

*Midnight Words borne  
upon the Breeze,  
and the wonderful work they did.*

IT has been often remarked that "truth is stranger than fiction," which is undoubtedly correct in this respect, that God sometimes works—indeed, if we are observant we shall say, *often* works—in the accomplishment of His purposes of mercy in a way which, if not miraculous, is at least so striking in its character, as well as suitable to His ends, as to surpass the most remarkable conceptions of the human mind.

The following, which I lately read, is one of these cases.

Two British soldiers were one evening stationed as sentries at opposite ends of a long, narrow passage, termed a sallyport, leading from the rock of Gibraltar to the Spanish territory beyond. They had doubtless often heard preached the gospel of the grace of God, the glad tidings of salvation, but their hearts long remained untouched.

Each, however, had been lately reading his pocket Bible; and while one of the two was really saved and rejoicing in God his Saviour, the other was in deepest distress, under strong convictions of sin, and earnestly

seeking deliverance from the load of guilt pressing upon his conscience.

Neither of the two was aware of the state of soul of the other: moreover, the character of their duties and the distance they were apart, forbad any communication passing between them.

On the occasion referred to one of the officers had been dining out, and was returning to his quarters in the garrison at a late hour of the night. Coming up to the sentry on the outside of the sallyport, who was the one really saved, the officer expected to be challenged as usual for the watchword in passing him.

But the man, absorbed in meditation on the glorious and blessed things that had recently been made the joy of his soul, on being roused from his midnight reverie by the officer, to the amazement of the latter exclaimed aloud, "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST." He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and the officer after giving the correct watchword passed on without remark.

But his comrade, who was anxiously seeking the Lord, and *little knew how the Lord was seeking him*, and who was sentry at the other or inner end of the sallyport (a passage singularly fitted for the conveyance of sound) distinctly heard, during the tumultuous tossings of his troubled spirit, the words "*the precious blood of Christ*" mysteriously borne upon the breeze at the solemn hour of midnight.

The words came home to his heart as a voice from heaven, as indeed they were; it was the word of God winged from above. The load of guilt was removed, and those divine words "*the precious blood of Christ*" thus brought peace to the soul of the sin-burdened

soldier. HE WAS SAVED, and that *for* ETERNITY!

Dear reader, I don't want to sermonize over this striking narrative; but let me ask you to observe that it speaks of three persons—one the officer who heard of the precious blood of Christ and passed on *unheeding* it; another, the inner sentry, who heard of it as a voice from heaven, and was *saved by it*; and the third, the outer sentry, who, out of the abundance of an overflowing heart, *spoke of it*, and was thus blessed to the salvation of his comrade.

These are representative men, and you and I may certainly find our likeness in one or other of them.

Forgive my being personal—*like which of them are you?*  
W. R.

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## *Laying hold with a Death-grip.*

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**J**UST a word with you, reader. *Are you saved?* You are not quite sure, you say, but you hope you will be. Well, then, I will be sure for you. You are *not saved*, and the sooner you face that terrible fact the better.

But you are doing your best, you say, and you want to be saved. Well, *when* do you want to be saved, and *how much* do you want to be saved?

Let me tell you an anecdote related at a prayer-meeting in Boston by a ship captain.

“A few years ago,” said he, “I was sailing by the island of Cuba, when a cry ran through the ship, ‘Man overboard!’ It was impossible to put up the helm of the vessel, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it

over the ship's stern, crying out to the drowning man to lay hold."

(Now tell me, reader, before I proceed, how long would you have waited, had you been he, before you would have taken the rope? Would you have said, "To-morrow will do"? or would you have been more polite, saying, "Thank you, captain; you are very kind, I will not lose sight of the rope; but I prefer doing my best, for I really mean to catch the ship and get on board"? *Man, you are drowning! Seize the rope, or you will perish!*)

**"THE SAILOR SEIZED THE ROPE AS IT FELL.** I immediately took another rope, and making a slip-noose of it, attached it to the other, directing the poor fellow to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms, and he should then be drawn on board.

"This he did, and was rescued; but he had grasped the first rope with such vehemence, with such a *death grip*, that it took hours before his hold could be relaxed and his hands separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him that the strands of the rope had become *imbedded in the flesh of his hands.*"

Reader, let this anecdote teach you what it is to be *in earnest*, and remember that the sailor neither talked nor trifled, but he *instantly* availed himself of the way of deliverance, **SEIZING THE ROPE AS IT FELL**, and thus he was saved.

W. R.