key to our front door," he replied, putting it back into his pocket with great pride. It was his birthday, and amongst other things his father had given him the key of the front door of the house.

"You see," went on the young man, "it isn't exactly because I can go in and out when I like. It is because I know father has confidence in me. He trusts me only to use it as I ought."

Do you know, reader, that you possess a key? It is a very precious key, the key of your heart. Christ seeks entrance to your heart. Are you neglecting Him? He wants to be your Saviour. He died for you. He suffered agony, an atoning death, that you might be offered salvation.

Are you keeping Him waiting? He is waiting, oh! so patiently. He is longing, oh! so much to enter your life and work His blessed will, to cleanse and purify you.

Decide now, for death may be very close to you, however young you are. You may not be alive to let Him enter your heart to-morrow. You may not be able to unlock the door then. Take Him while He can be taken. Remember:

*"There may be no to-morrow,
For you to see.
And in delay you're risking all—
Eternity."*

P. GLOVER.

"THE GREAT GULF FIXED."

COLONEL INGERSOLL was well known in America and in the English-speaking world as a great infidel orator. He used his great natural gifts in assaulting the Christian faith, and he did incomparable damage to multitudes by his infidel propaganda.

His brother, to whom he was deeply attached, died. He went to pay his last tribute to his memory at the funeral.

With one hand resting on his brother's coffin, the tears coursing down his cheeks, he said:—

"Life is a dark and barren valley between the cold, ice-clad peaks of two eternities. We strive sometimes to look beyond the darkness for the light, sometimes we cry for help, but there comes back to us nothing but the echo of our own cry."

Then he bowed his head on his hands and sat down weeping.

We all know of D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, who did a great work for God in America and in this country.

His brother, to whom he was deeply attached, died. He went to pay his last tribute to his memory at his funeral.

Leaning on his elbow, with his eyes streaming with tears, he said:—

"Friends and neighbours, I thank God that He ever gave me a brother. I thank Him also that He permitted me

to lead him to Jesus. I thank God that I can now look down into his face and know that I shall see him again."

Mr. Moody, standing for a moment with hands uplifted and looking, 'as it were, into eternity, suddenly shouted in triumphant tones, so that the whole multitude around him could hear:—

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55).

What a vivid contrast stands between these two scenes!

The one betokens brooding despair, misery and darkness. Life for Colonel Ingersoll was but "a dark and barren valley between the cold, ice-clad peaks of two eternities." His anguished cry for light and hope as to what might lie beyond only brought to his despairing ears the hollow echo of his own anguished voice

Infidelity! is this all you can do for a soul? Scepticism! hast thou nothing constructive in thy scheme? Canst thou only pull down and destroy, and leave men's hearts empty of hope, and fill them with darkness and gloom?

Alas! Colonel Ingersoll threw away the only torch that could shed its ray across the dark valley. He shut his eyes to the only light that could illumine those dark peaks. He had to learn the hollowness of his infidel negations. *He knows NOW*, for Colonel

Ingersoll years ago followed his brother into the unseen world.

How different is the other scene ! Mr. Moody full of thankfulness to God, full of hope as to the glad re-union with his loved brother in heaven, full of triumph as he looked death in the face and quailed not.

Mr. Moody, like Colonel Ingersoll, has followed his brother into the unseen world. *He knows NOW* that what he knew by faith in this life, that what made his heart triumphant as he stood by his dead brother's body, is indeed a glorious reality.

Mr. Moody had received the testimony of the Bible, had learned his own sinfulness in the presence of God, had learned to accept as his own Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He had come to the best of persuasions, when he could say, with the apostle Paul, " I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day " (2 Tim. i. 12).

Reader, what is your persuasion ? Have you anything really constructive in your ideas concerning your fate in the next world ? Remember, speculation is worse than useless when we are confronted with such tremendous issues. *We want REVELATION.*

And God has given us revelation. He has been revealed in Christ, His well-beloved Son. His righteous requirements in respect of sin have all been gloriously met at the cross, and His love set free to offer salvation to all.

“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).

May God give you to follow in Mr. Moody's footsteps, and not in those of Colonel Ingersoll's; for remember, once we cross the border line of time and enter eternity “there is a great gulf fixed” (Luke xvi. 26). Our destiny is then irrevocably fixed; and it will be for ever too late to repent.

How solemn are the words of Scripture, “He that is unjust let him be unjust *still*: and he which is filthy let him be filthy *still*: and he that is righteous let him be righteous *still*: and he that is holy let him be holy *still*” (Rev. xxii. 11).

How happy that word “still” for the believer in Jesus; how terrible for those who are not. That word—“still”—will echo down the ages its message of everlasting joy or eternal despair. Which shall it be for you? Answer me, I beseech you.

THE EDITOR.

SAVED AND MIS-DIRECTED.

HE was a fine, strong, athletic young fellow and; because of his frank and kindly demeanour, he was a favourite with those who knew Him. His father's home was a good distance from their large and flourishing business, so he engaged

rooms in the city for use when he did not travel out to the country.

Brought up with the wholesome restraint of parents who feared the Lord, he was now showing signs of casting these aside, and of joining the giddy and the godless on the broad road of worldliness and self-pleasing. Young George (for so we will designate him) was in danger.

At this time he was keenly interested in rugby football, and, hearing that an old member of the county cup-holder's fifteen, was preaching the gospel not far from his town apartments, he went with a friend to hear him. The preacher recognized the young man, and gladly retired to a private room with him afterwards, when he expressed a desire for further conversation. The Word of God had reached his conscience that night, and he keenly felt his sinfulness and need before God.

He told the Lord's servant that he wished to come to the Saviour.

"Thank God for that," he remarked, "but how do you know the Lord Jesus Christ will receive you?"

He looked surprised and taken aback by the question, and said, "I always thought He would receive me if I came to Him."

The preacher rejoined, "It all depends on *how* you come to Him."

"Well," he said, "I just come to Him as a sinner!—*Just as I am without one plea!*"

Opening the inspired Book of God, the speaker showed him the words of Luke xv. 2,—words that were used by those who murmured against the grace of Christ,—*“This Man receiveth sinners.”* He also pointed him to John vi. 37, *“All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”* Then he added, “If that is *how* you come—as a sinner—there is no doubt as to your reception, thank God.”

They then both kneeled down, and they both gave thanks to God for the Saviour, and for the grace which had brought young George to Him that night. He at once boldly confessed Christ, and his friends who had longed for the change to come rejoiced greatly. Others were astonished, but could not gainsay the advantages which it brought to him in many ways. He began to acquire acquaintance with the Word of God in its true meaning. It became a new Book to him, bringing joy and assurance to his soul. He learned more of the atoning work of Christ on the cross for sinners, and of the actual resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from among the dead, for the believer's clearance from all charge against him in regard to his guilt, and his peace became steadfast and deep.

A longing desire took possession of him to win others for the One who had brought such blessing to himself. He told his dear parents of this, and they were glad to hear

of it; but when he confided in them one day that he thought of going to South Africa for this purpose, they were quite distressed.

The father asked the Lord's servant, who had pointed his son to the way of salvation, if he would use his influence to turn him from this, as it would be such a grief to his mother. He said he dared not do that, as it might be the Lord's own call to young George; he said, it would be wiser and better in every way to leave him in the Lord's hands. The father spoke of the great opportunities he had at home, and that he would gladly support others in going abroad with the gospel, but they could not spare their dear son, who was now such a comfort and influence for good.

At this time, arrangements were being made for a number of students, who needed a change for their impaired health, to take a prolonged tour abroad. In this tour they sought to interest George. Seeing they were young fellows who were being educated for the ministry in a certain denomination, this dear young believer naturally thought it would be an occasion when he would get spiritual help, and gain valuable experience for the Lord's service. He therefore went with them, but to his sorrow it turned out contrary to his expectations.

On his return he called upon his old friend. "I am utterly miserable," he said to him: "I have missed my way somehow. It isn't that I doubt the Saviour, or question

that I belong to Him; but I feel more sinful than I have ever felt before; and while I have been away, I have joined in things which are quite unbecoming to a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Lord's servant perceived that he was learning the bitter but necessary lesson of Romans vii. So he quoted to him those words—which express Paul's experience—"When I would do good, evil is present with me. . . . O wretched man that I am ! "

"That is just what I feel like," he responded.

"We all have to learn that no good dwells in the flesh, as verse 18 says," his friend explained; "but on the cross, Christ not only bore our *sins*, He was also a sacrifice for *sin*, and there *sin* was condemned, so that we might be freed from its dominion, and by walking in the power of the Spirit do what is pleasing to God."

This great lesson, however, George never seemed to learn. Like many others who are misdirected at a certain stage in their spiritual history, he had not the patience to prayerfully settle down and assimilate the teaching of the Holy Spirit in regard to being dead to sin and alive to God in Christ risen from the dead. So few, comparatively, enter upon this path of deliverance and true freedom.

Just then the clarion call for young men was heard all through the land!—for young men to go to South Africa to fight for their

king and country ! George's feelings of patriotism were stirred ! He joined up and he went to South Africa after all ! His zeal hardly knew any bounds, and, exposing himself when others were well under cover, a fatal bullet closed his army career. The short life of this fine, young fellow, with its many advantages and opportunities, was over.

The reflection forces itself upon our thoughts—How different it might have been had he not been diverted from going to South Africa to serve the Lord when he first desired to go. What fruitful growth in the knowledge of the God of his salvation might have been his. What fruitfulness also might have resulted in the blessing of many other souls through him.

As we look at his photograph, taken just before he left these shores, we say to ourselves, What a successful "Soldier of Jesus Christ" he might have been. We do not minimize national needs, but we would emphasize the most important service of all—the service of God.

SAVED, BUT MISDIRECTED ! This may be the case of some reader of this incident ! Recover yourself at once ! Let the Spirit guide you into all truth through the Word of God, and then serve the Lord Jesus Christ according to that Word.

HIS LAST PRAYER.

ONE night on arriving home very late, tired and hungry, my wife gave me supper, but no sooner was it over than she informed me that Mrs. D—— had sent an urgent message to ask me to come quickly to see her son, as he was dying.

I had visited him several times during his illness. Although only twenty-six, he was far gone in consumption. I reached the sad home near midnight, and found the mother and several relatives in the sick room. Drawing near to him and seeing he was very near his end, I whispered a few words about the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross for sinners, and whose precious blood alone cleanseth from all sin, but he did not respond or open his eyes—he was evidently unconscious.

I prayed to God for him, and his mother and the friends present, and then tried again to whisper in his ear the sweet message of the Saviour's love, but it was of no avail, and very shortly his Spirit fled.

I felt it was a sad visit as I doubted whether he had turned to the Lord as his Saviour. None of my previous visits seemed to have affected him; his old pals kept him well supplied with anything and everything but *the one thing needful*.

Calling to sympathize with the bereaved mother and talking over her son's long illness, she told me that just a few days before

his death, when alone in his room, she heard him speaking. Listening at the door she heard him say quite clearly more than once, "Lord, save me—Lord, save me." How gladly I said to her, "Dear Mrs. D——, be of good cheer, because God has put in His Word a message specially for you." Opening my Bible at Romans x. 13, I read to her, and asked her likewise to read for herself, the wonderful words, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I continued, "Your dear boy called upon *the Lord* to save him," and she answered, "Yes, I heard him, there at that very door."

"Well, then," I said, "God says '*whosoever*'—that word takes in your son, yourself, me and everybody else. Everyone who truly calls on the Lord is saved. You can trust God's own Word that He has heard your son's call, and answered it by saving him, and that he is now with Christ."

Her son's prayer and death following touched her deeply, and the fact that God had given a verse in His Word specially to meet such need as hers, and some further help from a devoted lady at the Bible class, enabled her to see her sinfulness and need, and to believe God's wonderful love and to trust in His Son, the only Saviour, the Lord JESUS.

Reader, may that charming word of God—"WHOSOEVER"—attract and arrest you *now*! To-day you may call upon Him, to-morrow it may be too late.

FOR HE SAITH

*"BEHOLD, now is the accepted time:
BEHOLD, now is the day of salvation"*
(2 Cor. vi. 2).

JAMES ROBERTSON.

BEWARE OF THE CROWD.

"**D**ON'T trouble yourself about me, sir: I'll slip into heaven with the crowd some day," said a poor, careless sinner to a Christian who was urging upon him the necessity of conversion, before it might be too late.

The Christian replied, "Friend, you have mistaken the place—the crowd is on the way to hell; therefore, if you slip in with the crowd, you will slip into hell. Scripture says, 'For wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction; and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be which find it'" (Matt. vii. 13, 14).

He had not thought of that. Have you?

(Extracted).

"WHEN DEATH COMES."

A WELL-KNOWN North of England newspaper brought out a series of articles by leading writers, entitled, "Have we lost faith?" It provoked literally hundreds of letters from all classes of society.

One letter, under the title, "When Death Comes," was very arresting. The writer says:—

"As a nurse I have watched all kinds die. I have never yet seen an atheist who, at the last, did not cry out for the great secret. I have lost faith in materialism: but in Jesus never."

"When Death comes!" Yes, when death comes, things seem different. The eye, glazing in death, often sees further and clearer than at any other time. When men are leaving the material behind, as they know it, they find no comfort in a materialism that is bounded by time and sense.

Atheists dying, atheists no longer, atheists crying out for the great secret—moved by the fear of the unknown, filled with horror as they realize that they have neglected the soul—the spiritual—the eternal issues—they cry out for the great secret.

The writer of this letter avers that she had never seen an atheist die without crying out for the great secret. What a testimony!

Reader, whoever you may be, atheist, an indifferent man of the world, an unconverted religionist may be, I beseech you to face

these great questions in the light of "when death comes." You will not always be in this world. Where will you spend eternity? These are questions you will surely face, if you are wise

Another letter entitled, "The Perfect Trust," gives us the testimony of one, who had found out the great secret. He says:—

"Thirty years ago, after a long and serious illness, I experienced deep conviction of sin, and a great longing for peace and rest of soul.

"After four weary years I was led to trust the finished work of God's dear Son, 'who loved me and gave himself for me,' and coming to God through Christ (and Him alone) I received, as millions have received before, the clear assurance of forgiveness and reconciliation. . . .

"I am now nearing the three-score and ten, but neither old age nor death has any terror. To be 'absent from the body' will be to be 'present with the Lord.'"

Here is a true and scriptural testimony ! Would that it were shared by all ! This man did not wait till death should come, but in comparative young manhood earnestly sought and found the Saviour. The advice of all, who are truly saved, advice founded on personal experience, is that, reader, you should not delay a moment, but here and now seek the Saviour. "Believe on the Lord

Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved " (Acts xvi. 31), are the words of Scripture.

Then, " when death comes " it would hold no terrors for you, and better still, the Lord may come at any moment and take His own to heaven without dying at all.

THE EDITOR.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.

ONE sunny day in August, a few years ago, four young lads, who lived in a small town on the American side of the Niagara river, near the Great Falls, went to have a swim in the quiet part of the river below the falls, and at some distance above the Whirlpool Rapids.

One of their number, August Sporer, a youth of eighteen, struck out for the middle of the river, and then swam down with the current towards the bridge, and had almost reached the Swift Drift before he realized his danger.

The Swift Drift, which is the first and almost imperceptible breaking of the water from the calm flow above to the turbulent waters of the rapids, caught him in their terrible grip. Then the poor lad cried for help, but no help could reach him.

The Swift Drift moves under the two lower bridges at about twelve miles an hour. No strength of man has ever been able to

combat its power. Once within its grasp, there is nothing in front but the rapids, with cruel rocks lying below the surface, shown only by the tremendous waves that rise ceaselessly to great crests from twenty to thirty feet high, breaking in wild billows of foam and spray.

As he swept under the bridges, young Sporer seemed to realize that it was vain to waste his strength calling for help that could not come, so he headed straight down the river, and gathered his strength together for a brave effort to swim the rapids. A few men and women at various points along the river's banks were helpless spectators of the lad's fight for life.

Although a comparatively fragile youth, he fought every inch of the way along a course that no swimmer had ever gone before and lived. His young strength served him well, and to the surprise of the spectators, he held on, although lost to sight a score of times in the raging torrent, and as often given up for drowned. He disappeared in the wild tumult of waters known as the Giant Wave, where Captain Webb, the famous swimmer, lost his life in 1883. He emerged from it, however, and then it was hoped that the youth might still accomplish what no one had ever done before, and reach the Canadian shore water beyond the Giant Wave, before being drawn into the Great whirlpool beyond.

Alas ! either he had been dashed against a rock, or his strength had failed him at the last, for just where the river turns to make the straight run to the pool, his strokes became feebler and feebler, the struggle was given up, and he finally disappeared.

What the young man's spiritual condition may have been, we cannot say, but the story of how he went to his death seemed to carry a warning to careless souls.

Is my reader young, strong and gay ? Is he enjoying life ? Does everything shine brightly around him, without the slightest indication of any danger ? Do the pleasures of life so occupy him that never a thought of the future clouds the sunny present ?

Little did young August Sporer think when he ran down to have a swim in the river that it would be his last, and that he had bidden farewell to all on earth when he plunged into the water. Even so, many indulge themselves in the "harmless" pleasures of the day, without a thought of the eternal to-morrow. One pleasure glides into another, and that to still another, until "the pleasures of sin" carry the soul far further than it thought first to go when it embarked in their pursuit.

Remember that "the pleasures of sin" are only "for a season" (Heb. xi. 25), and that its wages follow in their train. God's Word declares that "*the wages of sin is DEATH*" (Rom. vi. 23). Unless you can turn NOW—for God says, "NOW is the day of salvation"

(2 Cor. vi. 2)—you will surely receive sin's wages. However gay and pleasant sin may seem, death lurks behind it, "but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27).

But the Lord Jesus died, in order to save you from death. He went under the wrath of God that He might save you from sinking under it for ever. Hear Him in those solitary hours of darkest sorrow, deeper than men ever knew, when countless sins were laid upon Him, and the storm of divine judgment had burst on His holy head.

Blessed be God, He not only passed *under* the judgment of God, but He passed *through* it. No man could buffet with the waves of God's judgment against sin, but He, the Holy One, crossed the flood of wrath and woe, passed to the other side, and rose triumphant to the throne of God, where faith exultant sees Him now, crowned with glory and honour. Blessed Saviour, how precious the ransomed must be to Thee when Thou didst pay such a price for them!

One final word, my reader. The stream of time is carrying you and me swiftly on into eternity. Is your soul saved? Are your sins forgiven? Are you ready to meet a holy God?

If not, do not linger for one moment longer. Come to the Lord Jesus Christ NOW. He will save you NOW. His precious blood will cleanse you from all sin (1 John i. 7), and make you eternally fit for the presence of God.

J. A. O. ALLAN.

WHAT IS CONVERSION?

TO-DAY there are many views of how one can "get to heaven." All seem more or less anxious to reach there, and yet there are many who are profoundly ignorant of this matter of vital importance.

Some actually imagine that burning candles before the image of the Virgin Mary, doing penances, fasting and giving alms will suffice, and so they pursue this course with zeal, and a false sense of assurance.

Others think that praying each night, and daily reading of the Bible, going to church on Sunday, and giving away a little money to some deserving institution will make them inheritors of Eternal Life, so they, with the best of intentions live their lives in a good Christian way, as they think, and leave the issue in the hands of God.

These ways are *human* ways, but God has supplied a *divine* way at great cost to Himself, and He will not be content with man's way, even his very best.

THE BIBLE is our only standard, so let us see what it says.

Firstly, why do we need to be saved at all, what have we done that God should judge us, why does He not let us alone? We answer that we are God's creatures, the work of His own hand, brought into being for an express purpose, even for His own glory; but man has sinned, and God cannot look upon sin. He is so holy that He must

judge and condemn sin, and yet, while hating the sin He loves the sinner. The Bible plainly states that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23), and "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. xviii. 20). The penalty of death rests, therefore, on all of us.

Apparently, in ourselves ours is a hopeless case, but the apostle John tells us 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).

Let us analyse this wonderful verse—"*God so loved*"—think of the wonder of this, that God loved, and still more wonderful that He loved "the world," which had rebelled against Him. Whenever God loves there is always a result, and as He could not definitely pardon sin apart from doing it righteously, He found a Substitute to settle the question of sin, and thus God can righteously pardon as many as accept His offer and believe on His Son.

Let us continue: "*That He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever*" — that includes you—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We believers, are more than saved, we are enriched with eternal life as well. You may ask, How is it that just because God's Son came we can be saved? We answer, Having lived a perfect life as a man, in dying He paid to the uttermost the penalty of sin.

All that is necessary to be saved is to believe that the "blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7), accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour.

Remember, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). You must die. Are you prepared?

If you are not saved by the blood of Christ, you may be on the brink of death with a God to meet, and your doom sealed.

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

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7).

There can be *no other way*. God would not let His Son die unless it were absolutely necessary. If you reject or neglect Him how great will be your punishment.

Will you not believe before it is too late?

A. F. S. P.

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

I WAS once in a large wholesale establishment where a huge business was being carried on. The principal was conversing with one of his customers, to whom he remarked, "I have only one friend in this world."

He was asked, "Who is your friend?"

He replied, "Money is my only friend, and I have plenty of it."

He was most successful in business, and accumulated a large fortune, running into six figures. You could always find him at his post in business hours, he was most temperate in his habits, but seemed entirely wrapped up in business. Money-making seemed to be his chief desire.

He rarely, if ever, went to a place of worship, and could not endure the thought of going to a funeral. But time moved on apace, and he was called in the long run to part company with his only friend. Death came along and removed him, so he and his friend were parted for ever.

The foregoing reminds me of the rich man in Luke xii. 16-21, who had accumulated much of this world's goods, and who said to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." He left God out of his calculations altogether, living only for the present, but God laid His hand upon him, saying, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

Reader, may God in His goodness open your eyes to the fact that everything connected with this world is passing away, and that presently you will be called upon to leave it, and if you have been laying up treasure here, where moth and rust doth

corrupt, and are not rich toward God, what an awakening will be yours !

While still in this life, may God be brought into your life, and "rather seek ye the kingdom of God," trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, who came down here to make God known, and so be rich toward Him, so that your affections may be drawn away to a brighter sphere.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And when the call comes, instead of parting with your friend for ever, you shall be in the enjoyment of "an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you" (1 Peter i. 4).

Will you not trust the Saviour now ?

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

W. D.

THE RUINED CITY.

TO-DAY the North Sea rolls its billows over the place where once men dwelt in houses, and where stood churches, chapels, a hospital and other public buildings. These edifices being erected a considerable distance from the sea, little did the builders think that the buildings they toiled to erect should so soon be engulfed.

Yet it is an historic fact that the city—Dunwich, on the sandy Suffolk shore—has been swallowed up by the sea.

Searching the annals of that old city we find that in 1535,

“the sea eat away the shore, continuing thus for a number of years until the whole place was engulfed by the advancing tide.”

In like manner is not the great sea of eternity steadily encroaching upon the sands of time? How then, reader, for building you are, will *your* edifice fare?

Have you never heard of the foolish man who built his house upon the sand, and how the fall of his house was “great” (Matt. vii. 27).

But what a difference is seen in him, who wisely built upon the rock! That rock is illustrative of none other than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The soul that is founded upon Him and His atoning work is able to stand through time and eternity.

The great work which the Saviour did upon the cross at Calvary was on your behalf; all you have to do is to come to Him, and accept Him as your personal Saviour. Why not come now? Come to Him as a needy sinner, burdened with your sins, and nothing to hope for apart from God’s mercy.

He is ready to save you, for He says: “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37).

A HUNDRED THOUSAND AT A FUNERAL.

A HUNDRED thousand people have been to the grave of a nurse-maid in Vienna. It is the grave of Margaret Manhart, a girl of sixteen, one of the truest heroes who ever laid down their lives in a good cause.

"It was one of her duties to take out the children of her employer. One afternoon she set out with the baby girl of six months in the perambulator and a little boy of three at her side. They went on for some distance, the small boy chattering away to Margaret, whom he loved very much, for she always listened to him and she understood what he meant.

" 'We will cross over now,' said Margaret. 'Take my hand, I can push the pram with the other.'

"It was a difficult corner crossing, but Margaret thought she could get across quite well, as usual.

"She had got well into the road when suddenly she saw a heavy wagon swinging round the curve at a terrific speed. It was on her before she knew. There was no time for the wagoner to pull up his horses, no time for her to turn back, no chance for the girl, with her double burden, to dart ahead in front of the team. At that terrible moment her noble spirit told her what to do.

"She acted with lightning rapidity. Summoning all her strength, she gave a great push to the baby cart with one hand, and with the other actually threw the child back

on to the pavement. The next second the heavy dray horses flung her down. She fell under the wheels.

“The perambulator had run clear; the little boy picked himself up crying, from the pavement, not knowing at what price he stood there practically unhurt. Some of those who saw the accident took charge of the children, and mercifully turned the boy's eyes from the sight of his dear Margaret lying crushed and bleeding in the road. An ambulance came gliding up, parting the crowd, and the broken body was tenderly lifted in. But before the hospital doors were reached Margaret's brave spirit had passed away.

“The people of Vienna were filled with mingled sorrow and pride at the story. Yesterday Margaret Manhart was a humble servant, but to-day she belongs to her country.

“It was decided to bury her with honours due to the great. Margaret was given a special grave in the Central Cemetery, and when the day of the funeral came a hundred thousand people followed the coffin to its resting-place. All the roads converging to the cemetery were crowded, the tramcars packed, and there were thousands of people who willingly walked for two hours to be present at the sad ceremony.

“Most of them were carrying flowers, so that the streets of Vienna seemed like summer, and the blooms lying in a great

mound over the grave were a sight that will never be forgotten by those who saw it."

* * * *

What would be your verdict, reader, if in the years to come, when the boy and girl, saved by the heroism of the gallant Margaret Manheart, have grown up, you heard that they were quite indifferent and callous as to her memory.

You would hotly reply, such an attitude is infamous.

Quite so, but would you be surprised that your reply condemns many, in a far worse degree too, and possibly yourself among the number.

You ask, Whatever do you mean?

This is what I mean.

Margaret Manhart did what she could when she found herself and her charges in a perilous position. All honour to her. We would not detract from her self-sacrificing love for her young charges.

But as the light of the lamp, brilliant and welcome in the hours of darkness, becomes sickly and wan in appearance when the sun shines in all its glory, so Margaret Manhart's heroism, wonderful as it was, is as nothing compared to the wonderful love of the Lord Jesus in dying that shameful death upon the cross so that sinners may be saved. Think of who He was, the eternal Son of the eternal Father, uncreated yet creating all things, unsustained yet sustaining all things; think of where He came from, even from heavenly

glory; think of where He travelled to, even to Calvary's cross with all its shame and woe; think of what He endured, even the wrath of God upon sin in order that the claims of righteousness being met, God might be able to express His own nature—love—in the widespread proclamation of His grace in the gospel.

Shall love like this not have a response? Are you indifferent and unconcerned about it? If so, your ready condemnation of the supposed indifference of the boy and girl saved by Margaret Manhart's heroism only condemns yourself in a far more serious way.

Will you not face the situation? Your soul's eternal destiny depends upon it. Therefore we earnestly entreat you to come in repentance to God and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal salvation. "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21), are the two hinges on which swing wide open the door of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Will you not trust Him—here and now?

THE EDITOR.

THE ONE SIN WHICH IS NEVER FORGIVEN.

IT was in a northern sea-port where we met a fine young fellow. His broken English gave plain evidence that he was a foreigner, and we soon discovered that

he had arrived upon these shores but a short while before.

He had come over from Norway; and as we conversed with this blue-eyed, clear-skinned young man, we found he had been brought up by God-fearing parents, in a good home, and that he had suddenly decided to leave country and kindred. He set sail for England, and his sorrowing father and mother grieved greatly over his departure. To them it seemed not only unnecessary, but also unreasonable that he should forsake his home, and those who truly loved and cared for him.

"Why does he leave us?" they asked. They did not know the secret burden he carried in his bosom. They did not know the real reason why he left the land of his birth.

His esteem for his parents was very great, and it was a grief to him to be separated from them.

Feeling lonely one fine summer evening, he strolled into a large tent, in which a gospel address was given. The words he heard reminded him of what he had so often listened to at home. The wonderful love of God, commended to us "in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8), was brought afresh before his troubled soul. The earnest preacher, with an eloquence which was begotten of a yearning desire for the eternal welfare of men, pleaded with his hearers to believe God's wonderful love there and then.

“ Ah ! ” thought the young Norwegian, “ I know that is the truth, but it is not for me. Gladly would I receive it to-night if it were, but the sin I have committed can never be forgiven.”

It so happened that same night, when the meeting was over, the writer was sitting beside this interesting stranger. Quite frankly he explained that he had committed the sin which God never forgives, and that was the cause of all his sorrow. The writer pointed out to him there was only one sin mentioned in the inspired Book of God which He could never forgive, and that the same passage told us all manner of sin should be forgiven but that one.

“ That is the one I have been guilty of,” he said: “ I refused God’s mercy when He offered it to me, and there is no forgiveness for me now.”

When asked if he understood what the unpardonable sin was, he replied quite earnestly, “ Oh ! yes, it is resisting the Holy Spirit. I remember He strove with me in a gospel meeting. Others accepted the Saviour that night, and though I had been specially prayed for, and spoken to, I refused. I resisted the Spirit, and I have been unhappy ever since.”

It was explained to him, that solemn as it was not to accept the Lord Jesus Christ when the Holy Spirit was bringing Him before us in the gospel, the Bible did not tell us it was an unpardonable sin ; and many true

believers, who serve the Lord, did not accept Him the first time Christ was presented to them.

"Would it not be better for us to see what the sin actually is as shown in the Word of God?" he was asked; "then you can be sure once and for all if you have committed it or not."

"Oh! yes," he answered; "but do you know where to find it?"

The Bible was opened at Matthew xii., and the whole passage from verse 22 to verse 32 read slowly over to him. Then his attention was called to the fact that this particular sin was committed by *words*; also that it was by *those who knew* that Jesus had at that time actually healed a man who was both blind and dumb; and instead of owning it to have been done by the power of the Holy Spirit, "*they said*" it was done by "Beelzebub, the prince of the devils" (verse 24); and they thus *spoke* "against the Holy Ghost," and so committed the one sin which is never forgiven.

When our young Norwegian friend heard that he exclaimed, "Thank God, thank God, I have never committed that sin!" and tears of real soul-relief flowed down his cheeks.

Notice carefully what it further says in this passage." We said to him, "See how wonderful is the rich mercy of God!" Pointing to verse 31, we showed him these words,—"*All manner of sin and blasphemy*

shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." We continued, "It has become clear that you have not been guilty of the latter, then you are free now to receive the former part of the verse, which tells us, there is forgiveness for all other manner of sin."

"Thank God, thank God," he again exclaimed. "I know it is the truth, but it seems too good for ME ! Can I take it for MYSELF to-night ? "

"You may," we replied, "for these are the words of the holy Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ and His words can be received in faith without question."

It was further explained to him the reason why forgiveness of sins could be righteously and freely offered in the gospel to men was because our Lord Jesus Christ had died for our sins upon the cross; and having fully satisfied God in regard to the believer's sins, He had been raised again from among the dead for the believer's justification. God was therefore just and the Justifier of those who believe in Jesus, His well-beloved Son; and the consequence of this was, not only the knowledge that all our sins were forgiven and that we were righteously cleared from all charge before a holy God, but that "*peace with God*" was our present portion, and "*the glory of God*" our eternal home.

His burden was gone ! His secret sorrow was displaced by a new-found peace and

joy ! Other believers warmly welcomed this fresh addition to the family of God. He was happy indeed amongst them, and with good reason ; but with deeper esteem and love than ever before for his godly father and mother, his heart longed for home again. He had written to them the night he had found forgiveness and salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. They, too, rejoiced greatly in the grace of God which had saved their dear boy, but they also longed to have him back again. Nor were their longings disappointed. Soon they saw his beaming countenance, and heard his own lips narrate how he had been

FORGIVEN AND SAVED BY GOD'S GRACE.

Reader, can you say you are forgiven and saved by God's grace ?

V.

A TALE OF TWO MEN.

THEY worked side by side in the same establishment in a well-known town in the North of Scotland. Two decent, respectable Scotsmen they were, each earning a living wage for an honest week's work.

One man had a great ambition to amass wealth. He decided to give up his work, start business on his own account in what,

at the time, was a lucrative line, and he determined to leave all competitors far behind, and to occupy the premier position in his new calling.

He realized his desire, reached the goal that he had set before himself, and became a rich man. His account at the bank was large, his credit was good for practically an unlimited amount, and, had he cared, he might have retired, and lived the remainder of his days in comfort as far as this world was concerned.

He wanted more, however, and with indefatigable energy he went on. Alas ! some lean years set in in his business. One reverse followed another ; his fast-earned, hard-worked-for money disappeared. Looking into his affairs one day, he discovered that he was thousands of pounds behind. He parcelled up his books, handed them into the bank, came out, entered an adjoining building and committed suicide.

What a tragedy ! We have written this, without any colouring, as it was told by one who worked beside this man in his humble days.

What of the second man ? He knew the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour, and he loved Him dearly. He was a man of prayer, and therein lay the secret of his power as a man of God. He also had an ambition, not to make money, but to win souls for Christ. He worked earnestly and faithfully for the Lord along the north-east

coast of Scotland. Villages were stirred, and multitudes of souls saved by preaching that was steeped in prayer. He was called home at a comparatively early age, but he had left behind him a fragrant memory, and there are those to be found to-day who got blessing at that time. What a triumph !

Which history do you like best, dear friend ? That of the man who got wealth and lost it, and lost his life, and, we fear, lost his soul, or that of the man, poor in this world according to men's reckoning, but rich in faith in God's account, who lived for Christ, who died in His service, and who to-day rejoices in His presence ?

In Job xxi. 15, we read of those who ask, "What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him ? and what profit should we have, if we pray unto Him ? " And of such it is said :—"They spend their days in wealth, and *in a moment* go down to the grave " (verse 13).

Did not the Lord Jesus ask ?—and His question forms a remarkable answer to the question propounded by Job—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? " (Mark viii. 36).

In striking contrast to those described by Job we turn to that chapter in the autobiography of the apostle Paul, and read, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the

knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: *for whom I have suffered the loss of all things*, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ " (Phil. iii. 7, 8). What was the result? He rejoiced in the Lord, he followed the Lord, he served the Lord, and he waited for the Lord.

You, dear reader, may not be troubled with riches, nor with a desire to have them, but the question is:—What about *your* soul? It is of greater value than all the wealth of all the world. Nothing less than the blood of Christ can redeem it. Praise His Name, He shed His blood, and now by faith in Him, by resting upon His finished atoning work and by trusting in His precious blood *your* soul may be saved. The salvation of your soul *must* be the first consideration, and there is no time to lose. The sand in the glass of God's day of grace fast runs out. Make haste we beseech you, and heed His Word; "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).

IS THERE A SECOND CHANCE ?

IS there a second chance for salvation *after death* ?

There are many, including many professed ministers of the gospel, and professors of theological colleges who affirm that there is.

The fact is, there never was a more stupid idea than this of the second chance. Apply it to earthly things, and the stupidity is very evident. Apply it to spiritual and eternal things, and its misleading tendency is attended with very serious consequences indeed.

Take a homely illustration.

A man is trudging along a heavy road. Long-continued rains have turned the turnpike road into a veritable morass. Moreover, a strong head-wind and a steep hill, and a heavy load, under which he staggers at every step, make the man's task a severe one.

A motor car drives along. The owner kindly and warmly offers the burdened man a free seat. He will carry him and his load to his destination.

What would you think of the man if he declined the offer, and said he would wait for a second chance.

You reply, There must be some *strange* reason why he should refuse such a timely offer.

And there is a *strange* reason indeed, we are assured, behind this desire for a second chance. Let most people, who *defer* the question of their soul's salvation in the hope that after death they may get a second

chance, examine the motive that animates them.

It can only be that they have a distaste for spiritual things, that they want the pleasures of sin, that they wish to go on with the world as long as they can. They refuse deliberately the offer of salvation in this life with scorn, and propose to accept the mercy of God when they positively cannot help it. They would rather have earth than heaven, and heaven only to be endured as something not so bad as hell.

There is not a line in Scripture that holds out any hope of a second chance after death. The whole theory is founded on one solitary text in 1 Peter iii. 18-20. On the face of it, even if the interpretation were correct, it does not say that any offer of salvation was made to the spirits in prison.

Further, the offer, if made, was made long ago, and there is no hint of a repetition.

Thirdly, it involved only those who lived in the days of Noah, so certainly cannot apply to *you* by any stretch of imagination. To such lengths does crazy exegesis go.

We would not dare to take the risk of a second chance on such slender grounds. The risk is too great.

Again, we ask, "Are those who refuse a *first* chance in this life, likely to accept a *second* in the next? Does punishment effect a change in a man's nature and tastes? There is a solemn verse in the Bible that looks like giving a negative answer to these

questions. "They gnawed their tongues with pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven . . . *and repented not of their deeds.*"

Again, we read that when eternity comes, "He that is unjust let him be unjust STILL: and he which is filthy let him be filthy STILL: and he that is righteous let him be righteous STILL: and he that is holy, let him be holy STILL" (Rev. xxii. 11). That word—STILL—wakens the very echoes of eternity and bespeaks no second chance.

Moreover, Scripture says, "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

The most solemn declarations as to hell and eternal punishment come, almost exclusively, from the lips of the Son of God Himself, as if to give all the weight possible to these stern truths. And He—the One who fully proved God's love on the cross—hints at no second chance.

On the contrary, He places the matter in the clearest, possible light again and again. Let one verse suffice: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life [*this disposes of the false doctrine of Universalism by one stroke of the pen*]; but the wrath of God abideth on him [*this disposes of the false doctrine of Annihilationism*]" (John. iii. 36).

Let me beseech you not to listen to the devil's lie about a second chance. It suits the carnal mind. It attracts men of impure life.

And let me entreat you to accept here and now the *first* and *last* and ONLY chance of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

*"There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day."*

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time: behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

Now ! *Now !* NOW ! ! NOW ! ! !

THE EDITOR.

SUBDUED AND WON.

DURING the course of special Gospel meetings which were held in a north-country town, the attention of more than one of the evangelists was drawn to a woman, whose anxious features showed unmistakably that she was more than a mere listener.

She was one to whom the Word of Life was life indeed, and, like the woman in John iv., desired to drink in more of its depths.

But what of you, my reader ? It may be, you have attended many Gospel meetings and yet are unmoved by the earnest appeals of the Lord's servants, and though *The Gospel Messenger* comes regularly into your hands have failed to realize the import of its printed messages ! We desire the blessing of your never-dying soul ! But great as such desires are, they are far outweighed by

those of the Son of God who, in order to effect a righteous basis upon which God could righteously forgive and justify YOU—a guilty, lost sinner—gave up His life on Calvary's hill. Love could not be expressed in a fuller way, and may you *here and now* be humbled before Him and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke xviii. 13).

The subject of our narrative was made anxious on two accounts.

1st. In regard to the question of her own eternal safety.

2nd. The earnest desire for the blessing of her family.

As the meetings proceeded she was led to see that through the atoning death of Jesus Christ, God's claims against sin had been fully met, and therefore, as one who rested only on the value of that precious blood as her title to glory, she had peace with God. What a relief to know that her sins were never, never to be brought up ! ! To realize for the first time the sublime truth of John x. 27-30: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one."

Now that divine peace possessed the soul of this dear woman, little did she realize how soon God was going to bless in her family.

The husband was a man who cared nothing for the things of God: some years had elapsed since he had been to a religious service. He was, like many a poor dupe of Satan, being blinded from a vision of ETERNITY by the flimsy, unsatisfying and passing pleasures which appeal to the natural mind, and which the Word of God names "the pleasures of SIN" (Heb. xi. 25).

A visit was suggested to the home in order to engage in a conversation with her partner, to which ready consent was given. But Satan is not so willing to lose any of his followers, and on the matter being mentioned to the husband he was much displeased, and threatened rough usage to any who dare cross the threshold of his home to speak of Christ.

The salvation of her loved one was earnestly sought by the faithful wife, and greatly encouraged at a meeting for prayer at which special mention was made for unsaved relatives, this dear woman, on reaching home, dropped on her knees before her husband and entreated him to attend the Gospel meeting to be held the following night. His reply might well fill her with despair, but God who delights to hear and answer the prayer of the righteous (Prov. xv. 29), and whose Word tells us that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James v. 16), had heard, and already the power of Satan over his captive was broken.

The hour of the Gospel preaching had just arrived when the wanderer entered the Hall and took his seat alongside his wife, who could not help but exclaim, "Thank God!" The story of God's love in Christ was listened to, and our hitherto careless soul was made to feel that the day was surely approaching when guilty sinners must give an account of themselves to God (Rom. xiv. 11, 12). Some anxious days followed in which his sinful past came before him, and he longed that deliverance from the righteous judgment, which such deserved, might be granted. It was effected in the following manner.

At the close of a subsequent Gospel meeting our friend realized that to delay longer was dangerous, God's Word emphasizing the importance of the *present* moment, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2), so he decided to stay behind to converse with the preacher. *Reader*, if you are still unsaved—decide for Christ—NOW!

Never shall I forget the events that followed. Truly the heavenly hosts were interested onlookers and great was their joy on hearing the confessions that came from the heart of this repentant soul (Luke xv. 10). Asked if he were a sinner, he replied, "Yes, a big one." And did he believe that Jesus died for sinners and would he trust HIM? "Yes, from now to evermore," was the reply. The work of God's Spirit was

complete ! God's grace had triumphed ! Satan's grip on yet another of Adam's fallen sons had been broken ! Another straying sheep was found and with rejoicing the Great Shepherd had laid it on his shoulder never to release His hold till safely landed in the bright courts of His eternal home.

Our two friends, along with a son converted shortly afterwards, continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Saviour, and would not change places with you, dear unsaved reader, no matter how favourable your position is in the world. Only Christ can satisfy the craving of your dissatisfied heart ! He only can make you fit to enter heaven. Delay no longer but **TRUST HIM WITH YOUR SOUL NOW !**

J. H. RUGG.

REMEMBER.

MEMORY is a very useful thing. Some have good memories and others have bad ones, but most of us can remember something. Will you please turn to four passages in the Scriptures where we are bidden to remember.

1. To the youthful. "REMEMBER NOW thy Creator in the days of thy youth" (Eccles. xii. 1); *an appeal*.

God is your Creator. You may like to think that man has evolved in some mysterious manner from an animal till he has

become a very intellectual and intelligent being, but man's thoughts will never, never alter God's facts.

Look at yonder Sun one fine summer's morning in all its splendour; take a look at the moon one evening when she is full; then behold the thousands of stars to be seen on a starry night and think of *your* Creator. God created them all and many more constellations that cannot be seen with the naked eye. Yes, He created you and He asks you to remember Him before you grow beyond youth's stage, for the promise is that "those that seek Me early *shall* find Me" (Prov. viii. 17).

Again, the verse says, "Remember NOW," *not* to-morrow, *not* at some far distant date, *not* when you have more pious inclinations, but NOW in the days of your youth. Many have put off till too late, but "*now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

He who is so great and so mighty could command allegiance to Himself, but He does not. Oh! leave not God out of all your thoughts, lest one day He leave you to them entirely.

2. To those older. "REMEMBER Lot's wife" (Luke xvii. 32); *a warning*.

These words were uttered by the Lord when here on earth. There is no further comment of any kind, just those three words—"Remember Lot's wife."

The detailed account can be read in Genesis xix. Lot, his wife and his two daughters appear to be the only ones prepared, even in a small measure, to leave Sodom. The angels had *first* to hasten Lot, urging him to arise and take his wife and daughters, *then* owing to his lingering, the men take hold of the four of them by the hand and drag them out of the place. Having given them directions they left them; but Lot's wife, in direct disobedience to the warning given, and her heart being inseparably bound up with Sodom and its pleasures, looks back and judgment is executed without further warning.

Look out, dear reader, "For where your treasure is, *there* will your heart be also" (Matt. vi. 21)—"*Remember Lot's wife.*" It is possible for others to bring you as near safety as it is possible to get you, and then for you to be so wrapped up with the things of time that your soul may be lost and lost for ever.

3. To the careless. "Son REMEMBER" (Luke xvi. 25); *a command.*

"Ah! yes," says someone, "I know the story of the rich man and Lazarus—how the rich man got the worst of it in the end, and serve him right, too, and the poor man had every happiness in the next world." The present-day advanced Socialist would fain like to think and persuade others that the rich go to hell because they are rich, and the poor to heaven because they are poor—but this is not so.

This is what can be learned from the parable. *Firstly*, that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (Matt. xix. 24). *Secondly*, that the poor are not debarred from entering there. *Thirdly*, that man is responsible for the blessings and privileges he enjoys now. You may be very poor for aught I know, but it strikes me that in most of the lands where this magazine penetrates we receive a wonderful large share of the "good things" (verse 25). The Gospel is preached in thousands of thousands of places, and God's way of salvation proclaimed by lip and pen, so that you can scarcely get away from it at times. *You* enjoy some of the good things of living in a so-called Christian country and all its consequent privileges. Alas ! the heathen in their darkness know little of any of these *good things*. Beware lest, as in the parable, the poor, dark heathen enter into blessing, and the easy-going pleasure-seekers of these lands pass into eternal woe.

Perhaps someone else says, "Ah ! yes, but this is only a parable." Granted, dear reader, but a parable or picture is intended to convey something. The Lord Jesus Christ when here on earth did not act in judgment, making an actual example of some of those around Him ; no, He just drew a picture to portray the truth He wished to convey.

"SON REMEMBER," and when heaven thunders such a command there will be no bad memories. How solemn !

4. To the anxious. "REMEMBER the words of the Lord Jesus, *how He said*, It is more blessed to give than to receive " (Acts xx. 35); *an appeal*.

We probably have all experienced in some degree the pleasure of giving over that of receiving, but the Lord Jesus gave *Himself* for our sins. *His* gift was *His all* and the best that He could give. His words are exemplified by His action.

Forget all my remarks if you will, but do *remember* the words of Holy Scripture which you have read and especially these. Give joy in heaven over yet another sinner repenting, and heaven's happiness shall be even greater than your own in being the recipient of God's free salvation. He longs to bestow peace and joy in your heart if you will but trust Him. Come to Him just as you are, and ask His forgiveness, and He will receive you as He did the writer over twenty-two years ago.

L. A. ANDERSON.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S DILEMMA.

MANY people think that Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in the Alps, is in Switzerland. But it happens to be in Savoy, France, in the neighbourhood of the well-known village, Chamonix. In its neighbourhood is a wonderful glacier, the Mer de Glace, which means, The Sea of Ice.

On one occasion a chamois hunter fell down a deep crack in the ice, called a crevasse. There was very little hope, if any, of getting out of the crevasse, and it looked like a lingering death. However, he followed a stream, till at length, seething and surging, it plunged into a dark subterranean passage.

Our hunter was faced by a terrible dilemma. To stay where he was meant certain death. To plunge into the icy waters and be swept into a subterranean passage probably meant death also. But there was just a bare chance.

The hunter with the decision of despair leaped into the icy stream. For a moment in agony of mind, he was borne along in total darkness, but, to his unbounded relief and joy, he soon found himself in the lovely valley of Chamonix—**SAVED.**

Oh ! that men and women could only realize that their position is infinitely more serious than that of the chamois hunter.

Man has fallen deep down into the crevasse of sin, and sin means death, and after death comes the judgment. The Great White Throne is a reality, and the lake of fire is a reality.

To stay as you are, unsaved reader, means all this. Will you not be warned? Will you not act?

And, thank God, you are not asked to plunge into a cold icy stream, into a dark subterranean passage, and that on the veriest chance of escaping the threatened danger. No, there is a wide open gate for you to enter. There is a welcome awaiting you from God the moment you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour. There is assurance and peace and joy for you.

The Lord Jesus has passed through
“ *death's dark raging flood,*
To make our rest secure.”

He took the plunge into the icy waters of the wrath of God. He entered the darkness of the cross of shame. He died to open up the way of life for you. Will you not trust that Saviour and so escape the doom your sins deserve?

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

“ If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved ” (Rom. x. 9).

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

How plain, and simple, and satisfying are the words of Scripture.

THE EDITOR.

STILL DANCING.

THE writer was conversing with a lady, when she enquired, “Have you heard of my daughter M—— going in for dancing?” “No, indeed,” was the reply.

I then asked, “Have you ever heard of the dancing in *heaven*?” There is joy, merrymaking and dancing over every poor sinner that repents and returns to God the Father; and we never hear of the dance ceasing.

The world’s dancing is not lasting. It ceases in a very short time!

“The pleasures of sin” are only “for a season!” (Heb. xi. 25).

The world has nothing satisfying to offer you, nor anything that will stand the test in God’s day of judgment.

Let us see what God has to offer us. First,—His *Son, Jesus*, as a *Saviour*, a shelter from the *coming storm*. Second—Eternal blessing. We read, “In Thy

presence is *fulness* of *joy*: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11).

Two young ladies in the south of England attended a Gospel meeting one Lord's Day. God spoke very loudly to them through His Word, and they felt they were sinners and needed the *Saviour*. They intended to be saved, but they said, "Not till next Sunday night."

They were down for a *dance* the following Wednesday night, and that is why they put it off. The dance was given the *first* place, and their soul's salvation the *second*.

After the dance was over on the Wednesday night, they left to go home. They had to traverse a railway crossing to reach their destination. They watched one train coming; but, sad to say, another train was approaching from the opposite direction, and they were quite unaware of this. When they stepped on to the rails, the engine crashed upon them, and they were both cut to pieces.

Reader, this story is true,—sadly true. They both left the Gospel Hall saying, Next Sunday night. They put off everlasting blessing for a paltry dance.

Reader, think of the solemnity of your soul becoming lost for ever—for *eternity*! Are you going down to hell with your *eyes open*? Are you still dancing on the way there? Is Satan luring you on by his so-called *pleasures*?

Reader, let me appeal to you—*stop dancing* for the devil, and start dancing in communion with God,—in the joy of your heart that your soul is saved from hell, and saved for heaven, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work of redemption on Calvary's cross.

Wrath is coming for the godless. In the midst of *life* man is in the *midst* of *death*. But "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

H. C. GARRETT.

GOD'S WORDS ON THE ENVELOPE.

AS he arranged his letters for delivery, one of them caught the postman's special attention. It was clearly addressed, but in bold lettering on the corner of the envelope were some of the words of God—words quoted from the Bible. They stood out plainly, and often on his round, as the postman handled his bundle of letters, he looked at the words. Becoming impatient, he remarked when he handed the letter in, "People should not be allowed to put texts on their envelopes ! "

He regretted afterwards that he had spoken as he had done. He would not have objected to other words or even pictures appearing, and he wondered what the gentleman would think, to whom the letter was addressed, if it were reported to him what

he had said. This was not done, however, and it was a good while before he knew.

The postman himself then told him, for a great change had taken place, as we shall see. Meanwhile, when he took letters to that house, he always looked for the words of God which might be on the envelopes, and these were speaking loudly to his soul, and he felt he was not right somehow.

The gentleman himself, who resided in the centre of a northern city, sought, in his spare time from business, in every right way to do as the Lord had desired—make known the gospel to all. Therefore, like some who wrote to him, he printed a few words on the near bottom corner of the envelope when he sent away a letter; for who knows, he thought, what soul may see these words of life, and be blessed through them?

An employee in a large shipyard drawing-office said to him at the time he began to do this, "One word saved me from taking my own life, and was also the means of making me seek peace with God. In clear letters it stood out before me, the word, REDEEMED."

A little later, a lady who had been spending a summer holiday, at an out-of-the-way place—where a few simple believers lived, and who received little or no help from others—upon her return said to him, "I showed the text on the front of your envelope to them, and old Mrs. S—

exclaimed, 'That's the truth, those who believe HAVE everlasting life''; and they wept for joy, as one after the other read the words. "He that believeth on THE SON HATH everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

It was not to be all encouragement, however. One after another began to speak against it, as "doing no good," "carrying things too far," "quite out of place," "altogether unnecessary." "I don't believe in it," exclaimed one very dogmatically; and the writer of a well-known hymn objected strongly to the "holy words of God being put on an envelope." This caused the Lord's servant to consider the matter more carefully, and to pray that he might be kept serving God in all things with reverence, and according to His word. He knew that the light was to shine before men, as the Lord Jesus said; and that it was not to be hidden by sloth, nor overwhelmed by too much business—hidden under "a bed," or under "a bushel." He read in Deuteronomy vi. 9; xi. 20, etc., that even in Israel the words of the Lord were to be displayed publicly on the gates and on the doorposts. He could but continue as he was doing, and even to long still more that believers might be like a city set on a hill; and that they might "*hold forth*" the word of life in every possible way, appearing as lights in the world.

A letter came one day from an old friend. In it, among other things, he said, "I like to get your letters, but when you put texts

on the envelopes don't let them be incriminating!" He evidently feared the reader might apply them to himself, if such solemn words as these appeared, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxxii. 23). In consideration, therefore, for his sensitiveness, only assuring words were afterwards put on.

Another friend to whom he wrote asked, when they once met, "Why do you put texts on your envelopes?"

He rejoined, "Why do you preach the gospel?"

In answer, his friend said, "That souls may be saved."

"That is why I print God's words on my envelopes," he replied.

Even the Government, as well as business men, use advertising methods wisely for their own purposes; but often, as the Lord Himself said, They are "wiser than the children of light."

Then there are other effects produced by God's words on those who behold them: they are cheering, encouraging, purifying, cleansing: they also convict, expose and rebuke. It is because of the former the real love them, and because of the latter the unreal hate to see them. It is important that they should not be hidden save in our hearts, so that they may be ready for use when required.

The most extraordinary objection was yet to come. One who often wrote and was

anxious for regular correspondence, desired nevertheless to stop the texts on the envelopes. He therefore requested that they should not appear on any that were addressed to him; adding, "*I don't want our postman converted.*" Moreover, he asked that all the texts should be put inside for himself! In answering, his friend quoted the Scriptures already referred to—Deut. vi. 9—as to the Lord's words on the gates and the doorposts; the light not to be hidden, but to shine for all; "holding forth the word of life," etc.; adding that God desired "*all men to be saved*" (1 Tim. ii. 4). He was sorry, therefore, to learn of his being so unlike Him, that he wished to exclude the postman. He suggested that self-examination might reveal another reason for the dislike he had to God's words on the envelope.

The objections having been found to be entirely unscriptural and unspiritual, and arising from mere prejudice, the gentleman, like many other believers, continued to make known the words of God as before.

He was asked to address some men engaged in Postal Service late one night, the hour being arranged thus to suit those who were off duty at that time. Several of them had already received the Lord Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour, and they were anxious that others should do so likewise. When speaking, he pointed out the awful danger of living day by day

without God, without Christ, and without hope; and that there was no escape if they neglected God's great salvation. Where else could they turn if not to the Saviour, he asked? He alone had glorified God in regard to the question of sin. He alone had secured eternal redemption by His work on Calvary's cross. He alone was exalted to the right hand of God as a Prince and a Saviour. He alone can save the sinful! Why not then accept Him to-night, he enquired?

A few words of encouragement to those already saved were then added. He urged them to seek prosperity in "*the Word*" as well as in "*the work*," to feed as well as serve; for many broke down in the work because they were not strengthened and built up by the Word of God. Christ is the Bread we are to feed upon, and the inspired writings make Him known to us; then, as we appreciate Him rightly, we shall present Him to others, according to the Word.

The meeting was over, and a bright-faced, middle-aged man shook hands with the preacher.

"Don't you live at ——?" this postman asked.

"I do," he replied.

"I thought so. I used to deliver your letters, and the texts on the envelopes troubled me so much that I once spoke

about it, and I have often wished for a chance like this to say how sorry I am."

"What brought about the change?" enquired the speaker.

"Well, the words convicted me that I was on the wrong road, and I found no rest till I got on to the right road by coming to Christ. Now we are trying to win some of the other men."

Then you believe in putting GOD'S WORDS ON THE ENVELOPE now?" he asked.

"I should just think I do," answered the postman.

V.

WATSON'S "WAKE."

IN the middle of the town of Bedlington, Northumberland, there stands a church with a tower, which has a peculiar incident attached to it, which happened in the early part of last century.

There was a man, who lived in the town, named Watson. He was in the habit of rising in the middle of the night in his sleep, and so it happened on this particular occasion he arose and went out of the house. When his wife awoke she discovered the absence of her husband, and went out to seek him. To her dismay, she espied him on the top of the church tower, and shouted so loudly to him, that he awoke suddenly,

and fell down and died. Just above where he died, there is a stone on which are the words, "Watson's Wake."

Unsaved reader, you may not know it, but you are in a far more dangerous position than this man. You would not like to awake up in the torments of hell. That is where the rich man lifted up his eyes, being in torments (Luke xvi. 23). You are not *awake* to the fact that you are nearing the precipice of eternal destruction and banishment from the presence of God. Unless you pay heed to the call to "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21) you will be lost, and that for ever. Don't allow Satan to delude you any longer.

If you die in your sins, you will be finally cast into the lake of fire, a place which is prepared for the devil and his angels.

Oh ! beware, Oh ! AWAKE, salvation is free. Christ died for thee. What wondrous love. Believe it now, ere it be too late for ever.

J. A. DUNLOP.

THE SHORTEST WILL.

A RECENT despatch from New York tells of a will of eighteen words executed 18th January, 1926, and filed in surrogate's court, Manhattan, 28th April. The will reads as follows: "I am dying, I here bequeath Mrs. ——— everything I own. I die possessed of my full faculties." The despatch adds: "The shortest will ever filed in surrogate's court contained sixteen words."

"Sixteen words ! " Brief enough, surely ; it was probably not drawn up by a lawyer. The amount involved is not stated ; it might easily be millions. An estate is not necessarily large or valuable because the testament is long.

"Much in little," is likewise true of many scripture texts. Luke xix. 10 is a striking example. They are the Saviour's words in the house of Zaccheus the publican. Like the shortest will probated in Manhattan borough of New York, they make just sixteen. Here they are: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

What marvellous simplicity combined with fulness and depth ! There is not a single mark of punctuation till the period at the close. There is nothing involved, nothing

obscure, nothing hardly to be explained.

What the will of sixteen words filed in the surrogate's court of New York, says, I am unable to tell you. But this sixteen-word sentence of the Son of God is different; we have it on record in the "Scripture of truth," which He Himself tells us shall never pass away. And it is open to all to read; and reading, to believe and live.

"For the Son of Man" are the first five words. Who is He? The Lord of glory, the Son of God come down from heaven. "Jesus" was the name given Him before His holy virgin birth; for, it was explained to Joseph, "He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21). Jesus means "Saviour," which brings us to the next seven words of the sixteen.

"Is come to seek and to save." That was His mission, a Shepherd to seek and a Saviour to save. Man will not seek God, as it is written, "There is none that seeketh after God" (Rom. iii. 11). They seek riches, fame, pleasure, amusement, health, and what not? But who seeks after God? None!

But if ruined man, alienated from God by sin, will not seek God, He, blessed be His name, seeks him. So in our text Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," is seeking; like the shepherd his sheep, strayed and in danger of the wolf, the Son of man is come to seek.

He came to "save," too; for man was lost in sin, sold under sin, a dupe and a captive of Satan. Christ came to deliver men from this tyrant's power, to save him from his sins and the consequences of them. By dying for them, by bearing the just judgment due to them, by suffering in their stead, He made it possible for the lost to be saved.

"That which was lost." Yes, that is the class the Saviour came to seek and to save. Are you in this class, my reader? Do the last four of the sixteen words take you in? Are you lost? Do you feel yourself to be undone and without power to free yourself from sin's bondage or to escape the just consequences of your crimes against your Creator?

If you answer, Yes, then these sixteen words that fell from the lips of the Son of God will be as sweetest music in your ears; they will mean more to you than the richest legacy a Rockefeller or a Ford could leave you, couched in as many words as the longest or the shortest will ever written.

Yes, here is wealth indeed, and within the reach of all. You have only to own yourself as lost and you may know that the Son of man came to seek and to save even you.

Receive, then, these golden words into your heart by faith, and know that you are saved, that He has found you, even as He found Zaccheus the publican in the Jericho-Jerusalem road, now nineteen hundred years ago. He has not changed a

bit for He is " Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and for ever ! "

(How simple is it all ! Only sixteen words, and all of one syllable, as if intended for the most ignorant ; and yet their depth of meaning eternity will be all too short to fully comprehend. Reader, make them yours to-day !

C. KNAPP.

THE FINEST SIGHT THE EARTH CAN SHOW.

AN Oriental prince, who had lived far beyond his means, was compelled to sell some of his most cherished possessions in order to pay his many debts. Amongst them was a very choice collection of jewels. These he sent to London by the hand of a very faithful servant with the instruction to first of all offer them to Baron Rothschild for the sum of £40,000.

When the agent met the banker he spread out the jewels in the most attractive manner and tried every inducement to tempt him to buy. As he waxed eloquent over the splendour of the gems he cried out " There you have the finest sight the earth can show."

" Bah ! " replied the banker, " have you ever seen 40,000 golden sovereigns laid out on a table before you, for if you had you

would say that your pretty stones are not to be compared with such a sight? You exaggerate their worth, take them away, they are not worth that. I want more for my money than they.”

In spite of this the agent sold them for more than he asked at first. He found someone who considered them more valuable than the rich Jew did.

Ask of the nearest friend what he considers the most beautiful sight he has ever seen. If an artist, he will name a famous picture, if a traveller, a delightful landscape, if a mother, the first signs of responsive love in her first-born child.

But have you seen the pure, holy satisfaction in the face of a sinner, who has learned for the first time that his sins are forgiven, that his guilty past is blotted out for ever, that the prospect of eternal banishment from all happiness is a thing of the past, and that instead he can look forward to an eternity of unclouded bliss in the presence of his Lord and Saviour?

This is a grand sight! It eclipses every thing that the earth has to show!

But there is a greater and more wondrous sight yet, the attractiveness of the glory that shines in the face of the Saviour Himself. It is beyond all else the most entrancing object in heaven, for it tells of the satisfaction that God has found in Him and His atoning work on the cross. It tells of redemption accomplished, and God glorified

thereby. It tells of the work on which the sinner can rest without fear of its failure. It tells of the everlasting fellowship in the One who has so honoured God and who is the source of eternal peace and happiness.

The glitter of gold, the sparkle of the jewels, the splendour of the landscape, the attainment of the height of ambition, are no solace in sickness, or comfort in the hour of death. Their attractiveness fails in the supreme hour when men need that which really satisfies, when they feel the strength of death and their own powerlessness to resist it. Is there such a thing? Yes. The love of Christ. He loved to death and has broken its power, for He has been in it, and has by his own might, come forth from it.

He is mighty to save all who come unto God by Him. He is rich in grace, as powerful in creation. He gives freely and asks no return. He is the Prince of life, and gives eternal life to all His own. He does not patch up an old garment, He provides a robe of righteousness.

He gives, and not only so, but urges His gift on you. He would have you accept it unconditionally and at once, for the offer is only for the present time. There are no blessings offered to the sinner to-morrow.

*“To-morrow’s sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight.”*

There are blessings innumerable for the believer in the future, but only the wrath of God for those who are out of Christ.

Which is it for you, dear friend?

S. SCOTT.

PRESENT-DAY QUESTIONS.

WHY should I have to believe in the death of Christ in order to get to heaven? Is there not too much made of the death of Christ, and not enough of His life? Is it not sufficient for us to follow His example and live the Christ-life?

Such questions are in the minds of many thoughtful persons to-day, and we would seek to answer them.

To begin with. Where do we learn anything about the life of Jesus? The answer is, only the Bible. How then does the Bible present the life of Jesus? It presents the life of Jesus as lived for the purpose of and in view of His sacrificial death.

A few verses of Scripture will make this plain.

"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."
(Mark x. 45).

Here are the words of the Saviour Him-

self. He speaks of this life as a life of ministry, and of His death as a death of ransom, and He links them together.

“Giving His life” for a “ransom” clearly refers to His sacrificial death on the cross. When the Jews strove among themselves, asking the question, “How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?” He gave an answer, explicit and unmistakeable in its tremendous meaning:—

“Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.”
(John vi. 53).

And when we come to the Epistles, things are just as explicit. The Apostle John wrote:—

“This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water AND BLOOD”
(1 John v. 6).

“By blood” means by sacrifice, by death, and is the fulfilment of all the elaborate sacrificial ritualism of the Israelites, as ordained by God, as antitype answers to type.

The apostle Paul wrote:—

“In whom (Christ) we have redemption THROUGH HIS BLOOD, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.” (Eph. i. 7).

The Apostle Peter wrote:—

“Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.” (1 Peter iii. 18).

How clear is the testimony of Scripture to the absolute necessity of the sacrificial, atoning, substitutionary death of Christ, if sinners are to be saved, and—*we are ALL sinners.*

Unless we realize as vital to our salvation, what God states emphatically is vital in this connection, we shall not only miss the blessing of the atonement, but come under a deeper condemnation for neglecting such a glorious presentation of God's love. Like Abel's blood of old, Christ's blood will cry for vengeance from the ground.

But someone may urge, “I don't understand why Christ's death is necessary for my salvation.” Let me give you an illustration from nature to help. “Doth not even nature itself teach you” (1 Chron. xi. 14), is a warrant for so doing. We may learn many spiritual lessons from the natural. The natural is tangible, visible, to be experienced by the senses, and therefore undeniable.

The spiritual is just as real, though not to be seen by mortal eyes, nor handled by human hands.

Indeed, the natural is the scaffolding that will be taken down, as having served its

purpose, and pass away when the spiritual building is complete and abiding.

You ask, "Why should Christ's death bring life?" We would reply, "Doth not even nature itself teach you?" How do you sustain your natural life? The only answer that can be given is, "By feeding on death."

The vegetarian objects to take life in relation to his food. But he cannot help himself. He may refrain from taking animal life, but he must take life to live, even if it be only vegetable life. He must feed on death to sustain life.

And so the natural illustrates the spiritual. Every time you feed on life sacrificed, remember the tremendous words of the Lord Jesus:—

"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."

Eating and drinking are strong symbols setting forth personal appropriation and assimilation. A person, who eats and drinks, makes the food so partaken of his very own, and he receives in his physical being the good of it. Food upon the table will never satisfy the craving of hungry man, nor renew his strength. It must be eaten, appropriated, assimilated.

And so the sinner must appropriate for himself the death of Christ. He must accept the Lord Jesus as a personal Saviour, who died on the cross for his salvation.

Why must Christ die? Two sentences well weighed over will answer the question.

Death is the penalty of sin.

* * * * *

Death alone can be the expiation of sin.

God is holy, and cannot pass over sin, and therefore as death was the penalty of sin, death alone could be its expiation, and that rendered by One upon whom death had no claim; and the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, could alone answer to this.

Will you not then give full value to the death of Christ, and receive the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31), are the words of Scripture.

THE EDITOR.

UNHEEDED FOR THREE YEARS.

STATIONED at Portsmouth, an officer in the British army, an out-and-out worldling, he seemed as hopeless a case for conversion as could be.

Offered a gospel tract one day, as a gentleman, who would not insult a person seeking to do good, he accepted it.

There it lay unheeded in his desk for three years.

His regiment was moved to South Africa. One day, recovering from a fit of drunkenness, he came across it, read it, and was instantly converted.

He lived a consistent Christian life. On his death-bed, a hymn describing the glories of heaven was being read to him; when he exclaimed, "Don't read to me of harps and crowns of gold, *I want to see HIM.*"

What would have been his fate if he had not been converted?

Reader, whatever may happen to you in your life, take care that you are converted.

Tract-distributor, take fresh courage and go on. Ninety-nine tracts may be treated with indifference and scorn, but the hundredth tract may be used of God. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9).

"GIVE ME THE LIGHT!"

MR. E—— was as a young man, one of those whom the world deems fortunate. Born to wealth and position, endowed with good abilities, and with a handsome and striking personality, doubtless many envied him his life of gaiety and "pleasure," so called; and his powerful, athletic frame awakened admiration.

And yet as he himself expressed it: "I was, until the age of twenty-three IN the world and OF it. I delighted to exceed all my boon companions, and to dare what they would not dare. I was an acknowledged leader, and boasted that I was on the way to hell myself, and that I would have plenty of companions there! Thus I ran riot, seldom opening my lips without an oath, serving Satan well."

This is how he described his conversion:

"Returning to my house after a cricket match, with two or three others, we came to a wide ditch, spanned by a plank. I proposed we should jump the length of the plank, instead of walking over it. The proposal was a wild one, and they first tried to dissuade me, and then defied me, which only made me the more determined; and though I knew it was a risk, I was too foolhardy to

care. One tried and failed. This was enough for me, and with one bound I cleared the whole length of the plank.

“But as I came down on the other side an awful pain shot through my head. I would not let the others know it, and, while they laughed and applauded, I made an excuse to return to the house. There I writhed in agony.

“Presently the pain passed off, and in the evening I joined my company, and was as merry as any of them. Next morning I awoke to find myself a helpless log; I was paralysed. Never could I describe my feelings better than Job’s wife did—‘curse God and die.’ Everything was spoiled. I could not bear the sight of my gun. My former revelling, in which I had delighted, made my helplessness more intolerable. I often asked my servants to wheel my chair behind some trees, that I might weep unseen.

“Three years of open rebellion followed—oh, what years they were!—and hard thoughts of God. None dared to speak to me of Him, for my temper was so violent that they feared me. Life was worse than a blank.

“Amongst other Christians who doubtless prayed for me was a cousin, Mrs. T——, for whom I had a sincere affection. The only thing I disliked about her was her religion; but, though she must often have

spoken to God about me, she had never spoken TO me about spiritual things, until one day—a day that changed the whole course of my life; never shall I forget it.

"To pass away the time, I had a workshop fitted up with every requisite. Here I learned to turn, and many hours were thus spent. I generally went to my shop directly after breakfast; but on this particular morning, in my 'working clothes,' as I called them, I walked into the drawing room and sat down. Soon I heard a timid knock at the door, and my loud 'Come in' brought Mrs. T. I saw a little black book in her hand which aroused my suspicion.

" 'Sit down, sit down,' I cried; for I could see how nervous she was.

"She paused, and then said very gently: 'Charlie, God loves you.'

"I replied angrily: 'You and your God, and your love! It looks like it! I'm a helpless log. Is this love? I tell you, Theo' [his favourite name for her], 'I believe this life is a school. I was the worst boy in the school, and God hit me hard. I was going to hell, and He stopped me,' little thinking of the meaning of my own words.

" 'Did I not tell you God loved you?' Mrs. T—— replied. 'Your own words have said it—I was going to hell, and HE stopped me.'

“ I started. For the first time in my life the truth came home—love did it.

“ After a few minutes of silence, I asked: ‘ Tell me, Theo, can it be possible that your holy God loves me ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, Charlie, He does ; your own words admit it. Shall I read a verse to you ? ’

“ ‘ Go on, go on,’ I said crossly ; and she began to read John iii.

“ ‘ I know that,’ I interrupted, and began in a flippant way: ‘ There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus———.’

“ She stopped, and asked quietly ‘ May I read one verse ? ’

“ ‘ Go on, go on,’ was my only answer ; and she read: ‘ Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.’

“ She said no more, and soon left the room ; but God had spoken. If miserable before, I was now ten times more miserable.

“ So a fortnight passed in untold misery, till one evening, as I went in to tea, who should be there but Theo ! Later on, when I found myself alone with her, I said: ‘ Theo, if I had known you were coming, you would not be here. Do you know, since you spoke to me I have been ten times more wretched than I have ever been in my life. I wish you had left me as I was,’ I added crossly.

" ' O Charlie, I am so delighted to hear it.' "

" ' Delighted, are you? Thank you. You are a nice friend ! ' "

" ' Charlie, God is speaking to you.' "

" ' He is shewing me how bad I am, if that is what you mean. I never saw myself such a sinner before; I am nothing but sin.' "

" ' Yes, God is speaking,' she said.

" ' I tell you what, Jesus is a holy God. He would not listen to such as I am. Write out a little prayer for me.' "

" ' ONE WORD OF YOURS WERE WORTH ALL MY written prayers,' she urged; but at last she wrote out a very simple real prayer, and gave it to me; and so we parted for the night.

" After my manservant had left the room I tried the little prayer, but could not say it; and as miserable as ever, I fell asleep. Next morning I desired the man to leave the room, and when alone again I tried the little prayer, but could not say it. Suddenly there flashed back that verse that Mrs. T—— had read: ' Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' I remembered that I had heard that the Holy Spirit is a light, and I cried aloud: ' O God! I have heard Thy Holy Spirit is a light; give me THE LIGHT.' "

" In a moment the room seemed flooded with light. The burden of sin was gone.

I was full of joy, and it was so instantaneous that I could not conceive what had happened; but I shouted for joy: 'Theo, what has happened? The burden is all gone; I am full of light!' Then I told her all, and she could only rejoice."

The Bible was now his constant companion, and he loved to repeat it, also to quote beautiful hymns, some of which he would alter to express his own experience. A well-known hymn of Madame Guyon's was an especial favourite: "A little bird am I." Mr. E—— paraphrased it thus:

*"A shattered wreck am I,
Enjoying now a chair:
And full of life I sit and sing
To HIM who placed me there—
Content a shattered wreck to be
Because, my God, it pleaseth THEE."*

Very clear was he as to the believer's security in Christ, and would ask of doubting Christians, "Whom are you doubting?" He was much used of God in establishing weak believers, and also in his circle of personal friends and relatives.

He it was, too, who on one occasion put a placard on his park gate saying that any one who called before twelve o'clock the next day would have his debts paid. Only one person appeared before noon, and his debts were paid. He went and told the good news, whereupon quite a crowd appeared in the afternoon. But he said:

"Look at my placard. It says: 'Before twelve o'clock !'" And from this incident he preached the gospel, shewing how many refuse to believe God's good news. But the long years of happy service were suddenly ended.

Brighter and brighter the light had shone, the glory of God filling the earthen vessel, so that all might magnify the Master; it seemed now but a step into the immediate presence of the Lord he loved.

He seemed as well as usual then, but the next day, in his chair, he passed away. "Lord, take me," he said simply, with his happy eyes uplifted. And, "he was not, for God took him." He had previously said to his gardener: "I am like a caged bird: some day you will come and find the bird gone." Happy bird ! How pleased to fly home !

Reader, have you the light ? Are you born again ? Are you saved ?

L.A.B.

PLEASURE-FINDING.

VISCOUNT Grey of Falloden giving a lecture on Recreation uttered some very striking things. He said,
"It is sometimes said that this is a pleasure-seeking age. Whether it be a pleasure-seeking age or not, I doubt

whether it is a pleasure-finding age. We are supposed to have many advantages in many ways over our predecessors. There is, on the whole, less poverty and more wealth. There are supposed to be more opportunities for enjoyment: there are moving pictures, motor cars, and many other things which are now considered means of enjoyment, and which our ancestors did not possess, but I do not judge from what I read in the newspapers that there is more content. Indeed, we seem to be living in a day of discontent. It seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise and is a subject of general complaint. If so it is worth while considering what it is that makes people happy, what they can do to make themselves happy, and it is from that point of view that I wish to speak on recreation."

The noble lord then said,

"There are at least four other things which are more or less under our own control, and which are essential to happiness."

The four things he pointed out were

- (1) "Some moral standard by which to guide our actions."
- (2) "Some satisfactory home life in the form of good relations with family or friends."

- (3) "Some form of work which justifies our existence to our own country and makes us good citizens."
- (4) "Some degree of leisure and the use of it in some way that makes us happy."

There is a great deal of common-sense in these remarks. A standard of right and wrong and a happy home are very essential to happiness. Congenial work is most helpful. A lazy man ought to be miserable and unhappy. Leisure too is necessary, the bow ever bent loses its power. The old proverb—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,"—is very true.

But while all these things are true no provision is made in all this *for happiness that will last FOR EVER*.

When Sir Walter Raleigh, shortly before his execution and in sight of the block, was given some drink, which he liked very much, he sighed, "This is good stuff, if only one could abide by it."

Yes, Viscount Grey's four aids to happiness, are useful in their time and place. But they do not last long enough. A few brief years, and we have to bid farewell to our happy family circle; old age comes, and work has to be given up; weakness comes, and even recreations are often beyond the strength of the old man, and where is happiness then?

Ah! the real permanent road to true happiness lies not in recreation, but in *re*-creation. Man is a sinner and sin, like the worm at the root, spoils everthing in this world. We need *re*-creation. "Ye must be born again" (John iii. 7), said the Lord to Nicodemus, the ruler of the synagogue.

Yes, re-creation, a new creation is necessary, for the old creation passes away for each one of us in a few brief years because of sin; and "the earth and the heaven" will have one day "fled away," and no place found for them, and what then?

Moses of old we are told "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season" (Heb. xi. 25). Wise choice, his! Wide vision belonged to the grand old patriarch, He looked beyond the transient, he looked beyond the present. "Pleasures . . . *for a season*"! It is the thought that pleasures are only "*for a season*," and a brief season at that, that is so disconcerting.

David, too, was a wise man. Hear his request of his God: "Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11). Yes, *pleasures FOR EVERMORE*! are what we should seek, and these are only found at God's right hand, and are to be secured as we come to Christ as needy sinners, and accept Him as our own personal Saviour.

Reader, you are pleasure-seeking; are you pleasure-finding—not pleasures that fail you when most needed, not “the pleasures of sin *for a season*,” but “*pleasures FOR EVERMORE*”?

The writer, who has by God’s grace tasted these “pleasures for evermore,” beseeches you to trust the Saviour, who said, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out,” (John vi. 37), and in coming to Him you will learn what true pleasure-finding is. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31).

THE EDITOR.

HOW A POSTMAN GOT SAVED!

SAM entered the postal service as a telegraph boy, and by diligence and attention to duty wrought his way up to the position of village postmaster. When he was a youth of eighteen, he was brought to the Lord by means of a tract which had been dropped by some one in front of a pillar-box, which it was his duty to clear three times a day. He picked up the silent messenger, put it in his pocket, and hurried away to his next pillar-box.

When alone that night, he read the tract through, and it showed him he was unprepared to die, and unfit to meet God.

Yes, the truth has a power all its own, and apart from any human instrumentality, alone in his little room, the young collector found out he was a sinner in need of a Saviour, and that he required to be born again before he could enter God's kingdom.

A companion to whom he told his trouble, pointed him to John iii. 16, and he there saw that as part of the world, God loved him, and gave His only begotten Son to be his Saviour. Then he put in his name where the "whosoever" stands, and claimed the "everlasting life" which anybody and everybody who believes is said by God to possess at once and for ever.

He has gone on happily and steadily in the Christian life, and never regrets the hour when he put himself into John iii. 16, as one of the "whosoever."

You are as welcome to do this, reader, as he was. There is no restriction, nobody shut out. That "whosoever" includes you, and if you will put your own name in where it stands, and "make the free gift your own," you will be saved and set on the way to glory, as surely as was the young letter collector. "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).

H. FRIEND.

OUR SECRET THOUGHTS.

THOMAS Alva Edison, the eminent American inventor, now over 80 years old, was once asked if he ever expected to be able to invent an instrument which would enable a man to see down into his neighbour's secret thoughts.

He replied to this effect, " Even if I could construct such an instrument, God forbid that I should ever introduce it into this world; for did we all see down into one another's secret thoughts human life would no longer be endurable on earth. All would flee to the rocks and to the mountains, and would cry to them, ' Fall on us and hide us and our secret thoughts from before the faces of all men.' "

We can well understand Edison's reply. Our secret thoughts reveal what we are. Many, for decency's sake and because of the loss of name and character the commission of sin and folly would bring, refrain from many outward acts that secret thoughts would urge them to. The restraint shows up the character of what is restrained.

And yet there is One who reads our inmost thoughts. The Lord said: " Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad " (Luke viii. 17). And the apostle Paul writes of " the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my gospel " (Rom. ii. 16).

Reader, that day is coming. Edison will never invent such an alarming instrument, able to read your secret thoughts, but God can and does read your secret thoughts. "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eye of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. iv. 13).

Are you ready for this? Will your life stand the scrutiny of Him in whose sight even the heavens are unclean?

Thank God, there is a happy side to all this. God who knows the worth of you, who reads your secret thoughts as an open book, who knows you better than you know yourself, is ready to save you from your sins.

There is one ear into which you can safely pour the story of your sins. Did not that woman who had had five husbands, and was even then living in open sin, when met and blessed by the Saviour, say to the men of the city, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" (John iv. 29).

What grace must have been His that won the confidence of such a sinner! And why was this? Aye, the deep deep compassion and love that led Him to come from the glories of heaven and die upon the cross that sacrificial death with its speechless horrors in order that sin might be atoned for and God set free *righteously* to pardon and for-

give the repentant sinner—that deep love surely won her confidence and trust.

Shall it not win yours, reader? The Lord Jesus is just the same today as then. Still He says, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37). Will you not take Him at His word? It is trustworthy, and He is trustworthy.

THE EDITOR.

A CALVINIST CONVERTED.

THE lady of whom we write was an exception to the rule in nearly every department of her life. She had decided opinions of her own about nearly everything, but in the matter of religion she did confess to following the teaching of others, and in this she was an avowed Calvinist, that is, one who believes that only those, who are elected to be saved, will be saved.

One evening she heard the gospel preached in a public hall. She was much impressed by the address.

Meeting the preacher the next evening, with kindly interest he asked her if she had the assurance of salvation.

“No ! ” she curtly replied.

“That we might have such assurance is one reason why God has given us this inspired Book,” said the preacher, holding out the Bible.

"I know that as well as you," she answered.

"Look then at Romans x. 9," the preacher continued, paying no heed to her brusque manner, "It says, (1) 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and, (2) shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, (3) thou shalt be saved.' Do you believe that is God's Word?"

"Certainly I do," she replied.

"Then follow what it says! There are two things on *your side*, and, if you answer to those, salvation is assured to you from *God's side*! First, do you confess Jesus as your Lord?"

"Yes, I do," she said at once.

"Second, Do you believe that God raised Him from the dead after He had died for your sins upon the cross?"

"Yes, I do," again she said.

"Notice carefully then what God says, '*Thou shalt be SAVED.*' Do you accept what He says?"

She considered for a few moments and then remarked abruptly, "I believe as much as you do, but I'm not saved."

"In effect," he rejoined, "you don't believe what you admit to be God's Word!"

With a look of disdain she jerked out, "Don't accuse me of not believing God's Word! I'm a Calvinist," and so saying, she bowed, and hastily left the room.

To the preacher's surprise and pleasure she turned up to hear his next address. He expected she would be too much offended by their conversation to return; but he had yet to learn what an exceptional character this lady was. Although he reasoned earnestly that night as to God's one way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ and His sacrificial work, and pointed out the danger of neglect and the blessing of those who accept, she was nevertheless again impressed and interested.

When, however, she told him so afterwards, she bluntly added, "But I read Toplady's writings! I like Toplady he was a Calvinist! He was right and the Wesleys were wrong!"

"Anyhow," answered the preacher, "Augustus Toplady was right when he accepted God's salvation in Christ after he had listened to a humble preacher in a barn in the South of Ireland; he was right, too, in yielding himself to the service of His Saviour, and he was also right in penning that much valued hymn, *Rock of ages cleft for me!* Would it not be right likewise if others accepted God's salvation and served the Saviour too, because they possessed the assurance which God's Word gives?"

Firing up at once, she said shortly, "I'm not going to let you tell me again, I don't believe God! Good-night!" and off she bustled.

During the following summer, this servant of the Lord had a tent erected for the preaching of the gospel. He rejoiced to see the lady again attending night after night, but though as friendly and as curt as ever, he noticed she deliberately avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking to her of her soul's welfare.

The series of meetings ended also, and though others had happily confessed Christ as their personal Saviour, our friend still remained unconverted.

Another summer season came round, and again Tent meetings were held, and as before the Calvinistic lady attended regularly. For the benefit of many who rely upon religion and religious works for salvation, instead of trusting in Christ and His finished work, four lines of a hymn were often sung at that time:—

*Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesu's feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."*

It was at the close of one meeting, amongst others, the preacher observed a little knot of friends with beaming countenances conversing with his old hearer. He joined the happy band, standing behind her, where he hoped he would be unseen.

"It happened about 2 o'clock this morning!" she was saying. "When I went to

bed I knelt down to pray as usual, but I felt so sinful before God, I prayed as I had never done and asked that He would save me there and then ! I waited, but nothing happened, except that a feeling of helplessness and almost despair took possession of me. At last I got into bed, only to get up again later on, to pray more earnestly. This I did several times with the same result. A sense of hopelessness and sinfulness weighed upon my soul. Still I did not give up ! and about 2 o'clock in the morning, it dawned upon me I was shutting out the Saviour by trusting to my praying, and religion, and good living. The words of the Bible came to me as never before,—‘ *Not of works !* ’ and then,—‘ *By grace are ye saved through faith !* ’ (Eph. ii. 8). The eyes of my heart were opened. The truth gave me freedom ; and with a meaning I had not previously understood, I thought of the lines,

‘ *Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesu’s feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.* ’

“ And there indeed, in those early hours, I felt as if the light of eternal day was mine. I saw that Christ had put all my sins away at the cross ! I saw that I was complete in Him risen and ascended to God’s right hand ! and I gave thanks to God that at last I could truly say, I was converted.”

She then turned round quickly and pointing to her old friend, the preacher, remarked, "And mind *he* didn't convert me, but the Lord did ! "

Yes, the Calvinist was converted in the true, Scriptural sense; and the steady life and testimony to the grace of God which followed gave evidence of it; for though the believer is saved through the work of Christ alone, the works and witness of faith always follow.

Reader, are you saved through our Lord Jesus Christ ?

V.

"I AM GOING BACK TO STAY."

HE was a dear old christian who tended the sheep, etc., among the Cheviot Hills. He had not much to say, but he loved the Lord and loved His people.

Near the close of his last illness he said to a Christian friend who visited him:—" 'In this we groan,' but we are going to be like Him." Then he said:—"I was in Heaven last night, I saw *JESUS* and what a sight ! No words can express it. Very soon I am going back—to stay this time." Very soon after his dream he did go, and he went to stay for he is now at home with the Lord. *Hallelujah !*

You could not die like that, unsaved reader. You may boast that you are not

afraid to die, but you are, for " After death the judgment " (Heb. ix. 27), and you know it.

You could not die like that, you who once professed to be a follower of Christ but you have gone back to, and vainly seek for pleasures in, the world. Fancy you being called away by death from the dance hall or the picture house, from those things where the worldlings seek pleasure because they know nothing better, but *you* used to sing

" Now none but Christ can satisfy."

You could die like that, fellow believer, because you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your very own precious personal Saviour, as the satisfying portion of your heart, as the One for Whom it is such an honour to live down here, and with whom all that are His shall live for ever and ever.

All who read these lines may know what it is to die like that. The Lord Jesus Christ has " tasted death for every man," and that in order that " through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage " (Hebrews ii. 9, 14, 15).

Come to Him, you who have not yet done so ! He will cleanse you from your sins by His own precious blood, He will give you eternal life in virtue of His death, He will " fill you with all joy and peace in believing " (Rom. xv. 13).

Come back to Him ye backslider ! He is unchanged, His love is just the same, and He longs to welcome you to His heart, to fold you to His bosom, and to give you to realize in a way that you have not done heretofore that in Him alone is true and lasting satisfaction to be found.

It is, however, for the coming of the Lord that we look and wait. To-day we may hear His welcome, His well-known voice. To-day we may see the Lord Jesus. Say reader ! does that make your heart dance with joy ? Think of it ! To-day we may see our very own precious, adorable Lord Jesus, and when we go we, like our dear departed brother, are going to stay.

Hurry up ! Unsaved reader, or you may miss the blessing for ever.

Make haste ! backslider, and not be ashamed before Him when He comes.

Wake up ! dear fellow Christians, let us walk, and worship, and pray, and work with the conscious sense that to-day we may go to be with the Lord and that when we go we are going to stay.

*" Oh ! for the 'meeting in the radiant air,
Caught up to meet Him, all His glories
share ;*

*Changed to His likeness, gazing on His face,
Know the deep meaning of His matchless
grace.*

Even so, Amen."

W. BRAMWELL DICK.

"I'LL TAKE ANYTHING THAT'S GIVEN ME."

IT was a bright morning. Everyone seemed to be in a good humour. The conductor of the electric car was a bright happy soul, and people were glad to ride with him.

As a certain passenger paid his fare, he gave the conductor a small parcel. A rider remarked to the conductor, "Good things seem to be coming your way." The reply was,

"I'LL TAKE ANYTHING THAT'S GIVEN ME."

The passenger enquired, "How about salvation, which God offers freely to all who will accept it?"

"Thank God! I have that also!" was the happy reply of the conductor.

HAVE YOU?

Most people are looking for all they can get in this world. They will accept pleasures riches, honours, or anything which will add to their enjoyment here.

But when it comes to accepting from God true riches, pleasures for evermore, a place with Christ in the glory, they are not so ready to "take anything that is given."

Salvation, forgiveness of sins, eternal life and everlasting inheritance in glory are freely offered by God to every needy sinner.

Yet how few there are who are willing to accept these priceless blessings from God!

How freely God, in His Word, offers His gifts to every believing sinner! "For

the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans vi. 23).

"Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," (Romans iii. 24).

"For by grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God," (Eph. ii. 8).

"By grace are ye saved through faith," (Eph. ii. 8).

No matter what your past life has been, if you will but bow to God in confession of sin and true repentance, and put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, all these blessings and many more are God's free gift to you.

Why are you not saved?

The Lord Jesus answers, "Ye WILL NOT come to Me, that ye might have life," (John v. 40).

If you go into eternity unsaved, not justified, without eternal life, without God, without Christ, without hope: if you go into eternity to spend its unending years in hopeless misery in hell, you go there because you loved your sin; because you were indifferent to God's invitations; because you despised and refused His free gifts.

And if you do, you have no right to blame your eternal torment on God!

F. L. FRENCH.

DIAMONDS IN A MATCHBOX.

AN extraordinary story is told of some children picking up a matchbox outside a railway station in a busy thoroughfare. Finding some pretty stones in it, they sat on the pavement and played with them, and then threw them away as worthless bits of glass.

When they got home they told their mother of their find. She had read in the paper of a theft from a jeweller of some valuable diamonds, so she informed the police.

The police realised at once that these must be the stolen diamonds, for the thief was already in custody, and had confessed that he had put the diamonds in a matchbox, addressed them to the Criminal Police, and posted it at the station post box. The postman, not noticing that it was addressed, treated the thing as a hoax and threw it away.

The strangest part of the story is that the diamonds were found just where the children had thrown them, although the street before the station is the busiest in the city.

What a moral this strange incident points—a moral concerning something more valuable than the whole world, with all its uncountable riches—more valuable than all the gold and diamond mines in the world.

These children did not realise in the least the value of the diamonds they played with for an hour and then threw away as worthless.

Has this not its counterpart in the way men and women treat their souls, treat God's so great salvation, treat the Holy Scriptures?

And yet how valuable is the soul. Oh! the deadly indifference of the masses in this vastly important matter. Will you, my reader, not be concerned? Answer these searching questions, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul (Mark viii. 36). "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3).

Neither the children, the postman, nor the public, who noticed the diamonds lying in the gutter, had any conception of their value. We cannot blame them.

But suppose some reliable person had clearly informed them, that these gems were not bits of worthless glass, but diamonds of splendid lustre and worth a fortune, what would you think if they still persisted in treating the diamonds as worthless?

You reply, if once they were informed of their value how careful they would be of them, how they would seek to restore them to their lawful owner.

Friend you are hereby informed of the value of your soul, that soul you persist in neglecting. If you lose it and pass into a lost eternity in your sins, your neglect will be criminal and suicidal, and yourself alone to blame.

The Scriptures are plain. Read them. Ponder them. In them you will find God's way of salvation.

If the Scriptures were as diligently read as the sporting news in the papers, and preaching rooms as thronged as cinemas, it were well.

Let the writer beg and beseech of you to wake up to the value of your never-dying soul, of your need of salvation and of the necessity for prompt decision. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

THE EDITOR.

A PLAIN WAY FOR A PLAIN MAN.

AND a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; and the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein" (Isaiah xxxv. 8).

Here we are in the great highway of salvation, and it is the KING'S highway. It does not belong to the pope, to the Anglican or Greek churches, or any other religious denomination, but to the King of kings. It is the KING'S highway.

In the high road the donkey barrow, or the corporation dust-cart has the same right as the Rolls-Royce of the merchant prince; the organ-grinder can walk on the same

side of the street as a prince of the blood.
God's Salvation is

A COMMON SALVATION (Jude 3).

It is like His glorious sun that shines alike into the gilded palace, and glints along the tiled floor of the humble cottage. "Ho! EVERYONE that thirsteth, come" (Isaiah lv. 1). "Come unto Me, ALL ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). This highway of salvation is

A NEW WAY (Heb. x. 19, 20)

It is not the old way of the *law*, but the new way of *grace*; not the old way of *doing*, but the new way of *done*. Not of *doing to live*, but of *living to do* (Rom. iv. 5) Therefore it is also

A LIVING WAY

It is not a way of death, but of life. "He that hath the Son hath life (1 John v. 12), and it is life in a risen Saviour. Christ hath entered into Heaven by His own blood, having obtained eternal redemption for us. There is no vail now to hinder the believer's approach.

"THE VAIL IS DONE AWAY IN CHRIST (2 Cor. iii. 14)

There is no altar on earth. Yet "we have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle" (Heb. xiii. 10).

"Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way . . . let us draw near (Heb. x. 19, 22). The precious blood of Christ has removed all 'obstacles. Christ has entered in by His own blood, and where He goes His people may follow. We, believers in the Lord Jesus, have no longer to "come into the presence of God," as we often hear, but we *are* there, and *there forever*.

"Ah—but—I feel so unworthy." Of course, you do, and I hope you always will, but do you not see that your worthiness or unworthiness is not in question? On the contrary, it is His worthiness, and the powerful merit of His own most precious blood, that has put every believer in the Holiest—the very presence of God—yea, and will keep him there forever.

*"Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more."*

Napoleon and his heroes could make a way through those mighty mountains to pass over to the devastation of Italy, but our All-glorious Redeemer has made a way through the cloud-betopped mountains of our sins, and from the deep depths of our nature's night and ruin, up to the very highest seat in glory (Eph. i. 17-23).

This way by which our Great Emancipator leads us is

A CLEAN WAY

"The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those" (Isa. xxxv. 8). "Without holiness none shall see the Lord" (Heb. xii. 14), "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10). No leprous foot shall tread that highway.

Men talk of mercy, and say that God will pass by the unrepentant sinner. Yet what would they think of the government passing a law to admit lepers into their homes on the plea of mercy. Why, they would at once exclaim, "Talk of mercy, where is your mercy to us?"

If God were to admit uncleansed sinners into Heaven there would be no gospel to preach. But oh! wondrous love, "it shall be for those." The precious efficacy of the atoning blood has enabled a righteous God to open the gates of Heaven,

FREE TO ALL,
who repent and believe the gospel.

*"O what a debt I owe
To Him Who shed His blood,
And cleansed my soul and gave me power
To stand before His God."*

But one may object, "What about the 'straight gate' and the 'narrow way'?" Why, just this: that there is no room for your spread-eagled hypocrites, or your proud pharisees, but for "a poor broken-hearted sinner there is a full and eternal pardon. Yea, our God declares that, "If any say, I have sinned . . . He will deliver his soul from going down into the pit" (Job xxxiii. 27).

This glorious salvation is—in conclusion—
A PLAIN WAY.

“To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the children of God; even to as many as believe on His name” (John i. 12). May the Holy Spirit graciously enable thee, O kind reader, to renounce your own way whatever that may be, and, like Bartimaeus, the blind man, to cast away the garment that hinders thy speedy approach, and follow the Lord Jesus in the way.

*“The countless multitudes on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus’ Name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus’ worth alone proclaim.”*

May it be your happy portion to sing those songs now in time as in eternity.

S. LEVERMORE.

HOW DR. SCOFIELD ANSWERED.

THE late Dr. Scofield, the world-famed evangelist, and the compiler of the famous Scofield Bible, was a clever lawyer and politician. He lived a strenuous life in the world of politics, and fought in the American Civil War. Before the age of nineteen he had been engaged in no less than eighteen battles.

It is not generally known that in young manhood he became a slave to the drink

habit. But at the age of thirty-six an event occurred in his life which revolutionized it, and saved him from the thralldom of sin.

A very intimate friend of his, named McPheeters, with whom he had much in common, came into his office one day to consult him on some matter. After talking for some time, he rose to take his leave. As he was going out of the door he suddenly turned round, and said, "I am going to ask you a serious question, which I have wished many times to put to you, but have been afraid."

"Well," said Dr. Scofield, "I never thought of you as being afraid. What is your question?"

"I want to know why you are not a Christian," came the quick reply.

"But I am a hard drinker," rejoined Dr. Scofield, "and does not the Bible say something about drunkards having no place in heaven?"

"You have not answered my question," insisted his friend. "Why are you still unsaved?"

At last the lawyer had to admit that he did not know how to become a christian, unless it was by being a member of a recognized church. McPheeters was able to tell him the answer to the jailor's question, "What must I do to be saved?" The reply was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

"Well," said Scofield, "I must think it over seriously."

"You must not!" His friend cut him short. "Will you settle it now? Will you believe on Christ and be saved?"

After a moment's thought the answer came, quietly but firmly, "I will."

Dr. Scofield from that moment was saved and released from the bondage of drink, and he spent the remainder of his active life in joyfully serving the One, who had done so much for him.

Has the reader ever asked himself the momentous question, Why am I still unsaved? There must be some extraordinary reason for your being unable to enjoy the knowledge that you are saved for all eternity.

Are you too good to need salvation? Remember God said, "*All have sinned and come short of the glory of God*" (Rom. iii. 23).

Are you too bad? Christ Himself makes it perfectly clear that no one is too bad for Him for He said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Perhaps, like Dr. Scofield, you have never been told how to be saved. The answer that was enough for him is enough for you, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

You cannot possibly have realized the urgency of the matter, if you still continue to neglect.

Your health may be sound, and your earthly goods in abundance, but have you the right to say to your soul, "Eat, drink and be merry?" Beware! You may receive the same answer as the rich man. "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee" (Luke xii. 20).

The fate of your soul may be in the balance at this very moment. You cannot neglect for ever. There will be a time when your stubborn knee will bow before the Lord of all, and then it will be too late to repent.

Do not say, "I'll think it over," but accept Christ as your own personal Saviour at this moment, and rest assured that your precious soul is in the safe keeping of the One, who died that you may receive eternal life.

A. F. S. P.

"TRAVELLING HOME."

STANDING on a railway platform packed with a dense crowd at holiday time, the words of an old hymn passed through my mind, and I wondered how many of the waiting crowd loved THE SAVIOUR, and could say from their hearts,

*"We're travelling home to Heaven above,
Will you go?"*

*To sing the SAVIOUR'S dying love,
Will you go?"*

*MILLIONS have reached that blissful shore,
Their trials and labours all are o'er,
Yet still there's room for millions more.
Will you go?"*

This question, dear reader, is the most important that you will ever be asked, and yet how slow men are to answer it.

Furthermore, it must be decided in Time; it will be too late to settle it in Eternity. THE SAVIOUR must be accepted in this life, or, if not! He will be your Judge at the Great White Throne.

I well remember one night hearing a preacher in a town in Scotland telling the following incident relating to an ungodly young man fond of worldly pleasures. After a merry night he had a dream, and in the dream a messenger beckoned to him to follow. The strange visitor's attitude was compelling, and he found himself following. The journey at last came to a stop and to his great surprise he had been brought to Hell, the place of torment.

A sound as of the ticking of a clock caught his ear, and on looking, he saw a large dial without pointers or hands. He asked of his guide why there were no pointers to indicate the time. The weird reply given to him was, "There is no time in Hell, it is eternity here." As the pendulum swung backwards and forwards it seemed to repeat a woeful dirge:—

*" Salvation NEVER
Damnation EVER."*

The young man awoke in great consternation, but, relieved indeed to find he had only been dreaming.

God spoke to him through the dream, and he repented of his sinful course. He turned "from idols [in his case the pleasures of the world] to serve the LIVING and TRUE GOD; and to wait for HIS SON from heaven" (1 Thess. i. 9-10).

Dear friend, whoever you may be, remember hell is no myth, it is very real, so real that the Lord Jesus Himself gave us a clear account of it in the story of the rich man and Lazarus. See Luke xiv. verse 22 to end.

The Lord Jesus died that you might be saved, and if you repent, believe and accept HIM as your SAVIOUR and LORD, heaven with CHRIST will be your eternal portion.

Salvation is yours for the acceptance. Such is the grace of God. Nothing to do. Take it. Remember what it cost to procure it — "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST" (1 Peter i. 19). He is worthy of your trust. HIS death demands your acceptance.

Then dear friend, when THE LORD returns for his own (believers), and which is possible at any moment, you will, if a believer, be caught up to be for ever with HIMSELF.

*"Then, as we upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be our shout of victory:
'Forever with the Lord!'"*

A CROWD of business men and others were waiting on the up platform the arrival of one of the early morning trains to the city, whilst one solitary passenger was slowly pacing the platform on the opposite side.

As the train was seen approaching, this man suddenly seemed to realize that he had got on to the wrong side, for he leaped on to the line, quickly crossed it, and joined the other people just a few moments in front of the incoming train. He mounted the platform close to a gentleman, who having noticed the incident purposely followed him into the same compartment.

"That was a close shave for you a moment ago," he said.

"Yes, I had not realized that I was on the wrong side of the station till I saw the train approaching," was the reply.

"But you ran a terrible risk did you not?"

"Certainly, but it was worth it. It would have been serious if I had been left behind."

"But it would have been more so, if you had been killed, and if that had been the case you would have had no one to blame but yourself, as you deliberately neglected the bridge that the Railway Company had provided for your use and safety. You could have had no compensation, nor could there have been any cause of complaint."

“That is so. One acts sometimes without regard to the consequences, either from forgetfulness, or from sheer carelessness and neglect.”

“Unfortunately this is so in some of the most serious affairs of life. Indeed in the most important of all there is often seen the most laxity.”

“To what do you refer?”

“I refer to the deep things of eternity, to the salvation of the soul, to the thoughts of meeting God, and to the answer that will have to be made to Him in a coming day. As surely as you ran a great risk to save a few moments, so surely do many for a momentary gratification run the risk of losing their immortal souls. A little profit or promotion may blind a man to the fact that a day is coming in which the Lord Jesus Christ will judge the world in righteousness. The garish glamour of the present is often sufficient to distract the thoughts from the true splendour of God’s eternal Salvation.

“For as the Railway Company provided a safe way over the line, so has God provided a way of escape from this coming catastrophe. He has made it easy, free, and safe; and there is not, as in your case just now, an alternative road. You set aside the Company’s bridge, and got safe across.

“There is but *one* way to God, to glory, to eternal safety and happiness, and if this be not taken you will be left face to face with the judgment of a sin-hating God.

That way is by the Lord Jesus Christ. He has borne the fierce wrath against sin and the curse of a broken law. He has answered to God on every question that could be raised against the sinner, and He offers to you the full results of what He has done."

The force of this argument was not lost on the traveller, and ere they had reached the end of the journey he had accepted God's great Salvation from judgment, and the gift of God—eternal life.

This little incident is told you, that you might be led to consider these same serious facts, and that you might be led to act with the same wisdom as the City traveller.

Christ Jesus in His own blessed words bids you do this, for He says "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 crossed this wondrous bridge from death unto life, from sorrow, sin, and distance from God, to the enjoyment of the joy favour, and liberty of the sons of God?

If not, why not? The way is now open, and you are invited to cross. It may not remain so. Once "the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door" (Luke xiii. 25), it will be too late. Enter then, while you may.

WHO WILL BE IN HEAVEN?

THERE are many to-day who believe that Jesus was a good man, but deny He was God. They likewise deny the atoning character of His death, and limit it to being a magnificent example to mankind, and they teach that man is his own saviour in the practice of morality and truth.

Time was when such ideas, so pleasant to the natural heart, were confined to Unitarian Chapels, but now they have permeated nearly all the chief sections of Christendom. The fallacy of them is well illustrated by the following incident.

The late Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, America, was a well-known evangelical stalwart in his day. One Sunday morning he preached a sermon advocating Christian unity, urging that if Christians are to be united in heaven they should be so on earth. He pressed his point by showing the absurdity of supposing Baptists in heaven looking for their immersed friends; Methodists looking for their class meetings; Presbyterians looking for their elders; and Episcopalians insisting on true Apostolic succession.

At the close of the service a Unitarian gentleman said: "Dr. Fuller, I am surprised at your lack of charity; you did not represent any Unitarians at all as being in heaven." Dr. Fuller replied: "If you will come to the service to-night, I will give you

a glimpse as to the feelings of a Unitarian there."

In the course of his sermon he imagined a Unitarian as standing with the Apostle John on the Island of Patmos, and sharing with him the wonderful prophetic vision as given in the book of Revelation. They saw Jesus as "A LAMB *as it had been* SLAIN" (Rev. v. 6), and heard the outburst of the hosts of heaven, when they sang in one mighty reverberating chorus: "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast REDEEMED us to God BY THY BLOOD out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (verse 9); and again they heard "the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands saying with a loud voice, Worthy is *the Lamb that was slain* to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing" (verses 11, 12).

"Why," said Dr. Fuller, "there are no Unitarians in that company."

He went on a little further and described "that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God" (Rev. xxi. 10), showing that there was "no temple

therein," the reason being, that "the Lord God Almighty and THE LAMB are the temple of it" (verse 22). He found no light even of the sun or moon. They were not needed," for the glory of God did lighten it, AND THE LAMB is the light thereof" (verse 23).

He found on the everlasting throne, as joint Sovereigns, God AND THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

"Why," said Dr. Fuller, "there is nobody here that does not worship THE LAMB jointly with God Himself. I cannot stay here unless I join worship."

And so the Unitarian of his imagination would have to join in the worship, and thereby cease to be a Unitarian, or he must disappear from heaven for ever.

Dr. Fuller concluded his sermon. His Unitarian neighbour walked up to him afterwards, took his hand earnestly, and exclaimed with deep feeling:—

"Jesus Christ has conquered. Let me bow here, and like Thomas say, 'MY Lord and MY God' "
(see John .xx. 28).

If you, reader, have harboured similar thoughts, weigh over Dr. Fuller's sermon, and own as his Unitarian neighbour did, that "Jesus Christ has conquered."

Dr. Conder, a Unitarian minister of Leeds, was converted, and expressed his new-found faith in a hymn of majestic beauty, the first verse of which is as follows:—

*“Thou art the everlasting Word,¹
The Father’s only Son;
God manifest,³ God seen and heard,⁴
The Heaven’s beloved One;⁵
Worthy, O LAMB of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.”⁶*

We implore our readers to flee such soul-destroying doctrines as those which refuse the Godhead of Jesus and the value of His sacrifice and blood. Alas! those who hold them will find themselves in hell. There is no other place for them.

But whatever your views, even if most orthodox and scriptural, what will they avail you if you do not accept the Lord Jesus as your PERSONAL Saviour, and say from your heart of hearts, like Thomas of old, “MY Lord and MY God.” Oh! accept Him—the risen, glorified Lord—as your Saviour.

“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*” (Acts x. 9).

THE EDITOR.

(1) John i. 1. (2) 1 John iv. 9. (3) 1 Tim. iii. 16.
(4) 1 John i. 1. (5) Matt. iii. 17. (6) Phil. ii. 10.

A VISIT TO THE ASCOT RACES.

USUALLY I have gone with other workers in connection with the Open Air Mission, of which I have been a member for over thirty years. But as the Gospel Car was not going this year, the secretary sent a line to ask if I felt able to go alone with a satchel full of good booklets. After prayerfully thinking over the matter, I consented to go. So the evening before the day, I felt led to try and go by charabanc.

Near my home, I had heard of one going from a shop in good time, therefore I made a call to see if there was a seat still free, and the man said just *one* left. This to me was a good sign, so I paid my fare, and in some way, like poor Jonah of old, I really felt queer over so doing. The adversary kept saying, "You, a Christian, will be seen; and again, You will have something to go through."

However, next morning I was at the spot, waiting in good time, and soon all the real racing people arrived. Up they began to climb. Then I quickly took my seat, which was beside an old lady with three daughters all on the same row. Soon after starting, all these, including the old lady, began to light up and smoke in style. Now thought I, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" (Isa. xxx. 15).

On we go, till my companions (whose wells being empty) were bound to draw up and try to refresh their weary spirits, with the usual result—more passing excitement.

I could plainly see, that they thought me a queer old chap, sitting still as if all my needs were met. They were not far wrong, for I did feel the joy of "*the* well of water springing *up* into everlasting life" (John iv. 14), and all was well.

At last we drew up, and I assisted the ladies to get down, and after the party left, I started another way to begin my work. The satchel being heavy, I soon decided to stand at a good spot and reduce my burden. Things went well with me and by a little tact and a smile my weighty bag became more easy to carry, and I was about to move on, when four well-dressed ladies came along all in a row, so raising my hat I offered each one a booklet, but only one accepted.

This lady began to look at what I gave, and turned back to me and said: "May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, madam, was my prompt reply."

"Well," she said, "do you not think it is quite lawful for me to have a little of this (pointing to the course), and go to church as well."

"Perfectly lawful," said I, "but having a little of this, and going to church is one thing; while going to Christ and getting

your cup *quite* full of joy, is quite another matter. There would be no room then, for 'a little of this' "

" Ah! " said the lady with a sigh, " I see," and then she went after her friends, looking sad. I felt that some real touch had been granted.

By this time I was feeling ready for my lunch packet, so I moved along some distance, and saw a shady tree on the quiet side of the road, and sat down. Soon after eating I put my head upon my hands and knees, and was thinking over some pleasant words, when I heard quick steps.

Looking up, I saw a little man coming over to me, and as he got near, he said, " Cheer up, dada, I understand. Get up and you will be in time for the next race. I see how matters stand, there is something to put on," offering me some money.

" My good friend," said I, " you are truly kind, but you are mistaken. I am not a loser. Fifty years ago I had a splendid win and never have been a loser since."

" May I have a chat with you?" said the man.

" Do sit by me," " I replied.

And for a long time I told him about the grace and love of God to sinners. He was truly very much moved, and said, I am glad we met. He came with some race horses

from Yorkshire. When we parted I was greatly cheered as I moved on to scatter the good news.

When the time came to return I got to the charabanc in good time, and took my seat to rest my poor old legs. Soon after doing so, a gentleman and lady arrived, and got up into their fine car just on my right, and as they sat down the gentleman said to me, "Did you see the races, sir?"

"Well, no," said I, "for I have been too busy. You see, sir, I am down here to-day for a very noted seed merchant, and I have been putting in the seed ever since I arrived."

"A seed merchant," said the gentleman, "I don't quite understand."

"Oh!" I replied, "perhaps you will accept a sample of the seed."

"Yes, please," was the reply.

So at once I took out some choice booklets from my side pocket, and both put out their hands, and as they saw the words, they were rather taken by surprise, but gave a smile and best thanks.

Now my party began to turn up. First the driver and his intended young woman, with whom I had a pleasant talk, accepted a booklet. Soon all were up and we started back as we came.

The old lady spoke to me soon after we had moved out of the pitch, saying, "What did you think of the horses, sir?"

"Well," I replied, "my duties kept me so occupied, madam, that as a matter of fact, I never saw one horse."

"Really, how funny—your duties?"

"Yes, for I am down here for a very noted seed merchant, and I have been hard at work."

"How strange it seems," said the old lady.

Well, I expected that a sample of the seed would be needed, so I said, "Would you like to see some of my seed?"

"Oh! do let me," said she, others joining in. So after a moment or two I produced some, and although it was soon understood, every one of them gladly accepted what was offered.

And on the way back I found it quite easy to speak of the good things plainly.

When parting, every one put out their hand, and as I parted, I said, "Don't you really think it a grand thing, to be ready to step from time, into eternity?"

At this, the driver called out, "So glad to have you with us to-day." I smiled and said, "Good-bye."

Reader, are you ready to step out of time into eternity?

S. GUINNESS.

HOW VOLTAIRE DIED.

VOLTAIRE was a distinguished philosopher, a Frenchman, the great friend of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, who used to entertain him at his palace of Sans Souci, Potsdam.

Alas! with all his wit and knowledge, Voltaire was an infidel, and actively used his pen in producing scurrilous pamphlets against Christianity. He it was, who declared that in a century from the time he spoke the Bible would be an exploded book, and would cease to be printed. When the century expired, Voltaire's own house in Geneva was being used for the printing of the Scriptures by a Bible Society. He died in 1778, roughly speaking 150 years ago, and to-day the Bible is the world's best seller. So much for Voltaire's prophecy.

When the end of Voltaire's long and miserable life drew nigh his infidelity forsook him. But he made a terrible and fatal mistake. He mistook the Church for Christ, mistook forms and ceremonies for saving faith in the Lord Jesus, and died as ignorant of the real nature of Christianity as a heathen.

Here is transcribed Voltaire's last letter.

"I the underwritten, do declare that for these four days past, having been afflicted with vomiting of blood—at the age of eighty-four—and not being able to drag myself to church, the reverend Rector of Sulpice having been pleased

to add to his many favours that of sending the Abbé Gautier, I did confess to him, that if it please God to dispose of me, I would die in the church in which I was born. Hoping that the Divine mercy will pardon my faults, I sign myself in the presence of Abbé Mignon, my nephew, and the Marquis de Villeville, my friend,

“ Voltaire, *March 2nd. 1778.*

He speaks of his faults, not his sins. He makes no reference to the Lord Jesus or His atoning death on the cross, but thought that if he died “ fortified by the last rites of the church ” he might look for Divine mercy.

But when the end did come, when the gay and debauched infidel lay in the mighty grip of death this false hope utterly failed him.

How did Voltaire die ?

Shrieking and blaspheming, so terrible was his end, that doctor and nurses were driven from the death chamber. And so he passed on to his account into eternity.

“ God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap ” (Gal. vi. 7). There is mercy even at the eleventh hour but it is terribly risky to delay a matter of such importance till a deathbed. Often the physical powers have failed, or pain is so great that the mind is not at leisure, or the devil may successfully taunt the dying man, “ You’re a pretty fellow, to think that you can turn to God at the end of a wasted

life. You should have given Him your days of strength." Oh! the utter despair of dying without Christ.

The Scripture is plain enough. "He that believeth on Him [the Lord Jesus] is NOT CONDEMNED: but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18).

You can test yourself by this verse, and know where you stand before God.

THE EDITOR.

THE PULLMAN AND EXTRA FARE.

A LONG with other passengers we took tickets for the south by the morning express. The price being paid to cover our journey, all were delighted to find themselves on board such a strikingly beautiful train, and to observe the easy running of the coaches in which they were seated, also to notice the rapid speed of its travelling.

Everything seemed to have been thought of to provide comfort for those who journeyed on the train, and even descriptive literature of the country-side through which they passed was placed on a table in front of each traveller, illustrated with views showing places of beauty or historic interest as we went on to various destinations.

Hardly had the passengers, however, become accustomed to the ease and advantages which attended their railway journey,

when an official presented himself with a book of tickets in his hand, and politely requested *extra fare*. It was explained that the luxurious train was a PULLMAN, and the extra fare was to cover the expense of its special fittings and running.

How very like, and yet how very unlike in some respects, to the travelling on the Pullman is the journeying of the one who receives the gospel of the redeeming grace of God! They are alike, in that the price has been paid, and every advantage provided for the whole journey, but unlike, in that there is no need of extra payment, and there awaits but one destination *for all*.

It should be a matter of the deepest concern with each one to make sure that he has started right, and is travelling in the right way, to the right destination—the destination which God in His rich grace has divinely marked out for those who believe on His beloved Son.

To *start* the journey the purchase value of the ticket had to be given. This is the same for the Pullman, and for that of which we are now speaking. It is very unlike, however, in the way the price is paid.

The passenger on the Pullman provides the fare himself, but the traveller, who has accepted the gospel, journeys *free of cost*. The price has been paid truly, yet it was paid by our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. No less than His own life's blood was given for us.

Now the start having been truly made in faith, the end is sure, for the Christ who died to secure our eternal redemption is Himself already raised from among the dead, and is seated upon the throne on high, all power being given into His hands. Each one must therefore be safe that trusts in such a Saviour! Moreover, full provision is made for everyone, who believes, until the end is reached.

Nor is there any call for extra fare, as on board the Pullman. A wrong thought often comes into the minds of some who are saved, that something more is necessary than the completed work of Christ upon the cross. They are troubled with the thought that a further sacrifice on their part is necessary to make quite sure of *eternal* salvation, but when they see that the Lord Jesus Christ's sacrifice was perfect,—to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away,—they are set at rest, even as the One who made the offering is, for "this Man, after He had offered ONE SACRIFICE for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God" (Hebrews x. 12). Nothing extra is needed !

And what a glorious *destination* awaits the traveller! The Son of God says to those who are His, "I go to prepare a place for you." He went to His Father after He had died for us and had risen from the tomb. In His Father's house, where He is, we are to be, for He also said, "If I

go and prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also " (John xiv. 3). To be with and like the Son of God for ever is the believer's destination! Free grace,—divine grace,—the wealth of God's grace—grace surpassing—glorifies itself in the whole journey of the believer on the Son of God. To Him be the everlasting praise! Who would care to miss such a journey to such a destination?

*" Grace begun shall end in glory ;
Jesus, He the victory won ;
In His own triumphant story
Is the record of our own."*

H. J. VINE.

"WHAT WILL BE THE END OF IT ALL?"

SOME time ago we heard an earnest Christian Colporteur speaking of his work in London. His "parish" as he called it, was, he said, in "Belgravia." For reasons best known to himself, he called not at the front door to see the occupants of the mansions of the great, but at the servants' halls, and his experiences were varied and interesting.

He told us of one place where the butler was not a particularly genial person. He spoke slightly of religion, as he termed

it, and said he had no use for such books as were offered, and refused permission to show them to the servants.

The Colporteur, whose motto seemed to be *nil desperandum*, continued to call each month notwithstanding many rebuffs.

On one occasion he found the butler with apparently a little more leisure than usual, and he was decidedly more agreeable. Keeping his books in the background, he got into conversation, and spoke to him seriously about the things that matter. Presently the butler exclaimed: "What I should like to know is this, What will be the end of it all?"

Diving into his bag the Colporteur produced a little book entitled "*The Journey and its End*."* "Here"—said he—"give me sixpence for this, and you will learn from it 'What will be the end of it all.'" The butler bought the book and they parted.

A month later the Colporteur called again. The butler met him with a beaming face, shook hands most cordially and said, "Thank you ever so much for the book you sold me the last time you were here."

"What has happened?" said the Colporteur.

"I commenced at the beginning," said the butler, "and I read on until I came to this question:—

*This is an excellent book compiled by the Editor of this Magazine, and may be obtained from the Publishers. Every reader of "The Gospel Messenger" should get a copy, and Christians, who can afford to do so, should distribute it far and near. Send an order to-day.
W.B.D.

‘WHEN WILL YOU DECIDE FOR
CHRIST?’

“I read that again, and again, and again, and I replied ‘*JUST NOW!*’ Now I cannot tell you how happy I am; come in, show your books to the servants, speak to them about Christ, and may God bless you!”

Here ends this true narrative, but do not, as usual, stop just here and skip the rest; because as it happens it concerns *YOU*. We have just got to the end of the summer. It has had its usual round of pleasure, and perhaps an unparalleled record of disaster in the air, on the land, and in the sea. Flying, motoring and swimming have levied a heavy toll. *You* are “thankful to Providence”—whatever that means—that *you* have escaped. Of course *you* must have *your* pleasure, and already you have plunged into the whirl of excitement for the winter. It may be the absolutely babyish occupation of watching some dogs chasing a tin toy called a hare, or the hundred and one other forms of amusement. You will spend your nights in the dancing-hall, go to work the next morning limp and weary, and struggle through the day, thinking not so much about business as about the buzz of the following night, and you call that LIFE!

It is going to have an end, however. *You* know that, though you dare not stop to think about it, but just here ask yourself—will you? “What *will* be the end of it all?”

Let the Word of God answer in a word:
"The Lake of Fire."

"That is all perfectly true"—says a reader, "and what has been addressed to that class of people is right, but it does not apply to me. I condemn such folly in unmeasured terms, I believe in a person making the best possible use of his life, living straight, doing his duty, seeking to help his fellow-men, and the man who does that need have no fear as to 'What will be the end of it all?'" Will you be terribly shocked, dear friend, if we whisper in your ear—the end will be: The Lake of Fire? Have you noticed the kind of people who will be sent there? "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15). Who are they whose names *are* written in the book of life? Those who discovered that they were sinners, and "*ALL* have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 23), and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ they became the possessors of everlasting life (John vi. 47), and their names were inscribed on Heaven's roll. Those whose names are missing whether religious or irreligious on earth had not fled for refuge to the Saviour, and had not sought the shelter of His blood.

"But no person believes in the Lake of Fire now," someone may say. O! yes they do. They may preach against it, they may write and attempt to disprove it, they may say they do not believe it, but they do.

The Son of God spoke of such a place, the Word of God speaks of such a place, there is something inside you that tells you there is such a place, and *YOU* believe it, and you know you do.

Ask the simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ: "What will be the end of it all?" He will answer in a word—"With Christ!" Hallelujah! You cannot understand how he exists. He is happy, that is quite obvious. He has a satisfaction you know nothing about. He may not say much, but he lives it, and in your heart you envy him and you wish you were like him. What is the secret? He has Christ with him here. He looks on to the end, not only without a tremor, but with eager anticipation. Why? Because it means to be "with Christ." You may have heard him sing,

*"Our hearts beat high, the dawn is nigh,
That ends our pilgrim story
In Thine eternal glory!"*

You see, dear friend, the true believer has the best of it every time, for "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come" (1 Timothy iv. 8).

Then be wise, and to-day face the end, and as in the name of our Lord and Master we ask you, "**WHEN WILL YOU DECIDE FOR CHRIST?**" answer without hesitation. "**JUST NOW!**"

WHY ARE YOU NOT SAVED?

HAVE you ever asked yourself why you are not saved?

Can it be that you think you are too good to need salvation? You may think so, but God says: "*All have sinned and come short of the glory of God*" (Rom. iii. 23). This means eternal separation from God—the outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Is it because you are too bad? The greater a sinner you are the more you need a Saviour, and the Lord Jesus said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Why then is it that you still say: "I am not convinced. I can't say that I am saved?" The message is simple enough surely.

When a Roman gaoler asked the apostle Paul, "What must I do to be saved?"—the very question you are asking—Paul replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). The dying thief cried to the Lord as he was suffering the extreme penalty of the law for his ill deeds—"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom" and he received the answer "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43).

Cannot you say with them, "Lord, I rely on Thee and Thy finished work," and receive

the same wonderful answer as another got, "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee" (Matt. ix. 2).

But perhaps you are quite happy as you are, and think you have no time to waste on such matters. Remember the solemn answer that the rich man received when he decided to eat, drink and be merry,—“Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee” (Luke xii. 20). Perhaps yours will be to-night.

What then can be the reason for your being still unsaved? God loved your soul so much that He gave His Son to be a ransom for you, and yet you yourself take no interest in it, but say, I am young and strong; I will wait till I am older and feel that my strength is going. Remember that life is “not of works,” but by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. You gain all the blessing, and when people ask *how* you know you are saved, or when doubts assail you, you can lean on the Lord Jesus as your Saviour in quiet confidence, and you may know on the authority of God’s own Word that you are saved.

Do not delay. . . You may never have another chance. Only believe in simple faith on the One, who has broken the power of death, and is now crowned with glory and honour, even the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour.

A. F. S. P.