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**"I Want  
Something."**

By G. W. F.



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## “I Want Something.”

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“**W**ILL you go and see a young man in \_\_\_\_\_ Street, who is far gone in consumption, and who is not happy?” These words were addressed to me by a lady at the close of a meeting. On hearing a few more particulars, I said I would go there, God willing, on the following day.

On entering the house his mother told me he was very low, and at once showed me into his room. As I looked at the poor wasted form I saw plainly there was not much time to be lost, the little span of life which was yet to run, I felt sure, might be counted by hours.

Looking to the Lord for a word which would come direct from Himself, I took my seat by his bed-side, and after a few enquiries of the mother as to the poor body, I put the plain question to him, “ Are you afraid to die ? ” He fixed his gaze upon me, but made no reply. Again I asked him, “ Are you afraid to meet God ? ” He again fixed his anxious eyes upon me, and said slowly and deliberately—

“ *I am afraid to die—I want something.* ”

Feeling the importance of a real work in the conscience, I said to him, “ Yes, indeed, you do want something, for it is a solemn thing to meet a holy God, who will not pass over one sin. He must condemn sin wherever it is found; even when He put it upon His own blessed Son, He condemned Him for it, and if such was the case,

how can you stand before Him, with sin upon you ? ”

“ But,” he said, “ I know Christ died for sinners, and I know I am one, but *I want something.*”

I quickly realized that I was speaking to one who had been passing through deep exercise, and who was in the condition of soul in which we find so many—knowing their need, and knowing that Christ has done a work to meet that need, but, owing to looking into themselves for assurance, instead of simply believing the Word of God, which gives the assurance, are kept in a state of distress and uncertainty.

How many there are in this condition, and how many are satisfied to remain in it till perhaps a death-bed brings them to see the necessity of having something more than uncertainty to face eternity.

I opened my Bible and turned to John iii: 14-16, and pointed out that *God* was the Giver, *Christ* the One who was lifted up upon the cross, and that *whosoever* believeth on Him gets the blessing.

“ I know all that,” he said, “ but still *I want something.*”

I turned to John v. 24, “ 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.”

“ Yes,” he said, “ but I do not know that I have got it. *I want something.*”

I thought how helpless is man in such a case as this, and looking to the Lord, I again turned to my Bible, and read Isaiah liii. 6, “ All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, but the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.”

" ' All we like sheep have gone astray! ' is not that true of you ? " I said.

" Oh, yes," he said, " I have indeed gone astray."

" ' We have turned every one to his own way '—you to your way, I to mine. Is not that also true of you ? "

" Yes, indeed, it is quite true," he replied.

" Listen now to the next words, ' The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all. ' Is that true also ? " I inquired.

He paused for full half a minute, and I could see the struggle which was taking place within him. He then deliberately said,—

" If one is true, the other must be true also."

" Well, then, where are you ? " I asked. " Will God charge upon you

what He has already put upon Christ, and for which He condemned Him upon the cross ? ”

With a look of intense relief depicted on his face, he exclaimed,—  
“ No, He will not; He put my iniquities on Him, and they are gone.”

“ Well,” I said, “ are you now afraid to meet God ? Are you now afraid to die ? ”

His reply was, “ I know now that I am saved; I know now that Christ took my sins.” And he lay quite exhausted on his pillow, panting and coughing.

I felt it was time to leave him alone, and knelt in prayer asking the Lord to give His word an abiding place in his soul, and left him.

The following day I saw him, and it was most refreshing to see the simple hold he had got of the work of Christ, and the way in which he

rested on the Word of God, which told him of that work.

The day before his death a lady who called to see him was pressing the truth on his mother, who in reply said, " I know He is a Saviour for all, but I cannot say He is *my* Saviour."

He was listening, and exclaimed earnestly, " O mother, can't you say He is *your* Saviour ? "

When next I called, he lay in his coffin, where he had just been placed, and I rejoiced to think that his spirit was with the Lord. For three days confessed with his mouth, and believed with his heart, and rejoiced in hope of the glory.

Oh, how full is the love and grace of God! How suitable for our need, and what rest to those who receive it!