

# CHRIST FOR ME.

BY  
E. H. C.

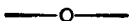


A. S. ROUSE,  
15 & 16, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

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# CHRIST FOR ME.



DEAR reader, what is to be your eternal portion?—will you have Christ?

*You are in a doomed world.* Its population is estimated, roughly, at some twelve hundred millions. Sin is here, and sin has ruined all. You belong to Adam's race, Adam fallen. Adam disobeyed God, and sinned. All his children were born outside of Paradise. The whole of his posterity are in one condition,—conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, and sinners by practice (for that "all have sinned"),—helpless, ruined, *lost*.

The wages of sin is death. Adam died; his children, all his posterity in the past, have died—with two exceptions, Enoch and Elijah. All his

descendants now on earth, who remain in their sins, will die also. Unconverted sinner, *you* are one. You will die. "It is appointed unto men once to die." (Heb. ix. 27.) You *may* die to-day. You *might* die as you read this. Are you ready to die? You shrink at the thought; death fills you with dread. Why? Because of what comes after. If death were all, if that were the end, what have you to fear? Ah! there *is* an hereafter. Your own conscience tells you so. But what is infinitely more reliable, *God says so*. "*After this* the judgment." Nothing could be plainer. *After this*—after what? After death. Judgment, swift, certain, inexorable, eternal. How will you meet it?

Millions, and millions, and millions of sinners have died since Adam—Jews, heathens, Mohammedans, professing Christians. Where are they? In eternity; and in eternity *lost* or *saved*. Lost now, or saved now. Whilst on earth was the time for that great question to be settled, as to where they would spend eternity. And it is *here*, and *now*, that that question must be settled with regard to yourself. "Behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

Where is the population that lived before the flood? In eternity. Where is the whole race of

Israel, from Abraham to Christ? In eternity. Where are the vast populations of the four great Gentile empires, Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome? In eternity. Where are the vast hordes of barbarians that swept down upon the Roman empire? In eternity. Where are the vast masses of the great nations of Europe up to the present generation? In eternity. Where are the myriads who have peopled Asia for hundreds of years past? In eternity. Where are all who have passed from this scene by death in the four quarters of the globe? In eternity. Where are all your relatives and friends who have died? In eternity. Where are all on the globe at the present moment going? Every moment, nearer and nearer, and nearer still, to *eternity*. And *every one* of all those myriads, who passed into eternity unsaved, is lost — *lost for ever*. Where and how, dear reader, would *you* spend eternity if you died this moment? With *Christ*, or in *hell*? saved, or lost?

You may reason, you may buoy yourself up with false and delusive hopes; but a fact it is, that if you die *without Christ*, you are lost, *eternally lost*. God has said it; it is written in His imperishable Word, (“For *ever*, O Lord, Thy Word is *settled* in heaven.” Psalm cxix. 89), “The wicked shall be turned into

hell, and all the nations that forget God." (Psalm ix. 17.) "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.) "And *shall* come forth ; . . . they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John v. 29.) "And *whosoever* was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.)

The sentence of judgment is already passed. All the world are guilty before (or subject to the judgment of) God. (Rom. iii. 19.) Death, to the sinner, is the portal to eternal woe. *All* who have died unsaved are lost for ever. It is true, they will be raised to judgment, and cast into the lake of fire; but already their spirits are in misery. Many, though alarmed at this dread reality, fall into the devil's snare, and close their eyes to the terrible future at their door. They love themselves, the world, their sins, their pleasures. They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, and, blindfolded and duped, rush on to an eternity of woe. They pass by the only way of escape, spurning God's provision of grace. Christ, if even professed, is refused as a present Saviour. They know they cannot have Christ and sin, and they love sin best.

Again the warning note is sounded. Stop! stop!

*Stop now* on your mad career ; you are rushing to hell's brink. Your back is towards God and His love. And yet He pleads with you to stop. There is one way of escape, and only one—God's way. "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.) "We all know that," you say. So much the worse for you, sinner, if you heed it not. The greater your light and knowledge, the greater your responsibility. God will judge *in righteousness*, and it will be better for a poor, ignorant heathen than a nominal Christian in that day. I press it upon you again—you may *die to-day*. Die to-day, and if without Christ—*lost*. Think of that. *You*, who probably meant to be saved *some day*—lost, *eternally lost*. Your life hangs upon a thread.

The glory of man surrounds you on all hands, but man and all his glory are going to the grave. Which is it to be with you? Christ or hell? With the Son of God's love and His redeemed, or with the devil and his angels? Eternal glory, or the lake of fire? Eternal bliss, or eternal woe? Worshipping before the throne, or wailing in hell? Singing the new song, or weeping and gnashing of teeth?

In marvellous light, or in the blackness of darkness ? It is one or the other for all. If you *will* have self, the world, and sin now, you *must have* hell hereafter. If you will accept *Christ* now, you *shall have* glory with Him for ever. Which is it to be ? The pleasures of sin for a season, or pleasures at God's right hand for evermore.

Nothing can fit you for the presence of God and the company of His Son, but His precious blood. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"The sinner who believes is free ;  
Can say, 'The Saviour died for me ;'  
Can point to the atoning blood,  
Can say, 'This made my peace with God.'"

As this paper is sent forth for the blessing of souls, the writer little knows whose hands it may fall into. Perhaps those of an openly wicked man. Ah ! you know full well there must be a change in you if you are to be saved. Or it may be a moral, upright, respectable, religious man is reading this. Ah ! you need the change as much as the other. Morality and religiousness alone will not avail you before God. Far better, surely, to be moral and upright, than to live in open disobedience to God's laws ; but if you have not a better title than



that to the glory, you will most surely find yourself shut out. *Nothing but the blood of Jesus* is a title there. Will *you*, then, trust therein? For—

“ Trusting in that precious blood,  
There is perfect peace with God ;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
Saved through Jesus’ precious blood.”

There is scarcely anything more lamentable in the present day than to see kind, amiable, agreeable people going respectably down the broad road. The drunkards, the blasphemers, the immoral, know the consequences of sin, for the Word of God is plain. But tens of thousands are blinded by their respectability and the form of godliness.

What do we behold all around us? Emperors, and kings and queens ruling the nations—noblemen enjoying their privileges and estates—members of Parliament busy passing the laws of the realm—the clergy and other ministers attending to their churches and chapels and congregations—commercial men busy in their banks, and warehouses, and offices—shopkeepers buying and selling their goods—farmers working their lands—soldiers drilling in preparation for war—sailors learning to handle their ships, &c., &c. Many are openly living without God, without Christ, having no

hope, indulging in various sins. But tens of thousands of these various classes refuse open wickedness. They care for their families, look after their businesses, fulfil the duties of their varied spheres, attend their places of worship—may be, have family prayer at home—their moral conduct and ways, according to man's standard, irreproachable. But whither are they bound? To heaven? They hope so. *Hope so!* Will that take them there? "But what more is required?" is the hopeless answer that the Christian receives, if he ventures to suggest that all is not right. Or perhaps he is politely told to mind his own business. O poor blinded, deluded world, wake up! *wake up* from thy terrible delusion ere it be too late. You need *Christ*. You need an interest in *His precious blood*. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" of sins (Heb. ix. 22). Mark it well—*no remission*. Oh! this dreadful, soul-destroying self-righteousness! "They being *ignorant* of God's righteousness, and going about to *establish their own* righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." (Rom. x. 3.)

A lady, kindly spoken to about her state, replied, quite seriously, that she kept the whole ten commandments, and took the first opportunity o

speaking to a relative of the one who spoke to her about it, saying that she was afraid he was likely to go out of his mind. And thus, it is to be feared, she died. O self-righteous sinners, 'tis yourselves that are mad, not the Christian.

“O earth, earth, earth,” saith the prophet, “hear the word of the Lord.” (Jer. xxii. 29.) Oh that men would hearken, and hear for the time to come! “O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!” (Deut. xxxii. 29.)

Alas! poor blinded world, how little you know of God's great salvation, and how little you know the doom that awaits you for your unbelief! Not only exposed to the King of Terrors every moment, but this very night, it may be, whilst you are fast asleep, the Lord Himself shall come! In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, every saved one will be gone, and *you*, poor Christless sinner, left behind. Or else, in the midst of the world's business or pleasure, when all seems prosperous—a good harvest gathered in, prices high, a large business doing, many getting rich—then suddenly, without a moment's warning, far and wide, men, women and children will be missed. My reader, would *you* go—caught up to meet the Lord? (1 Thes.

iv. 17.) Or would you be left behind ? to wake up, when it is too late, to the awful reality that the long and widely opened door of grace is shut at last—shut close, and shut for ever, upon the Christless profession of Christianity, and *you* with it ?

And then comes judgment upon judgment sweeping the scene, during that hour of great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time—no, nor ever shall be—and closing with the manifestation of the Son of man, the rejected Christ, with all His saints and angels, to avenge Himself upon His foes, and gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, when *every eye shall see Him*. (Rev. i. 7.)

Then shall the bold infidel blanch with fear, as his eye quails before the searching gaze of Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire. Then shall the poor Christless professor find, with his mask torn from him, the utter worthlessness of his sham religion, and stand a naked sinner before the Judge, to face the awful reality of eternity without Christ. Then shall the poor pleasure-seeker of this world learn the utter vanity of his pursuits, to reap the fruit of his self-pleasing and forgetfulness of God in hopeless misery, where pleasures are unknown.

Reader, again we appeal to you. By the mercies of God, by the solemn realities of eternity, we beseech you—"Be ye reconciled to God." Perfect love awaits your return. If the solemnities of judgment and hell will not arouse you, may the boundless love of the blessed God break you down. "God *so loved*"—think of it—"God *so loved* the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." O reader, what more could He do? "That *whosoever*"—that is, you, me, everybody, anybody that—"believeth in Him should *not perish*, but *have everlasting life*."

The holiness of God demands the eternal punishment of the impenitent; but the love of God has provided a Saviour, and grace keeps open the door of mercy, lingering over a lost world. Grace without limit or bound, eternal, infinite, awaits all those who bow in self-judgment before God, and now come back to Him. Christ is the way. Believe on Him; believe now. And *you*, yes, *you*, who deserve hell, shall never perish, but *have*—mark, *have*—everlasting life. Have it now—in Christ, in God's Son, and with Him when He comes. "The gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) But the fearful—or cowardly, who never decide

for fear of the consequences—and unbelieving, and all classes of sinners, *shall have their part* in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. (Rev. xxi. 8.) Eternity! eternity! lies before you. Will you have Christ? Christ, holiness, and glory? or self, sin, and hell? May God in His infinite grace give you to say now from the heart,—

“My immortal choice is made—  
*Christ for me.*”



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