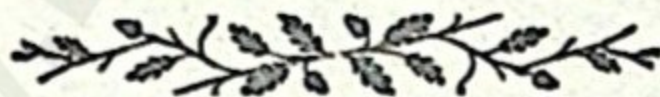




E— The Infidel;
OR,
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

By T. R.



5/- per 100.

Third Thousand,



E—— THE INFIDEL;

OR,

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?



THE sun was shining with almost tropical heat upon one of the most beautiful and favourite of our watering places, making the broad expanse of ocean look like a sheet of dazzling crystal. Not a breath of wind blew across the hot, dry sands, and no sound save the gentle splash of the tiny waves against the shore, and the merry laughter of the children playing in groups, broke the stillness of that bright July morning.

I was sitting at a window of one of the numerous lodging-houses with my daughter,

bending over a book in which my whole mind was absorbed. An exclamation from my child presently caused me to look up hastily, and in a moment I perceived what had attracted her attention. A young man, supported on either side, was making his way slowly and painfully towards the house.

He had evidently just arrived by the early train, and appeared well-nigh exhausted from the effects of the walk from the station. "Poor fellow," said I, as tears of sympathy forced their way into my eyes, "what a sad condition he appears to be in. Let us have him brought in here, for I see he wants immediate attention and care."

My daughter needed no second bidding, but hastened out of the room, soon returning, followed by the young man, who no sooner reached the sofa, than he sank back upon the pillows, in a fainting condition.

Motioning all others from the room, I seated myself beside him, and applied restora-

tives with a gentle hand. Oh ! how my heart ached to see the deep lines, indicating acute suffering, stamped upon the young face before me.

While he lay thus, realising my own utter helplessness, my heart went up to Him whose tender care and love I had often proved. Earnestly I pleaded for the stranger— as only those who know and have realised the power of prayer *can* plead.

Gradually consciousness returned, and in a feeble whisper the young man thanked me for my care and skill.

Gently and kindly I spoke to him, sympathising in his great bodily weakness, receiving, however, but little response from the sufferer.

“I trust you know the blessed Lord Jesus,” I said presently ; “and have found in Him a loving and sympathising friend—One who is ever *touchèd* with the feeling of our infirmities.”

In a moment the young man’s face changed, a crimson flush spread over his sunken cheeks,

and starting up with wonderful energy, he exclaimed, "Not another word, Madam, not another word. I don't want to hear that name again, for I hate the sound of it!" and then, fixing his eyes upon his companion, he watched to see the effect of his words.

Utterly overwhelmed for a moment, I shuddered at this strange, passionate outburst; but speedily recovering myself, as kindly as I could and in the gentlest of tones, and without removing my eyes from his stern face, I repeated that beautiful verse:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

This was too much for the hard-hearted infidel; he closed his weary, heavy eyes; and, in spite of an evident inward struggle, I saw a solitary tear stealing slowly down the hard lines of his face. Oh! how I thanked God for that little token.

Having recovered a little strength, he arose to go, apologising for having taken up so much of my time. "Let me thank you," he said, "for all your great kindness to me. I am indeed very grateful."

"Do not thank me," I answered hastily, "but thank *Him* whose name you *hate* for having sent you a friend in your need. Before you go let me give you this short Psalm," I continued, and without waiting for his answer, I repeated the beautiful 117th, dwelling with emphasis on the words, "His merciful kindness is great towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever."

Seeing he still lingered, I took his hand, and faithfully and lovingly told him how God, in His love and compassion for a lost and guilty world, had yielded up His well-beloved Son to the death of the cross, there through the shedding of His precious blood fully and completely to atone for sin.

“Grace there, its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.”

“Stop!” cried the young man. “Spare yourself further trouble on my account. I don’t believe the Bible, not a word of it. I don’t believe in the God of love you talk about. I don’t want to argue with you ; but understand, once and for ever, that I do not wish to speak on this subject again. I don’t *believe* the Bible, I repeat.”

“Well, my dear young friend,” I answered, “*your* not believing it makes *no* difference, it is the Word of God which endureth for ever, and if all the world did not believe it, it would make no difference ; it could not alter the *fact*.”

“Show me something that will convince me,” he said.

“I should not attempt that task,” I replied, “for when the Son of God Himself was on earth, face to face with unbelievers, talking with them, and showing them the power of

God, they would not believe Him, and how will you believe *me*? I will simply give you God's message to faith and to unbelief, 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life, and he that believeth *not* the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'"

He had nothing to say now; but, like the man in Matt. xxii. who had dared to come into the bridal hall without a wedding garment, he was *speechless*.

We did not soon meet again after this for more than a brief exchange of ordinary civilities. All I could learn of him was that he went by the name of E—, and had lately come from America. He purposely avoided all opportunities for conversation, and went about the place in a restless, helpless state of despondency, day after day. One morning, when walking slowly along the sea shore, I came suddenly upon the young man, in whose welfare I had felt so deep an interest. He was

seated alone in an attitude of abject misery.

“What is the matter?” I asked, quietly seating myself beside him. “Tell me what it is that is so troubling you.”

“Nothing, nothing, I only wish to be alone,” he answered quickly. Without noticing the apparent rebuff, I continued, “Do trust me with the burden of your heart.”

He appeared softened, and answered slowly and falteringly, “Well, I was thinking of my children. I have a young wife, and two sweet little ones far away in America, and although I have put two thousands of miles of sea between us, I can ever hear their voices calling me. I can feel their soft arms about my neck ; I can hear the patter of my children’s feet behind me, wherever I go. I am miserable—miserable,” he continued, in a voice trembling with emotion, “and have been so ever since the day you spoke to me, and read that Psalm.”

“What caused you to leave your family?” I asked, deeply touched by his grief.

“Well,” he answered, “I will tell you, if you have patience to listen. I was brought up by a Christian mother, but when still very young I came across a man well-known in Yorkshire, who exercised a strange influence over me; he was an infidel, once he was a popular preacher, then he became a public lecturer against the Bible, and being constantly in his company, I became thoroughly imbued with all his ideas. My poor mother almost broke her heart, and to free myself from her continual beseechings and reproaches, I went to America. There I married, and about four years afterwards my wife was converted, and of course, knowing the views I held, became miserable on my account. Day after day she pleaded with me about my soul, urging me to come to the Saviour she loved and served. It was all of no use. I had become so rooted and grounded in unbelief, that nothing seemed

to have power to move me. If I took my eldest child, my little Nellie, upon my knee, she would look beseechingly into my face, and ask, 'When are you going to love Jesus?' The sound of that name at length almost drove me mad, and so—well—I left my home, my wife, and my sweet little ones! Since then I have been wandering restlessly from place to place, until you saw me here, and now *you* have stirred up all my misery again, by speaking of that One you say is Christ Jesus."

There was a silence, only broken by the gentle splash of the rising tide.

"Ah! whither can you flee from His presence who offers you eternal life, and will give you back all you have lost—mother, wife, and children? What are you going to do? What have you gained by being an infidel?"

"Nothing," was the answer, "but I have lost all,—health, love, and home."

"But what do you hope to gain by it?"

“A coffin, a shroud, and a dark grave.”

“But you must have something to cling to that makes you hold on so firmly.”

“I have a hell in my breast, which clings to me—that’s all.”

The whole secret was out now. From that moment the conflict was gone; he was like a little child.

A letter to the long-lost, sorrowing mother speedily brought her and her now broken-hearted son together. Sad, silent, and yet joyful was the long embrace that followed.

For days and days E——’s agony of mind was intense. But God in His infinite love and compassion compelled him to listen to my gentle but faithful pleadings, and soon he was brought to see his desperate need of a Saviour.

Broken-hearted with remorse and sorrow, he gave himself up unreservedly into the loving care of the One who died for lost sinners, and a great deep sense of forgiveness

and acceptance with God took possession of his soul. He grew rapidly worse each day, and the longing to see his family became stronger and stronger, as he felt his increasing weakness of body.

A cablegram to America had speedily summoned his wife to whom he had caused such great sorrow, but three long weeks must yet elapse before she and her little ones could reach him. I cannot attempt to describe the meeting between mother and son, or the patient tenderness with which she nursed him, forgetting all the past sorrow in the joy of seeing him again, and rejoicing, in spite of the thought of losing him, at the happy, peaceful rest of soul, which increased as he drew nearer and nearer the end. Three long weeks rolled away, and the young wife reached her dying husband ; but, alas ! without little Nellie. With many tears, the young mother told him how God had taken their eldest. She had lived to embark on the vessel, filled

with joy at the thought of again meeting her father, for whom her little heart had pined and longed ; but God had willed it otherwise, and one calm bright morning they let the little one down into the bosom of the great deep, until the day when it shall give up its dead.

“It is I who broke her heart,” cried the dying father, again and again, as the remembrance of the pleading face and loving embraces of his little dead child forced itself upon him ; but soon all earthly cares were lifted off. The Lord of life and glory was drawing him away to Himself by the cords of His everlasting love ; and oh ! with those mighty arms around us, and the sunshine of His presence pouring floods of light and glory into our souls, as we cross the narrow line which divides faith from real vision, what have we to fear ? The dark waters we have shuddered to pass through cannot quench the love that is bearing us swiftly onward into

the brightness of that eternal resting-place.

This was the termination of a life of rebellion, and hatred toward God ! Oh ! infinite love of the Father in giving His Son for a world that has despised and trodden Him under foot. But He is ever waiting, ever ready to save. If you do not know this tender, loving Saviour yet, do not delay. Remember, my reader, with God it is always *now*, never *to-morrow*. Come to Him *now*, just as you are ; believe on His Son as your Saviour, and eternal life is yours. Hand yourself over entirely to Him, and let Him reign in your heart for time and for eternity.



“ Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins : and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind ;
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down :
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !



I am coming Lord !
 Coming now to Thee !
 Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.
(JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.)

I once was a stranger to grace and to God
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ
on the tree,

“Jehovah Tsidkenu ” was nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul,
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed
to the tree,

“Jehovah Tsidkenu ”—’twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see ;

“Jehovah Tsidkenu ” my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free ;

“Jehovah Tsidkenu ” was all things to me.

E’en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath ;
For, when from life’s fever my God sets me free,

“Jehovah Tsidkenu ” my death-song shall be.

LINES FOUND IN AN INFIDEL'S BIBLE.

The proudest heart that ever beat
Has been subdued in me ;
The wildest will that ever rose
To scorn Thy friends, to aid Thy foes,
Is quelled, my God, by Thee.

Thy will and not my will be done ;
I would be ever Thine ;
To sing Thy praise, Incarnate Word,
My Saviour—Christ, my God, my Lord,
Thy Cross shall be my sign.

Talk with me Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove—
Speak to my heart and let me feel
The kindlings of Thy love.

With Thee conversing I forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.



*God Never Makes Mistakes—One Penny
Gone! But Whither?—One Penny.*

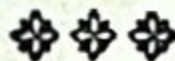
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