

From Death * *
* * unto Life.

BY T. K.

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From Death unto Life.

TWELVE years have elapsed since the events of this little story, now ¹⁸⁹⁰ recorded, took place. I was then stationed in the district of N——, in the heart of India, and living without the fear of God. A Christian friend, who had resided near me for about five years, had never ceased to pray with me and for my conversion, and at last his prayers were answered in the following manner.

On a cool October morning, a

number of the Europeans resident in the locality assembled in the cemetery to witness the consecration, by the Bishop of C——, of an extension of it. The bishop was accompanied by Captain P——, chief magistrate of the district. After walking in procession round the boundaries of the annexed ground, a hymn and prayer concluded the ceremony.

As we dispersed, Captain P—— asked me to accompany him to a neighbouring river, and give my professional opinion as to the practicability of throwing a masonry dam across.

As we stood with a Hindu subordinate magistrate, close together, between some trees and the river, a shot was fired at him, from behind me, and the bullet passed near our

heads. Captain P——, who faced the would-be assassin, instantly snatched a riding-whip from my hand, and rushed at him. As I turned, a second shot took fatal effect, and Captain P——, who had broken the whip over the man, staggered backwards, dead.

For the first time in my life, I felt conscious of the awful reality of having to meet God unprepared. I might be in eternity in a moment, and my soul lost for ever.

I bent for an instant over the prostrate body of my friend, and seeing that life was extinct, I slowly retreated towards my horse, facing the murderer, who followed me up, pointing his revolver at me. By this time the Hindu magistrate had escaped, and I rode off rapidly to the police station for assistance.

Suffice it to say, that after a fierce struggle, in which he killed another man, this perpetrator of a double murder was captured.

It may be explained here, that the assassin was a Mahomedan fanatic, and his object was to kill, not Captain P——, but the Hindu magistrate, for dismantling a mosque, and he affirmed that he shot Captain P—— only in self-defence.

Deeply moved by these events, I went, as desired by the widow of Captain P——, to tell her how her husband met his death. She was, however, so overwhelmed with grief, that she could not see me; so the bishop, who was with her, came to me in the drawing-room, and, after narrating the facts to him as above, I requested him to pray for me.

This he earnestly did, commending me to God who had mercifully spared my life, that He would work a work of grace in my heart to His own glory.

That evening Captain P—— was interred, with impressive ceremonial, by the bishop, in the cemetery, at the consecration of which he had assisted in the morning. The criminal was tried, condemned, and eventually executed.

During this time I suffered great distress of mind, and could scarcely sleep, the thought recurring, that I, who was not ready for death, had been mercifully spared of God, while P——, who was a Christian, had been taken instead.

I thus realised that God had, as it were, given me a new lease of life, in

which to confess Christ, otherwise I had undoubtedly perished in my sins, and suffered eternal damnation.

My Christian friend, who had so long prayed for me, at this juncture sought again to lay plainly before me the way of salvation. One day, while in great distress of soul, he handed me a little magazine, *God's Glad Tidings* for September 1878. In an article entitled "The Justice of God," it was clearly explained that "there is none righteous, no, not one," but that "being justified *by faith*, we *have* peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

I pondered these words several days, and *tried* hard to have faith, but still remained in doubt. One night, having tossed about, sleepless, in great trepidation lest this call

should pass and my soul be lost for ever, I came to an end of myself and all *trying*, and cast myself entirely on the mercy of God.

Instantly light flashed into my soul, and, quickened by the Holy Spirit, I knew, that having believed, I *had* faith, was therefore *justified*, and had passed from *death* unto *life*. I shall never forget the blessed peace which filled my soul, as I sprang out of bed, and knelt down, praising God, whose mercy endureth for ever.

I lay down with a calm sense of rest, never before experienced, and have ever since enjoyed settled peace. It is now with humbled yet thankful spirit that I acknowledge God's goodness in using my feeble testimony to the awakening and blessing of others.

Should this simple story of how

the Lord brought me to Himself meet the eye of any careless, indifferent one, such as I was, I would earnestly beseech that one to decide for Christ at once, while God waits to be gracious, ere he is suddenly overtaken by eternal judgment.

God's invitation is clear and distinct, "Whosoever *will*, let him take of the water of life *freely*" (Rev. xxii. 17).

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

There are two aspects in which this great salvation is presented to us,—viz., the constraining love of God, manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ; and what the apostle aptly terms the "terror of the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 11, 14).

The first is exemplified in that marvellously gracious utterance of the Lord Jesus:—"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).

God looked down from heaven, as we read, and saw that there was none righteous among the children of men, no, not one; in that “all had sinned and come short of the glory” of God (Rom. iii.). Was His arm therefore shortened that it could not save? No, thank God! “For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. v. 6). And “herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.”

Surely this is enough to constrain all the love of our hearts in return!

The other aspect presents forcibly the awful consequences of rejecting God’s freely offered salvation, with

the object of mercifully arresting and compelling attention. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God *abideth* on him" (John iii. 36).

Let no one delude himself that there is any escape. "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee *shall* bow to me" (Rom. xiv. 11). How terrible the position of those who have to confess too late that "Jesus is Lord." We are told regarding the rich man that "in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments;" and that "there is a great gulf fixed," which they that would pass cannot (Luke xvi. 23-26). Sinner! can you say "the love of Christ constraineth" me? If not, then, as in my own case, I adjure you by the fear of eternal condemnation to accept Christ now.

Christian! cease not to pray for unconverted friends, for, as I have shown, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James v. 16).

Tract and book distributors, be encouraged, and continue to sow in faith. "Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9).

(AIR.—*Tyrolese Evening Hymn.*)

"Come to the Saviour now!
He ready stands to bless,
He bids thee nothing bring,
Only thy guilt confess;
No anger fills His heart,
No frown is on His brow;
His mien is perfect grace,
He bids thee trust Him now!
Come! come! come!

Come to the Saviour *now!*
No longer make delay,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
Near is the judgment day;

Wouldst thou escape His ire
 Who then will fill the throne?
 To Jesus, then, now come,
 Henceforth be His alone.

Come! come! come!

Come to the Saviour now!
 No barrier stops thy way,
 The wrath of God He bore
 In the atonement day;
 For us He sin was made,
 For sinners thus He died,
 God's claims He fully met,
 His throne He satisfied.

Come! come! come!

Come to the Saviour now!
 "'Tis finished!" once He said,
 His work for sinners done,
 He's risen from the dead;
 "Peace unto you!" He speaks,
 The peace He made by blood,
 Believing in His name
 He brings thee nigh to God,

Come! come! come!

Come to the Saviour now;
 Repose on Him alone,
 For quickly He *will come*
 To gather up His own!
 If *now* on Him thou'lt rest,
 'Mongst His thou *then* shalt rise
 To meet Him, and to swell
 Sweet anthems in the skies.

Come! come! come!

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