

THE

# OSPEL ATCHMAN.

A Monthly Magazine of Gospel Truth.

FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

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"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? THE WATCHMAN SAID, THE MORNING COMETH, AND ALSO THE NIGHT;  
IF YE WILL ENQUIRE, ENQUIRE YE: RETURN, COME."

ISAIAH xxi. 12.

"SON OF MAN, I HAVE SET THEE A WATCHMAN UNTO THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL; THEREFORE THOU SHALT HEAR  
THE WORD AT MY MOUTH, AND WARN THEM FROM ME."

ESKAIH xxi. 7.

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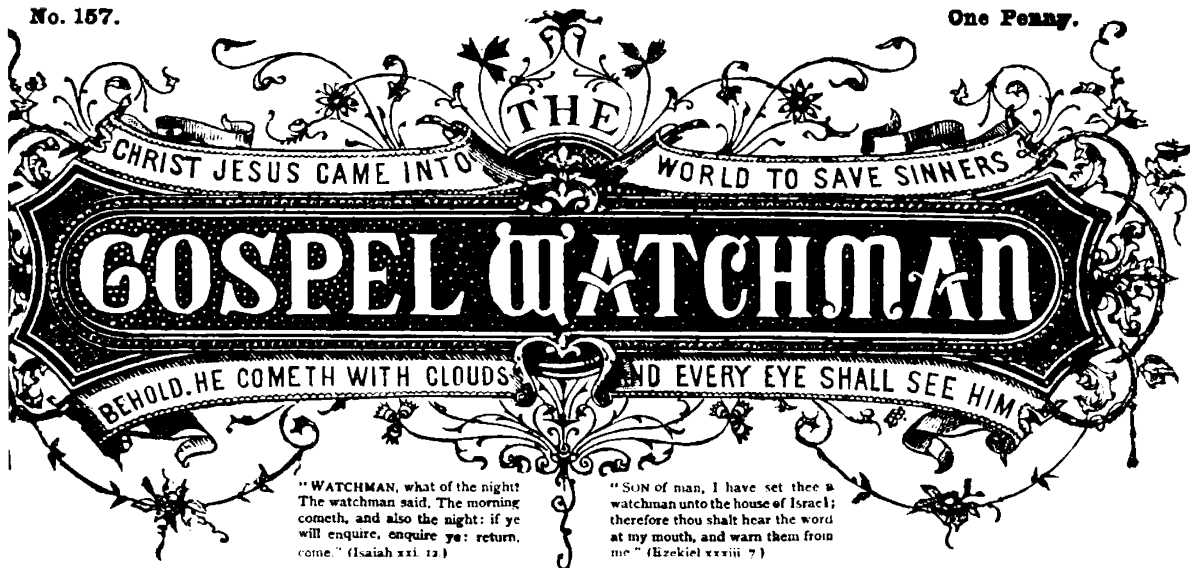


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"WATCHMAN, what of the night?  
The watchman said, The morning  
cometh, and also the night: if ye  
will enquire, enquire ye: return,  
come." (Isaiah xlii. 12)

"SON of man, I have set thee a  
watchman unto the house of Israel;  
therefore thou shalt hear the word  
at my mouth, and warn them from  
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7)

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### "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

**T**HESE words have fallen upon our ears very frequently during the last few days; expressed by all classes of society, by old and young, rich and poor, desiring that not only ourselves, but that others may enjoy a prosperous and *Happy New Year*. But while this is the one desire of all, there are a variety of ways in which people seek to obtain this longed-for portion. The pleasure-seeker strives to obtain it by drinking deeper of the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season. But the further he goes, and the deeper he drinks, the more he finds the truth of the Lord's words, "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again." The world's pleasures cannot yield real happiness or lasting pleasure. The commercial man turns in another direction. He thinks, by acquiring wealth and by amassing a fortune, he shall obtain the coveted object. He may be very prosperous in his business, everything seems to be a success, and, like the rich man of old, he has to pull down his barns and build larger, adding field to field, and estate to estate. But is he *satisfied*? Does he enjoy real happiness? The anxious look and the careworn countenance tell of unrest within. There still remains an aching void which the world can never fill. The statesman turns in another direction. The world's pleasures have little or no attraction to him, and he spurns mere love of money. He aspires to climb the pinnacle of fame, seeking for *his happiness* in this world's applause, in the praise of man. He succeeds in attracting his fellow-men around himself; they hang upon his lips, and applaud his

words, and put the laurel wreath upon his brow. But does it yield *satisfaction*? We have but to turn to history for an answer. Alexander the Great has conquered the whole known world, but with all his fame and mighty victories he sits down and weeps because there is not another world to conquer. Or we have but to listen to a greater than Alexander, the wisest, richest king that ever sat upon a throne or held a sceptre. After trying everything under the sun he says, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." (Eccles. i. 14.)

But if the world in its various forms fails to yield satisfaction and lasting happiness, whither shall we turn? where shall we look for it? Is there no place where this satisfaction can be obtained? is there no way of insuring *A Happy New Year*? Oh, yes! God in His infinite grace, has not left us in our dilemma, but has in His own word revealed how we may, without a doubt, obtain this desired object, yielding present peace and eternal joy. But ere these blessings can be realized, the question of sin must be settled; otherwise we still have a guilty, condemning conscience. This the gospel meets upon the threshold. It is termed by the apostle

#### THE GOSPEL OF THE BLESSED (OR HAPPY) GOD

(1 Tim. i. 11), and he declares that "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinner*." And the one who from the heart takes the name of *sinner*, pleading guilty at God's bar, like the publican, throwing himself into the arms of redeeming love, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" has the sweet assurance that "the blood of Jesus

Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and takes his place among the

BLESSED (OR HAPPY) ONES,

"whose transgressions are *forgiven*, and whose sin is covered." (Ps. xxxii. 1.) Sin covered by the atoning blood of Christ; blotted out from God's book, and erased from God's memory; forgiven and forgotten. "For this is the new covenant that I will make with them, saith the Lord: their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Not only does he rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven, but

"HAPPY ART THOU,

O Israel, *saved* by the Lord." (Deut. xxxiii. 28.) Saved from the deepest depths to the highest heights. Saved from death, hell, and judgment, to be a child of God, and joint heir with Christ. But then, being saved with an everlasting salvation, can we live and do as we like? Nay, replies the apostle, "shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" Impossible! But as a child of God I am constrained by mighty love to walk in the path of obedience, which is always the path of real blessing, and thus insure a Happy New Year. Hence

"HAPPY IS THE MAN

that *walketh not* in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord." (Ps. i. 1, 2.) If the Scriptures guard from legalism on the one side, they preserve from antinomianism on the other. Being saved by grace, I have now to please Him who has saved me.

But suppose death should come during 1882, which would put an end to the worldling's pleasures, what about the one who seeks a Happy New Year in God's way? Again we turn to Scripture for an answer:

"BLESSED (OR HAPPY) ARE THE DEAD

which *die in the Lord*." (Rev. xiv. 13.) Balaam exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous." The aged Simeon said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." A martyred Stephen, with dying breath, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And the great apostle of the Gentiles says, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Exchanging the desert sands for the golden streets; leaving the battle-field to stand before the throne; exchanging the present scene of sin and sorrow for one of ineffable glory and fulness of joy; entering upon a day that knows neither clouds or night.

And then,

"BLESSED (OR HAPPY)

are they which are *called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb*." (Rev. xix. 9.) Gathered inside the Father's house; sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; feasting with prophets, apostles, and martyrs; gazing into the face of Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords; beholding the King in His beauty; to be with Him and like Him for ever.

"There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the river of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in."

Dear unsaved reader, our heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may be saved. A Saviour has died, and now a Father's heart yearns over you. His arms are wide open to embrace you. The best robe, the ring, the shoes, the fatted calf, are all waiting. Come as you are. Come now.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

And, like the prodigal, you shall begin to be merry; finding pleasures that are real and lasting a joy that knows no end. Believe it, and in every sense of the word you shall find it a real *Happy New Year*. God grant it for Christ's sake.

EASTBOURNE.

G. H.

NOT A STEP WITHOUT JESUS.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

NOT a step without Jesus, for fear we should stray,  
Keeping hold of His mightiness all through the way,  
Never losing a moment His dear pierced hand,  
Till the pearl gates shall fold us to heaven's perfect land.

Not a step without Jesus; invited aside,  
Let us turn ere we venture, and ask of our Guide.  
If the Lord will go with us, we'll happily go;  
But our ears must be opened to love's whispered "No."

Not a step without Jesus; at each open way,  
Each path newly found, let us tarry and say,  
"What wilt Thou, good Saviour?" for Thou art to lead  
O'er the hot burning desert, or soft dewy mead.

Not a step without Jesus; our walk will be safe  
If our will with the will of our Lord shall not chafe;  
If our weak little tottering footsteps rejoice  
In our kind Elder Brother's example and voice.

Not a step without Jesus; alone we shall fall;  
The fierce robbers will find us, and strip us of all  
The fair jewels and gems that His mercy has giv'n,  
So protect us, great Saviour, right home to Thy heav'n.

Not a step without Jesus; our hand in His palm,  
Our poor puny strength leaning hard on His arm,  
Never setting a foot, nor indulging a whim,  
Without lifting an eye—not a step without Him.

WILLIAM LUTY.

## THE TWO MESSMATES.

A TRUE STORY.

**S**OME years ago, in a fine frigate, on the North American station, H.M.S. *D—*, there served together two young men, one almost a boy, both inmates of the same gun-room. B. had recently left a home in which, by the grace of God, Christian influences had been received, and though not at this time a Christian, still he was an earnest, anxious inquirer, one seeking the way of salvation, and very exact in the discharge of all his acts of private and public devotion. T. was a wild, thoughtless young man, several years older than B., very witty, very sarcastic, and bitterly opposed to religion in any form. Night after night as young B. knelt beside his hammock in silent prayer, T. incited his messmates to jeer and laugh at him, and even aimed boots and wet sponges at the kneeling boy's head, who, although of a spirited and excitable disposition, easily roused to wrath, was enabled by a strength not his own to keep down irritation, and persevere calmly with his duties to his heavenly Lord and Master. Open testimony by word of mouth he gave none, but went on bravely and quietly in the outward acts of devotion; and often when the language of the mess was coarsest and most revolting, and the oaths flying fiercely around, T. would see B.'s lips moving as if in prayer, and it would go home to him with a thrust as of pain; for God's Spirit, although he knew it not, was even then striving with him. Time passed on, B. left the ship, passed his examination, and again quitted England, this time in an easterly direction, still anxious in striving after God, but still far from the joy of a peaceable assurance through the merits alone of the sinner's Saviour. T. was taken very ill, and sent to the hospital, and there in the midst of bodily weakness his sins took hold upon him with an untold power. Again and again he saw B. upon his knees, again and again he disturbed the kneeling boy with missiles and profane jests and mockery. Could there be hope for such as him? Slowly, distinctly, there floated into his mind the words of that blessed text, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and he was enabled to grasp the full truth in all its blessedness, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from *all* iniquity. Peace and joy in believing soon restored his health, and when B. landed at Plymouth from China he

was met by a letter from T., not only telling of his own conversion, but so full of joy and rest in "Jesus only," that it brought peace and assurance to B.'s hitherto troubled and unsatisfied mind; thus each in turn became God's ministers to each other. "Thank God," wrote T., "for the force of your quiet example, for your steady perseverance in well doing." "And thank God," rejoined B., "for the simple faith of a sinner saved by grace which shines through your letter, and has been used to draw the veil from my heart, and show me Jesus as a very present Saviour in all His glorious fulness." Reader, this is a true story, and was told by both the young men as they stood together preaching the gospel in one of the wildest parts of Cornwall.

What fruit sprung from a tiny seed! To God be the glory!  
H. M. C.

## THE DORKING COACH;

OR, A THOUSAND POUNDS.

**I**T was during a summer month in the year 187— that I found myself much exhausted, if not depressed, with the fatigues of life, and longed for a day's mental rest. The four-horse coaches which run at this season between London and Brighton, and London and Dorking, and London and Windsor and Ascot, tempted me to think of an outside place to Dorking, that being, to my mind, the most attractive of those suburban places, if they may be so called. A beautiful summer day soon presented itself, and I accordingly embraced the opportunity with much delight by securing a seat on the Dorking coach—in the selfish belief that, though the coach might, and most probably would, be full, I should in a sense obtain a day's complete rest. I hailed the day, and found myself sitting behind the coachman with three others beside me. The first scan of countenances comforted me much—the coach was full, and I knew no one. Everything betokened a pleasant day.

We started, I may almost say, in silence. Each passenger seemed to be drinking in the quietude of his own mind. At length the silence was, contrary to my intention, broken by an observation on my part touching the assassination of Lord Mayo in India, the topic of the day, and the general regret that followed. The individual by my side (from his appearance not unacquainted with India, or some sunny clime) immediately responded by expressing

a hope that the Government would not send out a "psalm-singer" as his successor; whereupon the following conversation ensued—not word for word, but as nearly as memory will allow me to say:

S. (meaning myself) "Did you ever consider what a wonderful thing in creation is the diversity of men's minds? Out of millions no two minds appear to be alike. You will have observed, no doubt, that every one has his own way of thinking and his own way of putting things."

STRANGER. "I admit there is a good deal in it; but to what do you refer, may I ask?"

S. "My observation had reference to your last remark, and the wide difference between our minds on that important subject. Now I should say, the greater the 'psalm-singer,' the better for India."

The countenance of my fellow-traveller at once told me that we were not standing on the same ground. A pause in the conversation followed, but at last he spoke.

STRANGER. "I suppose you believe in that book called the Bible?—I don't."

S. "It is your interest to do so; 'for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish.' Again, '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.' So says the Bible, and the Bible is the word of God."

STRANGER. "You can't prove that."

S. "I can do better than that; I can show you by the same word that it proves itself, and that is the strongest of all proofs. Suppose in the end that you are wrong, then you will have nothing before you but the words—too late! lost! lost! Only think for a moment of that."

STRANGER. "Well, sir, I did not bargain for a sermon when I got on the coach," and, with a face of extreme anger, "shut himself up," if I may use the expression, until we came to a stage for changing horses; then turning round to me he said, "I get down here, thank God," and disappeared. On his getting down the pocket of his coat gaped open, and quickly I dropped into it, unperceived, a little book, my travelling companion, *Eternal Life*, by Mr. S. A. Blackwood.

Often, nay, very often, had I hoped to meet this individual, and had well-nigh given up the thought, when, about two years afterwards, in Chesapeake, on

my way to the Bank of England, a party stood before me and said, "Yes, you are the man." Being taken somewhat by surprise, I naturally retired a little, believing him to be mistaken. A repetition of the words even did not recall the incident to my mind, and it was not until holding up a little dirty book, stuck together with postage paper, he said, "Now do you recollect?" The words "*Eternal Life*" at once recalled the event, and he volunteered the rest of this story.

STRANGER. "When I got home that night it was late, and on emptying my pocket before retiring to rest, I found (again holding it up) this little book. My rage was great. I was certain in my own mind that you had done it. Tearing it up into four pieces, I threw them on the carpet, to be swept away by the servant. Finding next day that the pieces remained on the floor, I rung the bell violently and asked why they had not been taken away. She "saw the word 'Eternal,' and could not," she said. Then taking them up, she had got nearly to the bottom of the stairs when she heard me call out, saying, 'Well, better perhaps let me see those bits of paper after all.' Then shutting the door, and putting the pieces together as well as I could, I read the book. I did so a second time, but page 10 was too much for me.

"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded. But ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of My counsel: they despised all My reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.' (Prov. i., 24-31.)

"I fell on the floor, and prayed piteously for mercy. The light dawned, and I believed." Pointing at the little dirty book which he held in his hand, I offered to replace it with a new one from my pocket; to which he replied, "I would not change it for the best thousand pounds you could give me."

Searching for my card-case to tempt him to do the same—he was gone!

W. C. S.

THE  
GIFT  
OF  
GOD  
IS  
ETERNAL  
LIFE  
THROUGH  
JESUS  
CHRIST  
OUR  
LORD.  
ROM. vi. 23.

THE

# Watchman's MESSAGE

FOR

1882.

"BELIEVE ON  
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,  
AND THOU  
SHALT BE SAVED."

ACTS XVI. 31.

London: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, Baker Street, W.; and 12, Paternoster  
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QUESTIONS FOR 1882.

**R**EADER, ARE YOU YOUNG? Then I have a message from God unto thee. Listen to what He says: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." (Eccl. xii. 1.) There is a reckoning time coming, and dark days are in the future for those who rejoice in their youth, and walk in the ways of their heart, and in the sight of their eyes; for know thou assuredly that for such things God will bring thee into judgment. Do not wait until you are older, you may not have the opportunity of being saved if you put it off; and every time you refuse God's love you harden your heart, and run the risk of being lost for eternity.

"Don't think it will be better  
To delay a little later,  
But remember your Creator  
While you're young."

**ARE YOU OLD?** If so, it is *most important* that you should be prepared to face eternity; even if you live a few more months or years you will then have to grapple with *eternity*. You may be summoned to meet God at any moment! How would death find you? Would you leave the world in the calm assurance of a mind at perfect peace with God? or with the fear of the terrible doom that will be the portion of the Christ-rejecting soul? You cannot do anything to merit salvation, and all your so-called "good works" will not make you a whit better for the presence of a holy God, whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity or to look upon sin; but the Lord Jesus has made full atonement for sin, and your part is to

"TAKE with rejoicing from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives."

**ARE YOU RICH?** Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. Riches cannot buy happiness, nor provide you with a passport to heaven; but there was a man who found out that the reproach of Christ was far *greater riches* than all the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward. (Heb. xi. 24-26.) "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

**ARE YOU POOR?** God is no respecter of persons, He offers salvation to "whosoever," rich or poor, young or old; it is a world-wide invitation,

but in order that it might be so, there was One had to leave His throne for the manger and His glory for a cross. Think of Him who thus humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; and now we who trust in that finished work are made rich—*all* things are ours, for we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ. If you will just come to Him, He will give you that blessing which maketh *rich* and addeth no sorrow with it.

**ARE YOU SAVED?** It is a question of importance, and one that you will have to answer soon or later, and much better see to it now than leave it to be proved that you are not. You are either in Christ or out of Him; either sheltered from the impending judgment or in danger of its breaking over your head; either saved or lost. Which is it?

**WILL YOU BE LOST?** You *hope* not, and yet you go on heedless and careless about the most important of subjects. Do not trifle with solemn realities, but open your eyes and see the danger you are in, and the awful abyss that is waiting to engulf you. Death may now be at your door, with hell at your feet, and weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth the only occupation of your eternity. But it need not be so, God is waiting to be gracious. Another has borne your punishment, and now, if you believe that, you can go free. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) "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." (John iii. 36.)

BELIEVE AND LIVE.

**M**Y friend, this world shall pass away,  
And all its pomp and show—  
Are your affections fixed above,  
Or fixed on things below?  
Are you within the narrow path  
That leads to realms of light?  
Or are you still upon the road  
That leads to endless night?  
Perhaps you say, "I'm striving hard  
To gain the narrow way;  
I wet my couch with many a tear,  
I mourn—I sigh—I pray;  
"But yet my soul is still unsaved,  
Though I have laboured long  
That I might be a child of God,  
And join the heavenly throng."  
My friend, God does not ask thy tears,  
Nor aught that thou canst give:  
Thy prayers can never save thy soul;  
"*Believe,*" and thou shalt live.



# "ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE!"

IT was the still hour of midnight, in the month of November, when the inhabitants of — were for the most part quietly sleeping. Suddenly the stillness was broken with the cry of "Fire! Fire!" In a few minutes a large crowd was brought together by the rapidly spreading alarm. Every face was filled with excitement and terror. Alternately the anxious gaze of the increasing throng was directed to the spreading flames, and to the end of the long road. The village was two miles from the town, whither a messenger on horseback had been despatched for the fire-engines.

Strange to say, the inmates of the house seemed locked in the most profound slumber, as though quite unconscious of danger; or could it be that the smoke had stifled them? There were father and mother and three children, and fears were entertained for their safety. A murmur in the distance is heard, and a shout fills the air—"The engines are coming!"

In another minute they were preparing to play. Then a fire-escape was placed against the window, which at that moment burst out with the heat of the flames, and showed the room filled with dense smoke. And now a strong form, evidently well used to such dangers, darted up the ladder, amidst cheers and prayers for success. And then there came a roar of voices that would, if possible, awake the dead—"Escape for thy life! Escape for thy life!"

The form disappeared through the window into the fire and smoke, and in a moment, which seemed one of agonising suspense, he returned. His countenance, before flushed with heat and excitement, was pallid and death-like, and, with an utterance half-choked, he exclaimed, "It's too late! It's too late!" Four, who but an hour since were locked in sleep, now lay charred and blackened corpses in the still silence of death; while one child alone, borne in the arms of the brave fireman, was rescued. Unconscious of danger, there was no desire for escape, though the means were close at hand; and thus the devouring element laid hold of its victims, and when they might have been in a place of safety, they were past the region of hope, for life was extinct.

Dear reader, let me put before you the solemn fact that you, if unsaved, are in a place of danger—awful danger. Are you conscious of it? You are in a condemned world—a world "that lieth in wickedness." The wrath of God is swiftly and surely coming on the children of disobedience. Oh, I beseech you, don't take it as my word! I ask you to listen to the testimony of God. Hear the word

of God, "which liveth and abideth for ever;" the word which must be fulfilled to the very letter. Though heaven and earth pass away, not one tittle shall fall to the ground.

God declares, "He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." (Acts xvii. 31.) I press the question on you, Do you believe this statement of God, who cannot lie? Are you prepared for this tremendous tribunal? Can you look judgment in the face and not tremble? Are you ready to stand before the great white throne to be judged according to your works? "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 11, 15.)

This is a dread reality. Everything is real with God; and everything will be shaken and tested; and nothing will give boldness in His presence that is not founded on the finished work of Christ and His atoning blood.

Again I ask you to listen to and believe God's testimony: "For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." (Mal. iv. 1.) Are you prepared to stand the test of *fire*—the fire of God's judgment? for again He declares the approach of that moment when "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." (2 Thess. i. 7, 9.)

Dear reader, if you do not *know* God, if you have not *obeyed* the gospel of His Son, if you have not taken refuge in Christ against the coming storm, you are in a place of imminent danger, like the inmates of the house on fire. You are *in* the world and *of* the world—the world that has murdered the Son of God. Nay, shall I say, your case is even worse than this. Man crucified Jesus; God raised Him up, and now offers you pardon—peace—eternal life—deliverance from coming wrath; through this very Jesus. Will you reject it? Will you refuse to escape?—refuse deliverance by not believing in the Saviour, and casting yourself on Him for salvation? This of all sins is the most damning. Unbelief of God's testimony concerning



ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

His Son will sink your never-dying soul into the pit of outer darkness, "where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Simply *neglect*, mark you, *neglect* the provision of God's grace for poor, lost sinners, and you will be eternally lost, lost, lost! I repeat the word—"He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16); "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Unbelief of God's testimony concerning His Son is neglecting His great salvation, and refusing the

Christ who came to seek and to save that which is lost.

In conclusion, let me remind you that the moment is coming when you must confess Him whom you now despise and reject. "God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 9, 11.)



THE HEROIC CAPTAIN.

### THE HEROIC CAPTAIN.

THE *Cyprian* sailed from Liverpool, on October 13th, with twenty-seven hands on board, under Captain Strachan, and was bound for several Mediterranean ports. During the first day the vessel made good headway, but early the following morning the steering gear of the fore-wheel-house gave way, leaving the apparatus in the after-wheel-house alone available. A gale was blowing, and soon every movable thing was washed off the deck, while the steamer laboured heavily. Soon after the apparatus in the after-wheel-house gave way, and the vessel was rendered unmanageable. As the afternoon wore on the boilers burst, putting out both of the fires, and then all hope of saving the vessel was over, and the captain bid each look out for themselves. The steamer subsequently struck upon a rock off Nevin, on the Welsh coast. One after another strapped on their life-belts and dropped over the side of the vessel, and just as the captain was going to do the same his eye rested on a poor

little pale-faced stowaway, who was trying, for some reason or other, to escape from England. Without considering the worthiness or worthlessness of the lad, the kind-hearted skipper took off his life-belt and buckled it upon the lad, wishing him "God-speed" as he dropped into the sea.

"I can swim," said the captain as he jumped into the sea; but swimming was impossible. He was enfeebled with long, anxious watching, and the boatswain, eager for his own life, caught at him, and both went down never to be seen again; while the little stowaway was washed upon the Welsh coast, where he told the story of his wonderful deliverance, and the heroism of his kind friend.

It may be, dear friend, that, as you read this touching story, God will make it a New Year's message to you: there are many points in which the captain is a picture of the Lord Jesus.

The captain *pitied the helplessness* of the stowaway, and not only pitied, but gave up his hope of safety for the lad. He did not choose out a sailor who had served him faithfully for many years, and bestow

upon him the gift of a life-belt, but the *need* of the poor boy drew forth his sympathy, and led him to make such a valuable gift.

Dear reader, we were by nature in a similar position to the stowaway; we had to face a fearful storm, it was almost breaking over our head in a fury more terrible than any gale that has swept around our coasts—it was the storm of God's wrath that we justly deserved. What were we to do? To have been unconcerned about our danger would be madness, and to cling on to a doomed wreck of a world would be but to be overwhelmed in its awful waves and sink into an eternal place of woe. But there was One whose eye pitied our helplessness, and whose heart yearned to save us from that sweeping gale which will destroy all those that know not God; and although He loved us, and desired to save us, He could not do it without facing the storm for us. Hear what He says, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me;" and again, "The waters are come in unto My soul, I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow Me." Thus, dear reader, He had to suffer God's holy indignation on the cross, that we might go free. Have you ever thought of Him who thus suffered untold agonies to bring us to God? For we had no claim upon Him; we were worthless and undeserving; but to undeserving sinners God gives His greatest gifts. He has given His Son, and shall He not with Him freely give us all things? The daily papers praised the heroism of the captain, and they did well; but how few speak of the wondrous love of Him who gave His life a ransom for many.

"There is a storm brewing," said an old sailor one day, and I would say the same to you now. Another year God has lingered in His matchless grace, but soon He will rise up and shut to the door of mercy. There will be no shelter from the impending storm then; you may call to the rocks and the hills to fall on you and hide you, but they will flee from Him, and at His signal you will be ushered into a solemn never-ending eternity of woe.

But such need not be; a life-belt is offered, a place of shelter is provided, and an ark that will bear you over the judgments of the doomed world; it is all found in Christ. "There is no condemnation to them who are IN Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.) If you are not in Him, I pray you not to let another day pass ere you find a place of security in the

cleft Rock of Ages. There the winds may blow, the storms beat, and the floods come; but, founded upon a rock—Christ—you will be safe for time and eternity. Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, and then you will be like the children of Israel, with judgment *behind* them, and glory *before* them—a few steps across the wilderness, and then the goal is reached and the prize gained. If you know this as your portion when you leave this changing scene, there is no reason why you should not spend a Happy New Year. F. H. D.

### "I'LL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF."

IT is all very well to say that you will "turn over a new leaf." But, let me ask, What about the *past black leaves of guilt*? The schoolboy, after spilling the ink on the page of his copy-book, turns over a new leaf, resolving that in future he will be more careful; but "turning over a new leaf" does not remove the blotted one, and soon the teacher's eye detects the blot, and punishes him for his carelessness.

A merchant finds that he is in difficulties. He takes his cash-book and begins a "new leaf," forgetting that there is a "carried over" and a "brought forward" column. *New figures* on the "new leaf" won't pay the *old debts*. Every page of our life account is headed with a "brought forward."

Reader "turning over a new leaf" won't do for you. You must become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

EVENTS are flowing *waves* that onward roll,  
And Providence the *tide* that doth control;  
The *ocean*, life; the *deck*, the human soul.  
The word of God, the *chart* by which we steer;  
Conscience, the *watch on deck* when danger's near;  
The *rook* traced clearly on the *chart* is sin;  
Hope is the *anchor*, cast the veil within;  
The *cable*, the sure promises of God;  
The *waits*, the separate path by each that's trod;  
Reason, the *rudder*; Faith, the magnet true;  
And Heaven, the *harbour* to be kept in view.  
Jesus as *Pilot* at the helm doth stand;  
The Spirit is the *breeze* that wafts to land.  
The *saile* to catch the breeze, the means of grace;  
The *masts*, occasions given for their embrace.  
Our days to number, is the *log* to heave;  
Our age, the *rate of vessel* through the wave;  
Life's pulse, the *line* the water's depth to find;  
The *crew*, the thoughts and feelings of the mind.  
The *freights* of holy tempers, rich supplies  
Intended for the harbour of the skies;  
Death, the last *billow*, soon to break on shore;  
Eternity, the *coast*, where time's no more.

## A FRIENDLY WORD.

**J**UST a word with you, reader.

Allow me in a few words to place before you some plain facts :

I. You are a *lost sinner*.

II. You are already *condemned*.

III. You are utterly *helpless* to save yourself.

IV. God is *LOVE*.

V. God the Father in matchless grace has sent a Saviour to make atonement for sin.

VI. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has come to save the lost, and has shed His *precious blood* on Calvary as a *SUBSTITUTE* for sinners.

So that

VII. You, my reader, whosoever you are, may be freely forgiven, and fully and for ever saved from hell and from sin—now, at this very instant, just as you are, a guilty, condemned, helpless sinner, without any doing, feeling, doubting, working, meriting, praying; without waiting till you are better; without *previous* amendment, preparation, condition, or pre-requisite whatsoever,

But

Simply by *looking* to Jesus crucified; simply by *taking* the gift of salvation, and all the benefits purchased by the precious blood of Christ; simply by *accepting* the free forgiveness of all your sins as offered in the gospel; simply by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ;

"For 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.)

## GOING THE WRONG WAY.

"**Y**OU are going the wrong way," said the guard of a train on the railroad to a passenger on receiving his ticket. That assertion fell very unpleasantly upon the ear of him who had made the mistake. Still it was not a very serious one. It could be corrected. He was advised to get out at the first stopping-place and to take the opposite train on its arrival.

*Going the wrong way.* In another sense, this is affectingly true of thousands. It is true of the child who goes not in the way of its parents' commands. It is true of the man who with hot haste is in the pursuit of the riches, or honours, or pleasures of earth. It is true of every one whose course has not

been changed, who is not running the Christian race. Says the Saviour, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Oh, how many are now hurrying on towards eternal death, while they vainly are hoping to reach the end of their course, the new Jerusalem above! *They are going the wrong way.* The language of God to them is, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Turn to-day. Soon it will be too late. Soon destruction will become inevitable.

## "SHALL WE MEET IN HEAVEN?"

**A**S I am leaving this neighbourhood, Mrs.——, and am not likely to see you again, may I ask you one question? It is this, Shall we meet in heaven?"

"Oh, I hope so, sir, indeed; but then we must pray for forgiveness of sins first."

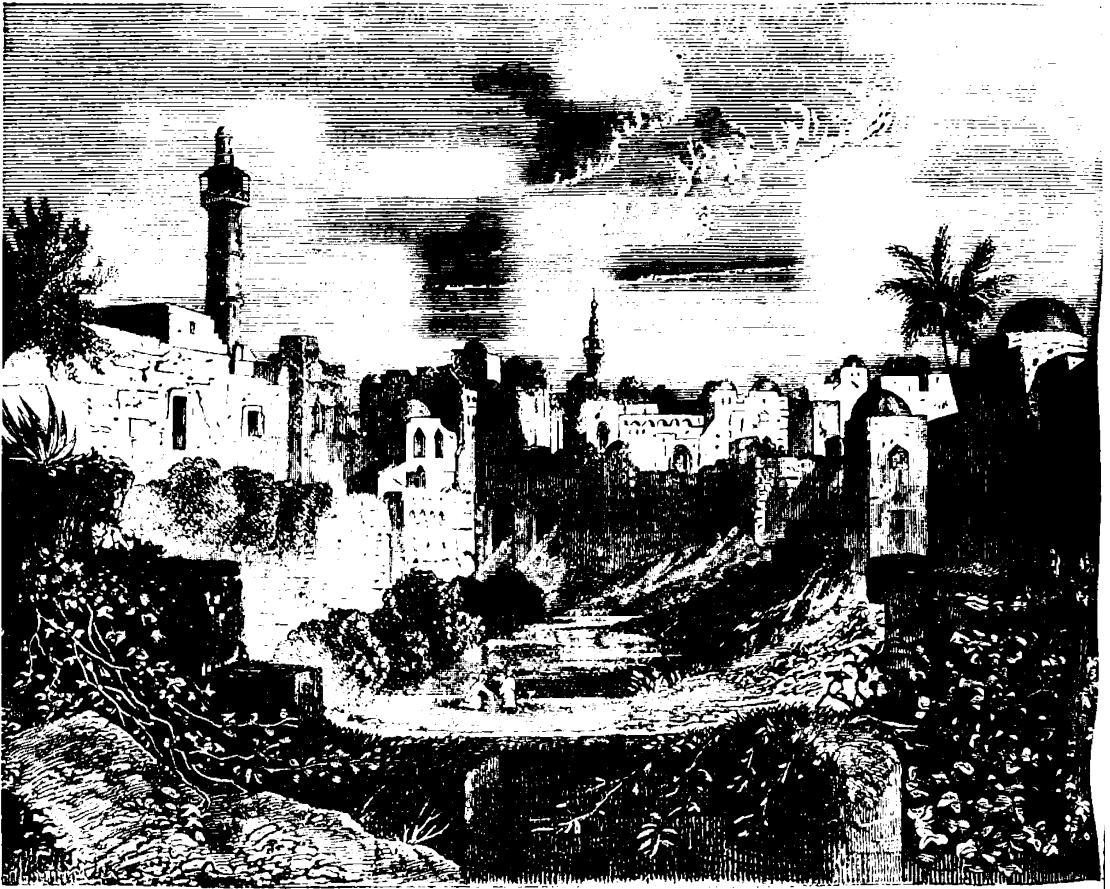
"Where in Scripture do you read that a sinner must pray to be forgiven?"

"I cannot say, sir; but of course we must pray for it."

"I know that many say so, but the truth is that God comes to you in the gospel, and tells you that Christ His Son has made such a just atonement for sin, that He can freely pardon, and save for ever, those who accept Him as their Saviour; that is, believe in Him, or come to God by Him. So that instead of your asking God to forgive you, He preaches peace, and proclaims forgiveness of sins to you. He says, 'Unto you is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things' (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) So that instead of your beseeching God to be reconciled to you, God is in His gospel beseeching sinners to be reconciled to Him.

"Believe, then, what God says. Take Christ as your Saviour, hearken to God's proclamation of forgiveness of sins to every one that believeth, and then you will know peace with God, and we shall meet in heaven. Farewell! May God bless these few words to you."

Unsaved reader, arouse to a sense of your danger. Unless you are sheltered by the blood of Christ, you will be overtaken by the storm of His judgment. This storm is gathering, and will shortly burst; but ere that day, awake from your false security, and flee to the only refuge—Jesus.



THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

### THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

**W**HAT a picture of the utter need and helplessness of man we have in the great multitude of diseased and impotent folk at the pool of Bethesda! There they lie year after year in well-nigh hopeless despair, waiting for their turn to come to step in and be healed. Upon the wreck and misery there shines a bright Light; the Good Physician comes upon the scene, and He singles out one who for the long period of thirty and eight years had been waiting, but in vain, in hopes of healing. The pitying eye of Jesus saw him; His heart of compassion was moved towards him; and by His touch of power He heals him, and sends him away from the place of his long and hopeless waiting, rejoicing in the health and vigour immediately imparted by His word.

And now, my reader, I put the same question to you that Jesus put to this helpless man, *Wilt thou be made whole?* You are, by nature, as powerless to save yourself as was this man to avail himself of the healing power of the waters of this pool; but just as he was healed, entirely apart from any doing of his own, so may you be saved at once by faith in the Lord Jesus. He is passing by in His love and grace, and His Spirit yearns to save and bless you. Are you willing to be saved? Do you want to know your sins forgiven, and to have the joy of a full and present pardon? Then come to Christ; trust in that precious cleansing blood shed on Calvary. In all your helplessness and need trust in Him who is "mighty to save" all who come to God by Him, and begin this New Year happy in the knowledge of sin for ever put away.

## THE OPENING YEAR.

**W**E have now entered upon the first month of the present year, and the indelible record of another period of time has been brought to a close. By days and weeks, months and years, we take our note of time, and thus it will continue until the predicted angel lifts up his hand to heaven, "and swears by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer." (Rev. x. 6.) In that day these periodical reckonings will be swallowed up and lost in one vast immense eternity. We know not how soon each one of us may have done with time, and entered upon eternity. God alone knows. Deeply solemnized our hearts should be while we pause to reflect upon the stirring incidents of the past year, ere another chapter in the history of this dispensation is completed. The commencement of the past year found many of us, through mercy, in Christ Jesus. As it closed in ~~the~~ we could still rejoice in the Lord, and joy in God of our salvation. Very many, who at the opening of last year were "without God, and without hope in the world," have since then been ~~born~~ again, and can now render personal testimony to the sin-cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb. Others, alas! to their own infinite loss, still turn a deaf ear to the loving invitations of the gospel. May God, who is rich in mercy, arouse many such while the door of mercy stands open. Thus much concerning individuals, but what about the world? As believers we do not belong to it. We are not going to stay here for ever. We are passing through it to "the Father's house on high." How solemn is the present moment in the history of the world! If we look beyond our immediate surroundings, and extend the horizon of our mental vision so as to compass the habitable globe, how solemn, we repeat, is just now the whole aspect of human affairs! During the past year men have been boasting, more than ever, of the advancement of science, the resources of civilization, and the ever-extending triumphs of human intelligence. Yet side by side with these triumphant exultations the records of the year have been darkened by some of the foulest crimes that have ever blotted the history of the human race. On every hand iniquity abounds, not only in the dark places of the earth and the congenial gloom of night, but also with emboldened confidence permeating all classes and conditions of men. We read of great railway enterprises, of vast schemes for navigable canals, of

pleasure trips round the world, all of which testify most strikingly to the latter-day description given in the prophecy of Daniel: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Truly startling therefore are many of these signs of the times. Frequently and consistently the press of this and other lands bears witness to the prophetic testimony of God's word: "In the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." (2 Tim. iii. 2-5.) How true a photograph this is of the condition of society in the present day! Then as to nations and governments. Are not their very foundations being undermined before our eyes? Not many months ago the nations of the earth were shocked by the intelligence that the representative of a despotic rule, and the occupant of an autocratic throne, was literally blown to pieces in the streets of his own capital. Again, within the past few weeks, the entire civilized world has been mourning the death, by the cruel hand of the assassin, of the chosen ruler of a great republic, himself one of the people, and elected by the people. Even in this our highly-favoured land more than one statesman has emphatically declared that the time-honoured institutions of parliamentary government are in imminent peril. By these significant events we have impressed upon us the momentous fact that all systems of government, as illustrated by the head of gold, the legs of iron, or the feet of iron and clay, of Daniel's image, have failed, and must fail until He comes, whose right it is to reign, and upon whose shoulders God has decreed the government must be. How true also is the testimony of God concerning this world—"It lieth in the wicked one." How active has been his power during the past year! How surely his influence can be traced on every side! Whether it be with nations or with individuals, slowly and insidiously he coils around them his subtle chains in order to bring about their swift destruction. Truly it has been said of him that "he goeth about seeking whom he may devour." The young and old, the tender and the hardened, he is ever seeking to entrap and beguile, without pity or remorse. They are the

terrible manifestations of Satan's power. We see in them the evident tokens and indisputable signs of the perilous times of the last days.

May the opening of this year find us walking with God in the present evil days, and waiting for His Son from heaven, looking for and hasting unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. To those who are unsaved let us ever be saying, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near."

W. H. F. C.

### A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"**S**OME years ago a young friend of mine" (says a friend of the writer's) "who was exceedingly worldly, and thoughtless about the things of God and his soul even to purposely absenting himself from family worship each day, was appointed to fill a post in a foreign land. The necessary arrangements were made, and he left home almost glad to get rid of the restraints of Christian influence, but followed by a devoted mother's prayers. When as far as Alexandria, he had occasion to open one of his boxes, in the top of which was a letter, written by his mother to him. It contained loving advice and Christian counsel. As he read the letter (he afterwards told) he felt as though he would have given worlds for one look at his mother's face. Whilst in this softened mood he took his seat in the train, which was to take him 'up country.' In the compartment with him was a young man with an open Bible upon his knee; after a while the two young men got into conversation with each other, and the result was the conversion of the anxious young man. His first letter home began:

"Mother, I have better news to tell you than if I had gained the whole world; for 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and, mother, you know how I left home; but now I can say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.'" Many years have elapsed since then, and my friend ever proved in the distant land as well as at home a true believer in and servant of Christ. The place in which he was situated was very remote, and far from teachers or help of any kind; so he was wholly Spirit-taught through the reading of God's word and prayer."

We none of us value as we should the teaching of our early days; perhaps by the fireside of our childhood we were taught many spiritual lessons that we have forgotten; but who can estimate

aright the blessing of a mother's earnest prayer for her children? My reader, you can remember scenes in which the tears of a mother ran quickly down her cheeks when some sad news arrived of a son's illness in a distant land; or, sadder still, the black-edged envelope containing the news of the death of one. Oh, if that mother could have been there to soothe the pillow and speak of the Lord to such an one! But he would go, he did have his way, and the end, the sad end, is only known to the living God. With you that mother may have gone, gone to be for ever with the Lord, and you are left; is it to follow her? You must go the same way. What are your aims? all for this world? profitless indeed! The gilt upon the toy must soon be taken off, the poison in the cup tasted at the end. The sky will soon be thick with judgment, and the bitterness of eternal woe begin for those that in the day of grace have neglected the great salvation.

But why will ye die? "Is there hope now?" do you say? Ah, yes! happy, glorious news; Jesus the Lord has died and now lives? This is the foundation of all our joy and rest. The king of terrors may come; but what of that? He marches through our land in ghastly haste, the fruit of sin; but Jesus lives, and is the Resurrection and the Life. The believer can sing in triumph, because He has gone through the bitterness of death, taken the substance, and left but the shadow for the Christian to pass through. On what, then, is your hope built, may I ask? the solid ground of that love that gave the mighty sacrifice? that gives peace and pardon; is this it? You want to see the loved ones who have gone before—ah! to see His face, to enter the heavenly city, whose walls are salvation, and gates praise; but do you want to be freed from sin now?

The cry for the advent of the Lord is going up: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;" but almost the last words of the Lord are also, "Come." And you are also invited to come; the sinner is asked. You cannot be happy as you are, and where you are; take the water of life, and be refreshed; quench thy soul-thirst; get to the well of living water at once; go to the fountain; take it freely; take it now, because now is the time of His invitation, and all by virtue of the cross. Oh, blessed assurance, to die is gain when Jesus is known! but not to know Him, or the value of His precious blood, is a loss indeed. We value our health, our money, our reputation; but what is it all to the value of the



Lord! God's wisdom is seen in this gift, and His love also manifested that He should be just, and justify the ungodly; and yet it is true, true for you and me. Oh, look at that cross, and then the world will become of less value! This is a day of profession; but mere profession will not do. Oh, let me win you for Christ! Who can tell the things He has prepared for those who love Him, or the joys that wait for His own in the glory? The *riches* of His glory in the inheritance reserved in heaven. No hunger, no more curse, no night there, no pain; we cannot grasp it, impossible; we must wait to know it fully; but His word has promised, and that word is truth; but you will miss it all unless you decide to come to Him.

H. R. FRANCIS.

## A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

"COME, LORD JESUS."

COME, Lord Jesus! I so want Thee to be present with me here,  
 All alone I could not venture on the changes of this year;  
 For I know not what may happen ere I reach its closing hour;  
 Oh, be with me, blessed Saviour, and sustain me by Thy power!

Come, Lord Jesus, every morning—may my spirit feel Thee near,  
 Ere I enter on Thy service in my daily household sphere;  
 Make me loving, gentle, patient, whatsoever the work may be;  
 May each duty tell forth plainly that Thy child has been with Thee!

Come, Lord Jesus; for those duties are too much for *me* to bear,  
 And if Thou art close beside me, I with Thee their weight can share;  
 But if *Sorrow* e'er approaches, with her sable wing of night,  
 Then come closer still, my Saviour, and enfold me in Thy light.

And if Joy should sometimes cheer me with her bright and happy face,  
 Oh, be present, too, Lord Jesus, with Thy never-failing grace!  
 Keep me humble in her sunshine; may my joy with Thee be shared,  
 That I be not, through presumption, with her loveliness ensnared.

Yet if still a third should seek me with a message from Thy throne—  
 Even *Death* himself—then, Saviour! let him not appear alone!  
 But oh! come Thyself, Lord Jesus, for I should not dare to go  
 With a stranger through that valley, which is very dark, I know.

Come, Lord Jesus—oh, come quickly! for the year has opened now,  
 And I wait for Thee to bless me as in prayer I humbly bow;  
 Then when Thou shalt come, blest Saviour, in the gladdest sense of all,  
 May I rise at once to meet Thee as I hear Thy trumpet call!

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

## "WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD."



IN the time when cholera first broke out in the town of D—, a young man was walking along one of its streets when he felt an unusual sensation, approaching to cramp, in one of his feet. He went to a doctor in great alarm, and told him his state. He gave him a powder, and looking seriously at him, said, "Take this, go home, and go to bed."

Arrived at home, he went to his bedroom, knelt down, and, for the first time in his life, cried in earnest to God. He was greatly alarmed at the prospect of entering eternity unprepared. No tongue can describe the wild despair which seized him as these thoughts filled his mind: "I have been twenty-five years in this world, and have been living only for the trifles of time. I have now only three hours to live. I am just about to step out on the ocean of eternity, and I have made no preparation for the awful change." In fearful agony of mind he cried to God. Contrary to expectation, his life was spared, and he recovered.

A great change in his character became manifest, but he did not yet know God as He is revealed in Jesus Christ. Sin, however, became a terror to him, and he watched against it and avoided it. He prayed much, read the Scriptures, attended meetings for worship, fasted, and gave alms. But he was a stranger to peace. Why? Because "he sought it not by faith, but, as it were, by the works of the law." Sin *had* dominion over him, because he was under the law, and not under grace, and he was unsatisfied and unhappy.

There are many like this young man who are anxious to be religious, and by their *religiousness* to recommend themselves to God. But it will not do; nothing but Christ will ever fully satisfy an awakened conscience.

Six years had passed away, and still this young man was unhappy about his soul, when one day he thought of these words—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you" (Ex. xii. 13.) By this time he had acquired some knowledge of the Scriptures, and understood the meaning of the passage. It is this: Once God was about to bring the children of Israel out of Egypt, where they were captives, and to punish also the Egyptians by slaying one person in each house, for which purpose the destroying angel was commanded to pass through the land of Egypt in the night. But God intended to preserve the children of Israel from this calamity; so He directed them to kill a lamb for each household, or, if the household was small, for that and the next to it, to feed on it, and to sprinkle the blood of the lamb upon the two side-posts, and on the upper door-post of the door of each house; and He said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." The destroying angel was to pass through the land in the night, and to slay one in each house; but the sprinkled blood was to be to him a token to pass over each house on which it was. And so it happened,

the Lord slew one in every Egyptian house. But the Israelites sprinkled the blood as they had been directed, and all their houses were passed over.

Now, he had read that Christ is called the Christian's PASSOVER. "For even Christ our PASSOVER is sacrificed for us." (1 Cor. v. 7.) And the Lord mercifully brought it into his mind, that the sprinkled blood of the passover lamb set forth what the blood of Christ—that is, the death of Christ—is to sinners who believe in Him. The Lord Jesus Christ, who died and rose again, and who is alive for evermore, is the believer's lamb. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) And those who believe in Him are PASSED OVER through His precious death and resurrection. (Rom. iv. 24, 25.) When he really understood this, it instantly released him from all his fears, and delivered him from his self-righteousness too; for he believed that God would not punish him for his sins, but PASS OVER him, because of the sacrifice of the great Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, and *because of that alone*.

Peace instantly took possession of his mind—the peace of God; for he was assured in his heart that he had found mercy. He believed that God had said, "WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD, I WILL PASS OVER YOU."

Reader, although years have since rolled away, this person still lives. His hair is growing grey, and his appearance is greatly changed. He has passed through scenes of sorrow and suffering as well as of joy; but having been kept by the power of God, he is this day still trusting in "CHRIST OUR PASSOVER."

Aroused from sin and carelessness,

When judgments were abroad,

I felt at last that God could reach  
And make me feel His rod.

With others I had smiled at death,

But now that death drew nigh,

My spirit fainted at this word,

"Prepare to-day to die."

Wild horror rushed upon my mind,

I stood aghast with fear,

Eternity was full in view,

And death's cold hand was near.

I cried to God, so long despised,

For God my life to spare;

My formal prayer had now become

A cry of black despair.

Raised up, I tried to please the Lord

By living without sin;

A stranger still to peace with God

And holiness within.

I tried, and failed, my anxious heart

Knew not the way of life;

The Bible showed my ignorance,

And ended all the strife.

The life of Christ the Lord was given,

From sin to set us free;

And God says,

"WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD,

I WILL PASS OVER THEE."

Not when I see the sinner changed;

But "WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD."

Oh, fellow-sinner, come and trust

In this forgiving GOD!

## Notices.

### SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We are now beginning another year of our happy service in conducting this publication, and we do so with great thankfulness and gratitude to God for His continued blessing, which has rested on our work. We have had continued testimony from various parts of the globe that the truths contained in *The Gospel Watchman* have been blessed to the salvation of souls. To Him be all the praise.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

The number for January is specially suitable for circulation at the commencement of the New Year; and we ask the prayers of the Lord's people that it may be used to arouse many from the sleep of death, and lead them to Him who is "THE LIFE."

Sample Packets of Twenty or more back numbers, *gratis and post free*, to those who will seek to aid us by getting fresh subscribers.

The Editor would draw special attention to the special issue of the

### Watchman's Message for 1882.

It is admirably adapted for very wide circulation, and ought to be sown broadcast.

It is supplied at the low price of 30/- per 1,000, *direct from the Publisher*.

ANON., BALLYMENA.—Your letter received. The sentence you refer to was overlooked in reading through.

### THE LORD'S POOR.

For some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season now approaching, are needing sometimes the very necessities of life.

### BACK NUMBERS OF "THE GOSPEL WATCHMAN."

Parcels of Back Numbers of this Magazine are made up at the following cheap rates:

250 for 10s.

500 for 20s.

These will be found very useful for distribution.

### FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

We have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount.

THE  
CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO  
WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS  
**GOSPEL WATCHMAN**

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS, AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM.

"WATCHMAN, what of the night?  
The watchman said, The morning  
cometh, and also the night: if ye  
will enquire, enquire ye: return,  
come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a  
watchman unto the house of Israel:  
therefore thou shalt hear the word  
at my mouth, and warn them from  
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

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## THE ACTOR'S CONVERSION;

OR, HOW JOHN HAMBLETON FOUND CHRIST.

**S**EVERAL years ago I saw a crowd of people entering a large music-hall in one of our sea-port towns. I listened to the sound proceeding from within, and found that it was not the usual class of music sung in such places to entertain those who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," but bright, happy strains of Christian praise. I followed them into the place, and found boxes, galleries, and pit filled with a motley audience, whose attention was concentrated upon an old man speaking from the stage.

In a moment one felt struck with the intense earnestness of his language and demeanour. Life, Death, and Judgment appeared to him terrible realities. Yet he was no mere ranting enthusiast, possessing zeal without knowledge, or uttering words without power; but there was an unction in his speech, and richness in his language, that commanded the attention of his hearers; who could not fail to be struck also with those furrowed lines on the brow of the speaker, which told their tale of suffering, and a wandering, wayward life in the far-off country, where prodigals spend their substance in riotous living, when they strike for independence of God.

Although this scene was witnessed many years ago, I shall never forget the impression received in the music-hall that evening, although I have often heard the old man since, telling out from his full heart "the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

A previous speaker having referred to God's wondrous providential dealings with him, to bring his stubborn will into subjection to the gospel, the old man followed him in language similar to this:

"It is not often that I feel led by God's Spirit to speak of the follies of my past life, when I did what seemed right in my own eyes, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and mind, and rioting in sinful pleasure. But my soul is stirred up by what our brother has said, to testify to 'the exceeding riches of His grace,' in having 'snatched me as a brand from the eternal burning.'

"I only speak of myself to magnify Him, whose kindness and love have been so manifestly shown in sending Jesus to die for the ungodly. (Rom. v. 6.)

"My past history is more chequered than most of yours, and some of its pages are so blurred and blotted that I must of necessity pass them over.

"A person walking through the streets of Liverpool many years ago might have noticed a lad of only fourteen summers, whose careless, defiant air told its own tale of self-will, and rebellion from his parents' authority; and would lead the observer to conclude that he had sunk deeper in the mire of sin than boys of that age generally become submerged in. That lad was the speaker you are listening to; and now I must tell you my own story.

"It was not the result of parental neglect that caused me to forsake the paths of virtue and morality, and plunge into dissipation and vice. The watchful care of a pious mother had early taught me the things that belonged to my peace. At her feet I had learned to lisp the name of Jesus, and sing hymns of 'the better land.' She used to read

to me out of her well-worn Bible about Samuel and David and the prophets of old; and placing her hand upon my head, she would talk kindly to me about Him who, though born in a manger, was a Prince and a Saviour, and visited this sinful world to bring peace and glad tidings, and purchase for all men the forgiveness of their sins. She sowed the incorruptible seed of God's word in my youthful mind; but the thorns of bad society choked it, so that for many years it bore no fruit.

"I broke away early from every restraint, and launched out into the stream of iniquity and sin. The current bore me rapidly on, and the fascinations of sinful pleasure blinded my eyes to all danger. I thought of no future, and thus,

"Careless of my soul immortal,  
Heeding not the call of God,"

I hastened on in the broad road leading to destruction.

"From then up to my thirtieth year I revelled in all the gaiety of theatrical life, and my history consisted only of one dark catalogue of sin, too black to be dwelt upon; and if I ever do refer to those days, it is only to say, in the words of the apostle, 'What fruit have I in those things whereof I am now ashamed? for the end of those things is death.' And, oh! as I sometimes look back upon those years of misspent life—a vast gap in that life's existence—and see the fire from which, by God's mercy, I have been snatched, my soul is bowed in adoration of 'the exceeding riches of God's grace,' that saved such a degraded sinner, and treated me like Joshua in Zech. iii. 3. Here we see a man clothed with filthy garments—showing what the sinner is in God's sight, under the power of Satan, his adversary. Now, in this state of helplessness and despair the representative sinner stands silent, admitting his guilt and corruption; whereupon God's grace delivers him, so that in verse 4 the filthy garments are taken away, and a fair mitre is put upon his head. Thus has God in mercy raised me up, and made me what I am.

"My first awakening was at about the age of 30, in rather a striking manner. At the time I was manager of my own theatre, in the town of Geelong, Australia. Among the actors was a young man, born in Sydney, whose father had been in America, and had imbibed the teachings of Tom Payne. This young man was one day mocking at the book called the Bible, and, quoting from the infidel text-book, was leading the minds of others to mock the

Bible as an invention of crafty priests. The whole seemed to agree with the infidel.

"But this time I was moved by a higher power to rebuke those men. I had always felt a reverence and awe for that sacred book, which my mother had taught me to read at her knee; and with her it was no dead formality of a religious exercise; no mere theoretical knowledge of the letter of God's word; but Christianity with her was vital godliness a living practical reality of daily life, manifesting the truth of God, just as He meant it to be with all His children. She lived out the grand principles of God's word; and when the sceptic's arguments were strong against the authenticity of the Scriptures, I could never refute that 'living epistle' which had consistently appeared before me in the years of my childhood. Oh that Christian mothers and fathers would apply these truths to their hearts, and shine for Jesus in this dark world; 'commanding their children after them,' like Abraham; and 'training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' as Eph. vi. 4 exhorts them to do.

"It is true that the long course of sin I had pursued weakened its influence for good; but the early teaching of my mother was not quite obliterated, so that, when they abused her Bible, I turned fiercely upon them, and said—'The Bible, sirs, is a book wrapped in a mystery beyond our comprehension.'

"We separated, they to their beds, but myself to the silent bush; for home thoughts of childhood had now filled my mind.

"I remember well that beautiful starlight night. Everything in nature around me possessed a charm peculiar to those tropical climes. Language fails to describe the beauty of such a landscape and sea-view as met my gaze that night, when God spoke to my hardened soul.

"As I lifted my eyes above, and saw the full moon shedding upon me its soft, mellow light; and the clustering stars in the firmament, which seemed to fix their tiny eyes upon me—the weary prodigal; a voice within seemed to enquire, 'Who made those planets you gaze upon? and what power organised and sustains all the sublime mechanism of the universe?' The tiniest blade of grass at my feet seemed to speak of an Infinite Creator, and to defy the greatest human philosopher to make such a thing. The trees and plants around me seemed silently to ask, 'What think you it is which causes our branches to blossom and bear fruit in their season, and to supply the varied wants of mankind?'

What sends the rain and sunshine in their season, to promote our growth, and maintain our life? Everything thus in nature seemed to ask for investigation, and convince me of the folly of doubting the existence of a Supreme Being.

"Occupied with these thoughts, I reached the beach, and paused again to admire the beauty of the scene. Before me was stretched the beautiful bay of Geelong, looking like a mirror in the silvery light. The waves rolled in over the strand, and fell in spray at my feet, so that a conviction entered my soul that God ruled supreme over all His creation. But this was not the knowledge of the only true God, revealed to poor sinners through Jesus Christ our Lord, and which brings eternal life to every weary and heavy-laden soul that looks to Him, and trusts in Him, by simple faith. But it was one of those marvellous links in the chain of God's providence, turning my feet from sin to Himself.

"At a late hour that night I returned to the hotel, and retired to bed, longing for rest I could not find. Memories of home came thronging around me, as I turned from side to side on my restless pillow. Bitter recollections of all my misdoings in the past were rushing through my mind with intense and burning imagery, and drove me almost to distraction. I thought of the kind mother and friends I had left far away on the shores of my native land; of the sinful pleasures I had indulged in, and for the gratification of which I had sacrificed all that was noble and good. At last I fell into a slumber; but 'God speaks once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword.' (Job xxxiii. 14.)

#### THE DREAM.

"Seated upon a rostrum as an actor, in the kingly robes of Richard III. The scene, St. James' Street, Liverpool. My brother Isaac, who was taken away by the cholera which raged in Liverpool during the year 1852, seemed to be again alive, and dressed as 'Pan,' in heathen mythology, as the 'god of shepherds,' with a crook in his hand, and clothed in rags. He stood by St. James' Churchyard, myself seated upon the opposite side. He was instructing me in the mysteries of nature, showing that every complete

thing, whether animal or vegetable, was in its own sphere a world in itself, other insect worlds feeding upon it; and that everything was feeding upon everything, and as everything came out from the earth, so the earth itself was feeding upon all her offspring. I then asked him what was the soul of man. He showed a man whose body fell and crumbled to dust, but the soul remained standing, an immortal thing, with all the parts possessing features as with the body, but nothing material could hurt or move it: like a pillar of smoke—you might pass a sword through the figure, but it could not touch it. Many other things were shown at an open grave, and intimations given of a life of faith, and a life of suffering for Christ and truth's sake. I then desired to see mother, and, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, we were caught up, and the happiness of heaven would be impossible to describe. My mother was in the glory; I wanted to stay with her; but another curtain was drawn, and blackness of darkness was there. Myriads of lost souls writhing in agony could see the joy of the saved, but had lost that life; indescribable torment was their portion; they knew what they had lost, and eternally struggling to get the life back was hopeless despair. One of these appeared to swim in liquid agony toward me, and with intensified horror depicted upon the countenance of that lost soul I awoke, bathed in perspiration and affright.

"For some time this dream had a restraining influence upon me, and kept me from outward sin; but I found no rest or peace, because I sought it not at the cross of Christ; and my proud heart still refused to yield the obedience of faith to the blessed overtures of the gospel of God's grace.

"Shortly after this news arrived of the great discovery of gold-fields in California, and I joined that greedy crowd who packed up their things and started for San Francisco. Joining an American company there, we stayed some months in the Pandemonium of that place, and went on to the gold-fields of Coloma.

"We left that settlement, and journeyed still further, to discover, if possible, more productive gold-fields to work in. Careless of fatigue, hunger, and disappointment, we pursued our way over wild and desolate tracts of country, where nothing met the eye but brushwood, trees, or prairie land. Still we heeded not the discomforts of the way; for our object was GOLD, and for it we were willing to suffer want or peril.

"I often think now, that if men of the world, for the mere love of adventure, or for the acquirement of a perishable object, will endure such privations—oh, how much self-denial and hardship should Christians be prepared to suffer who are 'constrained by the love of Christ!' Should we begrudge time, toil, or labour in 'laying up treasures in heaven?' If mammon's cross is cheerfully borne, should not Christ's be? Oh, it may do us good to remember that self-denial is not confined to Christianity. To gain any coveted object, men renounce ease and pleasure; just as we were doing in our hazardous journeys over those dreary Californian plains.

"But my dissipated habits had been gradually undermining my health, so that disease began to prey into my limbs, and my strength to fail. One day, as we were travelling, I was so far exhausted that my companions halted, and helped me to the shelter of a tree, under which I was placed, and soon began to sink. For days they remained at my side, watching the sands ebb slowly out of the glass of my existence, and expecting each hour would be my last. So weak had I become, that the weight of a grasshopper was a burden; and all desire seemed to fail. So weak that the pale horse, with DEATH for its rider, seemed to stand near, ready to trample me into the bottomless pit prepared for the wicked and those who, like me, had lived only for sinful pleasures, and had forgotten God. There I lay without one ray of gospel hope to cheer my guilty soul; but only 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' There I lay, a wreck in the prime of life; and to all appearance drifting fast from the shores of time to that vast ocean for whose dark expanse I had no chart or pilot to guide me.

"My comrades waited at my side, and fancying my hours, perhaps moments, were numbered, they had dug my grave under the shadow of that same tree, ready to place my poor emaciated body in it when the spark of life had fled.

"As I lay there, on the eve of death, as I thought, my mind dwelt upon the value of my soul; and I began to think where it would go when my body was left in the cold tomb, and all the sins of my past life rushed with fearful imagery through my mind. The home I had left, the mother's heart I had broken, the talents I had abused, the grace I had despised and rejected; and then I thought of the just retribution for the wicked; and in the

bitterness of despair I gave myself up for lost, and in agony I cried for help and mercy to that One who is 'mighty to save.' My proud heart was bowed in penitence before Him. Wondrous grace! He heard my cry, and spared the tree yet a little longer; so that I was not cut off in my sins, but to the astonishment of my friends I began shortly to recover, and ere long was so far restored as to be enabled to pursue our journey, after they had filled up the empty grave.

"You would have thought such a resurrection man would have sought now to live as a Christian, and know the forgiveness of sins; but no, that deceitful and desperately wicked heart had not yet learnt its own helplessness and depravity, and that 'salvation is of the Lord;' consequently, with restored health I went back 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.' How this should teach us that God's Holy Spirit alone must regenerate the soul; and that, apart from the new creation in Christ Jesus, all attempts to reform unconverted men are useless; for until they are born again they possess no sufficient motive power to do good even if they would, and, therefore, they are led in captivity by the flesh lusting within, and by the devil tempting them from without. Therefore, notwithstanding all God's goodness in restoring me, I continued to join my companions in all their sinful habits, and good thoughts soon departed from my mind. Being deeply injured by one, and deceived by another, Satan was tempting me to shoot the man. I went to my tent, and loaded my pistol. But as I thought of my errand, and that I might add murder to my other crimes, or, perhaps, be launched into eternity myself, with unforgiven sin, the horror of my situation terrified my soul; so that I drew the trigger, and discharged the contents of the pistol into the earth. But there was a power stronger than Satan's now working within; and feeling I could not do the evil deed, or risk my life, I flung myself upon my knees, and leant my head upon a chair. Lifting my eyes, a song book before me attracted my attention, and unconsciously I opened it. The first word that attracted my eye was *FLY*. That little book was the leading string in the order of God's providence in drawing me away from a place of certain death to the home of my childhood. When its work was done, it was taken out of the way, and a better book substituted—the Word of God.

"I took ship for England; but when I arrived

in Liverpool I found only my sister in the house, and learnt that my mother had gone home to be with the Lord several years before. Yes, gone to be with the Saviour whom, having not seen, she had, through the 55 years of her chequered life, loved. My sister told me that she had died happy; fully persuaded that her God would bring back her prodigal son, John, into the fold of Christ; and on her deathbed she said to my sister, 'Take a piece of paper and write down this: I am fully persuaded that God's grace will reach my wilful son, and save his precious soul, and that in Liverpool he will testify of the change;' and so she died in peace.

"I was much impressed by this, and being sick of the world and its vain, empty pleasures, my heart was turned to the sinner's Friend as my only way of escape from the wrath to come. There was now a real spiritual awakening in my soul, for I earnestly sought God's great salvation. I truly abhorred myself, and wondered only if divine mercy could accept such a miserable sinner as I felt I was.

"For one month I passed through a terrible conflict of soul, listening to the follies of my deceitful heart, and then to the foul suggestions of the enemy of my soul; but not paying that attention I should have done to the words of love and mercy recorded in God's gospel for sinners who have got to the end of their good and bad selves. I had not then learnt that God is really seeking for sinners bad enough to be saved; that is, those who are conscious of no merit, and feel themselves cast entirely upon 'God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins.'

"I floundered about in the slough of despond, with the arrow of conviction in my soul, until at last I was led to the place called 'Calvary,' and there at the feet of that Saviour who died, 'the just for the unjust,' and 'redeemed us from the curse of the law—being made a curse for us'—I saw the wondrous substitutional work He accomplished; the atonement He made, whereby 'God can be just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus.' I saw that 'God was no respecter of persons,' and could save the 'dying thief,' or Nicodemus the Pharisee, provided they both came to Him as sinners, and accepted salvation as a free gift. I truly felt my helplessness; my need of Him; and that my only hope was in His mercy; and then and

there I realised 'the forgiveness of sins;' that I was 'justified from all things;' that I possessed eternal life; that God was my Father, Christ my Saviour, and heaven my home. For 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, had shone into my heart; giving me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.'

"Knowing that I was now a child of God, I turned to His word for light and guidance, and sought to know His mind about my service for Him.

"Like Paul, I realised that I was His, and He was mine; therefore felt that truth, 'Whose I am, and whom I serve.' He soon gave me my commission, 'to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' and assured me from Jer. i. 5 'that before I was born He had sanctified me, and ordained me to be a prophet unto the nations.' And when I said, 'I cannot speak, for I am a child;' He answered, 'Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.' Therefore I went into Liverpool streets, thirty years ago, and 'preached through Jesus the forgiveness of sins; and that by Him all who believe are justified from all things.' And to the poor degraded sinners around I declared, on the authority of God's blessed Word, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth from all sin;' and that 'He was able to save to the uttermost all who came unto God by Jesus.' Amidst much persecution from the flesh, I have sought to declare God's glad tidings through the cities, towns, and villages of the land; and learnt that 'my sufficiency is of God,' who has never failed to supply all my need. My hairs are now grey in His service, but whilst He spares me here, I am anxious only to testify for Him, and exalt Jesus only, as 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

Depths of death my Saviour suffered,  
Deepest deep soul agony;  
God's own spotless Lamb was offered,  
Willing sacrifice for me.  
Precious Saviour,  
Love has drawn my heart to Thee.

When in helplessness I wandered,  
Lost and dead in sin and shame;  
Life and health, and substance squandered,  
None to save till Jesus came.  
Precious Saviour,  
Oh that all could learn Thy name!

R. H. B.

### "THEN I'M LOST! I'M LOST!"

**A**T the close of a meeting in a small market town of Cheshire, a respectably-attired woman came to the preacher, and with a look that betokened much anxiety said:

"Did you say, in your address this evening, that if we committed one sin we were guilty of all?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "What was said was a quotation from the word of God, James ii. 10: 'For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'"

"Is that really in the Bible?" was her next question.

"Yes; read it yourself." This she did three or four times, as if to be quite sure of its truth. Then handing back the book, she uttered, in a tone of despair, "Then I'm lost! I'm lost!"

In further conversation it was found she had been deeply convicted of sin at a previous meeting, and since that time had set the law before her, and done her best to fulfil its requirements—had, as she herself expressed it, nearly succeeded. But that evening her temper had been ruffled, hasty words had been spoken, and now hearing and reading that, failing in one point, she was guilty of all, was almost more than could be borne, and in an agony of grief she exclaimed, "Oh, do tell me, do tell me, What must I do to be saved?"

"Listen," said the preacher. "Many years ago, at midnight, there was an earthquake; the walls of a prison were shaken; the jailor of that prison was awakened out of his sleep; in great terror he rushed from his house, called for a light, sprang into the jail; fell down before two of his prisoners, and asked the same question you ask now. Those prisoners were men taught of God, in constant communication with God, and at once gave the divine answer to the question, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' That jailor obeyed their instruction, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and immediately his fears fled, and his heart was filled with joy. This message is appropriate for you. You acknowledge your lost condition, the experience of the past proves you cannot save yourself; but believing on the Lord Jesus Christ will save you, for the word still stands, 'Whosoever believeth on HIM shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'" (John iii. 16.)

"But have I nothing to do?" she again anxiously enquired.

"No, dear woman, nothing to do, only to believe. These men of God said not a single word about

doing, they only spoke of believing. The Lord Jesus Christ, eighteen hundred years ago, did all that was necessary for our salvation; and all God asks is, that we believe in the perfect, finished work of his well-beloved Son. The very instant the poor sinner believes on Him his sin is put away, 'blotted out as a cloud' (Isaiah xlii. 22), 'cast into the depths of the sea' (Micah vii. 19), yea more, 'forgotten by God.' (Isaiah xliii. 25.)

"I see it plainly now," she said, her face lighting up with joy. "How simple! Saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free."

Reader, it may be that, like this woman, God the Holy Spirit has convinced you of sin; you have been trying to repent, to reform your life, to keep the commandments, hoping by these things you may in the end gain the salvation of your soul. This is the mistake of thousands—putting their own doings in the place of what Christ has done. A man taught of God once said, "I was forty years learning three things; first, that I could do nothing for my own salvation; second, that God did not want me to do anything for my own salvation; third, that Jesus Christ had done all that was needful for my salvation." Reader, He has finished the work! You could not keep the law or make an atonement for a single sin, but God, who is rich in mercy, has devised a plan by which the law's demands have been fully met, and a way of reconciliation opened for the transgressor. God sent Jesus to take the place of sinners; He entered into their standing, became their Substitute, fulfilled the law they had broken, and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself on Calvary. To those who believe on Him, His obedience is reckoned, His death in place of theirs; at once they are free from present and future condemnation, made one with Christ, grow day by day in likeness to Him here, and will throughout eternity dwell with Him in His Father's home.

May each dear reader cease trying and working for salvation, but lay hold of that worked out by another, even the Son of God. Claim it, not on account of your doings, but on account of what He has done. Say—

"Even NOW by faith I claim Him mine,  
The risen Son of God;"

And then

"Redemption by His death you'll find,  
And cleansing through the blood."

G. HERRFORD.



# The Watchman's Message.

"I AM THE LIVING BREAD WHICH CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN:  
IF ANY MAN EAT OF THIS BREAD, HE SHALL LIVE  
FOR EVER."—JOHN vi. 51.



"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE: HE THAT COMETH TO ME SHALL  
NEVER HUNGER; AND HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME  
SHALL NEVER THIRST."—JOHN vi. 35.

NOTHING TO EAT.

## NOTHING TO EAT.

A LARGE company gathered round the Lord Jesus to hear the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth, and as they had stayed a long while listening to Him "who spake as never man spake," the disciples felt it advisable to bid the Master send them away; for the day was far spent, and darkness would soon mantle that dreary desert. But such was not according to the great

Teacher's mind. While enraptured with His wonderful teaching and riveted by His words of power they had forgotten the circumstances in which they were placed, and now they were hungry.

"Give ye them to eat," was the command that filled the disciples with amazement. The place was a desert, the night was fast approaching, and the villages could not supply the enormous need; but they forgot that the Lord was with them, the very

## THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

One who feeds every living creature day by day; and what difficulty was it to Him to satisfy a few thousand men?

There were five loaves and two small fishes, and they were placed before the Lord, who had commanded the people to *sit down*; and He takes the loaves, blesses them, and then distributes to the disciples, who give to the multitude, and they did *all eat* and were *filled*, and twelve baskets of fragments were gathered up after the meal was finished.

Dear reader, the same One who looked upon that hungry multitude looked down upon a sin-blighted world. It was to Him as a *desert* place; sin had marred its early beauty, thorns and thistles were growing, which told their own tale—that sin had entered, and God had cursed the earth on account of it. But the night was coming on, black clouds were rising, judgment was coming, the people were as sheep without a shepherd, and starving for lack of spiritual food; and nothing but Christ, who is the true bread which came down from heaven, would satisfy the hungry soul.

Reader, hear His words, "Sit down;" it means *rest*. Israel had to learn that lesson, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

"Must I not *do* something?"

Yes; do as He says: "Sit down." Man would tell you to be *up* and *doing*; Christ does not. He wants you to *rest* upon what He has done.

Then they *all eat* and were filled. One did not eat for another; it would be ridiculous to think of such a thing, and so there must be a *personal appropriation* of Christ. Your friends being Christians will not benefit you. You must take Christ for *yourself*; you must *personally* accept the finished work of God's Son, or you will be lost.

If you feel your need of a Saviour, if you know you are starving in a far-off land, you may also know that in the Father's house is "bread enough and to spare," plenty for all who will come. Man may try to drive you away, Satan may put an excuse into your lips; but God is still saying, "COME, all things are ready."

Christ has died, and salvation is provided. The LIVING BREAD will satisfy when nothing else can. You may try the world, drink of its pleasures, and feed on its vanities; but the husks that the swine feed on will not prove satisfying food. But if you begin with Christ, and esteem His words as preferable to ordinary food, you will *grow* strong in

the Lord and in the power of His might. Do not go on spending your money for that which is not bread, and labouring for that which will not satisfy, but rather take that which is offered without money and without price; and then the

"Bread of heaven  
Feeds us till we want no more."

### GOD LOVES THEE.

A POOR gay votary of fashion, living some years ago in Paris, living in the world and for the world, lay in bed suffering from a heavy cold. Her sisters came in full of merriment and laughter. "Have you heard," said they, "the latest joke?" "No; what is it?" "Oh, there is a mad fellow come over from England preaching what he calls 'the gospel.' He rants away in English, and one of the French pasteurs interprets. It is the most ridiculous thing out. All the world is going, and we are going to hear him."

By-and-by they were gone, and as this poor sick girl was lying alone in her bed, there came into her heart—she did not know why—an indescribable desire to go too. She rang the bell for her maid, and said, "I want you to dress me." The *bonne* looked surprised, and said, "You are unfit to get up, ma'am." "Never mind, I am going to get up; send for a carriage." The servant expostulated, but go she would. She drove to the hall. There was but one vacant seat, just in front of the platform, and she was shewn into it. By the time the hymn was sung and prayer offered she was tolerably solemnized. Then there was the silence of death as the strange preacher, H. Grattan Guinness, came to the front of the platform and looked her full in the face as if he had been specially sent to her. He paused for a moment, and as she looked up wondering, her eyes met his. Gazing at her as though he would read the secrets of her heart, he said, "*Poor sinner, God loves thee.*"

"I do not know," she afterwards stated, "what more he said. I have no doubt he preached the gospel very fully, but I heard nothing more. I sat there sobbing as if my heart was broken. I scarcely knew what it was. I could not help it. *I could not stand that.* As I sat there it seemed as if my whole life passed before me—a loveless, godless life. I had turned my back on God, lived for the world, lived for pleasure, lived in sin. That voice kept ringing in my ears over and over again. I could

hear nothing else. "*Poor sinner, God loves thee.*" How I got out of the room I do not know. I found myself by-and-by kneeling at my own bedside. Tears were streaming from my eyes. Still I heard that voice within my soul—"Poor sinner, God loves thee." At last I looked up, conscious of my own utter unworthiness. I dared to look up, and I cried out, 'O my God, if thou lovest me, I have never loved Thee before, but now from this time I take Thee at Thy word! I trust Thy love! I cast myself on Thy love."

Then the world faded away from her; its attractions lost their charms; the empty gaieties of life in which she had been living passed away like a dream of the morning; and she went on her way a new woman, born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the received love of God.

Yes, poor sinner, God loves thee. What more do you want? It is perfectly true that God loves *you*, dear reader. How have you treated His love—with unbelief and indifference? In the hardness and impenitence of thy heart are you going to continue to slight that patient, unwearied love of Him who gave His Son to die for you—for your salvation, until it is too late, when stern judgment will be your portion instead!

### "THERE WERE TWO."

PEOPLE say sometimes, "I shall take my chance with the dying thief." Ah! but with which of them? There were two.

These were the words I heard from some one preaching in the open-air, as I passed on the railway station at —, and my mind has again and again recalled that solemn story of Luke xxiii. "*There were two.*" Yes, indeed. One went from the side of the Lord Jesus to the paradise of God, the other went to reap eternally the wages of his sins.

Reader, "*there were two.*" With whom of them will you spend ETERNITY? Ah! ponder the solemn thought, the awful alternative; an eternity of unsullied bliss with Jesus, or the blackness of darkness for ever with the devil and his angels. "*Be reconciled to God.*" That gracious Saviour's heart is the same to-day as when He hung upon that cross. He says still, "*Come unto me.*" Reject not this offer of mercy; it may be your last.

### FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

NOTHING but the name of Jesus  
Can avail in danger's hour;  
Nothing but the name of Jesus,  
When the clouds of trouble lower.  
Only through the blood of Jesus  
Can the guilty soul have peace;  
Only through the blood of Jesus  
Satan's captives find release.

Dying sinner, look to Jesus,  
Lifted on the cross for thee;  
See the Holy Saviour, Jesus,  
Stretched and nailed upon the tree!  
Why that piercing cry of anguish?  
Why did God His Son forsake?  
Shall the spotless victim languish?  
Must His heart for sorrow break?

Sinner, hear the matchless story;  
Listen simply, and believe;  
From the risen Lord, in glory,  
Life, eternal life, receive.  
Jesus died—thy condemnation,  
Thine, believer, Jesus bore;  
Conquered grave, thy desolation,  
Rose, and lives to die no more.

Dost thou love the name of Jesus?  
Wilt thou trust thyself to Him?  
Canst thou say, "*My Saviour, Jesus!*"  
Though thy weeping eyes are dim?  
Fear not thou; the blood of Jesus  
Cleanses thee from ALL thy sin;  
In the mighty name of Jesus  
Life anew thou mayst begin.

DEATH came into the world by sin. Man believed the devil's lie; hence the consequences—DEATH.

Jesus came into the scene of death, and went down under it; hence the consequences—LIFE.

Dear reader, which will you have—the consequences of the devil's lie—DEATH, and the lake of fire where the worm dieth not, or the consequences of the DEATH of Jesus, LIFE and eternal glory, which will never pass away? "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting LIFE; he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God ABIDETH on him."

**HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH,  
COME  
YE TO THE WATERS.**

ISAIAH lv. 1.

**COME ;  
FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.**

LUKE xiv. 17.

**HE  
THAT  
COMETH  
TO  
ME  
SHALL  
NEVER  
HUNGER.**

JOHN vi. 35.

WHAT IS NEEDFUL FOR  
**COMING TO CHRIST?**

**SUCH** preparation as the hungry needs,  
Who comes to ask the bread on which he feeds ;  
Such preparation as befits his claim,  
Who comes to ask a covering for his shame.  
Hungry and naked—this is all the plea ;  
All the desert is helpless misery.

He died for sinners : if we come not thus,  
Whate'er we claim, He did not die for us.  
He died for sinners—this my only plea ;  
I am the chief, then wherefore not for me ?  
Lord, in the dust before Thy cross I fall ;  
Lord, I have nothing—Thou must give me all.

**HE  
THAT  
BELIEVETH  
ON  
ME  
SHALL  
NEVER  
THIRST.**

JOHN vi. 35.

**HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.**

JOHN vi. 37.

**COME ! COME ! COME !**

**'Twas Jesus who rescued me :  
He healeth the leper, the lame, the dumb ;  
Oh, sinner, He died for thee !**

# "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

**A** WEALTHY Jew was pacing up and down his room one evening. His knitted brow and angry countenance told plainly that there was a mental conflict going on in his mind, which was the result of a short conversation during the early part of the day.

A friend had been to spend the day with him. They had known each other from boyhood, and really loved one another; but there was one thing that marred their friendship—the gentleman was a Christian; and so strict was the Jew, that he barred his door against all other Christians, and would not have the name of the despised Jesus of Nazareth mentioned in his presence.

They were walking in the garden, when the Jewish nobleman said, "I wish you had not turned a Christian; you are too good a fellow to be one."

"May I return a kind wish," asked his friend, "and say I desire to see you a partaker of the fulness of blessing enjoyed by Jew and Gentile believers through Jesus Christ of Nazareth?"

"I hate the thought of Him! He was too clever a deceiver for me to care to have anything to do with."

"May I ask if you have ever examined the life of the One who is 'despised and rejected of men' to justify such a statement?"

"No, I have not," was the reply.

"Then can you rightly judge?" asked his friend.

"Do not say any more about it. I did wrong in beginning the conversation."

So the subject dropped; but now the question that occupied his mind was whether he ought not to study the life of Jesus, and find out some good proofs to show what he said was right.

He went to the bookcase, took out the Bible, and read a chapter, when he hastily closed the book, intending not to open it again lest he should be convinced of its truth.

The next night, when all his household were in bed, he again went into his library and opened

the book, and this time, being very interested in it, he forgot the time, and was startled to see the morning dawn ere he retired to rest; but he cared not for sleep, for the weightier matters of God's truth filled his mind and occupied his thoughts.

Night after night he returned to his study, and the light of the truth began to dawn upon his soul; his mind was enlightened, and his eyes opened to see in the despised Jesus of the scorned city of Nazareth, *not a deceiver*, but the One who was to save His people from their sins.

"I read," he said, "without wanting to believe it, but I could not help believing it, the Bible proves itself to be true."

Dear reader, what are your thoughts concerning Jesus of Nazareth? Is He to you as the altogether lovely one? or is He as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness?

"What think ye of Christ?" It may be that you are well acquainted with the historical part of His life, but what do you think of Him as the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, or the coming Judge?

Was He a deceiver? You know He was not. Yet know this, that if you *accept not* His testimony, and set to your seal that God is true, you make Him a liar.

Think of Him for a moment as the Son of God, the co-equal with the Father, sharing His glory; and having at His command myriads of angels, and reigning over principalities and powers, yet He deigns to make His delights to be with the sons of men. His heart was set upon a few poor sinners, who were His very enemies, and yet His love devised a way of bringing them to Himself. Can you understand the reason why He showed such love, and centred it in a sin-blighted world?

Such love is beyond human comprehension; we cannot understand it, we do not profess to explain it. Not only did the Lord Jesus *love* us, but He gave Himself to be a ransom. Nothing short of blood could satisfy the claims of God's holiness, for "without shedding of blood is no remission." Thus to make us partakers of His glory He had to become

## THE SUFFERING ONE.

If tongue cannot tell the greatness of His glory, surely language cannot express the depth of His sufferings. Reader, have you ever thought of it? Listen to what He says—"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger." (Lam. i. 12.) It must have been a divine motive that caused Jehovah to give up His Son. It must have been infinite love that led the Lord Jesus to give up Himself. But He had a joy set before Him, therefore "He endured the cross, despising the shame."

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!  
Our load was laid on Thee;  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—  
Barest *all* ill for me:  
A victim led, Thy blood was shed,  
Now there's no load for me."

Dear friend, I deserved that death; you and I earned it by sin. Sin is a tyrant master, and gives the wages of *death* to its servants. God has declared *ALL* under sin, therefore death passed upon all men; but now the sacrifice of a spotless victim has been made, the blood has been shed, atonement has been made, "and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

It is a finished work; I trust it, and I am saved for time and eternity.

What do you think of Him as

## THE COMING ONE?

He will take those who have known Him as the suffering One, and trusted in His work, to be with Himself for ever, and will afterwards appear in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and on them that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Where will you be then? Who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." (Rev. i. 7.)

Will you meet Him in glory or in condemnation? Great will be the glory displayed when

those who love Him shall see Him face to face, and be like Him for ever. Tongue cannot utter; we know but in part; we see as through a glass darkly; but when mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall we share the glory given by the Lord Jesus. (See John xvii. 22.) If you do not share this glory, you will be a sharer of the terrible judgments hanging over a doomed world. What will you answer when He shall punish thee? Sinner, your mouth will be stopped; all the world will become guilty before God. You may cry to the mountains and rocks to fall upon you and hide you from the presence of Him that sits upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; but they will not hide you; the earth will flee from His presence, and you have to be judged for opportunities neglected, and God's wondrous love rejected and despised.

If you have not considered these things, I pray you to do so now, and you will be convinced, like the Jew I referred to, that Jesus is the One who came to save His people from their sins. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

F. H. D.

## "WE HAVE FOUND THE MESSIAS!"

JOHN I. 41.

~~WE~~ have found Him! we have found Him!

~~WE~~ With spirits exulting

We hasten to tell you

These tidings of joy:

We have found Him! we have found Him!

Oh, the bliss now resulting!

We hasten to tell you

These tidings of joy.

Come and see Him! come and see Him!

The sight is transporting.

This, this is *Messias*,

The Christ whom ye seek.

Come and see Him! come and see Him!

And you'll be reporting

We've found the *Messias*,

So gentle and meek.

Now receive Him! now receive Him!

Than no more heart-sadness;

Your sorrow for sin,

And your sighing, is o'er.

Now receive Him! now receive Him!

Divine joy and gladness

Your portion in Jesus.

"Rejoice evermore."

R. CLARKE.

## "LEFT BEHIND."

**ARRIVING** at the railway station just in time to catch the down express train, I jumped into the last carriage, and took my seat to go to —, where I had promised to preach the gospel. In a few seconds the signal for starting was given, and we were soon going at a rapid pace towards my destination. But to my surprise, when about halfway, I noticed my fellow-passengers preparing to alight. On making inquiries, I found I had made a great mistake; I had got into the wrong part of the train, and was in the "slip-carriage." I looked out of the window, and saw the first part of the train rushing on at express speed, and the last three carriages were being gradually *left behind*, and I was in the last. How I wished I had been at the station earlier to make enquiries; but it was *too late*, I was left behind. I thought I was all right. I had my ticket; I was in a carriage; but to my regret I was left behind, and now it was too late to rectify my mistake. Never did I realise the awful solemnity of those words: "When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us," *as at that time*. Many among the number *left behind* in that day will find out that they have been deceiving themselves, thinking that they were all right, even as I did in the slip-carriage. For they shall say, "We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets." Yea, some will say, "We have prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works," and yet *left behind*, shut out.

Dear reader, would you be one among the number left behind, if to-day the Lord was to come, according to His unchanging word, to receive His own unto Himself? If to-day the archangel's voice was heard, and the assembling shout uttered which shall awaken every sleeping saint, and change every living believer into the image of his Lord, and altogether to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, to be for ever with Himself in those regions of endless delight, where would you be? Caught up into the air, or left behind and shut out for ever? Oh, what remorse! *Left behind! Left behind!* Oh, what separation! The parent gone, and the unsaved child left behind; the child gone, and the unsaved parent left behind. The husband gone,

and the wife left; the wife gone, and the husband left. Separated and parted for ever.

Dear unsaved one, let me warn you that "time is short." We hear the "midnight cry" going forth on every hand, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." We see the clouds gathering, and every thing around proclaims "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Thank God, the door is not shut yet. The Lord still sits at the right hand of the Majesty on high, lingering over a poor, guilty, doomed world, not willing that any should perish. The door of mercy stands wide open, and the gospel trumpet still proclaims, "If any man enter in he shall be saved." Jesus, the sinner's Friend, still says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; and him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out." Do not wait.

"If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all."

Do you say, "There is time enough yet"? or, "I have heard of the Lord's coming since I can remember, and I see no more signs of it now than when I first heard it"? Stay, friend; ponder the words of Him who said, "As in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, *until* the day that Noah entered into the ark, *and knew not until* the flood came, and took them all away; *so shall* also the coming of the Son of man be." I have often thought that at the commencement of the one hundred and twenty years of God's long-suffering to the world, as Noah began to warn the people of coming judgment, how the people would listen, their consciences would be troubled as they heard of judgment to come. But time went on and they got accustomed to the oft-repeated warning, and soon sink into indifference. One hundred and nineteen years and eleven months have rolled past. The ark is well-nigh completed. The preacher of righteousness knows that the Judge is at the door; the deluge is at hand. He pleads still more earnestly with them, entreating them to avail themselves of God's provision. Some mock, others pity the old man for his fanaticism and wild speculation. He means well, but is deluded. Common-sense and reason are against him. Philosophy and science flatly contradict him, and so the last message is despised, and the last invitation is refused. Now comes the test. Noah and his family enter the ark, and the Lord shuts the door.

The heavens grow black; the clouds gather and thicken; the windows of heaven are opened, and the fountains of the deep are broken up. Waters ascending and descending. Noah's words have come true. In vain they seek admission into the ark now. It is too late. Yonder house is soon inundated, that high hill covered, and yon mountain soon submerged. No safety, no hiding-place outside of the ark. They knew not *until* the flood came and took them all away.

Unsaved reader, be warned in time. I warn you, by all that is real and eternal, against putting off this great salvation; for "now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." By faith make this Saviour your Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then, instead of being *left behind* amid the weeping and wailing, you shall be caught up to be with the Lord for ever, where there is fulness of joy, and be at His right hand where there are pleasures for evermore.

"The door of mercy's open still,  
And Jesus cries, 'Whoever will  
By Me may enter in.  
I am the door, and I have died  
Salvation's door to open wide  
For sinners dead in sin.'"

G. H.

Eastbourne.

### MY MASTER'S NAME NOT IN IT.

**S**OME time ago a friend of mine had to take a journey to London by train. While waiting at the H—— station he saw a young woman, who reminded him of one in whom he was interested, and he felt drawn to speak to her. She also was evidently waiting for a train, with a box and other luggage.

She seemed very restless—walked first to one seat, and then to another; while my friend stood asking the Lord in secret for wisdom to bring His message to her. Trouble was marked on the face of the poor girl. Again she rose, looked at the time-table, then took up a penny novel, which she was attempting to read. Then she went to the fire to warm her feet, and holding the novel up to my friend, said, "Will you accept this?" In some measure of bewilderment he took it, saying, "What is this about?" Then hastily glancing over it, and finding it to be one of the trashy publications of the current week, he handed it back with the words, "I don't see my Master's name in it." He then took from his pocket a little book telling of the love

and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ to sinners, gave it to her, and left for his train.

Now, dear reader, do we not gather from this little circumstance the solemn thought, "*Who is our Master?*" Is it the god of this poor doomed world? or the God of the coming glory? It is written, "Do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Col. iii. 17.) He is the God of the Christian, whom He delights to serve, and for whom He waits in joyous anticipation of the brightness of an eternal day. *Is sin your master*—the passions and lusts of the flesh, the pleasing self in the various forms of worldliness that grow more ensnaring day by day? Alas! I have seen a vessel brought into harbour wrecked. She set sail with bright hopes. Who could have counted on so sad an ending? Such will be your case, my friend, if you suffer sin to be your master. Your precious soul will be shipwrecked for eternity, and will never reach the harbour of blessing and rest.

But again let me ask you, "*Is the world your master?*" Ah! it is hastening on to judgment; and you, if found in it, will be judged too. What if you gain it all, and lose your soul? I once read of a man who was on board a sinking ship, and a boat was lowered. He was anxious to get away; but he had some precious gold, which he fastened round his person. On making his escape his foot slipped, and he fell into the water, and such was the weight of the gold that he sank, never to rise again. Ah, my friend, the world may sink your soul down thus to eternal ruin!

I would ask you one more solemn question, "*What think you of Christ?*" Is He not worthy of being your Master? Will you let Him be your leader and guide? He suffered the wages of sin in His own body, that He might offer you freedom and life. He has overcome the world, that He might give the same victory to all that trust in Him. Are you gliding down the broad way to destruction with rapid speed, soon to take the last awful plunge into an eternity of woe? This is the end of sin, the end of the world's empty mirth, the end of all its hopes and aims. My reader, *what will you do in the end thereof?* "The end of all things is at hand." It *must* come. What if it find you without God and without hope? Then the horror of great darkness; the hopeless, helpless agony of remorse; the one dreary thought, *lost, lost*, echoing through the soul for ever. But, my friend, there is yet time. Blessed be God, the end has



not yet come. Still the unwearied grace of God waits upon you, and His invitations of mercy are sounded in your ear. *What will be your decision?* Will you accept Christ for your Master? He only can give liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, because it is the free gift of Him who purchased it with His own precious blood. Will you take it, my reader? Will you leave the hard service of sin and Satan, and yield yourself into His keeping, that He may lead you to an eternity of blessing and rest?

H. R. FRANCIA.

### THE DOUBLE RESCUE.

"THE sun hath almost set, and two long miles  
Are yet before me. Would to God that I  
Had left the valley ere the snow began  
To fall so heavily! And now the wind  
Is rising, and the cold night air benumbs  
My weary limbs." Thus spoke an aged man,  
As slowly up the Alpine-path he trod.  
Bravely he struggled on; full well he knew  
If once he slumbered 'twas the sleep of death.  
Yet, spite of all his efforts, on his brain  
A dull dead weight pressed heavily, his limbs  
Refused to do their office, and he seemed  
Just on the point of falling, when his foot  
Struck some strange thing which lay upon his path.  
Roused for a moment, he stooped down, and felt  
A human being buried in the snow.  
Though just upon the point of perishing,  
A sense of pity nerved his tender heart,  
And with his utmost strength he strove to raise  
The almost lifeless form; chafing his hands,  
And breast, and forehead; breathing on the stiff  
Cold lips the warm breath of a living soul.  
And as he persevered, the drowsiness  
Passed off; new life, and strength, and energy  
Pervaded all his frame; and when the man  
Opened his eyes, and looked around, and spoke,  
And thanked him for the newly-given life  
He owed to him, his feebleness was gone!  
He felt himself become a man again.  
By saving him from death, he saved himself;  
And thankfully pursued his homeward way,  
Rejoicing with the rescued traveller.

Even thus, O Christian, will it be with thee.  
When thy soul's pulse beats feebly, and the cold,  
Dull worldly spirit presses heavily,  
Seek out some sinking brother; rouse in him  
New life and vigour; point him to the Lamb  
Who died for him and thee, and bid him cast  
All doubts and fears away; and just believe  
With simple childlike trust, and thou wilt find  
Thy every effort for thy brother's good  
Amply repaid; for He whose faithful eye  
Beholds thy love for this weak feeble one  
Will shed abroad in thy rejoicing heart  
A sense of happiness unspeakable.

J. R. ROBINSON.

### THE POWER OF FAITH.

WHO can calculate how much we lose through our unbelief in the matter of the Lord's work in our midst? We read in the gospel of a certain place in which our blessed Lord could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief. Has this no voice for us? Do we too hinder Him by unbelief? We shall perhaps be told by some that the Lord will carry on His work irrespective of us or our faith; He will gather out His own, and accomplish the number of His elect, spite of our unbelief; not all the power of earth and hell, men and devils combined, can hinder the carrying out of His counsels and purposes; and as to His work, it is not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit. Human efforts are in vain, and the Lord's cause can never be furthered by nature's excitement.


Now all this is perfectly true, but it leaves wholly untouched the inspired statement quoted above. "He could not there do many mighty works because of their unbelief." Did not those people lose blessing through their unbelief? Did they not hinder much good being done? We must beware how we surrender our minds to the withering influence of a pernicious fatalism which, with a certain semblance of truth, is utterly false, inasmuch as it denies all human responsibility, and paralyses all godly energy in the cause of Christ. We have to bear in mind that the same One who, in His eternal counsels, has decreed the end, has also designed the means; and if we, in the sinful unbelief of our hearts, and under the influence of one-sided truth, fold our arms and neglect the means, He will set us aside, and carry on His work by other hands. He will work, blessed be His holy name, but we shall lose the dignity, the privilege, and the blessing of being His instruments.

Look at that striking scene in Mark ii. It most forcibly illustrates the great principle which we desire to press upon all who may read these lines. It proves the power of faith in connection with the carrying on of the Lord's work. If the four men whose conduct is here set forth had suffered themselves to be influenced by a mischievous fatalism, they would have argued that it was no use doing anything—if the palsied man was to be cured, he would be cured without human effort. Why should they busy themselves in climbing up on the house, uncovering the roof, and letting down the sick man into the midst before Jesus? Ah, it was well for the palsied man, and well for themselves, that they did not act on such miserable reasoning as this!

See how their lovely faith wrought! It refreshed the heart of the Lord Jesus; it brought the sick man into the place of healing, pardon, and blessing; and it gave occasion for the display of divine power which arrested the attention of all present, and gave testimony to the great truth that God was on earth, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, healing diseases, and forgiving sins.

Many other examples might be adduced, but there is no need. All Scripture establishes the fact that unbelief hinders our usefulness, robs us of the rare privilege of being God's honoured instruments in the carrying on of His glorious work, and of seeing the operations of His hand and His Spirit in our midst. And, on the other hand, that faith draws down power and blessing, not only for ourselves, but for others; that it both glorifies and gratifies God, by clearing the platform of the creature, and making room for the display of divine power. In short, there is no limit to the blessing which we might enjoy at the hand of our God if our hearts were more governed by that simple faith which ever counts on Him, and which He ever delights to honour. "According to your faith, be it unto you." Precious soul-stirring words! May they encourage us to draw more largely upon those exhaustless resources which we have in God. He delights to be used, blessed for ever be His holy name! His word to us is, "Open thy mouth *wide*, and I will fill it." We can never expect too much from the God of all grace who has given us His only-begotten Son, and will, with Him, freely give us all things.

### "SURELY I COME QUICKLY."

IGHT is giving place to morning,  
Soon no cloud will hide the skies;  
But the morn, in all its splendour,  
To our longing eyes shall rise.  
One short hour more of watching,  
And will be dispersed the gloom.  
One short hour—should we murmur?  
He will come!

Then farewell to earthly sorrows,  
Then farewell to earthly fears;  
There will be no grief in heaven,  
"God Himself" will dry our tears.  
Then to rest, calm rest for ever,  
In our everlasting home.  
Oh, 'tis but a little moment!  
He will come!

Then no more of bitter partings,  
Such as often hearts have riven;  
There will be no broken circle  
In our happy home in heaven;  
With the Saviour and our loved ones,  
Never more on earth to roam.  
Oh, the morning's dawning quickly!  
He will come! A. F. P.

## Notices.

### NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We continue to ask our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, *and* lending from house to house.

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The Editor would draw special attention to the monthly issue of the

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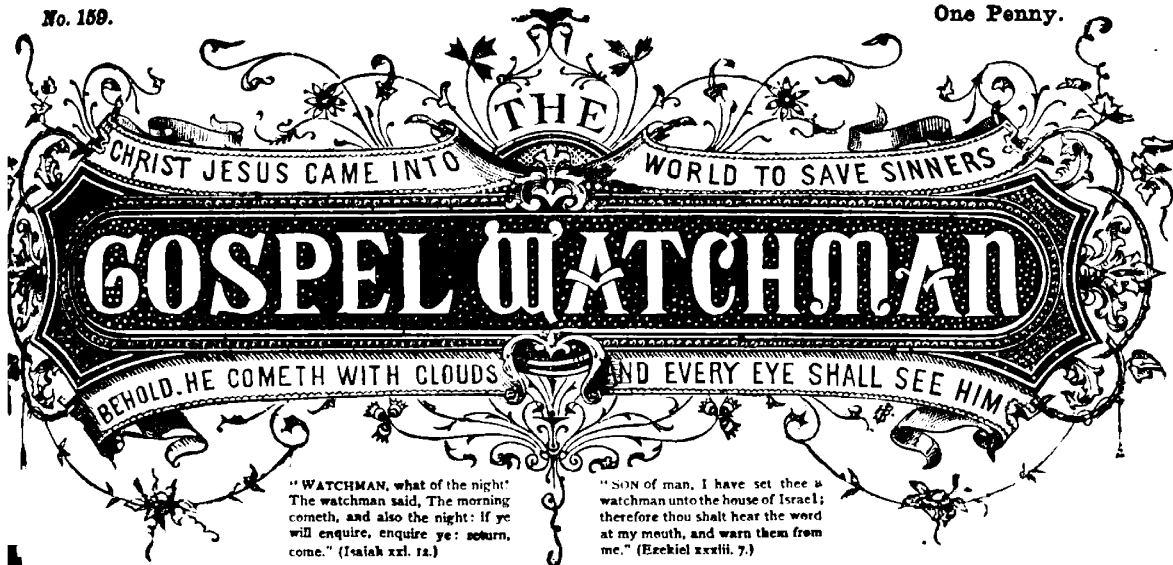
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## THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD;

OR,

WILLING TO SAVE, BUT NOT ABLE.

**I**T was the afternoon of January 18th, 1881—a Tuesday which will long be remembered in England as “Black Tuesday”—a shepherd living on the borders of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire was bringing home his sheep in a blinding storm. Already the snow lay deep on the ground, and the wind was howling piteously. He gathered the flock in the shelter of the farmyard, and counted them over, when to his dismay he discovered two of the sheep were missing. They must have been unable to face the storm, or they had fallen into some deep snow-drift. He at once determined to go and look for them. His friends gathered round him, and begged him not to attempt such a thing, warning him of the danger of being out such a night; for the snow, which was getting deeper and deeper, had already blotted out every landmark by which a man might hope to find his way about the country; besides, the night was black and wild. But all their words were useless, and away went the shepherd. His mind was more set on those two lost ones than on all the rest of the flock that were safe. Hours passed, and the man did not return. His anxious wife and friends watched and waited, every now and then opening the door and peering into the darkness, but in vain—nothing could they see, and the only sound that they could hear was the raging of the storm. As soon as it was light the next morning a party of

neighbours started in search, and they had not gone far when they found the shepherd buried in a snow-drift; and as they dug him out, cold, stiff, and lifeless, there they found, lying close beside him, within his reach, the two lost sheep—also dead.

That faithful shepherd cared for the sheep; he sought the sheep, and he found the sheep; he even died for their sakes, and yet he failed to save them. He had the *will*, but he had not the *power*. Now here is just the point why we must trust Jesus, the Good Shepherd. *He is the Son of God*. He loves us, and came to seek and to save us; He died for us.

“The Shepherd that died—  
That died for the sake of the flock—  
His love to the utmost was tried,  
Yet firmly endured as a rock.”

“The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep” was Christ’s own word in the tenth chapter of John about Himself. So we know He is *willing* to save; but more than this, He is *able* to save. He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him. He who went down into death for us, His lost sheep, is no longer dead, but is alive again—almighty to save.

Satan is strong, and he holds you; but Christ is stronger than Satan. Sin binds you like a chain, but Christ has come to set you free from sin. Death is the last enemy, but Christ has conquered death. Only trust Him, only trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you now.

H. W. TAYLOR.

"WOULD TO GOD SOME ONE WAS  
LOOKING FOR ME."

I was a wand'ring sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert, waste, and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wand'ring one.

"Doth He not . . . go after that which is lost, until He find it?"—LUKE xv. 4.

**T**HROUGH the drizzling rain, and penetrating fog of a November night, a poorly-clad, anxious-looking woman hurried along a crowded London thoroughfare.

Apparently she was seeking someone, from the earnest looks she cast after muffled-up figures, indistinctly visible through the fog, who rapidly passed her by; and ever and anon she paused as the swing-door of some brilliantly-lighted gin palace opened to let in or out a woman's figure.

But her quest seemed fruitless, and her steps grew more faltering and uncertain, when suddenly she noticed, standing under a lamp-post, the tall figure of a graceful-looking girl. With a glad cry she hurried forward. "Oh, my child, my child! Thank God, I have found you."

Startled, the girl turned suddenly, disclosing the face of a stranger. "Ah!" said the poor mother, with bitter disappointment in her voice, "forgive me; I mistook you for my daughter; I've been looking for my child for the last three weeks."

A look of anguish passed over the girl's wan face, as she turned away with the hopeless reply, "Would to God some one was looking for me."

The above, in substance, was related by an evangelist at a gospel meeting. To those who know anything of the City, its sins and its sorrows, it tells its own tale. Neither a very new, nor a very unusual one. But it brings to light in a marked way the deadly diplomacy of Satan, who first woos and gently draws souls along the "broad road" leading to destruction; and then, when a

certain point is reached, when they tremble to go forward, and dare not go back, urges them on with the speed of despair.

"You cannot return now; you cannot retrieve the past," he whispers to the poor captive trembling in his toils. "You have ruined yourself, disgraced your name, disgusted your friends. No one will have anything to say to you now. You forsook God, *now* He has forsaken you. The best thing you can do is to try and forget the past, and make the most of the pleasures which I offer you still." And the poor soul, reckless and despairing, plunges into new and deeper scenes of sin and folly, until death closes a career as often brief as stormy.

Many years ago I was arranging where to hang a beautiful engraving, entitled, "The Prodigal Son," and made some casual enquiry as to how she liked it of the servant who was helping me. Never shall I forget the deep pathos of her ambiguous reply: "Ah! miss, there are prodigal daughters as well as prodigal sons."

If the eye of one such should rest upon these pages—one worn out with sin, weary of the world, sick at heart of its (so-called) pleasures, longing for rest, and yet knowing not where to find it—~~one~~ the unuttered cry of whose heart is, "Who will show me any good?" or, in the desolateness of despair, with the young girl mentioned above, "Would to God some one was looking for me," I would say to such, God sends *you* a message of love; receive it, believe it, and rest your weary distressed soul on the infinite grace and compassion of Him who has said, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth he not . . . go after that which is lost until he find it?" Fatherless, motherless, friendless, homeless, you may be; scorned and cast out by the hollow world that once courted and flattered you; still *there is One who is looking for you*. Following you with a watchful eye, and a yearning, grieving heart, into all the dark scenes of sin and folly, where Satan leads you his willing captive. Poor lost one, the Good Shepherd is looking for you. Tell me, will you listen to the pleadings of His love? Will you respond to the sweet invitations of His grace?

The world may say, "You are too bad;" conscience may say, "You are too bold;" Satan may whisper, "You are too late;" but close your heart, I entreat you, to all such suggestions, and respond to the call of Christ in the words of the hymn, if you have none of your own—

"Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

"Will He receive me," you say, "after all these years of sin and forgetfulness of Him, after a father's counsel scorned, a mother's prayers slighted, a Bible never read! Must I not try and retrieve the past? must I not try and give up sinning, and do something to merit His love and forgiveness?" Poor anxious soul, He makes no such demand upon you; for well He knows you could not fulfil it. It is enough for Him that you are weary, and sad, and lonely, and lost; and His heart in its infinite compassion goes after you with the yearning desire that you should know His salvation, believe His love, and accept His grace.

The darkest sin you can now commit is to disbelieve His love, to reject His grace, to turn your back upon this offer of salvation He is now making you. By this paper you hold in your hand He is again calling to you, and His words are, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There is no rest to be found in the world, no peace, no satisfaction. You have tried the "pleasures of sin," and found their end to be misery and desolation. You have been "behind the scenes" of this world's revelry, and know the pain and disappointment hidden beneath many a smiling face. Now come, I entreat you, to the One who alone can give

"Pleasures that never shall pass away,  
Freely, freely, freely."

He knows how desolate and heart-broken you are. How often, in the midst of the gayest scenes, the ball-room, the theatre, the music-hall, the cry has come up from your heart, if not your lips, "I perish with hunger;" and He longs to save, to cleanse, and to comfort you. He loves to see the tear of genuine repentance rolling down the sinner's cheek; He delights to hear the voice, husky with soul-anguish, cry, "Father, I have sinned;" for then His grace and mercy, hitherto pent up and restrained, can flow forth unhindered, like a mighty

rushing flood, and draw you to His arms in an eternal embrace.

Oh, what love! what unfathomable love! And all may be yours, by believing in Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost"—"the Man of sorrows," yet the "Son of God;" the One whom the world has "despised and rejected," but God has glorified. Will you come to Him as a sinner, and accept Him as your Saviour? Will you take Him as *yours* for time and eternity? As a poor woman dying in a workhouse infirmary said, a few minutes before her soul passed away, "He is mine, and I am His." Will you not echo her words, and gladly own "*the joy of possession, what it is!*"

Only a few more setting suns, and then the journey will be over, and home reached. No more tears, no more fears, no more sorrow then. Meanwhile, the psalmist's words of confidence may be yours also: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

The light of the sunlit skies  
May pass or pale,  
And the voice of the singing birds  
May falter and fail;  
But the light that hath dawned on my soul  
Shall darken never,  
And my new redemption song  
Shall sound for ever.

And when these heavens shall vanish  
With time away,  
And the startled world shall wake  
To the judgment-day,  
My hiding-place and my sure abode  
Shall ever be  
In the wounded side of Him  
Who died for me.

A. S. O.

### LITTLE JEMMY;

OR, "I'M HAPPY BECAUSE I AM SAVED."



AM sure there can be no joy and peace like the joy and peace of knowing that our sins are forgiven, and that we are saved with an everlasting salvation. How happy for the soul to look back, and by faith to see both judgment and death met by that blessed Jesus at Calvary!

"My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And knows her guilt was there."

How awful was the doom against sin! and yet our loving Saviour met and bore it all for those who really believe on Him. This gives real peace and real joy to the soul of every one who knows it.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." (Pa. xxxii. 1, 2.) The certain knowledge of this gives happiness at all times, and bears the soul up under the most trying and painful circumstances. The blind might receive sight, the dumb be made to speak, the lame to walk, and the lepers cleansed, by the kindness and power of Jesus when He lived among them; but the words from His blessed lips, "Thy sins are forgiven," must have given the highest and deepest joy. Such words, when spoken to guilty, hell-deserving sinners, must and do give unmistakable peace to the troubled conscience. They give a peculiar softness to the pillows of those who are laid upon beds of weakness and suffering. They give light, comfort, and joy unspeakable during the hours which otherwise would be most gloomy and dismal. There may be no earthly friends near to soothe or sympathize in lonely moments, but Jesus—the chief Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother—is ever present to cheer those who are washed in His precious blood, and to give all needed consolation in seasons of pain and suffering.

The foregoing thoughts were suggested to the writer's mind by a recent visit to the workhouse of W——, with a devoted Christian sister, who longs earnestly for the salvation of souls. After passing through three or four wards, and presenting God's way of salvation to the aged, sick, and dying, it was time for us to leave; but ere doing so we must just go across the yard to another part of the building, to visit one more case of special interest. Accordingly we entered another large room, with beds on either side; but all appeared to be empty, and everything seemed dull and cheerless, when presently we reached the last bed, where my friend stopped, and walking to the side of it, she said, "Well, Jemmy, how are you to-day?" In a few minutes I stood at the bedside, and there lay a poor, emaciated-looking little fellow, with hip disease. No kind friends in that lonely room to soothe and sympathize with him in his suffering moments, and yet there was a calm, happy smile resting upon his thin, white face, and the following touching and unwavering answers he gave to the questions put by me:

"Well, Jemmy, how long have you been lying here?" "I have been in the house four years, sir; but I have only been lying here one year." "What is the matter with you?" "I have abscesses on my hip." "Do you suffer much pain?" "Sometimes I do, very much." "Are you happy, lying here so long?" "Oh, yes, sir! I am very happy," he replied, with a touching smile. "Why, Jemmy, whatever can make you happy here, in this dull place?" "Oh, because my sins are pardoned, and I am saved! I love Jesus, and He makes me happy." "Are you quite sure your sins are pardoned?" "Oh, yes!" "Do you think, Jemmy, you are really saved?" "Yes; I know I am." "But how do you know this, Jemmy?" "Because Jesus died on the cross for me, and I believe in Him, and He said, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life,' and I do believe." "Then, Jemmy, everlasting life means being saved?" "Yea." "How old are you?" "I am ten, sir." "What do you think about, or do, as you lie day after day upon this bed of weakness?" "I pray, and think about Jesus; and then I learn some verses in the Bible, and some hymns, and repeat them to Miss ——, when she comes." "Then you are not afraid to die, Jemmy?" "No, sir." "Why?" "Because I should go to heaven if I died, to be with Jesus."

A smile seemed to come over the dear little boy's thin, white face, which did not fail to reach my heart; and who could help weeping at such a strikingly simple, touching, and unwavering testimony from one so young and suffering?

Beloved reader, how is it with you? As you read the above simple fact, you may be yourself upon a bed of weakness and pain. Your end in this life may be drawing near, but what about your soul, and that eternity which you may soon enter upon? Are you happy? Do you know that your sins are pardoned, and that you are saved? It was simply knowing this made dear Jemmy happy in his lonely position. If you wish to know it you can, and even may know it before you lay this paper down. Jesus has tasted death for the very purpose that you may know it. You deserved that death on account of your sin; but He, blessed be His name, willingly died on the cross, that you might have everlasting life through believing. Perhaps at this very moment, while you are reading this paper, the question is rising in your mind, "What must I do to be saved?" You will find

the answer in Acts xvi. 31. Turn to it, and believe it, simply because God speaks it. Turn also to John iii. 16; vi. 47; Rom. x. 9, 10; Acts x. 43.

All these passages clearly show that salvation is a present thing to be enjoyed. Reader, you may have it, and be as happy as little Jemmy, whatever may be your state and condition at this moment, if you will only take it as God's gift. This blessed portion may be yours. God's gift is **ETERNAL** life through Jesus Christ our Lord. I beseech you, do not lay aside this paper without receiving Jesus as your Saviour. You may never have another offer. It is awfully dangerous to put off, even till to-morrow. A fit may seize you before another hour passes, and the cold hand of death may lay hold of you and freeze your heart's blood. If unsaved—lost for ever, hell for ever, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever. Now, now, now; believe, believe, believe; for "he that believeth **NOT SHALL BE DAMNED.**"

"Yes, dear soul, a voice from heaven  
Speaks a pardon full and free;  
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven,  
Boundless mercy flows for thee—  
Even thee.

"See, the healing fountain springing  
From the Saviour on the tree;  
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing;  
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—  
Even thee.

"Hear His love and mercy speaking,  
'Come and lay thy soul on me;  
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  
I have rest and peace for thee—  
Even thee.'

"Come then now, to Jesus flying;  
From thy sin and woe be free.  
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,  
Gladly will He welcome thee—  
Even thee.

"Every sin shall be forgiven;  
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be—  
Child of God, and heir of heaven;  
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—  
Even thee.

"There, in love, for ever dwelling,  
Jesus all thy joy shall be;  
And thy song shall still be telling  
All His mercy did for thee—  
Even thee."

## SIN: ITS CURSE AND CURE.

**D**URING the visitation of the cholera some years ago, a Doctor Brown was called to see a gentleman stricken down with the disease. Having prescribed for his patient, he called together the family and servants. After examining them closely, he said, "I see the disease is already upon you; but I have a prescription which, if taken at once, will mitigate its severity, and may possibly save your lives." All readily accepted his offer but one woman. She had no disease, or even if she had, was not afraid. In vain he entreated; she as obstinately refused, to her own cost, as the result proved; for though all had the disease, only she died.

"Foolish woman," says my reader, "to refuse the remedy that might have saved her life." Stop a moment; it may be, in judging others thou art condemning thyself. You may not have bodily disease, and if you had, would not refuse help kindly offered; but if unsaved, a disease is upon you far more terrible in its effects than cholera—the disease of **SIN**.

"The worst of all diseases is light compared with sin,  
On every part it seizes, but rages most within.  
'Tis palsy, dropsy, fever, and madness all combined,  
And none of earth's physicians a remedy can find."

And this disease of sin has taken hold of the whole human race; none are exempt. It is the family disease of all the children of Adam. Many, like the woman referred to, do not believe it; for fearful as the disease is, in this life its effects are not fully seen. Years ago I had a friend stricken down with typhoid fever. The first time I called to see him the cheeks were flushed, the hands hot, the pulse rapid, the tongue dry; but considering what I had heard and read of the nature of that disease, he was not so ill as I expected. On my second visit he was far worse—a fit of madness was upon him, and three men could scarcely prevent him from injuring himself or others. On my third visit his flesh had wasted away, he lay helpless as a child, too weak to lift his finger or turn his head, his energy gone, reason partly dethroned, life fast ebbing out; then I saw the full havoc of the disease. Sin in this world is only in its first stages, some excitement attending it. Give it full swing, and even here it will strangle your moral nature, and mingle a cup of gall for your life. But it is when death has seized its victim, in the next world, amid

the weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, that we see the disease fully developed. There, in the ruin of body, soul, and spirit, it will be seen to be an all-devouring, all-consuming, eternal death. Here the germ, there the fruit; here the seed is sown, there the harvest is reaped. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." (James i. 15.) Fearful to contemplate. Its reality may my reader never know.

Are you convinced of this? Do you desire deliverance? If so, we bring you glad tidings of great joy. There is balm in Gilead, and a Physician there—balm that will heal all diseases, and a Physician that never lost a case. In the reports of hospitals, we read of some turned out as incurable—cases that are beyond the skill of the most eminent medical men. Not so with Jesus, the Divine Physician. When on earth He healed all manner of diseases; at His word or touch blind eyes were opened, deaf ears were unstopped, dumb tongues sang, the lame leaped for joy, the lepers were cleansed, the fever-stricken rose up in buoyant health, devils were cast out, the dead raised to life. Of all the multitudes that came, or were brought unto Him, none were beyond His skill; He healed them all of whatsoever disease they had. Thus bodily diseases bear a striking resemblance to the spiritual maladies of mankind; their healing is typical of those higher cures wrought upon the soul now. Sinner, this is the Physician you need. It may be you have tried others, found them physicians of no value; instead of getting better, you have grown worse. Will you try Him? You have not far to go. Just at this moment, wherever you are, He is by your side. You cannot see Him, but He sees you—knows all you feel, will hear all you say. Approach Him by faith; speak as if you saw Him. Just as you would tell an earthly physician your bodily complaint, tell Jesus your spiritual. Sin is your disease; acknowledge it, keep nothing back. Tell Him the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; that all remedies of your own, or others, have failed to give relief; that you have read His invitation: "Come unto me" (Matt. xi. 28); and in obedience to that you come trusting Him to save you.

"Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul.  
Guilty, lost, and helpless, wilt Thou make me whole?"

Depend upon it He will; no poor sinner ever yet trusted Him in vain. Thousands in days gone by

trusted in Him, and reached heaven safely. Thousands are now trusting in Him, and are as safe and secure as the glorified spirits on high; for

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
He'll never, no never, desert to its foe;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

But what if you reject or refuse? Reader, you must die eternally; no other Saviour will be provided. And, oh! will not the bitterest thought, through the long, dark ages of eternity, be, "I have destroyed myself; I might have been in heaven. I perished, not because there was no love in the heart of God for me, not because the blood of Christ had not been shed, or had no power to cleanse me, not because I did not know my danger, and the way of escape from it, but simply because I refused the remedy, and neglected the great salvation; and now, alas! I must spend eternity in the lake of fire!"

Thank God, reader, you are yet out of hell! God still loves you; the Spirit still pleads with you; Christ is still near. Bow down before Him, and by simple faith cast yourself upon His work, and doing that thou shalt never perish. His own gracious words: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"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, I come."

GEO. HERFORD.

#### "HE HEALED THEM ALL."

MATT. xii. 15.

"**H**E healed them all," the rich and great,  
The poor despised one,  
The child of wealth, the rich man's pride,  
"The widow's only son."  
He healed the sinful soul that knelt  
Within the judgment hall;  
The aching brow, the burdened soul—  
Oh, yes! "He healed them all!"

The Great Physician ne'er refused  
To heal a suffering one;  
But where they did not need Him, there  
The Saviour did not come.  
Now, though unseen except by faith,  
He hears the sufferer's call,  
And He can heal as surely now  
As when "He healed them all."

A. F. P.



# The Watchman's Message.



NAZARETH.

## NAZARETH.

"CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked one of old; and the answer he got was, "Come and see." (John i. 46.) But why did he ask such a question? or was there any cause for asking such a sweeping question? It was because Nazareth was a despised city; the proud Pharisee preferred a more fashionable resort to make his abode, and the elite of the land chose any place in preference to the despised city of Nazareth.

He who found no room in Bethlehem's inn made His dwelling-place to be in the scorned city. The Lord was despised and rejected of men, and so man

added to His divinely-given name of Jesus, and called him *Jesus of Nazareth*. But He did not refuse the titles given to Him in derision. They called Him the friend of publicans and sinners, and we glory in the fact that such He is; and when called Jesus of Nazareth, we learn that Jesus means a Saviour, and if He is *ours*, we have enough to make us happy indeed.

Dear reader, what is He to you? To some He is the altogether lovely one, and in Him they centre their hopes and joys—yea, everything they have, in Him, and can look forward to the time when they shall see Him face to face, and *be like Him* for ever; but to others He is as a root out of

a dry ground, without form or comeliness. They see more beauty in a fading flower than they do in God's beloved Son. Why? What makes the difference? It is just this: there are some, it is even many, who have their eyes blinded by the god of this world—they cannot see whither they are going, nor can they see the light of the world; while the others have had the bandages torn off their eyes, and they can say of Jesus, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.)

Reader, is He *your* Saviour? What need had He to tread the path of rejection if it was not that *you* might be saved? It was wondrous love that paved the way from the throne to the manger, and from the manger to the cross; it was no easy thing to exchange honour for rejection, and glory for shame, and will not that love melt your heart?

At the cross we see the same title of rejection: "JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS"—there where He was forsaken by all, and even God had to turn His face while sin was placed upon Him; and we read in three languages His title of contempt. But He died, and is now risen; God is satisfied with the work He has accomplished, and now in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth is preached the forgiveness of sins. ALL SINS! There is no question about their vileness; the blood is efficacious, and can cleanse every stain. But if you turn aside from the rejected Jesus of the despised city, remember that the same one is coming again; not to walk the path of rejection again, but to take those whose sins are forgiven to be with Himself, and then He will execute judgment on those who reject Him now.

Which will you choose? Be wise, and choose rejection with Him now, and then you will share His glory by-and-by.

### "WHOSOEVER"

A SOLDIER who had lived quite a long life in sin lay on an hospital cot, sick and full of trouble. A kind nurse stood near, who, seeing his patient very restless, asked what he could do to make him feel better.

"I don't know; I want something," answered the sick man. "I feel dreadful."

The nurse brought a cup of water, saying, "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

The soldier took the cup in his trembling hand, but said, "No, this isn't what I want; it isn't like this."

"It is almost time for the surgeon to come in," said the nurse kindly.

"Well, he can't do much for me," sighed the poor man; "it ain't such help that I want. Oh, I'm a dreadful wicked man! and the way is all dark before me—all dark!" The nurse was a Christian, and by this time he had discovered what was the matter with his patient; so he sat down beside him, and asked if he wouldn't like to hear what the Bible has to say to wicked men who want something the surgeon and the nurse cannot give?

"Oh, yes," moaned the sick man, "that's it; but I'm afraid there is no use in it. It's a long time since I've had anything to do with the Bible, and I'm the greatest sinner in the world; and it's all dark ahead—all dark!"

"But listen to what Jesus says," said the nurse; and he opened at the third chapter of John's gospel. The man listened until he had finished the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Stop," said he; "read again."

The nurse repeated the verse.

"But what does that *whosoever* mean?" the sick man eagerly inquired.

"It means," said the nurse, "everybody."

"No, not everybody; not such a sinner?" he interrupted again.

"Yes."

"And so vile and hardened?"

"It is just such that Jesus came to save."

"And sick, and wretched, and dark?"

"The very one, exactly. There is nobody so wicked or so low, and so miserable, but that he can have Jesus, if he wants Him, and be saved. Christ belongs to the poorest, and the vilest, and the sickest most, because they need Him most. *Whosoever*, let him be whom he may."

"Read it once more!" and the sick man looked into the nurse's face, as if he were grasping the last hope. "Whosoever believeth, then it means me!" he exclaimed, and his face grew calm and bright with a new trust.

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8.)

## THE RIGHT PATH.

A GENTLEMAN was making a tour with his little boy, and rising early one morning, they started up the Alps to see the sun rise.

The father wishing to climb a path which would be rather difficult for his son, he bade him sit down and wait his return. After ascending a little way he thought he heard a voice, and listening, he caught these words, "Father, keep the *right* path, for I am following."

Dear reader, are you in the *right* path?

"Behold, I set before you the way of life and the way of death." (Jer. xxi. 8.) The broad road is the way of death, and leads to destruction, but it is chosen by most on account of its attractions on the right hand and on the left; but those who travel this road never look before them to see where it leads to. A mariner would be called a fool who never looked ahead to see if rocks were in the way; and yet there are thousands who are travelling a road, and know not where it leads to, or forget that "destruction and misery are in their ways," and the end thereof is *death*. The gilded charms of pleasure, placed by the devil as bait for the unwary, do not give enduring satisfaction, and at last they have to exclaim, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The numerous travellers on the broad road are composed of various characters: the road is *broad*, so as to admit them all. The highly-respectable and good-living man does not care to travel with the drunkard, thief, and murderer; Dives, with his purple robes, will not walk side by side with Barabbas. The road is *broad*; they can keep at a distance; but all the travellers arrive at the same destination.

Reader, are you travelling this road? If you are, hear the words of that little boy:

"KEEP THE RIGHT PATH."

But you must *find* the path before you can keep it.

I was enquiring my way to a place in the South of England the other day, and I was told that if I found out a narrow path, it would save me a long walk, and be a straight line to where I wanted to go. For some time I could not find the path; I went all ways but the right, when someone pointed it out to me, and I went on all right. But it is not difficult to find the path of life; a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err in finding it. The path to glory starts at the cross, and if you find your way there as a lost sinner, you will then see that is the beginning of the way of life. You could not

climb the rugged road with a heavy burden of sin and guilt upon your conscience, so at the cross you lose that; and all other burdens you can cast upon the Lord, and know that He will sustain thee. Everything needful for your journey will be supplied, and when you reach your destination you will have to exclaim, "He led me by a *right way*, that I might go to a city of habitation."

Reader, which road are you travelling? Perhaps you say, that *ONLY CONCERNS YOURSELF*. Does it? Did it only concern that traveller whether he kept the right path or not? No; it concerned his boy; he heard him say, "I'm following," and to take the wrong path would endanger his boy as well as himself.

A rich man once lived without God, satisfied with the attractions of the broad road; and when he got to the end of his journey he found himself in *hell*.

What was his request? Not his escape; that he knew was impossible; but he desired a drop of water, and that was refused. When he thought of his five brethren—oh, solemn thought!—they were "following him;" he had not taken the right path, and his brethren were *following* him into the lake of fire.

Dear reader, if you are determined to go on to an endless eternity of woe, remember some are *following you*; it may be your children, your brethren, or your companions. For your own soul's sake, for the sake of those who are following you, find out the narrow way, and keep in the right path.

F. H. D.

## NOTHING TO DO.

NOTHING to do, sinner, only believe;  
God gives salvation, come now and receive.  
Jesus has suffered for sin on the tree;  
There is the way, sinner, open for thee.

Nothing to do, sinner, only to trust;  
Jesus has died, and forgiveness is just.  
God's tender message to-day hast thou heard,  
Take His free pardon, take Him at His word.

Nothing to do, sinner, all thou hast done,  
Sins dark and many, God laid on His Son;  
Now He can welcome thee back to His rest;  
He is beseeching thee now to be blest.

God says, to-day, sinner, while He is nigh,  
Pleading so tenderly, "Why wilt thou die?"  
Why cast His love away? why choose thy lot  
Down in the burning lake? God wills it not.

Oh, hear His voice, sinner, time hurries on!  
Soon will thy short day of mercy be gone;  
Life's narrow way will close, death shuts the gate;  
Then—oh, thy bitter cry, "Lost! lost! too late!"

# YE KNOW NOT WHAT SHALL BE ON THE MORROW.

JAMES iv. 14.

<b>BEHOLD,</b>	<b>COME</b>	<b>BEHOLD,</b>
<b>NOW</b>	<b>NOW</b>	<b>NOW</b>
IS THE	AND	IS THE
ACCEPTED TIME.	LET US	DAY OF SALVATION.
2 COR. vi. 2.	SAITH	2 COR. vi. 2.
CHOOSE YOU	<b>THE LORD.</b>	THE HOLY GHOST SAITH,
<b>THIS DAY</b>	ISAIAH i. 18.	<b>TO-DAY</b>
WHOM YE WILL	BOAST	IF YE WILL HEAR
SERVE.	NOT THYSELF	HIS VOICE
JOSHUA xxiv. 15.	OF	<b>HARDEN NOT YOUR HEART.</b>
	<b>TO-MORROW;</b>	HEN. iii. 7, 8.

FOR  
**THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.**  
PROVERBS xxvii. 1.

**BLESSING** for you—will you take it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
A word from the heart—will you speak it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
Will you believe, or your Saviour neglect?  
Will you receive, or His mercy reject?  
Pause, ere you answer, oh, pause and reflect!  
**Choose ye to-day.**  
**A** **DEATH** to be feared—will you fear it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
A voice that invites—will you hear it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
Strait is the portal and narrow the way;  
Enter, poor soul, and be saved while you may;  
Think what may hang on a moment's delay:  
**Choose ye to-day.**

**THE** cross of your Lord—will you bear it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
There's life in that cross—will you share it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
Soon will your time of probation be o'er,  
Then will the Spirit entreat you no more,  
Jesus no longer will stand at the door:  
**Choose ye to-day.**  
**THE** bondage of sin—will you break it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
The Water of Life—will you take it?  
**Choose ye to-day:**  
Come to the arms that are open for you,  
Hide in the wounds that by faith you may view;  
Death ere the morrow your steps may pursue:  
**Choose ye to-day.**

## "TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD."

A WORD TO THE ANXIOUS ONES.

"**A**ND what makes you weep?" I asked at the close of a gospel meeting, of a woman who had been weeping during the service. "Oh!" said she, "if I could only say what you said, 'that all your sins *are* forgiven, and that you *know* that you have eternal life.' Why I would give worlds for it, if I had them."

I replied, "You may rejoice in these blessed facts to-night if you will but take God at His word."

"But I *do* believe all that there is in the Bible, and every word you have said to-night."

"I am glad to hear it," I said; "then surely you can say that you *have* everlasting life?"

"No; I could not say that," she replied.

Opening my Bible, I said to her, "Let us just test that statement, and see whether you *do* believe all there is in this book. We will turn to our text again—John v. 24. 'Verily, verily,' that means 'surely, surely.' The Lord Jesus is going to say something most important, that which concerns our present peace and our future destiny, hence He puts a double seal upon the important statement. 'Verily, verily, *I say*.' Who is the speaker?" I asked. "Jesus," was the answer. "Yes; and does He mean what He says?" "Oh, yes!" "Very well, let us go a step further: 'I say unto *you*.' To whom does He speak?" "To me," said she. "Quite true. Now let us see what He says. 'He that *heareth* my word.' Have ever you heard His word?" "Oh, yes!" she replied; "many, many times." "Well, the Lord does not stop there, but goes on to say, 'and *believeth* on Him that sent me.' Who sent the Lord Jesus?" "God the Father." "Yes; and for what purpose did the Father send His Son?" "To die to save sinners," was her answer. "And are you a sinner?" "Oh, yes! it is that which troubles me." "Then if the Lord Jesus died for sinners, and you are a sinner, then He died for you?" "Oh, yes! I know that; I would not doubt that for a moment," said she. "Now another step along our test: '*hath* everlasting

life.'" "But I don't *feel* it," she said. I replied, "It does not say a word about *feeling* in the text. Will you please read the verse for yourself?" "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that *heareth* my word, and *believeth* on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life." "And have I only to take God at His word?" said she. "Read the verse again," I said. And after going through it again she exclaimed, "I see it! I see it! It is not waiting for feelings, or inward experience, *but taking God at His word*." Her countenance brightened, and she left the meeting rejoicing in the assurance of eternal life, because she had heard the word, and from her heart she believed the message, therefore she had God's word as her authority for saying that she *had* everlasting life.


Dear reader, it may be so with you. You have often heard the gospel, and longed to know this peace and blessedness as your own enjoyed portion. It may be you believe in the *work* of Christ; that is, He died for sinners, and that He died for you; but you dare not say you are saved. What is the secret? Just this. You hesitate to believe the *word* of Christ; viz., "He that *believeth* on the Son *hath* everlasting life." If so let me remind you of that good old verse, John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Son of God loved us, and gave Himself for us, and by His one atoning work He has met all the claims of a holy God, and God has proved His acceptance of that work by the resurrection from the dead. He who was upon the cross is now upon the throne, and through Him is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe *are* justified from all things. And faith exclaims, "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities, the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and by His stripes I *am* healed. He was delivered for my offences, and raised again for my justification." And now—

"Payment God will not twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

With all my heart I believe it. For time and for eternity I rest upon it; and God says, "I shall not perish, but I have everlasting life;" and faith delights to take God at His word, to believe it because *God says so*. G. H.

Eastbourne.

## THE WOODMAN'S CONFESSION.

 IN an open space, surrounded by extensive woods, stands a pretty cottage, with a garden stretching out a long way in the front of it, with a fine display of flowers during the summer season shedding their fragrance along the broad walk which extends through the whole length of the enclosure.

It was on this beautiful spot, of a calm summer evening, all around being still, and nothing heard but the singing of birds, when the writer, walking with the occupant, the "keeper" of the woods, put the question to him, If death removed him from that lovely habitation, whether he was prepared for an abode far better? A pause ensued. At length, being unable to reply in the affirmative, and with tears filling his eyes, he said, "I am aware that if I go to hell, I shall go with my eyes open."

His reply, frankly and honestly given, greatly impressed me. Here, I thought, is a sad case—a man with sufficient light to know and confess indirectly that he was in a perishing condition, yet wilfully persisting in a course of sin! Sinful inclination stifling the voice of conscience, "loving darkness rather than light." (John iii. 19.)

Some time after this interview he removed from the neighbourhood, and he has since gone to his grave. Oh that I could have heard that he had become a new creature in Christ! (2 Cor. v. 17.)

But is the case of the woodman a solitary and exceptional one? By no means. Is it not lamentable that there are numbers whose "sin remaineth" (John ix. 41) unforgiven—heavy and aggravated because that while clearly knowing their own condition, and the necessity of a change of heart (John iii. 8), and the freeness and fulness there is in Jesus (John i. 16), they still persist in hardening the heart against Him! continuing in a course *known* and *confessed* to be ruinous! neglecting "the things that accompany salvation" while acknowledging them to be essential! yielding to temptation though fully aware of the tremendous consequences, and perishing with the eyes open!

Reader, if you are yet in the broad road, can you trace any similarity between the case we have described and your own? *He had opportunities of knowing the truth as it is in Jesus.* (Eph. iv. 21.) So have you. His was a position of special favour, having had Christian privileges from his youth up. This is what he meant by his "eyes being open."

He knew he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour. He knew that no outward duties or reformation could atone for his guiltiness before God. He knew he must "repent and be converted" (Acts iii. 19)—his heart of "stone," hard and cold, made "flesh," soft, impressible, warm; and without doubt he knew that it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to God's mercy, we are saved—by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus iii. 5.) His eyes were open wide enough to see the import of these things; and how important a clear view of gospel truth! He knew *about* them, but did not obey the gospel. (1 Peter iv. 17.) What a peculiar position! what a sad state! And yet this paper may meet the eyes of some who may possibly see themselves in it. A child of Christian parents, taught in a Sunday-school, hearing faithful preaching, read and thought much, a clear perception, a real appreciation of spiritual things; and yet, oh, painful to contemplate, "neither part nor lot in the matter" (Acts viii. 21); surrounded by "mighty works," yet in a state of unbelief. (Matt. xi. 20-24.)

It may furnish a lesson to be informed that the poor unhappy woodman *stifled frequent convictions*. Often he felt alarmed, but he did not seek the grace and power of the Holy Spirit to lead him to the cross of Christ, and so to be delivered from the *guilt* and *power* of sin. Therefore his convictions passed away like early dew (Hosea vi. 4), and he became cold, careless, and miserable.

Take heed, reader, we intreat you. Do not trifle with the "reproofs" of the Holy Spirit. (John xvi. 8.) Yield to His blessed control. Let Him take your heart, and "seal it to the day of redemption." (Eph. iv. 30.)

And before closing this paper, I would mention that the vacillating course of the poor woodman was the result, in a great degree, of his having *evil associates*. He was a man, simple-hearted, and of an open disposition. He was an easy prey to the tempter; and when the snare was hidden under "the guise of good fellowship and social custom," he soon fell into it. He was tossed to and fro; at times "almost persuaded to be a Christian" (Acts xxvi. 28), and anon led astray and overcome by "the wiles of the devil." (Eph. vi. 11.)

That you may not be wrecked, flee, oh flee, from the tempter's snare. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." (Prov. i. 10.) Dare to say, No!

At once and for ever decide for Christ, His cause and kingdom. Halt not "between two opinions." (1 Kings xviii. 21.) Choose the Lord for your God; ask Him to give you a heart to love Him, and strength to serve Him. "Be faithful unto death, and He will assuredly give you the crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.)

"Come to Jesus! come away;  
Forake thy sins; oh, why delay?  
His arms are open night and day;  
He waits to welcome thee.

"Come to Jesus! all is free;  
Hark how He calls, 'Come unto Me!  
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee.'  
Yes, thou shalt welcome be.

A. O.

### "KNOW."

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS.

**T**HE statements in Scripture are made in no uncertain language, and everyone accepting them as the voice of God may have divine certainty about everything: no room is left for doubt. Paul said to the Corinthians, "For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by me and Silvanus and Timotheus, was not yea and nay, but in Him was yea." The reason why there are so many without peace is because they doubt whether the Scriptures are the word of God, and not because of any indefiniteness in their statements. God speaks positively, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Is it a question of who are sinners?—the word of God says, "All have sinned;" or what is the wages or end of sin? "Death." Is there any salvation from our lost condition? Yes, we find "Christ came into the world to save that which was lost," and to "call sinners to repentance." Is there any specially favoured class to whom this salvation is offered? No, it is "without money and without price"—"to whosoever will." I purpose taking up seven portions of the word of God in which the word "*know*" occurs, as showing the positiveness of God's mind, and the possibility of anyone having unshaken assurance in the truth as affecting themselves personally.

The first text I shall turn to is in Romans vii. 18, "For I *know* that in me (that is in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." That was a great, a very great, discovery for a man like Paul to make, who had in days gone by boasted of his religious character, his self-righteousness and zeal for God—a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, touching

the law, blameless; but after he heard that voice from the glory, calling him by name, his moral comeliness was turned into corruption in his own eyes, and that which had been the citadel of his confidence was henceforth counted by him as dung and dross, even as God, by the prophet, had called human righteousness "*filthy rags*," something to be cast aside with loathing. Yes, Paul had learned in the school of God not merely to suspect, but to *know* that in him dwelt no good thing. Has each one of us learnt the same in the same school? It is one of the most painful lessons possible to learn, and at the same time one of the most profitable. There can be no real progress in the Christian life till it is learnt. All the while there is a thought lingering in the heart that there may be *some* latent good thing in one, which only requires to be developed under favourable circumstances, there can be no peace in the soul. It is a hard lesson to learn, and some are all their lives learning it, and consequently, though really exercised, are all their lives strangers to peace, especially those who are moral and respectable. The poor Indian, when asked by one who had long been concerned about his own soul, how it was that he had so readily found peace, replied, "Me poor Indian, only got blanket, and when the spotless robe was offered me I gladly threw away my blanket; but you got fine clothes, and you no like throw them away;" meaning that he had been a wicked man, without any claim to religiousness, and when Christ was offered to him as his righteousness before God, he was only too glad to accept Him as his Saviour; he had no fancied merits to cling to to keep him back, but the other had, and was unwilling to take the low place with the poor, ignorant, sinful Indian, and be saved by pure *grace*. In my own case I had no righteousness or goodness to cling to as a hope of heaven, but was just only a sinful, self-indulgent, ungodly man, and knew I was deserving of hell, and for many years felt quite sure if I was to die I should go to that place of wrath, and would have owned the justice of the sentence. Although ignorant of the Scriptures, I knew that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelt no good thing; and when, by God's grace, I came across the glad tidings in John iii. I entered into conscious peace at once, which has never been disturbed by doubt or fear these fifteen years. Can all of us say we *know* that in us dwells "no good thing"—not "not *much* good," but none, absolutely no "good thing"? A soul must be led and

taught of the Spirit to have arrived at such a verdict, and when the terribleness of his condition in God's sight is taken in by such an one, he will feel the wretchedness of sin, and be ready to cry with the loathsome leper—"Unclean, unclean," and "God be merciful to me a sinner."

2. The next thing to *know*, after bowing to God's testimony as to what we *are* in His sight, is to know the *remedy* for our terrible condition, or else it would only lead to blank despair. This brings us to our second portion of Scripture to be found in Eph. iii. 19, "To *know* the love of Christ." This is a very wonderful thing to *know*, but it never is known except by those who have, in their measure, learnt the truth of the first quotation. Have you ever looked at a painting hung upon a wall, and seen really nothing at first except the dimmest outline of perhaps trees and a background, until you stood on one side into the shade and let the light fall upon the picture, then all the exquisite beauty of the scene, with its delicate touches, has filled you with admiration? The Lord Jesus Christ when presented to the soul that has never felt its need of a SAVIOUR, is not esteemed, and no beauty is seen in Him that the soul should desire Him; but let that soul only feel its utterly ruined state through sin, and learn to *know* the love of Christ for that soul in coming down from the Father into this world to suffer, the just for the unjust—to die for the ungodly, that they might be redeemed to God—then He is counted to be the fairest among ten thousand, and the "altogether lovely One." "*We have known and believed* the love that God hath to us," says the apostle John. Yes, it is through faith we understand this love manifested towards us. Believing God's own statement is how I *know* the love of Christ. That word tells us Christ loved us and gave Himself for us. We read of some in the Revelation saying of Him, "Who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." What greater proof could we ask for of His love? "To *know* the love of Christ!" Ah, it makes earth, with all its trials and cares, a heaven to those who *know* it. Do you yet know it?

3. God grant that to this enquiry many may answer in the language of the next text (2 Tim. i. 12), "I *know* whom I have believed, and *am persuaded* He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." It is a person, not a doctrine, in whom the apostle believed

—a living person, the risen, exalted Christ. It is the language of confidence. I *know*. Many, when asked if they know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, reply, "I hope so," or "I think so," but Paul, and thousands beside him, can say, "I *know* whom I have believed, and *am persuaded* He will keep that which I have committed unto Him." This is salvation to the uttermost, to the very end. Nothing less than this could give peace. Have you ever committed anything to Him? Will He, think you, who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," betray your trust? No, never. If you really have believed on Christ, and committed—even though it be ever so simply—to His faithfulness your soul for salvation, you may be fully persuaded He will keep that committed unto Him against that day,—you will be "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation" ready to be revealed in that day.

4. We turn to another blessed soul-assuring statement, that spoken by the Lord Jesus in John x. 14, 27, 28, "I am the Good Shepherd, and *know* my sheep, and *am known* of mine. . . . My sheep hear my voice, and I *know* them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Do you want confidence and assurance, poor trembling believer? Here are the words of Him who declared that heaven and earth should pass away, but His words never. It is a blessed thing to *know* Him, who said, in that beautiful prayer to His Father, "That they might *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent," whom to know is life eternal; still to my soul it is a sweeter thing to be "known of Him." "He *knoweth* them that are His." "I *know* them," He says. What does He do for those whom He *knows*? He lays down His life for them, and gives them "eternal life"—they "never perish!" What confidence it gives to those who trust Him! This reminds us of that grand old text, the kernel of the gospel, the gate of heaven to millions of souls, the 16th verse of the 3rd of John, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Rest, oh my soul, in the security of the blood of Him who is the Good Shepherd, and who laid down His life for His sheep. Trust also the immutability of His word—it endureth for ever! Do you know the Good Shepherd? Did He lay down His life for you? Are you one



of His sheep? Do you *know* His voice and follow Him? Can you answer in the affirmative, or are you, like thousands, saying—

"Tis a point I long to *know*,  
Oft it causes anxious thought:  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I His or am I not?"

5. Doubts spring only from unbelief as to the truth of God's word, both as to there being *no* good thing in the flesh, and secondly as to God's testimony to the all-sufficiency and completeness of Christ's atonement—that which has satisfied a holy, sin-hating God, who raised Christ up again from the dead for our justification; declaring "all that believe on Him *are* justified from *all* things." "Forasmuch," says the apostle in our fifth text, "as ye *know* ye were not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ," (1 Peter i. 18, 19.) If I *know* I am redeemed by the blood which the Holy Ghost calls "precious"—infinitely more precious than silver and gold—where is the room for doubts? If I enter into God's estimate of the value of that redeeming blood in relation to my sinful soul, then I must believe His testimony—it "cleanses us from all sin," and bow at His feet in adoring gratitude for His redeeming love. Did He not say, "When I see the blood I will pass over you?"

6. Perhaps the most confidence-inspiring word of our God, and which surely is calculated to establish for ever any still doubting soul, is found in 1 John v. 13, which says, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* ye have eternal life." No portion of the Scriptures is more calculated I think to lay in the grave for ever every ghost of a doubt as to the soul's salvation, as this positive statement by God Himself to every one believing on the name of His Son Jesus Christ—"ye *have* eternal life." Of course it is addressed only to a certain class, and has its application only to them, and the thing for the reader to determine in the presence of God is—Do I belong to that class? Does it apply to me? When I see a letter addressed to me I open it and read it, but I should not think of doing so if otherwise addressed. This is written to those who believe on the name of the Son of God. "Oh, but," some still doubting one may say, "I do not *feel* I am saved." He does not say one single word about feeling, not one, and surely you are not going to measure or judge the truth of God's word by your feelings, are you? You believe on the name of His Son, that He died for

your sins, do you not? "Yes, but I do not *feel* it." Never mind your feelings, BELIEVE IT! Take God at His word; He makes no mistakes. "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life." God knows who have got life everlasting, and He says every one who believes on Jesus with their hearts *have* everlasting life, whether they feel it or not. Perhaps some one may be ready to say, "Is that all I have to do, just believe that Jesus took my place in judgment, and suffered in my stead—died for me, and that *God* says, 'He that believeth on Him *hath* everlasting life,' is that it? Have repentance, tears, prayers, or works of mine *no* merit towards procuring this salvation? Is it alone on the grounds of what Jesus has done as my Substitute on the cross that God justifies me, through faith in that shed blood? Yes, Jesus only is the sinner's one plea. Then say you—

"I do believe, I will believe  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the cross He shed His blood  
From sin to set me free."

7. I have now, in conclusion, to turn from the bright to the dark side of God's word; but both are equally true, and both must be presented by those who would preach the gospel; not only the love of God in providing such a glorious salvation, but also the responsibility of those who despise or neglect this offered grace. Our last quotation is found in 2 Thesa. i. 7-9, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that *know not* God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power." What a mighty contrast between those who do believe and those who believe not, "Everlasting life" for the one, and "everlasting punishment" for the other. This destruction is not pronounced against those merely who have been, or are, *great* sinners, because that is equally true of all. Some obey the gospel, believe the report, accept Christ, and thus are saved; while others "*know not* God," nor Jesus Christ whom He has sent, and therefore obey not the gospel, and will be punished with everlasting destruction. How solemn! "He that believeth *not* the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him." Which shall it be, dear friends, eternal life or everlasting destruction? Will you *know*, on the authority of God's own word—"ye have everlasting life," through faith in Jesus Christ? or will you neglect so great salvation, for the pleasures of sin for a season, and perish with all them that believe not? Choose ye this day. God grant you may make Him your happy choice, who can now save you from your sins, and give you a portion with all them who are sanctified by faith in Him.

## Pages for Believers.

### "UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY."

PSALM CXY. 1.



HAT a Saviour we have found,  
Glory to His Name!  
Spread the tidings all around,  
Glory to His Name!  
Jesus left the Father's throne,  
Made the sinner's cause His own,  
Fought the deadly fight alone,  
Glory to His Name!

Pardoned sinners now can sing,  
Glory to His Name!  
To the Lord their praises bring,  
Glory to His Name!  
Jesus suffered in our stead,  
Lay a captive with the dead,  
Precious was the blood He shed,  
Glory to His Name!

He is mighty now to save,  
Glory to His Name!  
Wondrous Conqueror o'er the grave,  
Glory to His Name!  
Hallelujah! Praise the King!  
How the heavenly portals ring,  
While the angel voices sing  
Glory to His Name!

Jesus sets the prisoner free,  
Glory to His Name!  
Joyful news for you and me,  
Glory to His Name!  
All our sins have been forgiven,  
We shall soon be safe in heaven,  
To the Lamb the praise be given,  
Glory to His Name!

Fair the scene that meets our view,  
Glory to His Name!  
We shall swell the anthem too,  
Glory to His Name!  
Winds and waves around may roar,  
Soon our voyage will be o'er,  
Faith can sight the golden shore,  
Glory to His Name!

W. H. F. C.

### FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

We have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount.

## Notices.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Coming Prince: the Last Great Monarch of Christendom.* By Robert Anderson, LL.D., author of "The Gospel and its Ministry." London: Hodder and Stoughton.

We are glad to see that a new and cheaper edition of this interesting and valuable work has been called for. Having noticed it previously, we only now add that we trust that this edition, which has been carefully revised, may have a large circulation, as we feel sure it is a work that will well repay the thoughtful reader, and lead to a better understanding of the deep things of God's Word.

*Self-Surrender. A Second Series of "Consecrated Women."* By Mary Pryor Hack. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a very interesting volume, containing short biographies of eminent Christian women. It is calculated to stir up to increased earnestness in service for the Master.

*Men worth Remembering: William Carey.* By James Culross, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This volume, from the well-known pen of Dr. Culross, is full of interest. It forms one of a Series of Biographies all well calculated to be useful; but we think this brief account of the life of William Carey, the devoted missionary to Serampore, India, is especially good, and we cordially commend it as a timely present for young men.

*Health Studies. A Third Course of Lectures delivered in the Lecture Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association.* By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This is the third volume of the very practical and useful lectures that Dr. Paterson delivered to young men, and we doubt not that, in their collected form, they will be valued by a large number of the class for whom they were specially intended.

*The Mother's Friend.* Volume for 1881, London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A useful present for mothers of the industrial class.

*Discipleship.* By Mrs. Pennefather. London: John P. Shaw and Co.

This is a valuable contribution to the subject of following the Lord. We can cordially commend it as a spiritual aid to consecration of Christian life to the service of the blessed Lord, and we trust it may stimulate many to real true-hearted surrender of "spirit, soul, and body" unto Him who died for them.

*The Coloured Preacher; or, Truth in Emblems.* By W. C. Miles, author of "The Gospel Target," etc. London: J. E. Hawkins.

This little book is printed on coloured paper—red—blue—white—yellow, and is illustrated by Scripture Texts, bearing upon the subjects of "the Blood," "the Love of God," "Righteousness," and "Glory." It is calculated to be very useful, and the price being only *One Penny*, ought to have a very large circulation.

**NOTICE.**—We regret to say that, through our printer's error, the wrong number of "The Watchman's Message" was inserted in our last month's issue.



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## "STOP! THERE'S DANGER AHEAD!"

**SECURING** a very severe gale, which caused immense destruction to property both on sea and land, and in many instances to life also, a number of trees were blown down in G——h Park. One large elm fell directly across a broad walk much frequented by the public, causing a dangerous obstruction in the dark.

One evening my brother and myself were walking along this same path; it was raining, and the wind blowing directly in our faces, so that we had to hold our umbrellas as shields before us. We had just neared the fallen tree, when a kindly voice called out in the darkness, "Stop!" Although knowing the danger ahead, we thanked our unknown friend and passed on.

Many may say, "Well, that is not much to take the trouble to write about." It may be so; but, surely are we not right in saying that God teaches us important and solemn lessons by the many little circumstances of our every-day life? The very water we drink speaks to us of the "water of life." The bread that we eat daily is but a shadow of that "Bread of life," of which if any man eat thereof he shall live for ever. But we return to the event narrated. First then there was "danger ahead" in the path we were travelling upon. Is not this just the position of every unsaved soul? Man is journeying on; the wheels of time never stay in their course, nor does man in his life; he is continually going on, until the "stop" comes, and this life's journey ends. Then commences that never-changing, never-ending eternity; "for as the tree

falls so it lies." As we said, to the unsaved in this journey of life there is "danger ahead." He looks forward to the future, but all is uncertainty; a fearful darkness that has not one gleam of substantial hope overhangs his path; gloomy forebodings at times burden his soul; and many, more deceived than others by the great enemy of souls, seek to console themselves by trying to think that eternity is a myth, a fancied reality, that after all there is no God, and man, with all the aspirations and desires of his soul, is a mere animal, and, like yonder dog, will perish when this life ends. But because a blind man says the sky is green and not blue, does it in any way alter the colour? do we not say he is ignorant? he cannot see, and therefore we give no credence to his statement. So in like manner do we say of those foolish, ignorant, and deceived of all deceived ones, who put forth the above statements—because they say so, does it alter the fact? Who are we to believe, God or man? God says there is "danger ahead," a danger of such a character that, when discovered, will make the stoutest infidel's heart quail and sink within him, and he will curse his mad folly when for ever too late. Friend, if you are "without Christ," every moment brings you nearer to that dreaded hell. You seek to protect your body from injury and pain by every means in your power, and yet you never give a thought as to body and soul hereafter.

Now notice in the next place that although there was "danger ahead" in our path, a warning cry was raised, "Stop!" And, dear friend, God, who is rich in mercy, not desiring the death of a sinner, has sent forth the warning cry for him to "stop"

and consider his ways. That cry has been sounding forth for over eighteen hundred years. It was heard from Calvary's cross. That blessed One, the Lord Jesus Christ, who was nailed there, fully manifested the heart of God towards His creatures. The love of God as shown forth there is wonderful; never has the world seen such an exhibition of love, never will it see such again. God desires to "stop" the sinner by His love in Jesus Christ. By winning, wooing words of mighty constraining love He seeks to break down the hard thoughts and hateful feelings of His enemies. And He also commissions His servants to go forth and preach this same word of reconciliation. Dear friend, we therefore urge you to "stop!" Because of the awful danger ahead, we cry, "Stop!" For the sake of your own soul, 'Stop!' Because of all the mighty love of God toward you, "Stop!" Because of what Jesus has done, His suffering and death, "Stop!" And not only does our voice call, but thousands are re-echoing the cry. Time, with its hastening moments, gives forth the same warning cry, "Stop!" and eternity with its nearing shore proclaims the same. And yet again, from yonder countless multitude before the throne, the voice of a beloved one utters the same cry, "Stop!" and up from the caverns of the damned, one, who knew you a few years back, groans out the same cry, "Stop!"

A few words more before we close. When our unknown friend warned us of the danger, we took heed and thanked him. That is what we wish you to do, dear reader. Take heed to this warning cry we beseech you, yea, "we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God;" believe what God says, He cannot, will not err. "Hath He not spoken, and shall He not do it?" Take your place as a condemned sinner before Him, and at once you have the condemned sinner's Saviour; accept by faith both Himself and His work, then shall your future be bright and joyous, the clouds and darkness will clear away, and your path shall be "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Stop, sinner, in your reckless course;  
There's danger ahead in your way!  
Oh, sinner, take heed to the pleading voice,  
That would save your soul to-day!

The Just for the unjust has died,  
Atonement most full has been made;  
Jehovah has punished His Son,  
On Him the sin has been laid.

Now, sinner, there's pardon for you;  
A free invitation is given,  
That all who believe in Him now,  
Shall dwell for ever in heaven.

G. & J.

"I'M SAVED! I'M SAVED!"

**T**HERE are a great many people in the world who will not believe that salvation is a *present* thing, and that one who believes in Jesus *has*, at the very moment he believes, eternal life.

John and his wife belonged to this class; they were very good sort of people, they never did anybody any harm, they were regular at church, so they therefore took it for granted that they were going to heaven when they died; but as regards *known* they *were* saved before they came to their death-bed, that they looked upon as presumption, and besides their minister had often said that it was impossible for any one to know for certain that they were saved, until just before they were going to die.

So they felt perfectly satisfied with what their minister said, without testing his word by the Word of the living God.

One evening the husband went to hear the gospel preached in a place where the whole truth of God was simply told out, and as he listened it seemed all new to him that a man should be "justified by faith without the deeds of the law" (Rom. iii. 28), and that "he that believeth on the Son *HATH* everlasting life." (John iii. 36.)

He could hardly believe it was in the Bible, but there he read it, plain and clear, "*hath* everlasting life." It came with power to his soul, he *believed*, and therefore he *had* eternal life, and he there realized for the first time that he *HAD PASSED* from death unto life.

With the joy of a new-born soul, and a heart full of gratitude to God for such a perfect and complete salvation, he hastened home, and meeting his wife in the passage, he exclaimed, "I'm saved! I'm saved! praise the Lord!"

She stared at him for a moment or two, and then, without saying a word, she rushed out of the house into a neighbour's, and in an excited voice said, "Oh, Mrs. —, do come in, my John is going to die—he's going to die!"

"Is he ill?" asked the neighbour.

"I don't know, but he's going to die."

"You are excited, Mrs. —; sit down, and tell me what it is."

"Well, just now John came in, and the first words he said were, 'I'm saved! I'm saved!' and you know that our minister says that we cannot know that until we die."

Both the women returned to see the dying man, who was now wondering why his wife had run off in such a hurry, and as they told him their fears he exclaimed, "Going to die! why, friends, I have only just begun to live!"

Dear reader, do you know what it is to have passed from death unto life? to be free from the terrible bondage of sin and Satan, and brought into the liberty of the children of God?

If not, then, on the authority of God's word, I tell you that you may know at this moment the blessedness of sins forgiven on the ground of the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Have you been resting contented with what you *are* or what you *do*? If you have, you must first learn that you can do nothing to merit salvation, and then you will be able to see that Christ *has done* all.

When the children of Israel went out of Egypt they came to the Red Sea, and there they were in perplexity. The Egyptians seeing they had lost their prey, were hotly pursuing them; the Red Sea was in the front, and on either side a range of mountains hemmed them in. Death stared them in the face, the sword of judgment was behind them, and to all outward appearances escape was impossible, but the command of Moses, the man of God, was, "STAND STILL AND SEE the salvation of the Lord."

They could *look up* and see their salvation, they were *unable to do anything* else, but they could *look up*. Reader, that is exactly your position and mine as sinners—death stares us in the face, for it is the wages of sin. We cannot ford its tremendous depths, for we should sink in its dark and terrible waves, and *after* death comes the judgment; then on either side are the mountains which keep us out of heaven; they are like on the one side "the law," and there we see inscribed across, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified;" and on the other side of us, as a terrible mountain, stand "our sins." How tremendous! they shut us out of heaven; for there shall in no wise enter into that holy city anything that defileth. "Oh," said a man the other day, "I am not such a great sinner as you make out, I shall surely go to heaven." "Indeed," I said; now suppose you commit three sins every day, one in thought, one in word, and one in deed; three a day, that is not very many, but in one year it is over a thousand, and you are over forty years old, so that is more than forty thousand sins you have committed; is

that not enough to bar the door of heaven against you? "Well," said he, "I never looked at it that way; forty thousand sins!"

Ah, dear reader, have you ever thought of it that way? Sins enough to sink you into the lowest hell! But you need not despair; just stand still and learn, like Israel, that salvation is of the Lord.

"But is there nothing to do?" you may ask. God answers, "No!" Jesus said, "It is finished."

He has made a full atonement for sin, and now on the ground of that finished work you can pass from death unto life.

The bitten Israelite had but to look to the brazen serpent, and he was made whole; and again the dying thief had to look to a crucified Jesus, and he was saved for eternity. They could not turn over new leaves, or go through a series of good works; they needed a *present* salvation, and present assurance. What music must those words have been to the dying convict, as Jesus said, "*To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise." It was *PRESENT* assurance, and I ask, "Have you it?" Do not be satisfied with "I hope to be saved."

Men may tell you it is presumptuous to say you *are* saved, but it is not presumption to believe what God says. It is one of Satan's delusions to get people to doubt God's word, and they forget that in doing so they make God a liar.

Do not trifle with eternal realities; for even now the messenger of death may have been commissioned to call upon you. He waits for no preparation; but if you will but take God at His word, and believe the record of His Son, and accept him as your Saviour, and rest upon his finished work, you will then be able with confidence to say, "I'm saved! I'm saved! praise the Lord!"

You will then have something to praise Him for; you will know the joy of forgiveness; the peace of God which passeth all understanding will keep your heart, and the love of God will fill it.

Reader, be wise and choose life. A young man said to me the other day, "I was asked to decide whether I would be a Christian or not, and I considered it this way: if the Christian is wrong in his belief, I may be all right in enjoying the pleasures of sin. And then I thought again: Supposing he is right, what then? God says he is right, the Bible says he is right, he *of course* says he is right, and my conscience says he is right; I there confessed myself in the wrong, and the Lord has set me right."

Reader, do as that young man—confess yourself

in the wrong, and hearken to the voice of Him who says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." (Isa. xlv. 22.)

God wants you to have joy and peace now, and to daily live in the enjoyment of His love. Wait no longer, for you know not what the consequences might be, but just take God at His word, and you will prove that he that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life. F. H. D.

"IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL."

LEV. xvii. 11. EPH. i. 7. HEB. ix. 22.

THE blood, the blood, the precious, precious blood!  
But not of beasts, though hecatombs should bleed,  
The blood of Him who, truly Son of God,  
And truly man, the woman's promised seed.

Gethsemane! what human form stretched here,  
In deadly struggle, mid night's darkest hour!  
What supplicating ories and gushing tear,  
While drops of blood are oozing from each pore!

Who, who is this, alone in mortal strife,  
Engaged with man's deceiving, deadly foe?  
Who in this struggle for man's precious life,  
Now aims to strike man's hope the final blow!

But why alone? where are his boasting friends  
Whose valiant words were pledged with Him to die,  
"How weak the flesh!" the Spirit He commends,  
Though stretched in slumber, His disciples lie.

But though they slept, their never-slumbering foe,  
Came armed with swords and staves a willing band—  
The traitor said, "The man I kiss will show—  
The one you seek, him hold with gripping hand."

From Pilate's bar—like unresisting lamb—  
He's hounded on by Gentile dogs to death!  
With visage marred, and torn and tottering frame,  
He sinks with groans the crushing cross beneath.

With Simon's aid, they reach the place of skulls,  
And as extended on the cross He lay,  
With dislocating force His arm one pulls,  
While rugged nails through tendons rend their way,

Then, lifted up—the curse of human guilt  
Was borne alone by Him—for us He died.  
This blood, this precious blood, for us was spilt,  
And all who this can trust, are justified.

For He the law of God had all fulfilled,  
Its penalties which we deserved, he bore,  
Thus, all that God, the righteous God had willed  
Was fully met, and God requires no more!

Then rest my soul; where God has found His rest,  
The meritorious work of Christ is mine!  
His righteousness doth now my soul invest  
In which, through endless ages it shall shine.

R. C.

THE COASTGUARDSMAN;

OR, "THAT'S WHAT MY MOTHER SAID."



HAD been for a long walk along the beach, and on my return I heard a heavy but quick footstep behind me. On turning partially round to see who it was, I saw it was a coastguardsman with a letter in his hand. By the hurried way he was walking, and the large envelope in his hand, I concluded he had some official dispatch, and was hastening into the town to deliver it. As he was rapidly gaining ground on me, I immediately put my hand into my coat pocket, which I always keep well supplied with gospel books and tracts; and after a little consideration which one I should give, I was led to select one with an illustration, the title being, "*I'm not afraid to die!*" Just as he was passing me I said, "Here, friend, take this little book and read it." Thanking me, he took it, without appearing to notice what it was, and passed on, I anxiously watching him, hoping he would read it on his way to the town, or put it into his pocket. When he had got some distance ahead of me, I saw him halt all of a sudden, and stand still till I had reached him; then turning quickly round to me, and holding up the little picture-book I had given him, he said very feelingly, "Why that's what my mother said when she died."

"Then your mother was a Christian, I conclude?"

"Indeed she was, and I have just had a telegram to say she is dead."

As the last words dropped from his lips, though there was no sign of emotion, I saw there was a deep pathos of feeling and a loving remembrance of a fond mother pent up in that manly heart, soon no doubt to burst forth in a paroxysm of grief when he had fully realized the fact that his mother was no more. Just as he was about to proceed on his journey I said, "If you had died instead of your mother, would your soul have gone to heaven?"

"I doubt not, sir," he replied, and thus we parted; and as I saw him hurrying off I silently prayed that the death of his Christian mother might be the means of bringing life to his precious soul. How frequently and unexpectedly words have been repeated which have been but the echo of loved departed ones. Though dead they speak, and at times we seem to see their faces and hear their voice—their prayers, their earnest appeals, their

last dying utterances, their calm, peaceful, happy, triumphant death; and if we cannot recollect all they said, we remember well their godly, prayerful, Christian life. A contented railway guard said once, though he could not remember any words in particular his godly parents said, he vividly remembered what they did, and for thirty long years of his unconverted life their consistent Christian walk and life haunted him, go where he would, until at last he was constrained to surrender himself up, and fall as an humbled penitent at the feet of the Lord Jesus, and accept Him as his only Saviour.

Some time ago, a few of us were speaking to an unconverted man, in the same compartment in a railway carriage, about Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, when, in answer to a question the man put, one of our number held up the Bible, and said, "It's what the Book says." Immediately the man remarked, "Why, that's just what my old father used to say!" and that apparently trifling and simple act of holding the Bible up in the hand, and making that simple remark, recalled to that man's mind the life and words of his departed Christian father! Not by mere accident, but providentially. It may be, beloved reader, while you have been reading this paper you have had recalled to your mind scenes of the past, words spoken by those who have "gone before;" you remember their last dying words, and while you held their cold clammy hand, and wiped the death sweat off their marble brow, when with faint and tremulous voice they asked you to meet them in heaven, with almost broken heart and faltering tongue you sobbed, "I will, I will!" But it may be years have passed since then, circumstances and things have changed, and that solemn promise has been broken. You have gone on heedlessly, thoughtlessly, carelessly about your eternal welfare. You are yet unsaved, unrepentant, unconverted; alas! unprepared for death or the presence of God. If you wish to meet loved ones in heaven, you must begin the journey on earth. You must be saved; you must be converted here. All who have gone to heaven when they died have been only those who were "born again," saved through trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. If you have not come to Him, if you have not trusted in Him yet, oh, trust Him now! come to him now! He fain would have you saved. It rejoices His loving heart when sinners come to Him for pardon, peace, and forgiveness of their sins. His blood cleanseth from all sin. Do come to Him; just believe in Him. He will give you a hearty welcome. Only believe, only trust Him!

S. Blow.

## "THAT IS WHAT GOD HAS DONE WITH MY SINS."



WAS asked to visit a dying girl, and in company with a friend went to the house.

In a small but neat bedroom, on a bed lay the object of my visit. Her face was of singularly expressive beauty, with just a slight shade of uneasiness, which seemed to betoken an inward pain. The flushed cheeks, large bright eyes, and rapid breathing, told me too plainly that consumption had already made fearful havoc with that delicate system.

She requested us to sing, and we sang softly—

"When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
*It is well, it is well with my soul.*"

The large blue eyes filled with tears as we sang the verses, and when we had finished she longed to speak, but seemed unable. Breaking the silence, I asked her, "Is it well, is it well with *thy* soul?"

"Oh, I wish it was!" was her reply, and she burst into a flood of tears.

We knelt down and prayed, and as we pleaded with our God and Father that the fetters might be broken, and this soul set free, there were some heart-felt "Amen's" went up from her inmost soul. Rising from our knees, we read together part of John xiv., and then I asked her what hindered her from receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as her own Saviour. For some few minutes there was silence, the broken heart before us could only find relief in a flood of tears. I went on, "Are you conscious of being a *sinner* in God's sight?"

"Yes, indeed; and a *very great one*," was her reply.

"Well now, listen to me for a few minutes. You and I may never meet again. You are not far from the grave, and as you tell me you know what a great weight of sins you have, will you hear what GOD SAYS about you and about them?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" and the face was turned to me, betraying signs of deep anxiety.

"Well, listen. God had made man in His own image, and placed him in a position of responsibility; the beasts of the forest and the fishes of the sea were all alike under his command; but one thing came in and upset all. SIN WAS ADMITTED into the world, and it has poisoned the whole human family. By reason of sin man forfeited the rights and

privileges which God had given him, and sentence of death was passed upon the whole race; and you, my dear friend, lie on that bed a proof that sin has done its work.

"Do you believe that?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I know I am about to pay the penalty of sin."

I went on: "But God is good—so good! He had hardly finished His sentence upon the serpent and man, when He promised a SAVIOUR. That Saviour came. You know the story of His life and death; and listen, He came to save you. You have just admitted that you are a sinner; and the Bible says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save"—mark this well—"sinners;" then He came to save you, didn't He?"

The large eyes were intently fixed upon me, and the lips moved.

"Yes, I understand you; but how can I know it as a personal fact? What about my sins?"

I picked up my Bible and a hymn-book, and placing the Bible on the bed, said:

"Now, suppose for a moment that this Bible represents *you as a sinner*, and that this hymn-book (placing it upon it) represents your sins, Now, where are your sins?"

"They are on me."

I placed another Bible on the bed, and said:

"Suppose for a moment this second Bible to represent the Lord Jesus on the cross. I take this hymn-book (which represents your sins) from off this Bible (which represents *you*) and place it on this *second* Bible. Then, of course, the sins are removed from *you* on to the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, what does He do with them? What has He done with sin? 'Put it away by the sacrifice of Himself;'" and I took the hymn-book off the second Bible and put it behind my back.

"Now then," said I, "look at the two Bibles, representative of Jesus and yourself, and tell me where the sin is."

She looked at the Bibles, and then into my face, and with a face lit up, exclaimed:

"I see it now; *that is what God has done with my sins*; He has put them away. Lord, I thank thee."

Then came a flood of tears—tears of joy; and the hearts of those in the room went up to their God in praise and adoration. She could then sing, "Jesus is mine" from her heart.

So simple, reader. She took God at His word;

she *know* God had accepted her; she *know* her sins were gone, for God had said so; and she rejoiced in her newly-found Lord. She lingered on for a few weeks, and I heard a few days ago that she has departed to be with Christ, "which is far better." Joy and peace paved the way to the glory, and now she is in the presence of Him "who loved her, and gave Himself for her."

Reader, will you, like her, take God at His word, simply trust Him? And let us meet round the throne to sing the praises of Him who has "loved us with an everlasting love."

One closing word—"To-day is the day of salvation." Don't let death visit you and find you unprepared; but "seek ye the Lord *while He may be found*."

F. C. S.

### SEEKING THE LOST.

**S**Eek out the weary one—laden, oppressed;  
Comfort the dreary one—sighing for rest.  
Speak of the home above;  
Tell them of Jesus' love;  
Bid them God's mercy prove,  
Trusting His word.

Go where the erring stray—downward in sin,  
Show them the "better way"—gather them in  
Pity and love combine;  
Pray that with power divine  
God may their hearts incline  
Christ to receive.

Seek out the blind and halt—tell them God's news;  
Warning how sad their fault—if they refuse.  
Oh, may the glory bright  
Break through their soul's dark night,  
And Jesus fill their sight  
Now with His love!

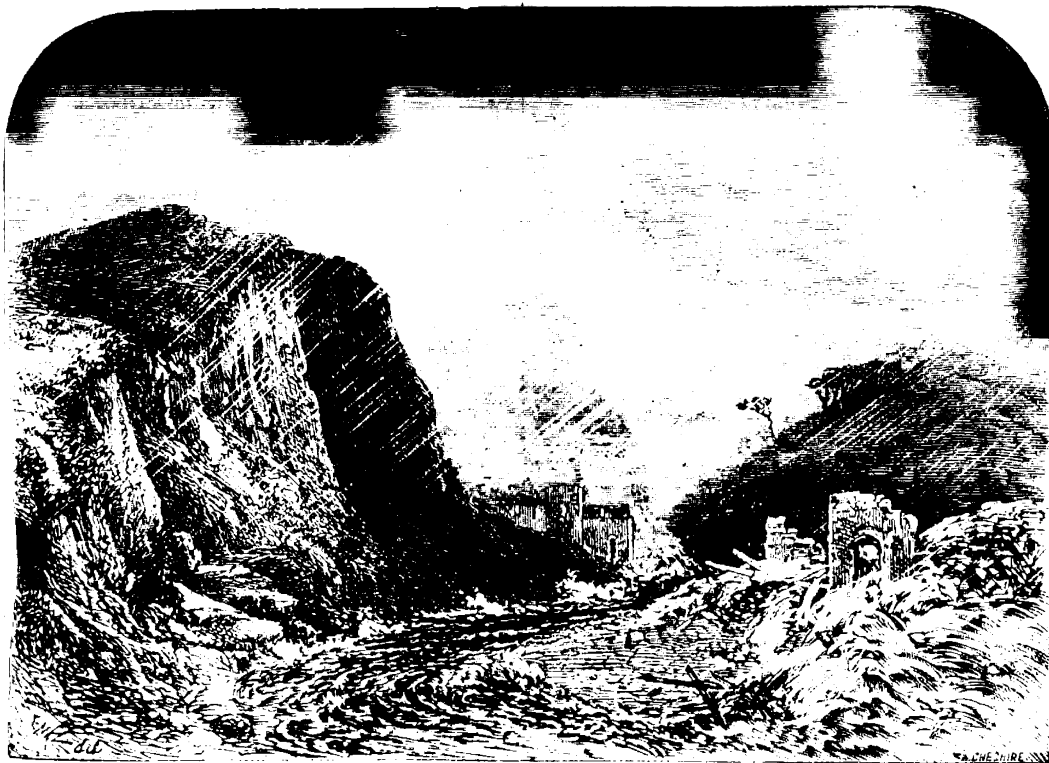
Go, find the poor and lame—helpless or sad;  
Tell them of One whose name makes sinners glad.  
Bid to His table spread—  
Laden with heavenly bread—  
Where, richly clothed and fed,  
All may rejoice.

Shout in the great highway—"Yet there is room!"  
Haste, ere the Master say—"Fixed be their doom!"  
Quick! for no seraph knows  
How soon the door will close;  
And, left to endless woes,  
All hope is lost!

Soon shall the tolling cease—soon we shall rest,  
Leaning in perfect peace on Jesus' breast.  
Soon shall life's race be run;  
Soon our glad work be done;  
Soon glory's crown be won;  
Then we shall rest.



# The Watchman's Message.



THE HOUSES UPON THE ROCK, AND UPON THE 'SAND.

## THE TWO BUILDERS.

MATT. vii. 24-27.

IN our picture we see two houses, very similar, and built on opposite sides of the same stream; but while the one stands firm against the tempest, the other yields to the shock of the storm, and is fast going to ruin. Why is this? One is founded upon a *rock*, the other is built upon the *sand*.

This world is divided into two classes, those who obey the words of Christ, and those who do not. How can I obey His words? By first believing on Him—coming to God as a sinner, and seeking salvation through the blood of Jesus. Then, having found the Saviour, you can begin to build upon Him, the only true Rock, and prove your love to Him by keeping His commandments.

How different the course of the man who builds upon the sand! Diligently he piles one good work upon another, and very cleverly imitates the house upon the rock. His friends compliment him on his success, and whisper that some people stand as good a chance of going to heaven as others who pretend to be so religious. Wait a while. The

sun has shone brightly hitherto, but clouds are gathering. The wind rises fast, and soon the rain descends in torrents. And now the mountain stream begins to swell, and rushes down the valley like a cataract. The shifting sand yields, the walls begin to tremble, and soon nothing is left of what was once so fair but a heap of ruins. Why? Because it was built upon the sand.

Which are you building on, reader? I do not ask, What are you building? though that is an important question; but, What is your foundation? "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, that is Jesus Christ." You smile at the madman who built his house upon the sand. See in him a picture of yourself if not resting on Christ. The storm of God's judgment will soon burst upon a doomed world, and the floods of His wrath will sweep away every refuge of lies. Leave, then, the ground of your fancied righteousness, and trust in Christ alone. He is able and willing to save. Then you can sing—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is shifting sand."

## THE MAIN LINE.

JOHN xiv. 6.]

**T**HERE is a railway leads to God—

One grand main line, the price of blood;  
'Twas built by love and sovereign grace,  
To save a fallen human race.

Will you go to the beautiful land with me?

The station's near, the master's kind,  
And no one need be left behind;  
The porter he will clear the way,  
And trains are running night and day.

Will you go?

Passengers may book for Heaven,  
By faith in Christ all sin forgiven,  
The Lord Himself doth pay the fare,  
And takes the travellers safely there.

The Bible, if you wish to go,  
Will teach you all you need to know—  
Of laws, and rules, and covenant rights,  
Of danger and of safety lights.

With warnings, too, its pages shine,  
Regarding every other line  
Of forms, and creeds, and godless strife,  
Destroying many a precious life.

Don't you go on the danger line.  
You'll die on the danger line.

All who go by main line train,  
The Heavenly land are sure to gain;  
Myriads there in glory sing  
The praise of Christ, the railway King.

No luggage may be taken there,  
No sin nor sorrow, cash nor care;  
And sinners will rejoice to learn  
Tickets are single, and no return.

## DIRECTIONS.

The right Station is—John iii. 16.  
Enter the Door—John x. 9.  
Book at the Office—Acts xiii. 38, 39.  
Examine your Ticket—John x. 28.  
Attend the Lavatory—Acts viii. 38, 39.  
Go to the Feast—1 Cor. 5-8; also xi. 26.  
Note the 4-compartment Carriage—Acts ii. 42.  
Be seated, and take heed—Heb. iii. 12.  
Go through Intermediate Stations—Gal. iii. 4-6, 11.  
Commit all to the Guard—Psalm xxxvii. 5.  
Do not fear the Tunnel—Psalm xxiii. 4.

## CAUTIONS.

Beware of {  
Robbers—Col. ii. 8.  
The Dogs  
The Evil Workers } Phil. iii. 2.  
The Concision  
Loop Lines—Prov. xiv. 12.  
Broad Gauge—Matt. vii. 13.  
And of being led away—2 Peter iii. 17.

Hildonborough, Kent.

GEORGE HEATH.

## THE RECRUITING SERGEANT;

OR,

"THOSE THINGS WILL LAND YOU IN HELL."

**I**N a country town a recruiting sergeant is a great attraction. Generally he is a fine-looking man; he can talk well, and soon gathers a company of young men around him, as he describes in glowing terms a soldier's position, the glory of war, and the honours to be won in it.

Sergeant Hartley was all this. In the town of B—— he was well known to many, and often might have been seen walking along the street, his breast decorated with medals won at the Crimea and elsewhere. But death spares none; and how often we see the tall, stalwart-looking man stricken down as in a moment, whilst the feeble drag on for years. If, dear reader, death should thus suddenly come upon you, how would it find you—prepared or unprepared? Only as you are sheltering under the blood can you be ready to meet the living God, and be able to stand in His presence.

One day a friend of mine was urged to go at once and see Hartley, as he was very ill. He hurried off, and in a few minutes was standing by his side in a back room of a public-house. He found him lying on a couch, very ill, suffering from his heart. The doctor had just been in, and pronounced that he could not live. As he lay stretched out, in evident suffering of body, intense anxiety was on his face, and the open Bible before him showed how at unrest he was in his soul now that death appeared near. How constantly we find this; the one who seems in his carelessness to have no thought about his soul, who, may-be, laughs the loudest as he mocks a companion who has gone to a meeting, or been found reading his Bible, or speaking as if he believed it would be better for him if he were like those Christians, in a sudden illness is terrified, and at once sends for some one to speak to him about his soul, and calls for the Bible. Yes, reader, it is difficult to silence conscience at such times, even though you can manage it in days of health amid scenes of pleasure. Though it sleeps now, it will wake, and what lashings of conscience such ones as neglect the great salvation will endure for ever! And Hartley, much as he had neglected the Bible in the past, could do so no longer. Sins rushed in upon his vision. Dread judgment, in all its reality, rose up before him. What could he do? where could he flee? how escape the impending doom? Well might he open the Bible, and gaze intently upon its open pages.

My friend knew that whilst he had not been a drunkard, although he loved his glass and was fond of company, he was a thorough man of the world. And afraid lest Satan should get him satisfied short of faith in Christ for salvation, he said to him, "Friend, if you think you are going to get heaven by reading your Bible, saying prayers, and turning over a new leaf—those things will land you in hell!" "What a harsh way," exclaims one, "of speaking!" "And when he was so ill!" "Why, surely reading the Bible was a good thing!" Ah, dear reader, God has but *one way* in which He can forgive sins. Only as the sinner believes in His Son, who on the cross gave up His life for sinners, can we be saved.

Hartley dropped his Bible on his knee, as if every prop had been cut from under him. This only showed how he needed to be brought away from everything to see himself lost, undone, and entirely unable to do anything. Then pointed away to Christ's finished work accomplished on the cross, he gladly looked to Him to do that which he discovered could be done in no other way. My friend visited him several times, and had the joy of hearing him tell how he had found peace in believing. During the three or four months he lingered, he also showed to those who were with him the change that had been wrought within.

Before that he had a great fear of death, but that was removed. His favourite hymn, which he loved often to quote, was—

"I hear the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty sacrifice,  
AND I HAVE PEACE WITH GOD."

Dear reader, whoever you may be, listen! He has "made peace through His blood." (Col. i. 20.) I entreat you, rest not till, with Sergeant Hartley, as a lost sinner you trust in the Saviour, and can say with him—

"AND I HAVE PEACE WITH GOD."

R. T. H.

WHAT has hindered you, reader, from becoming a Christian? Is it not that you have been either looking to your *feeling*, or some *effort* of your own to save yourself, instead of surrendering yourself, without any *doing* or *feeling* on your part, into the hands of Him who said, "It is finished," when He died on the cross? Just trust Him, rest in Him, believe on Him; and then *believing* on Him you have everlasting life.

YOU stand between two judgments—the judgment of Jesus for sinners, and the judgment by Jesus of sinners. This day of salvation is the brief period between these two tribunals. In this day of salvation you receive the benefit and blessing of the first, or earn the doom and destruction of the second.

The holiness of God has been satisfied by what Jesus did for sinners upon the cross; the sins of all who believe have been borne by Him there. Man's sins and God's justice must meet. They have met once on the cross; they will also meet at the great white throne. Have you believed on the Son of God? Have you by faith accepted His work for sinners upon the cross? "Whosoever believeth in Him" will never perish, but has everlasting life; whosoever's name is not written in the book of life will be judged by the standard of his works, and be eternally lost. If you believe, you will not come into judgment.

Friend, you are passing swiftly down Life's river!  
Where will you spend that long, long FOR EVER?  
Eternity is coming, like a mighty wave—  
JESUS is the Refuge;—trust Him;—He will save.

## THE SURE FOUNDATION.

"The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."—Rev. xiii. 8.

CAN foundation deeper be  
Than the Lamb has laid for me;  
When His "precious blood" was spilt,  
When accused and charged with guilt,  
When He bore the wrathful load,  
That condemned my soul from God?  
All was laid on Him alone—  
Tried and precious Corner-Stone!

Can foundation *swifter* be,  
Steadfast as eternity?  
Not the whirlwind's ceaseless roar,  
Beating on that boundless shore,  
Nor the raging water-flood,  
Mars the plea of Jesus' blood;  
Sooner oath and promise fail  
Than the gates of hell prevail.

Can foundation *greater* be—  
Heights and depths of victory?  
Great in Jesus' dateless love,  
Laid in depths that cannot move;  
Great on Salem when He fell,  
When He rose and conquered hell;  
Great in heaven—there alone  
God beholds His Corner-Stone.

# THE IS OUR PEACE.

**MY  
PEACE**

**I  
LEAVE WITH  
YOU.**

JOHN xiv. 27.

**PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,**  
In this dark world of sin?  
The Blood of Jesus whispers,  
Peace within.

**PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,**  
With sorrow surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but  
Calm is found.

**MY  
PEACE**

**I  
GIVE UNTO  
YOU.**

JOHN xiv. 27.

## PEACE

THROUGH

**THE BLOOD OF HIS CROSS.**

COL. i. 20.

**PEACE**

ON

**EARTH.**

LUKE ii. 14.

**PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,**  
Our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is  
On the throne.

**PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,**  
Death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death,  
And all its powers.

**PEACE**

IN

**HEAVEN.**

LUKE xix. 38.

**Acquaint now thyself with Him,  
and be at peace.**

JOB xi. 21.

### "SUDDENLY."

**T**HAT being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall **SUDDENLY** be destroyed, and that without remedy." "So "it is written," and the words give expression to a living truth, present, practical, and personal, and one to which point and force are continually being given by examples pressed upon us in our everyday lives, even by the cutting off of people with whom we are acquainted and, it may be, associated.

Such an example is furnished by the case of the late Thomas H——, of N——, whose death took place just one day before that of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Mr. H—— was a man who had held a fairly good position in his town, which position he lost from causes into which it is unnecessary to enter here; suffice it to say that while he held it his residence was close to a room where the gospel of the grace of God was continually preached, "without money and without price," to all who would come and hear it—high and low, rich and poor, old and young. H—— was frequently invited to hear this free gospel message, as frequently promised to come, and as frequently forgot or failed to keep his promises. It may be that some into whose hands this paper may fall are not unlike him in this respect.

H—— went on in this manner for some time, and then, as has been hinted at above, he lost the situation he occupied, and removed to another part of the town. Not feeling well on a certain Saturday evening, he took a bottle in his hand, went down to a neighbouring public-house, and asked for some spirits. He laid his money on the counter, stretched out his hand to take his bottle, and—fell back on the floor in utter unconsciousness, "suddenly" stricken down by the hand of the Almighty. He lay in insensibility for some time, and then in the long-suffering of God he regained his senses, and came to understand what had happened.

Shortly after he was visited by a servant of Christ, and the place in which the words of the unlying God put him—and every man or

woman in this land who is not a new creature "in Christ" (2 Cor. v. 17)—was pointed out to him again and again. He knew he was a sinner, who does not know that?—but it was shown to him that he was a *guilty* sinner (see Rom. iii. 19), and further than that, a **CONDEMNED** sinner—condemned not because he was guilty, but because he had in his unbelief rejected the Son of God. (See John iii. 18.) And then the doom, the eternal doom, of the condemned—the "no rest day nor night"—the smoke of the everlasting torment—the darkness of the unending woe, was set out before him, without ambiguity or beating about the bush. For let him who reads know it. These things, however unpalatable and unfashionable they may be nowadays, are part of the justice and judgment upon which the very throne of God is founded (Psalm lxxxix. 14), and every unsaved reader of this article has his face to them all.

But let it not be thought that this was all that Mr. H—— heard in his sick-room. No, thank God! All this but makes plain the way for the Lord Jesus, the precious Christ of God, who knew no sin, and yet died for sins, for *our* sins. He bore the sins, He suffered for them, He died for them; He was without guilt, perfect before God, and yet He took the place of the *guilty*, and as such was **CONDEMNED**, that we, being guilty, but believing, trusting, confiding in Him, should go free; for there is "no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." Praise, eternal praise, be to Him for this!

All this was told out to that sick man, and he listened eagerly, as sick people will, but, like many others, instead of taking his place where God's word put him—among the lost—and taking the salvation—the gift of life from God through Christ, he held back, he put off, and made all manner of piecruft promises as to attendance at the gospel meetings, &c.

Time wore on, he grew a little better in health, and on a fine Saturday morning in the month of April the man who had visited him met him in the street. After a word of friendly greeting, he reminded him of what he had listened to in his sickness, and once again begged him to come and hear the gospel on the

following evening; for "faith cometh by *hearing*," (Romans x. 17.) Once again he answered, "Oh yes, sir! I mean to come; you will see me there, you may depend upon that," and so on.

The time for the gospel-meeting came, but there was no sign of T—— H——.

Again he had refused to hear, again he had slighted an opportunity; he thought he was recovering, and any concern he had about his soul's welfare was gone. He had turned away once too often. It was the last time. At half-past six on Monday evening he had been some hours in eternity.

There was a pleasure excursion down the river W—— on that Monday morning, and Thomas H—— made one of the number of the excursionists. The vessel proceeded on her way, and on that way the poor man was once again "suddenly" struck down; he fell back in unconsciousness for the second time, and never woke again in this life.

"He is dead," said they. And it was too true; he was dead. And not only dead, but as there is only too much reason to fear, damned! Dead and damned! "SUDDENLY destroyed, and that without remedy."

You who are going happily to hell—stop! You who are unconcerned about your soul—think! You who are trifling with God, putting off the acceptance of His salvation—consider! "The soul that sinneth it shall die" is the message of God to you.

"And, sinner, think of the feeble link  
That holds thee above the grave.  
If that should snap, oh, woful mishap!  
No power thy soul could save.  
Hell is the end to which sinners tend,  
And short is the longest route.  
Weigh well their fate, ere it be too late,  
Thy candle will soon be out."

W. H. H.

#### ETERNITY.

**E**TERNITY! time soon will end,  
Its fleeting moments pass away;  
O sinner, say, where wilt thou spend  
Eternity's unchanging day?  
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see  
Of hell for all eternity?

Eternity, Eternity!  
Where wilt thou spend eternity?

#### A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS;

OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

**R**EMEMBER, my boy, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.'

Such were the words uttered by a mother in the city of L——, as she bade farewell to her son, who was leaving home to pursue his studies at the University of Edinburgh.

Few young men had been so highly favoured as S——. Born and nurtured under Christian influences, his father a preacher of the gospel, and his mother a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, S—— ought not to have been ignorant of the blessed truth that saves the soul. Though many prayers were presented on his behalf that he might be early led to make Christ his friend and counsellor, hitherto he had given no proofs that he was a Christian. On the contrary, as he had grown older he had become more and more careless and unconcerned about his salvation. Whilst attending the university, instead of taking heed to his parents' counsel, and choosing Christians as his associates, he made young men his companions who cared nothing for the things of God, and whose only aim was to live for self and the pleasures of the world.

Night after night, in company with such, at the theatre, billiard-room, and other places of amusement, was S—— to be found. In the course of time he became a leader among them, seemingly outstripping his fellows in drinking, gambling, and other evil practices. Ultimately his behaviour became known to the university authorities, and he got notice to leave the college.

With blighted prospects and withered hopes he crossed the Atlantic, and through the influence of friends obtained employment in a bank in the city of T——, in Canada. Here he resolved to begin life afresh, and inwardly determined that he would for ever renounce his old habits, and be an entirely different person. For a short time he really seemed to have become "a new creature," but his vows and resolutions were not strong enough to hold him, and soon the old desires and habits gained the ascendancy, and he was completely overpowered. Again he pursued his old course, "sowing wild oats" as quickly and as thickly as he could, doing his best to banish all thoughts of the *reaping-time*. His course of conduct reaching the ears of the bank manager he was dismissed from his situation. "The way of transgressors is hard," and poor S—— found by

bitter experience the truth of the Scripture. Lower and lower he fell; farther and farther he wandered from God; deeper and deeper he plunged into folly and sin. Hungry and weary, he sometimes walked the streets all night without a cent in his pocket or a roof to shelter him, not knowing how he was to obtain his breakfast. Hope sank within him, and despair took possession of his soul. His misery became so intolerable, and his agony so intense, that he resolved on committing suicide. With this object in view, he started one evening for the G—— Common, a retired place in the west-end of the city of T——, taking with him a pistol, powder, and shot. Whilst loading the pistol the ball fell out, and rolled on the ground, and when groping in the darkness for it the words spoken by his mother on leaving home years previously rang in his ears and thrilled his soul—"Remember, my boy, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.'" He was completely overwhelmed. Home associations were recalled, and hallowed scenes of happy boyhood days came up before him. The words, "The wages of sin is death" took hold of his inmost being, and sank deep into his heart. "If I take away my life I shall receive the wages I have so richly earned, and then to me it will be an eternity of misery and despair." Such thoughts filled his mind, penetrating and permeating him with anguish and agony.

Unsaved reader, have you ever calmly and alone in the presence of God considered the end that awaits you? Have you ever seriously and solemnly thought of the "wages" you are earning? A servant may, if he chooses, when pay-day comes, refuse to accept his wages; but it is entirely different in spiritual affairs. You may enjoy the work—sinning; but how will you do with the wages—death eternal? Whether you will or not you *must*, if you continue your present course, receive sin's wages. Pay-day begins and never ends; for the "death" which is the "wages of sin" is not, as some tell us, extinction of being, but *extinction of wellbeing*, not cessation of existence, but *cessation of happiness*. "This is the second death, even the lake of fire." (Revised Version of Rev. xx. 14.) The death that awaits you as the penalty of your sins is the second death in the lake of fire. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) This is "the death that never dies." "Where THEIR worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark ix. 48.) "And shall be tormented day and night FOR EVER AND EVER."

(Rev. xx. 10.) "AND THE SMOKE OF THEIR TORMENT ASCENDETH UP FOR EVER AND EVER; AND THEY HAVE NO REST DAY NOR NIGHT." (Rev. xiv. 11.) Do, I beseech you, be warned in time, and "flee from the wrath to come."

At the remembrance of his mother's words, and stung with remorse of conscience, S—— hurriedly left the G—— Common, and entered into the city.

Special gospel services at this time were being held in T—— by an earnest and gifted evangelist. S—— resolved that he would go and hear for himself the one who had been causing so much stir, and through whose preaching so many had professed conversion. On the evening he attended God gave the preacher a message, which was carried home in living power to S——'s heart and conscience. Deeply moved and impressed by what he had heard, yet unwilling that others should know it, he rose to leave the building, refusing to remain to the meeting for conversation. As he was making his way out he felt an arm lay hold of him, and on looking round discovered the preacher, who prevailed on him to remain behind. "Young man," said he, "you wish to be saved, and there is no use in denying it."

"You don't know who you are talking to," was the reply. "I am the worst man in the city of T——."

"Whether you are or not, God loves you, and wishes to save you."

"I cannot believe that, for I am a very great sinner."

"The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost; and if you are guilty of all the sins a man can commit you cannot be worse than lost."

After conversing with him for a short time, the servant of Christ read that exquisitely precious portion of God's word containing the quintessence of the gospel: "For 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.) On learning S——'s name the preacher read it thus: "For God so loved S——, that He gave His only-begotten Son for S——, that, if S—— believes on Him, S—— shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Is that all that God expects me to do?" eagerly asked S——.

He was shown that God's "great salvation" was a "gift," that on account of what the Lord Jesus had suffered for sinners God could now, consistently with

His justice and holiness, forgive all who believed on His Son.

S—— was amazed at the simplicity of the way of salvation. It seemed to him "too good news to be true." Still, God said so in His word, and it was impossible for Him to lie. That night he believed that God loved him, a guilty, ruined, and condemned sinner; so loved him as to give up His only-begotten and well-beloved Son to die for him; and through believing the good news, he rejoiced in the knowledge of the fact that all his sins were forgiven.

Reader, the "old, old story" which gave peace to S—— is able to do the same for you. However vile, degraded, or wicked you may be, as you read these lines, you can be saved. You may have again and again "resolved" to give up your sins, but you soon found out you were as bad, if not worse, than ever. You have "tried" to be a Christian. Don't TRY any more. It is not by TRYING, but by BELIEVING, that sinners are saved. It is not by what you do or feel that you can obtain salvation; it is THROUGH BELIEVING ON WHAT JESUS DID AND FELT FOR YOU. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED NOW? If so, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the one who died for you and bore sin's judgment, and you will know from the word of God that you are saved and have eternal life.

When S—— saw for the first time that he was saved through simple faith in Christ, he asked, "What about future sins?" He was shown from Scripture that when he failed or sinned he was to confess it, and believe that he was forgiven, *not because he felt it*, but because God said so—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

For several years S—— has been an earnest labourer for the Lord in the great harvest-field; and two years ago, when the writer was conducting gospel services in the city of T——, he had the pleasure of assisting him.

Reader, are you willing at this moment to accept of "eternal life" as a present from God? Remember that you cannot by prayers, happy feelings, sorrow for sin, or so-called "good works," purchase salvation. It cannot be sold, and if you are really willing to be saved in God's way you must come as a poor, hell-deserving sinner, and receive as a free gift that which cost the Lord Jesus His life-blood to procure. Believers are saved for nothing, yet at

an infinite cost. "Come now," and, like S——, you will have joy and peace in believing. May the language of your heart be that of the following well-know lines—

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that THY BLOOD WAS SHED FOR ME,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, and WAITING NOT  
TO RID MY SOUL OF ONE DARK BLOT,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

A. M.

## "FIRE! FIRE!"

OR, SUDDEN DESTRUCTION.

DECEMBER 9th, 1881, will be a day to be long remembered in the city of Vienna. Hundreds of people went to the Ring Theatre thinking only of the passing pleasure of the hour, little dreaming that they were so soon to be hurried into eternity. We are told that at eight minutes to seven o'clock, when the house was nearly full, the curtain was moved as if by a gust of wind, and then volumes of flame burst forth in the direction of the audience. The building held about 1800, and from every part of it the cry of "Fire!" was echoed by the panic-stricken people. Just then the gas was turned off, and except for the flames of the burning, the scene was enveloped in darkness, adding to the general dismay and confusion. Terror seized the whole company, and the wild cries of the sufferers, together with the increasing noise of the conflagration, defies all description. Some escaped by a desperate leap from the gallery. A few got out on the balconies, and flung themselves on the pavement below. The actors and actresses seemed to have got away by some private exit. Many a youth and maiden succumbed to the choking smoke and flame, and passed all unprepared into eternity. In a few short hours nothing remained save the wreck of the building, and thousands are now mourning the loss of those whom they can never see again on earth. Should we not pray that the God of grace will make this terrible calamity a means of rousing up unsaved sinners everywhere to a sense of their awful danger, standing as we do on the very brink of an unknown eternity? How little did they who left their houses in health on that fatal evening think that it was to be their last on earth!

Once in the days of Noah the whole world was



surprised, when from the clouded heavens the rain poured forth, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up, hurrying those who had refused the divine warnings to eternal death. True, Noah knew, and was prepared for it, and was calm and safe within the shelter of the ark, for God shut him in. And thus now in this day of grace God has provided an ark of safety. The doors of the Ring Theatre were crowded with terror-stricken people who could not find room to escape from the terrible danger; but Christ is the door of escape from the more awful judgment of God, coming soon upon this doomed world; and there is room enough for every lost and guilty one to pass, through His blood-shedding, into the blessed rest of heaven. There is a welcome for every sin-stained soul in the bosom of God, because there is no deep dye of iniquity that the blood cannot cleanse. Only let us come while it is yet time, before the night of judgment closes in, and the voice that has so long sounded forth the invitation must utter the awful word, "Depart." The rich man of Luke xii. is a solemn warning to those who would put off their soul's salvation. God had given him much, but he shut God out. Awful thought! And yet how many are doing this as they reject the blessed salvation so dearly purchased for them. Are you doing this, my friend? Satan may whisper that you are too bad, or that there is time enough; but if the word of God be true, how incalculable is your danger; how great the need to fly at once for refuge to the only Saviour. Doubtless, hundreds might have been saved from the burning theatre if a fire-escape had been ready in time; but none came, and they perished. But you have a way of escape, dear unsaved sinner, placed within your reach, and you are responsible to take the step that will bring you to the ground in safety. Cling not to any earthly thing; Christ alone is the solid rock beneath our feet.

"On Christ salvation rests secure,  
This Book of ages must endure;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown,  
Which rests upon this living stone."

Surely the destruction of the Vienna theatre is but a picture of the day so soon to come, when the poor sleeping world will awake to find every door of escape closed, and nothing around but the eternal fires of vengeance for those who have despised God's grace in the gift of His Son.

Once more I would urge upon you, dear reader, the value of your immortal soul. What is all the

wealth of this passing world in the scale? It must be all left behind, and if it were otherwise it could not give you standing for a moment in the presence of a holy, heart-searching God. Soon you must meet Him, and the future condition of your soul be settled once and for ever.

"Death comes down with reckless footsteps  
To the hall and hut;  
Think you death will tarry knocking  
If the door is shut?  
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,  
But the door is fast;  
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth,  
Death breaks in at last."

Dear friend, look into the eternal future of the lost, and you may well tremble; but look away to the suffering, bleeding Lamb of God dying for you, and there you will find safety and peace.

H. R. FRANCIS.

#### THE LIVING HOPE.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."  
1 PETER i. 3.

Y E sons of Adam's fallen race,  
Who breathe his mortal breath,  
Know, yours is not a hopeless case,  
Though heirs of sin and death.

There's hope of an eternal life,  
Since God, who cannot lie,  
Decreed that Christ, for man's relief,  
For Adam's race should die;

Christ came and died, God raised the dead,  
This, full assurance gives—  
Since Jesus died in sinners' stead,  
By Him,—through faith he lives.

'Tis not the Fathers, though revered,  
Nor all their church decrees;  
Traditions show how oft they've erred,  
There's nought to trust in these.

But hope in this eternal life  
Can ne'er be put to shame;  
Though Jesus died in mortal strife,  
By death He overcame!

This hope is based on truth divine;  
Immutably secure,  
While mighty power and love combine,  
This life and hope endure.

"Rejoice in hope!" ay, well we may,  
"It maketh not ashamed;"  
It never can with age decay,  
Immortal hope 'tis named.

Begotten to this living hope,  
When God raised up the dead,  
Without the guide of priest or pope,  
We live without their aid!

For Christ our hope of glory is,  
Our life in Him's concealed,  
That He is ours, and we are His,  
Will quickly be revealed.

Now wait we for this blessed hope,  
Nor shall we wait in vain;  
For soon with all His saints caught up,  
The Church with Him shall reign.

R. C.

## "THE BLOOD OF CHRIST AND THE WORD OF GOD."

**S**OME time ago Mr. L——, a friend of mine, was going out by the ——— Railway to preach the gospel at the village of H——. The distance to travel being short, he wished to lose as little time as possible, after getting aboard the train, before commencing to distribute amongst his fellow-passengers leaflets speaking simply and pointedly of ETERNITY with its realities and the great love of God toward a lost world, as seen in giving up His only begotten Son to die as a sin-offering, that a way might be opened up through which He could *righteously* save guilty sinners.

However, having a few articles of baggage to look after, another young man got the start of him, and soon supplied all in the car with a gospel tract each.

Presently the train approached ——— station where Mr. L—— had to get off. Taking up his baggage he proceeded to the car platform, where he was met by the tract distributor, who was just leaving the other car, where he had also been scattering the "good seed."

They had never met before, but both being interested in the same work, Mr. L—— was anxious that they might have a little fellowship together before separating. Seeing no time was to be lost, he at once took from his pocket a card, with the important question, "IS YOUR SOUL SAVED?" printed on it, and presented it to his new friend; who, on glancing at it, looked up with a happy smile, and replied, "Yes, sir, thank God."

"What makes you so confident?" asked Mr. L——.

"The blood of Christ and the word of God," was the answer.

What a grand foundation to build upon! The testimony of Jehovah is, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Therefore, no matter how great a sinner this young man had been, trusting to the blood of Jesus to meet the claims of justice against his guilt, he was perfectly secure. And he knew such was the case, not because he *felt* it, but because the word of God, which endureth for ever, declared it to be so.

Dear reader, what answer do you give to the solemn question, "*Is your soul saved?*" Do you say, "I hope so"? If that is your reply, stop immediately and examine your foundation. If you

*hope so* on the strength of anything you yourself have or have not done, you are building on the sand; your hope is a delusion, and dying as you are, you would be damned for ever; but if you have seen yourself "guilty before God," "condemned already," and are relying wholly on the ransom price paid for you on Calvary, then your salvation is not a matter of doubt, but an absolute certainty, and you can sing—

"I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb;  
And I am on my way to heaven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."

Nothing but the blood of Christ can wash away sin; "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22); and nothing is to be depended upon as an authority whereby souls may decide as to whether they are saved or lost, but the *written word of God*. "These things have I *written* unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life." (1 John v. 13.)

Friend, and fellow-traveller to eternity, if you cannot, on the authority of the Bible, thank God that you *are* saved, you are yet an unbeliever, and are steadily being carried toward the place "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched" But if you are convinced of your danger, you may be saved even as you read, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust," and "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

## FAITH.

**F**AITH and all object are so suited to each other, that in whatever way the one is represented, the other has a name suitable to the representation.

If Christ is the Brazen Serpent, Faith is the eye to behold Him.

If Christ speaks, Faith is the ear to hear Him.

If He is the Bread of Life, Faith feeds upon Him.

If He is the City of Refuge, Faith flies to Him.

If He is a Gift, Faith is the hand to receive Him.

If He is a Garment, Faith puts Him on.

If He is a way, Faith walks in Him.

If He is the Truth, Faith is the knowledge of Him.

If He is the Life, Faith lives upon Him.

If He is a Prophet, Faith sits at His feet, and learns.

If He is a Priest, Faith relies on His sacrifice.

If He is our Lord, Faith submits to His authority.

In a word, it accepts the whole and every part of Christ, in His nature, offices, relations, and names. Wherever Christ is, there would Faith be; it follows Him as the needle would the loadstone.



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## OLD TOM'S STORY.

TOLD ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

**H**ERE was a talk in the village that some folks called Methodists were coming to preach to us; and come they did, and a warm reception we gave them. Partly through fun and a love of mischief, but mostly through sheer wickedness, we determined that if these men did come we would make them glad to get away.

It was on a Sunday that about six strangers came in the afternoon into the village. They began by singing a hymn. At first things were pretty quiet; but after nearly all the village had turned out to see what these fellows meant, the mischief began. We stoned them, we ducked two in the horsepond, and brought them out more dead than alive; we tore their coats to shreds, and we thrashed them within an inch of their lives. You can hardly conceive to-day how violent our conduct was then. Poor men! I think as they went away that Sunday night, weak, bleeding, and forlorn, they would almost have moved a heart of stone to pity. But they didn't move ours. We followed them out of the village, laughing, and shouting at them, mimicking their singing, and threatening that if ever they came again we'd murder them. Well, in spite of all our threats and ill-treatment, if these men didn't come as bold as lions the very next Sunday! I believe that it was only God who kept us from killing them outright. And it came about thus. There were some not so bad as others, who, whilst they hadn't a bit of sympathy with canting and preaching, never-

theless liked the pluck that these men displayed. I daresay these "chicken-hearted" men, as we called them, felt that their conduct of last Sunday had been too bad; and perhaps, as a sort of atonement, they determined that the strangers should not be molested this time.

So they called out for fair play for these men. The consequence was, that the worst part of the villagers were compelled to keep quiet, still cherishing hatred and revenge within them. I cannot but think that God was with those messengers of His the first time they preached in our village. You remember that when the servant of one of God's prophets feared for the life of himself and his master, God opened his eyes. What a sight he saw! I reckon he never feared again after he had seen those chariots and horsemen that were round about the man of God. So, for aught I know, there were mighty helpers and defenders around these good men that we didn't see. For myself, I wouldn't stop to listen to any of their "old woman's talk."

The preaching that day did what one of the apostle Paul's sermons effected, some "believed," some laughed, but the main of them said, "We will hear thee again concerning this matter." Well, God carried on His work in His own way. The truth told its tale. The "cross" hadn't lost a bit of its power. Even some of my companions left the ale-house and gave up the cards, and, folks said, began to pray. God alone knows how I hated this thing; I was filled with darkness and bitterness. Mind you, "these turncoats," as we called them, had pretty hard times of it. We didn't let them alone; but in spite of all we could either do or say, they stood

fast; and the firmer they stood, and the quieter they took our rough dealings, the more and more did I hate them. Little did I think that the day wasn't far off when I should be on their side. Blessed be God, He didn't leave me, as He might have done, wholly in the hands of the Evil One.

It came about thus. To the surprise of everybody, but mostly to my own surprise, my wife, I heard, was touched with this new fancy. I ahan't stop here and tell you to-day how I behaved to her. It will do if I say that all the bitterness and hardness of my heart came out in my conduct towards her. If I was sure of one thing more than another, I was sure of my wife's love, but I had yet to learn that she could love somebody more than she loved me. I've asked God thousands of times to forgive me for all that my lass had to bear from my hands for Christ's sake. Yea, lads, she loved Christ more than she loved me! and I believe if I'd killed her ten times over I couldn't have altered her. It's the old tale. If I hadn't been as blind as a bat I should have seen, that as her love for Christ grew stronger, her love for me grew deeper; and so she did what thousands of true women have done, she bore all my cruelty, she never murmured, she never said an unkind word, nor looked an unkind look; but, as she told me, she prayed for me. I don't think to this day that I should have been so bad to her if it hadn't been that my companions laughed so at the idea of my wife turning Methodist. I couldn't bear that; but God had His hand in it. Bad man as I was, I couldn't but see that my wife had the best of it. God helped her, and she conquered me by her religion. For I remember one night, after thinking of all my treatment to her till I fairly trembled, how I made up my mind that I'd let her go her own gate, and take her own way. When I told her this she was sitting opposite me by the fireside; the bairns were in bed, we hadn't lit the candle yet, and the firelight flickered and played over the house, as clean as a new pin; and I remember, scarcely had the words crossed my lips afore she was on her knees before me, and after one great sob of thanksgiving to God for, as she said, so far answering prayer, she looked right up into my face with her own beautiful blue eyes (ah! I'd filled them many a time with tears), and she just asked this, "Tom, my lad, dost thou think that I can take my own way to heaven and let thee take thy way to hell?" She didn't say a word more, but she cried as if her very heart would break at the bare thought of some day being

separated from me. Poor lass! it's aboon twenty years since I laid her—just at Christmas time, when other folks were gay and merry—in the quiet churchyard. It seemed as if I buried everything when I buried her.

Just before she died she took my face in her hands, and drew me, oh! so gently, with her failing strength, that she might kiss me once more, and said: "Tom, my lad, thou wilt hold fast to the end, and then we're sure to meet again." I don't think I shall be long before I see my lass where there will be no more tears and no death, because no sin. Yea, next to God, old Tom owes everything to her who loved him better than her own life. But, as I was saying, what she said that night about our going different roads went like an arrow into me. It worked and worked, for do what I would I couldn't get rid of those words. At last I went to hear one of these men preach. It only made matters worse. If I was miserable before, I was a hundred times more miserable then. God had opened my eyes, but as yet I'd only seen myself; I hadn't seen Him a bit. I felt that if ever on this earth there stood a lost man, it was I. Do what I would, go where I would, it seemed as if the pit were about to open and swallow me up. There was nought behind me but a wasted life, and nought before me but a fearful judgment. It got at last that I felt that I couldn't bide it much longer. I should either go mad or die, or make away with myself. I didn't much care which. Thank God, light came at last, and I saw Him! It was up at the meeting-house; one of them had been preaching about Christ weeping over Jerusalem, and that just broke my heart. I felt how He must have loved them, and then I learnt that He loved me too. Bless you, lads, 'twas like a dream! It was another life;—it was the dawn of a day that was to grow brighter and brighter for ever. When I left that place late that night it seemed as if I trod on air. My heart was as light as a feather. I shouted, I sang, I glorified God! I had to pass the master's house as I went home; how I did make the echoes ring!

The master had, as usual, some gentlemen staying with him at this time. It appears that as I went home I woke one of them who slept in the front of the house, and who recognised my voice. At breakfast-time next morning he asked the master if "old Tom" ever got drunk, for he was sure I must have been drunk the night previous. Master told him that he was certain I hadn't got drunk, but what

was a deal likelier (for he'd noticed my conduct of late), I'd been up, as he said, to the meeting-house, and got my brain turned, and had gone wrong in my head. After this he'd many a sly laugh at "old Tom." As you may judge, from being anxious about my own soul, I became anxious about his. I've told you I loved that man, and now I loved him more than ever. He had everything but that one thing which in the eye of God is needful. Many a time when the machinery had stopped, and everything was as still as death, I crept away into that great mill to pray for him. Behind wool bags, at the back of looms, up in the loft, yes, almost in every spot in that mill have I prayed to God touch the master's heart. Heretofore I had been anxious about his good name, about the business doing well, and so on; but now all these things were nothing. I felt he was a beggar; ah! worse than a beggar, if he hadn't Christ. Don't think that I went about praying to God, and yet never opened my lips to the master himself about these things. I reckon nothing of such work as that. I spoke both to God and man about what, next to my own salvation—nay, I almost think above it—lay nearest to my heart. Many a time, when I've caught the master alone, did I plead with him to trust the same Saviour that I had learnt to love. At times I thought he would grow angry with me, a poor working-man, to take upon myself to speak to him thus. Alas! he did worse than that, he never grew angry, he never resented it a bit; he let me talk as much as ever I liked, and he only laughed—such a quiet, mocking, unbelieving laugh! I've stood before him with my eyes full of tears, and my heart as heavy as lead for his sake; but he never altered. He used to say, "Come, come, Tom, my lad, it's all right for you, if you believe these things, and I'm glad if they make you any happier; but they are nothing in my line, Tom." There was so much of bitterness and of right-down unbelief in what he said, that I used to turn away sick with trouble and disappointment. The more he sneered the more I feared for him, and the more he seemed to doubt the stronger grew my faith in God, and the more earnestly did I pray. Things went on in this way for many a long bit; I did all I could to commend religion to the master by living as "becometh the gospel;" then I learned to leave things with God, knowing that His time is always the best time.

One morning I was at my work as usual, when someone came to me and told me that there was

trouble at the "Grange." My heart came into my mouth in a minute, but when I heard what that trouble was I could hardly contain myself. I was told that the master had been taken suddenly ill after I had seen him the night before; that he had grown rapidly worse, that he had had two doctors with him during the night, both of whom pronounced his life to be in imminent danger. How I got through that day's work I'm sure I don't know. My heart was at the bedside of the sick man every minute. We heard only one tale all the day—that he grew worse and worse every hour. About twelve o'clock that night, after I had been in bed about a couple of hours, but never asleep for a minute, there came a loud knock at the house door. I went down just as I was, trembling as if I had the ague, as cold as ice for very fear, to ask who it was. It was a servant from the Grange to say that the master was dying, and he wanted to see "old Tom." Oh, lads, his gay companions, his summer friends, could do him no good then! A house with death coming through the door was no place for them. They'd left him in the morning, and left him alone; he didn't want them; no, thank God, he wanted "old Tom." Old Tom, you know, the man "wrong in his head." I was soon dressed and up at the Grange. They showed me into the master's bedroom, and left us alone together. I thought my heart would have burst when I went up to the bedside. Scarcely thirty hours ago, and he was in health and strength, and now he lay there, propped up with pillows, and I felt that his hour had almost come. When I went up to him he took both my hands in his, and though his lips quivered, and his breast heaved, he never spoke a word. I don't know how long this lasted, but at last, when he'd grown a bit calm, he said:

"Tom!" and his words came faintly, and as if with pain, "Tom, I'm very ill. They say I'm dying. Tom, I believe I am. I'm drifting fast from the moorings here."

I thought a moment, and still keeping hold of his hand I said, "Master, don't say drifting; there's some one, I hope, guiding the vessel."

He shook his head, and with all the bitterness gone, but with all the unbelief remaining, he said, "No, Tom; I'm drifting out into the ocean without light, without chart, alone, and all so dark."

How I pitied him! How my heart yearned towards that man. I was like a woman bending

over her dying child. My tears fell like rain on the dying man's hand. He seemed troubled, for his lips quivered again; and although he didn't shed a tear, there came up out of his heart a sob that can only come when a man is in more than mortal anguish.

"Have you prayed, master?" said I, for I didn't know what to say. I was almost in as sore a strait as he, and I added, "Oh, master, if you are dying, are you ready for it?"

He shook his head, and answered, "No, Tom, I'm not ready; I haven't prayed. I don't know, Tom, if there is a God; but if there is, I don't think He'd hear a prayer from me. I've been led to doubt and doubt until it seems I doubt everything. No, Tom, I don't think God would hear me."

"Don't say so," said I. "Oh, master, you know what I have been, you know what I was years ago—a sabbath-breaker, a drunkard, a blasphemer, the chief of sinners; and God heard me, even me. I didn't know it then, I know it now, that He loved me, and had mercy on me in spite of all my sin and wickedness." And then I told him my Saviour loved him, was willing to show him mercy, and that He was able to save unto the uttermost all who trust in Him. I pleaded with him to put his trust in Christ, to try Him, and not to go out into the darkness, as he said, drifting without a light; and I think the very earnestness of my manner touched his heart. He lay still; I saw he was suffering, but thinking too, and all he said at last was, "Oh that I could believe this! Oh, Tom, my lad, if all this were true!"

I couldn't stand any more. I dropped down on my knees. "Shall I pray, master?" I said. "Yes, Tom, pray for me, please!" he answered; and I did pray. The longing of years, the prayers in that old mill, and in my chamber, were all put into one. I felt that I had hold of God. I used His own words, His promises, His faithfulness, everything I could think of on behalf of my poor, unbelieving, dying master. And as I prayed I could tell by his clutch on my hand, not strong, but nervous, that every word of my prayer went not only straight up to God, but went to that man's heart. I spoke the words, but I'm sure it was his prayer. When I'd done I rose to go, and now it was his turn; quietly he sobbed like a child, drew me to him, leaned his head on my shoulder, thanked me for what he called my love to him, then thanked

me more for the comfort I'd been to him in that hour.

I was with him when he died; he lingered until the next evening, and then the summons came; but, glory be to God, I believe my master was saved. It was in the eleventh hour, it was a brand plucked from the burning, it was the "uttermost;" but I believe he found mercy. His last words were words of trust in Christ Jesus; and when the death dew stood on his brow, and he was too weak to speak, and I bent down and asked him if he had light, he smiled, his countenance for a moment lighted up with joy, he bowed his head, and almost as if in the effort of speaking he passed away. And, lad, I feel sure he didn't drift out into the ocean in darkness, and alone; but that the Lord was with him, now to be his eternal guide and light.

Old Tom was ninety years of age last Michaelmas. I don't think I shall be here long. I'm waiting for the Lord to come any day, and am looking forward to see my wife, who prayed so much for me, and to see the master, who sent for poor "old Tom" when he came to die.

The above touching story was told to a number of people by "old Tom" himself, who was so deeply affected at the remembrance of these scenes that he shook like an aspen-leaf, and the tears literally ran from his eyes. The effect of his words upon the people was like the autumn wind bowing the ripened corn. Wave after wave of suppressed feeling passed over his hearers. There were no dry eyes; men and women both wept alike. He made no application, but all felt that what he meant was this, that in life and health a man may put away Christ, but when he comes to die, it is an awfully solemn thing to drift out into the unknown without light or hope, because without Christ in the heart.

Poor "old Tom!" I daresay he has been called home. I daresay he has met those he loved. Himself an everlasting monument of the infinite love of God in Christ Jesus, and his master an eternal proof that He can save all who come to Him through Christ Jesus.

Reader, I pray God that His Holy Spirit may bless poor "old Tom's" tale to you. Remember, when we come to die, ungodly friends and wicked companions can avail us nothing; it can only be Christ's presence that can take the sting from death, and rob the grave of its victory.—*Partridge's Series of Tracts.*

## THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.

**J**ESUS, Gracious One, calleth now to thee,  
 "Come, O sinner, come!"  
 Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,  
 "Now, O sinner, come!"  
 Words of peace and blessing,  
 Christ's own love confessing.

Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,  
 Full, full of love;  
 Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,  
 "Come, O sinner, come!"

Still He waits for thee, pleading patiently,  
 "Come, oh, come to Me!  
 Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne;  
 Come, and rest in Me!"  
 Words with love o'erflowing,  
 Life and bliss bestowing!

Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously,  
 Canst thou dare refuse?  
 Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,  
 Wilt thou still abuse?  
 Come, for time is flying!  
 Haste, thy lamp is dying!

## A FIRM FOUNDATION.

**I**CANNOT think how it is," said an aged woman to me one night after preaching, "you don't seem to have a shadow of a doubt as to having eternal life, and being saved; whereas I am continually filled with doubts and fears. Sometimes I feel happy, but then directly after, doubts and fears return, and something tells me within that I shall be lost after all. Can you tell me how it is?" "I think I can," I replied. "The secret is just this: You are looking at and are occupied with *your feelings* instead of being occupied with *the Rock* upon which God has placed your feet. The Psalmist exclaims, in the psalm we have been considering to-night (Ps. xl.), 'He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set *my feet upon a rock*, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.' It was when the Psalmist realized the mighty deliverance which God had wrought for him, and gazed upon the firm, stable foundation beneath, that his lips opened, and his heart bubbled up in praise to God for such a complete and eternal salvation. But if we are looking at our feet, we hear the winds howling around us, and see the angry billows dashing beneath us, which causes the heart to tremble, and fills one with doubts and fears. But

if I am gazing upon the massive rock upon which I stand, then the tempest may rage, and the billows roll; and the surges dash, but I know they cannot move the rock, hence all is peace and quiet within. Or, in other words, if I as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ am always looking within at my frame and feelings, and am continually occupied with myself and my ever-varying experience, the result must be trembling, distrust, and fear. But if I am occupied with Christ and his one atoning work, which has once and for all met the claims of a holy God on my account, the proof of God's acceptance of that work I have in the glorious fact that He who was once upon *the cross* is now upon *the throne*, risen again for my justification, upon which work I rest for time and for eternity, knowing that that work can never be called into question by Satan, and that the precious blood of Christ will never lose its efficacy and power, which is the only foundation of my peace now, and will be my only title to enter those pearly gates and to stand before the throne; hence I have strong consolation and perfect peace because based upon such a sure foundation, even the Rock of Ages, which underwent all the waves and billows of judgment at the cross, yet remained immovable, and which will stand the testing time that is soon coming, when God will shake not the earth only, but also the heaven. 'When the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works which are therein shall be burned up.' But that Rock shall remain unshaken. All the powers of darkness, yea, of hell and of earth combined, shall never, never move that Rock one iota. Thus the child of God has a firm foundation to rest upon, whether in life or in death, for time or for eternity."

Beloved reader, do you know this peace and joy as your portion? Are your feet upon the rock? If not, let me with all affection remind you that

"All other ground is sinking sand."

Building your hope for eternity upon your morality and past good life, or upon your religious rites and ceremonies, will end like the man who built his house upon the sand, which could not stand against the raging tempest, but *fell*, and great was the fall of it. How important it is for us to see that we are built upon the one true foundation which shall stand the test of every storm. Then clouds may cross our sky, storms of persecution and trial may beset us round, doubts and fears may cross our

minds, yet none of these things can move the Rock of Ages, or alter the immutable word of God; nay, nor death itself. If called to cross the swellings of Jordan, our feet will still be upon the Rock, which will stand the test of the judgment-seat of Christ, and not be shaken or disturbed at the shaking of all things; but will remain steadfast, immovable, throughout all the countless ages of eternity.

Dear anxious, doubting one, let me remind you of that word which says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, 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." Faith rejoices to know that "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the Son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall he not make it good?" "Yes," is the answer of the divine evangelist, "for heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of God's word until all be fulfilled." Therefore, having two immutable things to rest upon; viz., the *promise* of God, and the *act* of God, we have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us, "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." The little boat at anchor on the sea may tremble and roll, first one side and then the other, as each wave rolls and as each gust of wind blows; but neither winds nor waves affect the anchor which is out of sight. And so with the hope of the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, who is "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

My experience may change, and my frames and feelings may vary, but faith clings to the unchanging word of the eternal God, which assures me that if I by simple childlike faith make Christ my Saviour, trusting alone to Him who was delivered for my offences, and was raised again for my justification; resting for time and eternity upon His one atoning work upon the cross, I *have* eternal life, and that I shall not come into judgment because Christ stood in the judgment for me. Then I can rejoice in a free, and full, and present salvation, imparted to me by God Himself; not because I deserve it, neither because I have done something meritorious which others have not done, but simply and solely upon the ground that Christ, the Just One, took my, the unjust one's place, and by that death satisfied the

claims of divine justice, and met my deep, deep need; and because He lives, I *shall* live also.

"I know no other merit, I know no other stand;  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth—in Immanuel's land."

Dear troubled, doubting, anxious, burdened one, come just as you are, just where you are, and just now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Take God at His word, and know that you have a *firm foundation*; your feet upon the Rock of Ages, which never shall or can be moved.

G. H.

*Eastbourne.*

### "THIS SAME JESUS."

"Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell Him of her. And He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her."—*MARK* i. 30, 31.

"And whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment: and as many as touched Him were made whole."—*MARK* vi. 56.

"He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."—*LUKE* xiv. 50, 51.

"Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—*HEB.* iv. 14, 15.



LORD, our souls delight to trace.

Thy pathway here below!

When, with divine, unwearied grace,

Thou trodd'st this scene of woe.

We follow with adoring gaze

The footsteps of Thy love;

Thoue blessed, wondrous, *human* ways,

Our ways so far above.

Wherever suffering, sin, or death

Had spread their dark distress,

The sweet expression of Thy name,

Thou went'st to save and bless.

Nor is it only in the past

Thy ways of love we trace;

Thou meet'st at the present need of souls

In still unwearied grace.

Upon the fever of our souls

Thou layest Thy cool hand,

Welcome, as when the rivers roll

In on some thirsty land.

Thou bidd'st the earthly tumult cease,

Its interests stand apart;

Thou calmest to unruffled peace

The restless, wayward heart.

Thus, Lord, amidst the scenes of woe

Which throng this desert land,

We hear Thy voice, and learn to know

The touch of Thy dear hand.

And in the glorious courts above,

The theme of all our praise

Will be the One we learned to love

In bygone, desert days.

A. S. O.



# The Watchman's Message.

“And the leper shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean: he shall dwell alone without the camp.”

LEV. xiii. 46, 48.



THE CLEANSSED LEPER.

“Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean.”

MAT. vii. 2, 3.

## THE CLEANSSED LEPER.

IN our picture we have the leper offering to the priest the gift that Moses had commanded. The Lord Jesus had healed him, and he showed himself to the priest as a testimony to the power of Jesus. He came to Jesus as a *leper*; he did not try to hide it; it was known to all, for he was banished outside the city gates, and with his upper lip covered he had to raise that terrible cry, “Unclean, unclean!” He acknowledged his condition, and if any one had said to him, “Man, you are not a leper; don’t call yourself unclean,” he would have had to exclaim,

“Not a leper! why I have but to look at myself and I see I am a leper.”

Reader, have you ever acknowledged yourself a sinner? have you ever seen yourself to be unclean and unfit to meet the searching eyes of God? Just look at yourself in the mirror of God’s word; see there what is said of you, and if you believe what God says about you, you must confess that you are in as hopeless a condition as the poor leper. But then see what he did, he had a desire to be made fit to go home to his friends; he wanted to be able to associate with those he knew inside the city, and so he went straight to the Great Physician; he did

d by G

not do like the woman in Mark v. 26, who tried all the world's physicians and yet did not get cured, he *came to Jesus*. Reader, if you feel you need a Saviour, if you feel you need eternal life and forgiveness of sins, do like the leper; for he came to Jesus.

But you may think that perhaps He will not receive you. Listen to what He says—"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." No one was ever turned away, but all received a blessing from His bountiful hand. The leper had a little doubt as to whether the Lord was *willing* to heal him; he knew that He had the power, and he just put His willingness to the test. Sinner, why not do the same? Come just as you are, own yourself a poor, guilty sinner, and ask Him if He is willing to save you. "O taste and see that the Lord is good!" Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord. It is very important that you should come *now*, for you have no promise for to-morrow; but "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Then when the leper raised his petition Jesus touched him, and answered, "I will, be thou clean," and immediately he was cleansed. So, dear reader, if you have been brought to see yourself a sinner, then *look away* from yourself to Jesus, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. If you want to be healed, it must be by His stripes. The Just has died for the unjust, and now on account of the work of Jesus at Calvary you can be made whole, and then you will be able to join the ranks of the bloodwashed, and dwell *inside* the city of glory; but if you despise the wondrous grace of the Lord Jesus, your place will be *outside* for ever; for "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. xxi. 27.)

F. H. D.

### "BEHOLD, YE DESPISERS!"

"**B**EHOLD, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish!"  
How solemn this sentence pronounced by the Lord!  
The portion of all who in faithfulness cherish  
Contempt for the Saviour, His work, and His word.

Jehovah's full glory, the Father's own brightness,  
In Him could be witnessed by those who could see;  
But they who were blind held His glory in lightness,  
Reviled Him, condemned Him, and nailed to a tree.

Oh, love all surpassing, that He as the victim  
Should suffer from God all the judgment of sin!  
Oh, mercy amazing, that God should afflict Him,  
That He for salvation such scorners might win!

Oh, dare not despise Him, or soon ye must perish;  
Eternity spend in the anguish of hell!  
But come to Him, trust Him, and you He will cherish,  
And soon have you with Him for ever to dwell.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

**T**HERE were scenes of thrilling interest constantly occurring in connection with "the revival" in Ireland.

At one time two young men who were companions met each other in Belfast. One said to the other, "Will you go with me to the theatre to-night?" "No," was the reply; "I am going to a revival meeting this evening with my parents." He went to the meeting; a word spoken by a servant of God went like an arrow through his heart. He came away under deep conviction of sin. The next morning, on leaving his bedroom, he said to his mother, "Mother, I have neglected my Bible; I am determined this shall not be the case in future. Will you go with me to purchase a Bible with references?" Gladly did she reply, "I will." He went to another meeting that night. There he knelt as a poor, lost sinner, crying for mercy through the blood of Jesus; and, blessed be God, he found the Saviour ready and willing to say unto him, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." He went home rejoicing in the pardoning love of Jesus.

Oh, how willing is God to pardon and fill the heart of the poor sinner with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Being made happy himself, he thought he should like his young companion to feel the same. The next morning, full of yearning pity for the soul of his friend, he hastened to communicate to him the tidings of his own conversion, and to urge him to flee from the wrath to come. He went to the house, rang the bell; the door opened, and he was bounding up the passage to the room of his young friend as he was wont to do. A female stopped him, and said with a very solemn, serious countenance, "Where are you going?" His reply was, "To see John." "Stop, stop," she said; "he is dead!" He had been taken ill during the night, and died before the morning. He was beyond the reach of help. What a scene is here! A young man going to a revival meeting, and obtaining "redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins;" the other going to the theatre, coming home, and dying suddenly—summoned from the theatre into the presence of God! Oh that the young men were wise! and now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and know their sins forgiven, lest dying they have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

# THE PIT.

WHEN a boy I remember reading a story—some of my readers may have seen it—which at the time made a powerful impression on my imagination. The author professed to give an account of a prisoner who had been sentenced to death by the inquisition—a tribunal whose tenderest mercies were cruel. The victim had been shut into his cell. The walls were of iron. The floor was stone. In the middle of the floor was a *pit*, in the gloomy depths of which he was doomed to die. And such a death! The sudden extinction of life was no part of the hideous plan. In the darkness below there was prepared for him a bed of lingering torture—of nameless horror—upon which he entered whenever he should be forced to take the leap over the pit's mouth. By-and-by he found that the iron walls of his dungeon were closing together in the form of a lozenge; thus leaving the widest space in the centre, just over the mouth of the pit, into which the decreasing space and steadily advancing walls were surely driving him.

All this is terrible enough. But our purpose in writing this paper is to bring before your mind, reader, the possibility that, all unconscious of it, you may be in a position much more terrible than this unhappy sufferer. He *had been condemned* before the time when my story begins. Is it possible that you are *even now* under condemnation? You ask, "How can that be?" Listen! "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world. . . . He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not *is condemned already*."

Think of it. You—whose life has had much of morality and, it may be, of religiousness in it—if you are not a believer in the Lord Jesus, are condemned already. You may have been trying to commend yourself to God, by living honestly before your fellow-men. Or you may even have been trying to keep God's law in a limited way, which cannot satisfy its righteous requirements. But what think ye of Christ? If you are seeking for a salvation apart from Him, alas for you. The time has gone by when God dealt with men on the platform of law-keeping. Now condemnation is not only because men's deeds are evil. Take God's word for it. "*This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light.*" (John iii. 19.)

Oh, my reader, awake, and look the dread reality

in the face. If you are still in the place of danger and of doom, how awful a position is yours! Believe not me, but God, that it is not a question of your paltry morality, but of the provision God in His wonderful grace has made for the sin of a guilty world, by the gift of His own Son. What advantage have you taken of that provision? What is that gift to you? Let me beseech you not to lull yourself asleep with religious observances, even if they be those in which you have been brought up, and in which "your fathers" lived and died—thinking them "good enough." Is this Saviour, Jesus Christ, *thy* Saviour? "Of course," you may say, "He is *our* Saviour." But is He *thy* Saviour? Has He saved *thee*?

If not, what then? The little while, during which you may accept the free gift offered you by the "God of all grace," will soon be over. Your span of time is rapidly shrinking in. And, above all, I can tell you, on the authority of God's word, that, in a brief space, He whom men slew on Calvary, *will come again*; and to Him God hath committed all judgment. Think not that thy being what is called "moral" or "religious" will shelter thee from wrath in that day. The "religious men," in the time of His stay down here, cried aloud for His death, and hounded Him out of the world. Religion without Christ will only be fuel for the hell of fire.

The pit, the awful pit, is before thee. Not annihilation, as the dreamers of this age hold forth. Saith the Lord concerning *that* outer darkness: "*There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of the teeth.*" Christless reader, this is a hint of what awaits thee in the eternal ages of thy future! This hint was given by Him who died in agony and shame, that He might save thee from what He declares to be "everlasting torment." (Greek lit. Matt. xxv. 46.)

Why will ye die? Listen to the voice of God: "Deliver FROM GOING DOWN TO THE PIT, I have found a ransom." (Heb., an *atonement*.) The Lamb of God has indeed made atonement on behalf of the world, that *whosoever will* may be saved *now*, and for *nothing*. But woe to you if you neglect this great salvation. How shall you escape? Now. You must stand before His throne whose love you have slighted, whose grace you have despised; and from that awful presence you must sink into the abyss of woe, the lake of fire.

And your sentence and punishment will be just. In this day of grace the shelter from the storm is open to any one to avail himself of its offered protection. Yet the simple pass on, and are punished. Will it be so with you, reader? A. P. M.

# THE SINNER'S CRY.

**WASH**

**ME,**

**AND**

**I SHALL**

**BE**

**WHITER**

**THAN**

**SNOW.**

The Word of God describes every one as "born in sin," "shapen in iniquity," "unclean," "vile," "black," "no good in them."

(PSALM lili. 3; ROMANS iii. 9.)

Until men thus see themselves as God sees them, ruined and lost, they will not care, nor will they seek for any cleansing. But when self is seen to be sinful self, then comes the cry to God

(LUKE xv. 21) of "wash me!"

"The fountain open for sin and all uncleanness" (ZACH. xiii. 1) is the blood of the everlasting covenant between God and man. (HEB. ix. 14.)

Christ Jesus, the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (JOHN i. 29); of His blood God says, "it cleanseth from all sin" (1 JOHN i. 7), because it maketh atonement for the soul. (LEV. xvii. 11.)

He that looketh unto Christ Jesus for cleansing from sin, is washed (EPH. i. 7) "whiter than snow," and is made meet for the inheritance of the saints." (COL. i. 12.)

These are not man's words, but those of God, who cannot lie.

PSALM li. 7.

## IS THE LINK ON?

**A** FRIEND was, a short time ago, going on a railway journey, and had taken her seat in the carriage with others. She sat there for some time, and thinking that the train was a long time in starting she took out her watch, and found that it was some minutes after the time the train should have started. She put her head to the window of the carriage, and on looking out was surprised to find that the carriage in which she and the others were sitting was the only one on that line of rails, though when she took her seat it was, apparently, the last carriage of a somewhat long train. The train had gone on and left this carriage behind. How was this? It was in line with the others, and even the railway officials themselves had told some in the carriage that they were all right for their destinations, and yet they were left behind. How was it! The cause was now apparent to all. The carriage had not been connected or linked to the others, and consequently when they moved on it was left behind. The result was, they had to wait about an hour for another train to take them on. When the above circumstance was related to me by the lady on the day of its occurrence, it struck me forcibly that this was a vivid illustration of many who are, as they think, on their way to heaven. They have taken their seats in the carriage of Christian profession, they may even have been led by those whom they look upon as officials, but who are in reality only "blind leaders of the blind," to think that they are in the right carriage, and that they need take no anxious thought on the subject. Alas! when the momentous time comes they find out, in thousands of cases, when it is too late, that they are left behind, as it were, because they are not connected with the only power that can save them, just as the carriage was left behind, not being connected with the locomotive.

Then we must ask, What is this mighty power that can alone save the soul, and bring it in safety to its journey's end? A personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as *my* Saviour. How many are now sitting at ease, thinking that all is right with them. They think that

by going regularly to a place of worship, that by living what is called a good moral life, they are in some way or other fitting themselves for heaven; but unless we have this faith in Christ as the bearer of *our* sins in His own body on the tree, we shall find out at last that we have made a great mistake.

Now, my dear reader, how is it with you? Can you say, "I know whom I have believed"? Do you know, upon the authority of God's word, that your sins have all been washed away by the precious blood of Christ? If so, how happy you ought to be; for what are the riches and power of this world in comparison to a knowledge of sins forgiven? Nothing; less than nothing. But if you are not able to say this, but are "doing your best," and trusting to God's mercy to save you at the last, may He open your eyes, that you may see that you are standing on the brink of an awful precipice, and that you may at any moment be hurled down into the blackness of darkness for ever, because you are not linked to that One who died for sinners, who gave Himself a ransom for those who believe in Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John v. 12.) What a tremendous issue hangs upon these words—eternal life and happiness with God for ever and ever, on the one hand; and eternal misery and torment for ever and ever in that place which was prepared for the devil and his angels, on the other hand.

Which is it to be? Oh, linger not on the brink of destruction! Accept Jesus as your Saviour just now, as you are and where you are. Don't wait to "turn over a new leaf;" don't wait until you are "a little better." Jesus invites you to come to Him as a sinner, and if you wish to come to Him in any other character you cannot be accepted. A sinner never yet came to Jesus for salvation and was refused. None are too bad. He saved Saul, who was the chief of sinners, and to-day Saul is in the presence of Jesus, whom he at one time persecuted; and He will save you if you will come to Him just as you are, and trust your soul to His keeping. Do so, and then you will be linked to the Saviour, and can never perish.

"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!"

W. H. QUICK.

## THE BROKEN SAFE AND DISCOVERED WILL.

**THE** YOUNG man in America, the son of a wealthy Christian man, had become wayward and extravagant in his habits; and finally, quarrelling with his father because he had refused him all the money he demanded, had left home in anger, and given himself up to a reckless life. For a long time he continued an abandoned wanderer. Becoming at one time very straitened, and being brought indeed to the verge of desperation, he determined to break into his father's house in the absence of the family, thinking, since he knew well where the valuables were kept, that he could find means to relieve his necessity. "My father owes me a living," he said to himself, "and I will have it."

He succeeded in effecting an entrance into the house and safe, and, amid the stillness of death, began his search. Coming upon some valuable papers, he found among the rest

### HIS FATHER'S WILL.

With curious eye he began reading that will. To his utter astonishment he found his own name among the heirs, and a large bequest set against it. At first he could hardly credit his eyes. The father with whom he had quarrelled, against whom he had cherished such bitterness—the father who was, as he supposed, so angry with him—could it be possible that he had retained his name in his will, and was yet intending, if he came home, to give him his portion with the rest!

### "CAN IT BE,"

he said to himself, "that my father loves me, in spite of all my hatred and bitterness toward him? Can it be that, in spite of the dishonour I have brought upon him, he is still ready to treat me as a son?" And such was the effect of these thoughts, that they were the means of bringing him to repentance and reconciliation with his father.

Ah! how little that young man dreamt that his father so loved him! And have not your thoughts about God been just the same? You have tried to shut God out of your thoughts altogether; or, this being impossible, you have only thought of Him as one who was *angry* with you, and would eternally condemn you.

How did you come to have such mistaken ideas?

Just because, like that young man, you had not read your Father's will. If you had, you would have discovered that He is longing to embrace you, and to assure you of His full and free forgiveness of all the past, and to tell you of all the bright inheritance which He is reserving for you, if only you will claim it.

Yes; God says to you, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." But you have resisted again and again. Still He has drawn. And to-day once again, He is trying to dissipate all your mistaken ideas about Himself, and to lead you into joy and peace.

"But," you say, "I do not think peace is to be got so easily as all that. Do you mean to say that I may all at once believe that God loves me; and that all my sins are forgiven, and so at once have peace and rest?"

I do mean it, friend; or, rather, God means it; for He means what He says, and He says: "*The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me;*" and "*He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.*"

Yes; peace is found—not by praying—not by repenting—not by reforming—not by feeling—but by hearing and believing God's message—by simply seeing or realizing what Jesus has already done for you.

A bishop who had long loved the Lord lay dying. He called his chaplain to his bedside, and asked him to read him some verse on which he might rest his soul. Turning to one, and then another. "They don't do," said the dying bishop, "find me another." The chaplain turned to 1 Cor. xv. 3—"CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS." "That will do! that will do!" cried the bishop; and on that simple word of God he stayed his soul.

Once a little girl was brought to Christ. Not long after she heard of a wretched man—one of the vilest of characters. Little Annie longed to go and tell the glad tidings. She went, and after telling him how Jesus had taken his place and died in his stead, the old man's heart was touched, and he cried, "Lord, have mercy on the worst of sinners." God heard and answered; and the old man rejoiced in a Saviour's forgiving love.

Often, when a person begins to be aroused by the Spirit of God, Satan tries to persuade him that peace cannot be had except by some tedious process—a long course of reformation, or fastings, or

prayer. Satan cares not by what means—his one object is to keep a soul from Christ.

It is told that a young man, in the fifteenth century, became concerned about his soul. In vain did his advisers urge *this* and *that* religious duty; his distress only increased. At length he found a copy of the New Testament, and began earnestly to read it. When he came to the text, "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,*" he paused and began to think: "Jesus Christ saves; yes, Jesus Christ saves sinners." His distress vanished; he was filled with peace and joy. And this glorious testimony he afterwards sealed with his blood.

Prayer—reading the Bible—reformation—all these things are most desirable—indeed

#### ESSENTIAL AS A PROOF OF LIFE IN THE SOUL.

but they are positive stumbling-blocks if rested in as a means of earning salvation; for "*he that abideth hath everlasting life.*" "Verily, verily I say unto you" (mark these three steps to peace), "*He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life.*" (John v. 24.) Hearing. Believing. Having. Oh, how simple! Have you not already *heard*? Do you not believe it? Surely you can say, "I do." Then God solemnly assures you, you *have* already "*everlasting life.*"

I was once called to the bedside of a young woman, twenty-one years of age, who was evidently dying. There she lay motionless, her eyes fixed as if in death; no apparent sign of life. Her mother told me how troubled the girl had been about her past sinful course of life. "Then," thought I, "she wants to know that the blood of Jesus can blot it all out." I very slowly read over and over again those blessed words, "*I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions.*" (Isaiah xlv. 22.) I stayed some time, but not a sign of consciousness appeared; so after prayer I left. She lingered a few days, and during some lucid intervals her lips were seen to move. Bending over her, her mother caught these words: "All blotted out—all, blotted out. Oh, mother, there's a home for me now, for me now, for all's blotted out!" She *heard*, she *believed*—she *had* everlasting life.

Have you, now, like this dying one, felt your need? have you ever cried to Him who alone can save? Jesus is far more willing to save you, than

you are to be saved by Him. Remember that He is longing and beseeching that you will open the door; for He says: "*BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK: IF ANY MAN HEAR MY VOICE, AND OPEN THE DOOR, I WILL COME IN TO HIM.*" (Rev. iii. 20.)

One word as to the practical results of thus simply trusting Jesus.

The moment a sinner believes in Jesus, that moment he is born of God, and by the power of the Holy Ghost he becomes possessed of a

#### "NEW NATURE."

This new nature will desire to please God. The old nature, on the contrary, will still think and say and do everything that is opposed to God. Hence there will be continued conflict between these two natures within. The old evil nature will never be improved nor mended up; it will be the same wretched, vile nature to the very end. The new life, as the believer abides in Jesus, becomes each day stronger and stronger by prayer, and the study of God's word; and as it grows stronger, it keeps down the evil nature.

"But sometimes, alas!" you say, "the old nature gets the upper hand, and overcomes my spiritual nature; old habits regain their power—angry words, hasty tempers, rise as of old, and Satan whispers: 'How can you be a child of God, and yet give way to all these evil tempers?' Then what am I to do?"


God has made provision for the daily failures of His children. He bids us come at once and confess it all to Him; and the moment we have done so in humility and contrition of soul, we should at once realize that the blood of Jesus Christ "*cleanseth us*" (us—saved ones) "*from all sin.*"

The reason why we get such grievous instances of backsliders is simply this. That the moment we are conscious of the first shadow between our souls and Jesus, we do not go and just tell our Father and confess it to Him; then, thus afresh forgiven, we should ask for strength to watch against the next temptation, and to be kept by Him who is able to keep us from falling.

Let us not say: "If salvation can be obtained so simply, I may take it, and live as I list." "*What! shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?*" Nay, friend, the grace that bringeth salvation teacheth us that, "*denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.*"

## FIRST OF ALL

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS.

 ALL admit that, some time or other, the soul must be thought of, sooner or later the matter must be settled. But most people say, "Oh, there's no hurry!" It is not first in importance, nor need it be first in time. It is of importance to get on. The merchant, the shop-keeper, nay, most men, think first about their family, their private affairs, their circumstances—in fact, worldly affairs are paramount. The *Times* newspaper, the news of the day, all very important; but salvation is a matter of slender moment—few thoughts about God, the future, or the soul.

Christ and the world are antagonistic. The proper place for religion is the death-bed; the fitting time, the dying hour. Now we must enjoy the world, pursue success, make a name. When life is lived out, and old age comes on, and sickness, then religion is an admirable thing for the sick-chamber; that is, if the illness be serious, if one is likely to slip through, and so they place it last in importance as to time. If they only could have enough religion to squeeze through the gates of heaven, and escape the penalty of hell.

Opposed to all this stands the command, issuing from lips that cannot lie. Seek ye *first*, first in importance, first in time—

Who is right—Christ or the world?

The question is asked of reasonable men, "Do you exist for the purpose of glorifying God in your body and in your Spirit?" You reply, "Oh, I'm so busy! we must live!" A prisoner once stood before a judge, and pleaded guilty of theft, of stealing food. When sentence was about being pronounced, the judge asked him, "Have you anything to say?" "Yes," said he, "I have something to say. Surely a hungry man must live." "Excuse me, sir," replied the judge; "I don't see the necessity."

If to live for the glory of God and the benefit of man is the supreme end and aim of life, then the necessities of life are only useful so far as they contribute to this end. Better die than live only an empty life. If it were revealed to me that from this moment I shall no longer live for the purpose of life, so in twenty or three years I die, and I look back on a life mispent; I leave behind a record of sin. If I knew that, it would be the best thing that life should cease, for I should not pass through so much misery, I should not have

done so much harm, I should not have brought so much judgment on myself. Nay, if God is right, seek *first* the kingdom, and go on living year after year for that for which we were called into existence.

Why *first*? In the first place, it is never too soon to be happy. "Happiness is that which all men seek after," and which very few find. How few people profess to be happy! Most people are so worn by cares, you see it on their faces, you can read on their countenances of inward unrest, no peace within. When Jesus Christ is recognized, and His claims received, and He is accepted as Saviour and King, then men begin to be acquainted with inward happiness, and we have often heard the confession, "I never knew what real happiness was before. Those who live for God are the happiest."

A young officer who was converted was an object of perplexity to his captain. "I say," said the captain, "I can't make you out. What people call Christian is strange and peculiar; but you are not so. Tell me why you are such a happy fellow—always bright and cheery—why you're the merriest man in the regiment. We swear and lose our tempers, but I have never heard anything but what is pleasant from you. My idea of a Christian is a fellow with a face as long as a fiddle-string, heaving long sighs, and looking demure as if he was going to a funeral."

The young Christian officer replied, "Captain, I've a right to be happy; you haven't. When I think of my Master I am rejoiced. When you think of your master you have no cause for joy. When I look forward to the future I have a bright prospect of endless bliss; you are only happy by forgetting the future. *To think* brings me happiness; to think makes you miserable. When a Christian trims his sails to catch the breezes of the world, he is unhappy. Well for him that it is so, if it drives him back to Christ. Let a man have full enjoyment of a present salvation, pardon, fellowship with God, a glorious hope. Do you wonder he is happy? The joy of the Lord is our strength."

The preacher then dealt with the truth that it is never too soon to be useful. "I don't believe," he said, "in a selfish salvation. There is a felon in a condemned cell; he must be saved from that condition ere he can be employed. The first benefit he needs is, safety from condemnation, and when he is pardoned he is free to be useful."

When our standing is assured, we have not reached the end of our calling, we are only facing



the beginning, we are only beginning to live; having settled the first conversion, we are at leisure to contemplate usefulness. If in uncertainty, how can one do the proper work of life? There was an old nobleman, eighty years of age, he knew nothing of salvation. Rich mercy opened his eyes even at that age; he was led to turn and seek pardon. His friends congratulated him on God's love, that had spared his life, and given him true life at the close. There was a look of intense sorrow on his face. He shook his head, and said, "Oh, dear friends, I believe my soul is saved, but my life was *lost*!" Young men, would you like to have to say that? Join the ranks, lay out your lives for the benefit of your fellow-men. The battle will be won; shall it be with you or without you? Let the time past suffice you to have gone on the wrong side.

Again, it is never too soon to be holy; never too soon to get rid of the bondage of sin; never too soon to break your chain. Young man, confess you know you are the helpless slave of vice, the abject servant of a besetting sin. You have made strong resolves, but have found your body more than a match for your will. You are utterly lost; you have destroyed yourself. Now cast thyself on Christ; He will give you power to live for Him. The very desire will be gone; your chain will be broken.

Let your besetting sin be temper, love of money, dishonesty, whatever form of tyranny it may be, there is power in the Lord Jesus Christ that can set you free. *Will thou be set free?*

Another reason why seeking the kingdom should be first is because if you put it second you will never find it. God is not mocked. What a man soweth, that shall he reap. Your own folly shall defeat itself.

The God-sent evangelist, D. L. Moody, relates the following incident, which created a profound impression upon him at the time. "When I was a young man, before I left my native town, and before I was given to the Lord, I was at work in the field one day in company with a man, a neighbour of mine, for whom I was working. He was a well-to-do farmer, a proprietor of the estate. All at once I saw him standing resting on the spade he had in his hand. He began to weep, and was sad and miserable. I saw the tears trickling down his cheeks. I got nearer to him. 'Farmer Smith,' I said, 'what's the trouble? Is there anything wrong?' 'Come here, my boy,' he replied. 'I would like to tell you what I was thinking. When I was your age I left home to seek my fortune. I

had been religiously brought up; but I came to the conclusion that it would never do to begin to be a Christian at once—it would hamper me. I would make my fortune *first*, and then would turn and serve God. When I was starting from home my mother took me by the hand, and spoke these parting words: 'My son, *seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*'" This was my mother's favourite text. When I reached the town to which I was going it was Saturday. I found a berth, and on Sunday I must go to church, when the minister took this very text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." I thought it strange. "Eh," said I, "God is speaking to me; He has sent this message." *First*. I had a terrible struggle. "Well," I said, "it won't do; I could never get on. All very well by-and-by. I will not seek the kingdom now; I will wait until I get a start in life, until I get a farm and some money; so I went out of church with a hardened heart. Next Sunday I had reached another town, and to my amazement the same text was given out. I trembled. No mistake now, I thought, God is speaking. I had a tremendous struggle; I was broken down; my heart was stirred to its inmost depths; but I girt up my loins. No, it shan't be; the world shall be *first*, God after. I departed hardened more than ever, and went hither and thither looking for work. On the third Sunday I was afraid to go to church. I found employment. Weeks passed over, still afraid to enter a church. At last I was forced to attend again; and, lo! out came the terrible text again. This was the last time God's Holy Spirit strove with me. Well, I made my way; I got money; I settled; I bought this farm; it is all my own. I have plenty to live upon, and have a pleasant home." The tears flowed copiously. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'I would give all, to the last farthing I have in the world, if I could only hear that voice again sounding in my heart as from God: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God!*"'"

Mr. Moody left home, went to Boston, where the Lord converted him. When he became a Christian, the first thing that came into his mind was to seek out Farmer Smith. He made up his mind to try to bring him to Christ. So he enquired, "What is become of Farmer Smith; is he still living?" "Why he's raving mad. He went out of his mind, and is now in a lunatic asylum; it took four men to hold him." Mr. Moody went to see him in the asylum. He was quiet, being pinioned. He pointed his finger at him with a wild glare, and in a sepulchral voice hissed, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there.

Let that man's case speak to you, reader. How much better would it have been if he had followed his mother's advice, if he had yielded to the Holy Spirit's pleading. The Spirit is now striving with you. Yield yourself to God; decide for Christ; believe and be saved.

CHERYL BRADY

## Pages for Believers.

### REST IN THE LORD.

"And the people rested themselves upon the words of Heshkiah."—2 CHRON. xxxii. 8.

**I**S there anything more needed in this scene of busy weariness than rest? How deeply care has marked its furrows on the faces we meet day by day; while the struggle for gain or pleasure taxes every energy until death closes the scene. And this is not to be wondered at; for "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." But I will show you something to wonder at—a care-burdened Christian. He has trusted Christ for eternity. He never thinks of doubting that he is an heir of the coming kingdom upon the sole security of the word of God pledged for it. He knows he cannot fail to inherit it, because he is a joint-heir with Christ. He is quite sure of all this, and yet why is his brow clouded, so that you would never know him to be an heir of God amidst the crowd of those around who are without hope?

We look at the Book, and we read the divine instructions: "Be careful for nothing." "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." It is on the same authority as the life-giving word on which he has seated his soul without a fear for eternity.

We look again at the care-shaded face. Has he read it? Has he ever received this second message from God—the God of his salvation? Yes; but he has never *rested his soul* upon the word of God concerning present things. This makes all the difference. It is a parallel case with a believer who has not assurance of salvation. Trusting enough for life, but not enough for rest. Safe, because Christ holds him; not happy, because he has not a hold of Christ. Only the infinite grace of our God can accept of such a faith—trusting Him a little, because afraid to trust Him much. But perhaps we have got beyond this. We can pity those who only tremblingly cling to the promise of eternal life. But how is it for the present? Have we rested on the words of God? We have often pleaded with the unsaved to take the bare word. Let us ask ourselves how far have we trusted it. Let us beware of pressing upon others that which is not a real power in our own souls, of giving Him half our confidence who gave Himself for us.

We are told in Psalm lxxviii. that Israel "spoke

against God." What an awful charge! But how did they do it? They said, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" They *only doubted*; but in the divine account this is sin. Said David, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." If He has undertaken to lead us, shall we want? If we walk with Him, must it be at our own charge, or His? Shall we put Him to shame before the world, as though He failed to supply all our need? "I will give you rest," is the word of Jesus, not in heaven, but in HIMSELF. We shall need nothing in His presence in the glory, we can need nothing in His presence now. These are solemn questions on which hangs much of our present and eternal blessing. The answers must be revealed in the light of the judgment-seat, when the trial of our faith, if it stand the life-test, shall be found to praise and honour and glory at His appearing.

A. E. W.

### "HAST THOU NOT MADE AN HEDGE ABOUT HIM?"

Jos. i. 10.

**I**AST Thou not made an hedge about?"  
Oh, what a glorious word!  
All that we are, and all we have,  
Protected by the Lord!

Though we unlike that saint of old,  
Whom God had "perfect" found,  
Our faith so weak, and love so cold,  
Still God has hedged us round.

Perchance the great Accuser's voice  
Can yet be heard in heaven;  
In pleading that the power to test  
The saints to Him be given.

The God who kept long years ago  
Nè'er wearies in His care,  
Nor shall we suffer or be tried  
Beyond what we can bear.

Then fear not, saint, since God "has made  
A hedge about" His own,  
And Satan's wiles can never reach  
A God-protected soul.

And when within "the jasper walls"  
Our ransomed souls are found,  
We'll know how wondrously our God  
"Had made an hedge" around.

A. F. P.

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CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

# GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS

AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night?  
The watchman said, The morning  
cometh, and also the night: if ye  
will enquire, enquire ye: return,  
come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a  
watchman unto the house of Israel;  
therefore thou shalt hear the word  
at my mouth, and warn them from  
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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## "AFTER WHIT-MONDAY."

**I**N Whit-Sunday evening, 187—, as usual, the gospel had been faithfully proclaimed to those assembled in M—— Hall, and in closing his address the evangelist invited any who had been impressed, or who had any desire to be saved, to remain for a little, and so give the Christians an opportunity of speaking to them individually about their soul's welfare. Among those who accepted the invitation were Alfred R—— and his elder brother James. The former was a lad of fifteen, and shortly before this time he had found Christ as his Saviour to the joy of his heart. Since then it had been his constant endeavour to get his brothers, and other members of his family, to attend the gospel preaching at the hall, and it was owing to his persuasion that his brother James was found present on the evening. The word spoken had evidently reached his heart, though probably but for Alfred remaining seated he would have gone out with the others at the end of the address. In a few minutes the two were noticed by one of the Christians present who, going over to where they were seated, enquired of James if he were happy in Christ.

"No," said he; "I don't feel at all happy."

"Indeed! how's that?" he was asked.

"Well, if what the gentleman has been saying to-night is true, I'm afraid I'm going the wrong road."

"Yes, that's the road we are all going by nature," said the Christian; and opening his Bible,

he pointed James to several passages, setting forth the sinner's lost condition apart from the Lord Jesus Christ. As these verses were read one after another the trouble in James's soul evidently increased, and at last he exclaimed, "It seems I'm in a terribly bad case."

"Yes, friend, you are," was the reply; "but, thank God, the Bible contains other verses than those which were read. Now look here"—and Rom. v. 6, 7, 8; Isa. liii. 5, 6; Rom. v. 20, 21; John iii. 16, and other similar verses were read—"you see how you stand in God's sight as a sinner; but here we see what God did when we were altogether out of the way in order that a road back to His home and His heart might be opened up for us; and so now God can quite consistently, with His holiness and His judgment against sin, receive us, sinners as we are by nature, because of what Christ has done."

"Thank you, sir," said James, "for what you've said. I must be going now, but I'll come again next Sunday and hear some more."

"Stop a minute," said the other; "don't you want to be saved, to lose your burden of sin, and to be made happy?"

"Oh, yes, I do; but I can't stop any longer now."

"But perhaps you don't know that there's only one time when God promises to give you this blessing."

"No, I didn't know that; when is it?"

"It's now this minute, and no other time," and 2 Cor. vi. 11 was read. "You say you'll come

again next Sunday. Why you don't know that you'll live till then; and even if you do, God doesn't say anywhere in the Bible that He'll save you then. His time is *now*."

As he was thus spoken to there was evidently a great struggle going on in James's breast—a struggle between the powers of darkness and the Spirit of God; between the longing for salvation, and a wish to postpone the matter once more. At last he shook his head, and said: "No, sir; it can't be to-night."

"But why not? You say you want to be saved, and Christ has died that you might be saved, and God is ready and willing to bestow the knowledge of salvation upon you this moment. Why should you put it off?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said James. "To-morrow, you know, is Whit-Monday, and I've promised to meet two friends, and we're going to the Welsh Harp (a suburban place of amusement) to spend the day. So you see I can't become a Christian to-night; but after Whit-Monday I will. I'll be sure and come next Sunday. Good night, sir;" and he was gone!

On the next day he kept his appointment with his two friends, and they went off together to their destination. When the day was nearly over one of them proposed a row upon the large lake in the grounds, which was at once agreed to. The time for their return found them far out upon the water, and in hurriedly turning the boat it was upset, and the three were thrown into the water. One of them was quickly picked up by another boat which was passing near, and another managed to cling to the bottom of the overturned boat until help reached him; but poor James could obtain no hold, no support, and after struggling a short time he sank to rise no more. His appointment for Whit-Monday had been kept; that for the next Sunday was never to be kept. Never again, until standing at the great white throne, was he to look into the face of the friend who on the previous day had so faithfully urged him to take God's great gift while he had the opportunity.

Dear friend, when you read this true story, Whit-Monday of 1882 will have passed into the eternity of the past. May I ask how you stand God-ward now? It may be that, like poor James R—, before the holiday, when your heart and mind were filled with your plans for the day, your conscience was aroused, and your danger as a sinner came before you, and you were almost persuaded to then

and there choose Christ as your Saviour; but the thought of what you had arranged for that day stood as a barrier between your soul and salvation, and you decided to wait till "after Whit-Monday." If it was so, be thankful that God has not taken you away with His stroke in the midst of your presumptuous procrastination; and now with purpose of heart turn to Him for pardon while yet it is offered, and your life is spared. Perhaps you have never deliberately put the matter from you as did James; but you have heard the gospel again and again, you are convinced of the truth of its claims and its statements, and yet you are unsaved, you have never taken the gift that God offers you in His Son. Do you know I sometimes think that this behaviour is just the most insulting that man can offer to God! You acknowledge you are a sinner, you say you need Christ as your Saviour; but you calmly set the matter aside, put it off again and again, and coolly say to God and His Son that they must wait your time. You mean to be saved, but not just now. If your fellow-man treated you in this manner when you offered him a very valuable gift, do you know what you'd do? You would say to yourself, "Very well, my friend; you wouldn't have it when I offered it you, now you shan't have it at all." And though the God with whom we have to do is "ready to pardon," "long-suffering," "not willing that any should perish," yet there is a limit to His patience and forbearance; and this same God has said, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. . . . Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me." (Prov. i. 24, 26, 28.)

But perhaps you say that all this does not apply to you; that you have never been told the urgency of your case, and urged to decide at once for Christ. If this is your case, dear friend, let me tell you that the matter is one for your most immediate consideration. You are a sinner against God by birth and by practice, and God has declared that where He is sin in any form can never come; but though God hates your sin with a perfect hatred, as the thing that caused the death of His well-beloved Son, He loves you, the sinner, and having punished sin in the cross of Christ, He offers to you pardon and peace. But He makes one condition, and that is that you close in with His offer at once. As you

stand now there is nothing but your feeble, uncertain life between you and hell for ever, and God knowing this is very urgent, and says to you, "Come now, and let us reason together;" "*to-day* if ye will hear His voice;" "*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation;" they that seek me *early* shall find me." So seeing how much in earnest God is about the matter, be in earnest, dear friend, and come to Christ just as you are, and just where you are, remembering that

"If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;"

and coming thus, a self-condemned suppliant, you shall find the old, old promise that has brought peace to so many sorrowing hearts to be still true: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

J. B.

### A REMARKABLE DREAM.

**I** SHORT time ago I went with a friend to see a woman whom we heard was very ill, and not expected to live many days.

We did not know whether the poor woman was saved or not, and went with the intention, by the help of God, to point her to Jesus as the sinner's friend if she should be unsaved. We found, however, that she was resting upon the finished work of Christ for the salvation of her soul, and was just waiting for Him to call her from this world of pain and trouble to be with Himself for ever. She told us that several months before she had a very remarkable dream, which she related as nearly as I can remember in the following words:

"I was walking along a certain road, which I know well, when suddenly I saw a ball of fire fall from the sky into a field, and run along the ground for some distance, and then disappear. Immediately afterwards I saw the heavens opened, and the throne of judgment set up, with the Judge seated thereon. I saw one and another summoned to appear before this awful bar, and trembled for fear lest I should be called next.

"After a time my name was called, and I tremblingly approached the throne, and, falling upon my knees, I cried for mercy. I saw Jesus, and cried in agony, 'Lord, help me!' But He looked upon me sadly, and said, 'I cannot help you now; I would have helped you many times, but you would not have my help, and now it is too late.' (Prov. i. 28.) In my agony I awoke, and found that I was bathed

in perspiration. For many days after this I was very wretched, and thought that I was indeed too late for mercy, and the devil did his best to make me believe that such was the case; but, bless the Lord, He had not cast me off, but revealed Jesus to me as my Saviour. I was led to trust in Christ alone for my salvation, and now I am waiting for Him to call me to Himself."

Such was the substance of this singular dream. The woman is now in glory; but can we not draw some lesson from her recital? I think so. In the first place there will come a time with *many* when it will be too late to cry for mercy. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." (Prov. i. 24-26.) "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for *many*, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." (Luke xiii. 24.)

My dear reader, will you be among the *many* who will one day cry for mercy TOO LATE? I pray not. Be wise in time; for remember there will be no mercy at the judgment-seat. Justice will reign there; grace reigns now. We read of there being carved on a tombstone—

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT."

What a delusion! Do you know that you need salvation? Do you know that if you are not converted, or born again, you must go down to the pit? The word of God says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 3.) How emphatic this word is, "shall not." Again, "Ye *must* be born again." (John iii. 7.) The most important question I can ask myself is this, "Am I converted? have I been born again?" For depend upon it the whole teaching of the word of God proves that without this new birth we cannot see the kingdom of heaven. Naturally you and I are very far from God; for we read, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. (Rom. iii. 23.) "If we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." (1 John i. 10.) Yes, we have all sinned; and as we cannot come into the presence of God with our sins upon us, it is necessary that these sins should be taken away. But how is this to be done? "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." (Heb. ix. 26.) "He hath

made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) Christ bore all the sins of those who believe on Him, therefore they can never have to bear them themselves. What peace this gives to the one who is resting upon Jesus only for salvation. But perhaps you will say, "How am I to know that He bore all my sins, that He died for me?" This can soon be ascertained. Have you seen your need of a Saviour? If so, have you trusted Christ for salvation? or, in other words, are you resting all your hopes for eternity upon His work on the cross? If so, then He died for you; you "have passed from death to life," and "can never perish." But if, on the other hand, you have had no serious thought about your soul's welfare, never thought of where you will spend that vast eternity, the immensity of which no man can grasp; if you have been living as though this world and the present moment were everything, let me entreat you to pause and think of these things. Just look at the Scriptures I have quoted, and I pray that the Spirit of God may guide you to a right decision now; for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Remember that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He said on one occasion, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Matt. ix. 13.) You may be certain that if you come to Him as a sinner "He will in no wise cast you out."

W. H. QUICK.

### THE ARTIST;

OR, THE PREY TAKEN FROM THE MIGHTY.



R. G.— was the son of an artist, and a native of the city of H—. From the intemperate and irregular habits of his father, his early education was neglected—his boyhood was spent in the society of the ignorant and the vicious. Having acquired some knowledge of the art of painting, through sitting by his father and watching him, he gave himself to the profession, and found his first employment in painting for theatres. This brought him into contact with the stage and its corrupting influences. He persevered however with his profession, and finally became the master of a school of art under government. But his early habits continued, his life was more irregular. True, he was not altogether

neglectful of the outward forms of religion. He was usually found in a place of worship on the Lord's-day, was often the subject of serious thoughts, and yet was a frequenter of the public-house and the ball-room, a singer of the drunkard's songs, and a gambler. Returning home one night, calmly thinking over his state, he came to the conclusion that he was lost, and under a sense of this conviction said he would not rest that night without calling upon God for mercy. By the grace of God he yielded to the drawing of the Holy Spirit, and put his resolution into practice. He called upon the name of the Lord, and was heard; not that he received peace; for instead of this he was made to feel the hidden evils of his heart, and the angry powers of hell assailed his soul in every part. He forthwith saw himself as he had never done before; great alarm followed. Unable to rest, being seized with tremblings and cold perspiration, he rang for assistance. Aid was sent for. The physician however that he needed was a wise instructor for seekers of salvation. He was treated for a diseased body when he ought to have been treated for a wounded soul. Becoming worse, his fears and dark temptations increased; the curses of Scripture all seemed levelled against him, and awful judgments to impend over him. He was at length declared insane, and shut up in a madhouse; but instead of a cure, this was only an aggravation of his disease. His worst fears were confirmed. He looked on his abandonment by man as an abandonment by God. This was the idea that now possessed him. He regarded himself as in the hands of Satan, and lived in the anticipation of the worst of evils. Life became a greater burden than he could bear, he therefore resolved to get rid of it. The purpose formed was to starve himself to death, and so deliver himself from these visions of horror and fears which filled and distressed him. The design was suspected, and food was forced down his throat. He still determined however to carry his purpose into effect, and with the view of doing so succeeded in concealing a knife on his person. Yet every attempt made at self-destruction failed; an invisible power stayed his hand on every occasion. That power was the hand of Jesus, which, though unrecognized, had all along been near, and now was outstretched to lead him out of darkness, to liberate him from bondage, and to put him in possession of sinew and salvation. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. It is when the darkness is the densest

that the light breaks forth. He was now in the lowest depths of despair, but thither Jesus followed him, and already was applying the balm that was effectually to cure both mind and heart. After these attempts at suicide, he heard a text announced in the chapel of Bedlam Hospital, which was blessed by God to the salvation of his soul, and the full restoration of his mind to calmness, clearness, and strength. The words which were made the means of this great blessing to him were, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The words of promise and encouragement at once arrested his attention; they seemed to be directly addressed to him. He regarded them in this light, and as spoken by Jehovah-Jesus; and the daybreak of hope arose on his dark horizon, and peace took possession of his soul. He hearkened to the voice of the Good Shepherd, yielded to Him his confidence, entered the way into which he felt himself invited, and was saved. Confidence immediately took the place of despair, cheerfulness of dejection, and earnest, intelligent devotedness in Christian service succeeded melancholy and inactivity. The change that had thus come upon him was too manifest not to be recognized. He was accordingly soon pronounced by the medical authorities to be restored, and was discharged. Many years have elapsed since then, and every month of the interval has borne evidence to the reality of his conversion as a work of the Spirit of God. "Is anything too hard for Jehovah?" No soul is beyond His reach, and no place or mind is inaccessible to His Spirit. The asylum of the insane can as easily be made by Him the scene of the saving triumphs of grace as the ordinary sanctuary of public worship or the home of intelligence and virtue. It is as easy a thing for Him to cure the diseased mind as to quicken the dead heart. He can save to the uttermost all those who come unto Him by Jesus Christ.

#### FOUR LESSONS LEARNED.

**A**T a meeting for testimony a short time ago a man rose and said, "I have learned many good things during the past few weeks, but there are four special lessons I have learned for which I am exceedingly thankful to God. First I learned that both by nature and practice I was a sinner, and needed salvation;

second, that do what I would it was impossible to save myself; third, that the Lord Jesus Christ was both able and willing to save me; fourth, that being saved I should endeavour to save others."

Four very precious lessons these. This man had evidently been taught by the Holy Spirit of God. Reader, have you? If not you need His teaching. Realized or not, it is solemnly true, that both by nature and practice you are a sinner and need salvation. The fall of our first parents ruined the race. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." (Job xiv. 4.) "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." (John iii. 6.) Every one born into the world is born with a sinful and depraved nature, under the guilt of sin, children of wrath, enemies of God, prone to that which is evil, averse to that which is good. This is manifest in the life. It needs no training or education to commit sin. "They go astray as soon as they be born." (Ps. lviii. 3.) Not a man in the world has grown up without sin. Observation and Scripture agree in this, that "there is not a just man upon the earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not." (Eccles. vii. 20.) "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) These charges include the whole race. You are guilty. The law of God convicts you as a transgressor, and unless saved the transgressor's doom must be yours. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezekiel xviii. 4.) I beseech you examine your position. By birth a sinner, by practice a transgressor, as such "condemned already," guilt day by day accumulating, the wrath of God abiding upon you, the wrath to come awaiting you, life hastening away, death nearing, "judgment lingering not, damnation alumbering not." (2 Peter ii. 3.) This is God's testimony. Accept it as concerning yourself while the danger may be escaped. Cecil says, "Hell is the truth seen too late." See it in time. Search the Scriptures. Ask for the aid of the Holy Spirit to enlighten you. He will do it; none ask His aid in vain. The first step towards being saved is to know you are a sinner and need salvation.

It may be the reader has learned the first lesson, but is still ignorant of the second, and is endeavouring to save himself. Thousands are in this condition, and are forming resolutions, trying, struggling, weeping, reading, fasting, and praying, hoping that by some of these means the past guilt may be atoned for or blotted out, and that some time in the future perfect holiness may be attained. Vain hope!

useless labour! One hot summer's day a patient in an asylum was observed, with a pail of water and a broom in his hands, hasting towards the door. When questioned by his keeper as to what he was about to do, he said, "The heat is enough to drive all the people mad; I am going to wash the sun from the sky." "Go ahead," said the keeper; but though the poor fellow exhausted his strength and water too, the sun still remained. So is it with regard to sin. Even were it possible for you from this moment to yield a perfect obedience to all the requirements of God's holy law, the sins of the past would still exist. Quite as easy could you blot the sun from the heavens as put away sin by any efforts of your own. The poet's words are true; learn their lesson—

"Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

And this brings us to the third lesson—"That the Lord Jesus Christ is able and willing to save." His ability cannot be questioned. He who saves was not only appointed, anointed, and qualified by God for the work, but was God Himself. It is He who made the worlds and all things therein, who rules, governs, and upholds all things by the word of His power. "All things were created by Him, and for Him . . . and by Him all things consist." (Col. i. 16.) "He is the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus ii. 14.) But He is also man. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." (John i. 1, 14.) From the constitution of His person as God and man He is in every way suited to the sinner's need. Being a man He could enter into man's standing, become a substitute for man; by His obedient life keep the law man had broken, and pay the penalty due to sin by His death on Calvary. Being God as well as man, His death had a value which could never belong to a mere human being, but was in itself equivalent to the whole. As such God accepted it, raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places. There He is the one Mediator between God and man, ever living and ever saving all that come to God by Him. Saving them from the penalty of sin by His death, and from the power and dominion of sin by His life. Trust Him, guilty one. His blood cleanseth from all sin, will cleanse

you the moment you believe; and being cleansed from sin, a new life obtained, "He is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." (Jude 24.)

And being saved, try to save others. Naturalists tell us that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food he will immediately return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions. Shall we who have found honey in the rock Christ Jesus be less considerate of our fellow men? Ought we not rather, like the Samaritan woman, hasten to tell the good news? This every one should do as ability is given and opportunity offers; and done at once, for time is short.

"Souls are perishing before thee;  
Save, save one!  
It may be thy crown of glory;  
Save, save one!  
From the waves that would devour,  
From the raging lion's power,  
From destruction's fiery shower;  
Save, save one!"

"Who the worth of souls can measure?  
Save, save one!  
Who can count the priceless treasure?  
Save, save one!  
Like the stars shall shine for ever,  
Those who faithfully endeavour  
Dying sinners to deliver;  
Save, save one!"

G. HEYRON

THE sunlight is fading,  
And darkness pervading,  
The noontide of life is fast passing away;  
That life thou hast wasted,  
Nor ever yet tasted  
The mercy and grace that is offered to thee.

O'er life's stormy ocean  
And billow's commotion  
A voice doth re-echo, in tenderest tone,  
"Oh, hasten then, sinner!  
For why shouldst thou linger?  
The voice of a Father is calling thee home."

A sweet invitation,  
A perfect salvation,  
An offer of mercy so boundlessly free;  
It needeth no striving,  
But only believing,  
To make a glad welcome in heaven for thee.

In the glory so fair  
He has "gone to prepare"  
"A place" for the souls that have trusted His love.  
Oh, no eye can perceive,  
Or no heart can conceive,  
The splendours laid up for the ransomed above!

Yes, sunlight is fading,  
And darkness pervading.  
Oh, haste thee and flee from the wrath that's to come!  
In Jesus abiding,  
To Him all confiding,  
When wrath shalt descend thou 'lt be safe in thy home.  
A. F. F.



# The Watchman's Message.

A  
MAN  
IS  
NOT  
Justified  
BY  
THE WORKS  
OF THE  
LAW,  
BUT  
BY  
THE FAITH  
OF  
JESUS  
CHRIST.

GAL. ii. 16.



MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF STONE.

BEING  
Justified  
FREELY  
BY  
HIS  
GRACE  
THROUGH  
THE  
REDEMPTION  
THAT  
IS IN  
CHRIST  
JESUS.

ROM. iii. 24.

## SALVATION, NOT OF WORKS.

I WISH to fix your mind upon the great truth, that the salvation of the soul can never be attained by the works of the law, but that it is by faith alone, through grace, that we are saved. When the law was given to Israel, its first commandment was broken even before Moses descended from the mount where he received it; and seeing the people worshipping a molten calf which they had made, he broke the tables of the law in pieces, as a token that they had already proved their inability to keep it, and were now under its condemnation.

The law only manifests man's utter inability to do right. It convicts of sin, and pronounces its penalty—death and judgment; but it can never give life to sinners

dead in sins; but the grace of God comes in with the remedy; for "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us," and thus has redeemed all who believe from the curse of the law. Grace and truth came by Him. He is the Truth, making manifest the ruin and need of man; but He is also the way to God. Having by His death answered all the claims of a righteous God, grace can now flow out without limit to the poor, needy, lost sinner. Reader, give up all attempts to save yourself by fancied good works; but come to God, through Christ, as a sinner, and by faith claim the value of His merits as your only plea, and then you will know the blessedness of a full and free salvation, and be able to live in the enjoyment of the knowledge of sins forgiven on the ground of the atoning work of the Lord Jesus.

TOO CHEAP.

A PREACHER of the gospel had gone down into a coal mine, during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy, a full and free salvation offered, the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied:

"Oh, it is too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that!"

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked:

"How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no; only a few seconds!"

"Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not!" replied the miner. "As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement? was there much labour or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap!'—'Too cheap!' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a *vast cost*, the price being the death of His own Son."

Men talk about the "help of Christ" in their salvation—that if they do their part, Christ will do His; forgetting, or not seeing, that the Lord Jesus Christ by Himself purged our sins, and that their part is but to accept what has been done.

All the doing is completed,  
Now 'tis "look, believe, and live;"  
None can purchase His salvation,  
Life's a gift that God does give.

"HE DIED FOR ME."

AN aged woman in a village in Belgium was the terror of the place; the old shunned her, the young fled from her, her cursing and language were dreadful to hear. The gospel was brought into the village; the woman heard and believed; great were the changes made in her; the lion was turned into a lamb; the tongue uttered praises. On a sick-bed, that was thought to be her dying one, she was asked, "Are you not afraid to die?" She replied, "What's that you say?" "Are you afraid to die?" With energy and emphasis she exclaimed, "Jesus died for me!" The knowledge of this took away the sting of death. Because Jesus died, she died in Him, and death was henceforth nothing to be dreaded; for it alone was the barrier that separated her from her Lord. This was the secret of her peace. She knew that to depart was to be with Christ, which is "far better."

HE SAITH IT.

HE saith that He will save thee—even thee!  
And wilt thou doubt His word?  
The word of one who cannot lie,  
The faithful, living Lord.

He saith that He will save thee—even thee!  
And canst thou doubt His will?  
The promise that His love hath made,  
He waiteth to fulfil.

He saith that He will save thee—even thee!  
Almighty is His arm!  
Canst thou doubt His power, who holds the sea  
Within His hollow palm?

He saith that He will save thee—even thee!  
And save thee justly too;  
For on His sinless head was laid  
The wrath that was thy due.

Oh! trust the Lord to save thee—even thee;  
To save thee, even now!  
His promise as thine only plea,  
Before His presence bow.

Then praising Him who saves thee—even thee!  
Thy Saviour and thy Friend,  
Still trust, and His unchanging love  
Shall save thee to the end.

W. L.

## HOPING AND HAVING.

TWO youths were lying side by side in a London hospital, when a visitor asked one of them, "Are you saved?" He answered that he hoped one day he would be. Then turning to the other bed, the visitor repeated the question; the face of the young fellow lying there lit up with a bright smile as he replied—

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad."

Is yours a hope to be saved, dear reader? Are you quite close to Christ, or is there a break between Christ and your soul? Is the world between you and Him? Or are you like the youth—the second spoken to—who came to Jesus, the living Saviour, just as he was? He had proved that His words are true, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out"

Oh, try that self-same love! You will prove its sweetness in your own soul. Keep not back from Jesus. Your happiness for eternity depends on your coming to Him of whom, in pain upon a bed of sickness, the young believer said—

"He has made me glad."

## THE MASTER'S LETTER.

"JAMES, I want you to come and see me at six o'clock, after you have left the works.

"Yours faithfully, "\_\_\_\_,"

Promptly at the time the young man waited on his master, who had written him the above letter. When he entered the room, after a pause the gentleman looked up from his desk, and enquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

Somewhat surprised, holding out the note he had received, he said, "The letter, sir, the letter you sent me."

"Oh, I see! you got my letter. You believe I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Yes, sir, surely; yes, sir, surely. What else would I do?"

"Well, James, you did quite right to come. See, here is another letter for you; will you attend to

that?" At the same time his master handed him a paper which he had written.

James took hold of the paper, and read—

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

As he read his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he grasped his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there stood, not knowing what to do. At length he said, "Am I just to believe in the same way that I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," was the reply.

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." (1 John v. 9.)

That night James saw it all, and went home a happy believer in His Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He saw that he had to believe God, and give Him the same credit and confidence that he would give to the word or message of any trustworthy or business man that he met with in his daily life.

## "NOW."

THREE little letters form the word,  
Of import vast and great;  
A solemn word, on which oft hangs  
Man's everlasting state.

That word is "Now;" a little word,  
Yet spoken by the Lord;  
Recurring oft—again, again  
Throughout the written Word.

Now is the Lord's accepted time,  
Now is salvation's day,  
Now whosoever will may come,  
Now Christ's the Life, the Way.

Now pardon's offered—full and free—  
Now heaven is opened wide,  
Now peace is offered through the blood,  
Now—for the Lord hath died.

Now glory's brightness woos the soul,  
Now love's full power is known,  
Now God proclaims a full release,  
Now, from His glorious throne.

Oh, word of import vast and great;  
Yet ah, how quickly gone!  
A breath—a moment—then, alas!  
"Now's" blessings all have flown!

Oh, sinner, heed the call of God,  
And "now" in meekness bow;  
The words of Christ are true indeed,  
And He will bless thee "now."

FINISHED.

COMPLETE.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?  
BELIEVE  
ON THE  
LORD JESUS CHRIST,  
AND  
THOU SHALT BE SAVED.

ACTS xvi. 30, 31.

THIS IS  
THE  
WORK  
OF  
GOD,

Nothing, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus did it, did it all;  
Long, long ago.

"It is FINISHED!" Yes, indeed,  
Finished every jot;  
Sinner, this is all you need;  
Tell me, is it not?

Till to Jesus Christ you cling  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
"Doing" ends in death.

Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously COMPLETE.

THAT YE BELIEVE ON HIM.

JOHN vi. 29.

FOR BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH;  
AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES: IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD:

**Not of Works,**

LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST.

EPH. ii. 8, 9.

## "BIG BEN;" OR, "I'M DYING AND GOING TO HELL."



OD has a variety of ways, and often uses simple and apparently trifling things to accomplish His own purpose, and magnify His marvellous, matchless grace in bringing sinners unto Himself.

The incident I am about to relate is but another illustration of this fact. Ben was nicknamed "Big Ben," not only on account of his physical and muscular proportions, but because he was known the whole neighbourhood around to be a vicious and inhuman man, and a terror to the whole country, especially when labouring under the influence of strong drink. One day, while he was standing drinking at the bar of a public-house, a little boy came in with his jug to fetch the accustomed quantum of beer. Boy-like, pushing the door back, and not looking where he was going, by pure accident he knocked one of Big Ben's sore feet. In a moment, with almost hellish fury, and with an oath—at the same time lifting his foot towards the poor terrified boy—he said:

"If you're not off, I'll kick you down to hell! Be off to hell with you, will yer?"

Behind the counter stood the little daughter of the publican, who had attended the Sunday-school, and on whose conscience and heart the Spirit of God had evidently been working. Trembling at the rude, rough way in which Ben had heaped his vile imprecations on the poor lad, she said, in a simple, childish, loving way:

"Oh, Ben, why did you speak like that? You are going to hell, Ben; you are going to hell, Ben!"

Like an arrow from the bow, swift as lightning's flash, little Julia's words pierced to the quick of that hardened sinner's heart, and he stood quivering like an aspen leaf, feeling it was too true what Julia had said: he was certainly going to hell. He felt it, he realized that awful, solemn fact in such a way as he had never done before. The remainder of the beer in his mug on the counter was left untouched, and soon he sauntered out, not only subdued, but feeling condemned, guilty before God, and on

the road to hell. The whole of that night he was sleepless, and incessantly ringing in his ears were those awful, solemn words of Julia, "*You are going to hell, Ben; you are going to hell, Ben!*" Right glad was he when the morning dawned, and it was time for him to get up and be off to his work, thinking the noise of the workmen would silence his aroused and awakened conscience. But no. All night upon his bed, and all day at his work, little Julia's words kept ringing in his ears, "*You are going to hell, Ben; you are going to hell, Ben!*"

Shortly after this memorable meeting of Julia and Ben, while at his usual work at the quarry, a piece of stone fell and nearly crushed the life out of him. He was carried home, and the doctor could give but little hope of his recovery. While he lay upon his bed writhing in anguish of body, feeling he was on the confines of eternity, and with little Julia's words re-echoing in his ears, he called to his wife and bade her go and fetch Julia.

"But what can you want with Julia?" said the wife, trembling. "Why I'm dying, woman, and going to hell. Go and fetch Julia, will you? and be quick about it."

The poor woman ran and brought Julia up to the bedside of Ben, and as soon as he saw her he exclaimed, with passionate earnestness:

"Oh, Julia, it's all true what you said! and now I feel I'm dying, and going to hell." The dear little girl told Ben of Jesus and His love, and bade him "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"Ah! but, Julia," said the dying man, "you don't know what a big sinner I am." "Never mind, Ben; if you are a big sinner, Jesus is a big Saviour. Only trust Him, and He will surely save you; for He casts none out."

Then the little girl, kneeling down in her simple childish way, prayed, "O God, save Big Ben's soul! He says he is a big sinner, but Jesus is a big Saviour. Wash Big Ben's sins away in His most precious blood, for His name's sake. Amen."

And then she said good-bye to the dying man; but when at the bottom of the stairs, with one of her little hands resting on the

door-latch, she shouted out, "Ben!" "Yes, Julia!"

"Don't forget, if you are a big sinner, Jesus is a big Saviour; and His blood cleanseth us from all sins." And Big Ben trusted the Saviour, and soon after went in through the gates,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Beloved reader, have you felt yourself to be a "big" sinner, and in need of a Saviour? If so, don't doubt His willingness or His power to save. There never yet was a repentant sinner too big, too vile, too sinful for the love of God to reach, or the blood of Christ to cleanse. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The precious blood of Christ has been shed, atonement has been made; all you have to do is just to trust Him. His blood cleanseth from all sin; yes, ALL sin.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may you, though vile as he,  
Wash all your sins away."

S. BLOW.

#### "GOOD TIDINGS."

Acts xiii. 32, 33, 39.

**THIS** the message of love from the Father above  
To the prodigals wand'ring astray;  
Joy and peace to the heart do its echoes impart  
To those sinners who hear and obey.

Can you hear the glad news and the message refuse?  
Oh, believe, and from bondage be free!  
We declare to you tidings of joy,  
There is pardon for you and for me.

"Through this Man," who once bled, but who rose from the dead,

Is forgiveness now preached unto all,  
So that he who believes the pardon receives,  
And is freed from sin's judgment and thrall.

Then list, troubled soul, to the tidings that roll  
From the gospel's glad trumpet to-day;  
Just trust in the Lord, and "take God at His word,"  
And thy burden shall vanish away.

God's ambassadors plead as they scatter the seed,  
Shall their pleadings for Christ be in vain?  
Ere to-morrow's begun thy race may be run,  
Then who shall beseech thee again?

Oh, beware, lest His wrath should burst on thy path,  
And mercy no longer should wait,  
Then deliverance from woe thou never couldst know,  
Be the ransom price never so great!

#### AN IRISH SCENE.

**A** GENTLEMAN travelling through the county of Clare, in Ireland, called to see a poor (but very rich) countryman, who received a Bible from him a year before, and Paddy was delighted to see him, and to his surprise ran off shouting to his wife, "His raverence is here, his raverence is here; come at wanst." She returned with him to the poor but very clean cabin, and when the gentleman put out his hand to shake hands with her, she simply said, "My hands look dirty; it is only earth. I was sticking the potatoes." When the gentleman sat down and looked at the pair, he could not but exclaim, "Ye seem very happy."

"Hoppy!" said Paddy at once, "hoppy is not the word at all, sir. Yagh, were not we reading the Book awhile ago, and did not we see that we were joint partners with God's Son? Is not that what I read, Mary?" To which Mary replied, "Sure 'tis; his raverence knows it well himself."

"Well, indeed I do," the gentleman in an unfeeling tone said, "and we are told that we 'are the children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;' but all God's promises are good."

At which Paddy lost all patience, and rose in his energy, saying, "Whist! whist!" (or "Silence! silence!") "it is the very best thing God Almighty, blessed be His name, ever toul't me; and, sure, I only heard tell of it to-day, when we read the Book." At this Paddy got into such a state of excitement that the gentleman feared Paddy was not right in his mind, and cast an enquiring look at his wife, who exhibited in her honest face the greatest peace and contentment. After a while Paddy turned sharply round, and said with intense deliberation, "Your raverence don't see, nor you couldn't see it as I see it; for you are not a poor man as I am. You know the times are bad, your raverance, and to tache me God—bles His name!—made the frost burn my praties last year, and when the agent called for the rint I was short; but, you see, I am co with my brother Tom, and I went and told him of my trouble, and he said, 'Don't be afraid; I have the money, and we will go in and pay the rint;' and so he did, and told no one of it, but told me to take the recast home to Mary. Was it not good of him? But, sir, but when I read to-day that I am a co with the Son of God I felt quare, and said He is richer than my good brother

Tom, who kept the houlth of the farm for me; and I am sure now that it is all right, and God's Son will keep the place for me in heaven. Oh, sir, you did a good thing when you gave me that Book! and was it not good of God not to let the praties grow last year in my little bog garden, and let me be short of my share of the rint! I do not want anything now."

### ARE YOU NEEDY?

**S**OME time ago a lady was walking along a country road, and distributing a few tracts to passers by. Occasionally she put them down in conspicuous places, laying a stone on the top to prevent the wind blowing them away.

The title of one arrested her attention, and glancing through it, she saw it spoke of Christ as supplying *all* the need of poor lost sinners.

"Well," she said to herself, "if a poor *hungry* sinner picks up this off the ground the stone will set do for him to eat." So taking a penny out of her pocket, she placed it on the tract, and went on her way.

Very soon a gentleman of independent means came along, and his eye caught sight of the penny on the tract, and picking up the coin he wrapped it in the tract, carefully putting both into his pocket, intending to try and solve the meaning when he reached home.

When he arrived there he thought of the penny, and, unfolding the paper, it asked the question about his *need*. But that only puzzled him more, for all his needs were supplied; he lacked nothing of this world's goods, and therefore he did not *need* a penny. But his attention was aroused, and he carefully studied the tract, which revealed to him that he, as a sinner, needed forgiveness; he needed pardon and peace; and as he read on he saw that *ALL* the sinner's need is met in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear reader, I want to ask you whether you have ever felt your need? Many in the present day are like the professing Christians that were in the Laodicean Church, for they said they were "rich and increased with goods, and had *need of nothing*;"

but God said they were wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, and they did not know it. The reason of their poverty was, they had not Christ; for He was *outside*, knocking, pleading for admission, desiring to come in and be their guest." (Rev. iii.)

Then again we read of a rich man who had everything his heart wished for. His barns were full, and he did not know where to bestow his goods, so bidding his soul to take its ease, he intended for the future to eat and drink and be merry. Poor fool! he did not know his need; he had treasure on the earth, but he was not rich toward God. (Luke xii.)

*ALL* sinners are poor and needy, however much of this world's goods they possess. The prodigal as he left his father's house felt he was rich; he had his portion of the inheritance, and he thought himself a young man of importance, but he was without his father's smile; yea, he had not his father with him, and without the "*Guide* of his youth" he was a poor young man; but as his substance wasted away he felt his need, and when he came to himself he saw his poverty, and contrasted it with what he might be. Even if he were but a servant in that household, how different would be his position. He felt his need, and hastened to the one who was able and willing to supply all his need, because the father loved his wayward son.

If you, my reader, have felt your need of forgiveness, confess it to the Lord Jesus, and He will frankly and freely forgive. He delights to pardon. Just read what God declares in His word: "Thou hast *wearied* me with thine iniquities. I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 24, 25.) Think of God being wearied with your sins, and yet asking you to acknowledge your condition, to own your need of a Saviour, and accept Christ as the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

The man who for thirty-eight long years had lain by the pool of Bethesda had not a shadow of a doubt that he needed healing. The blind wanted sight, the dead needed life, and so you, my reader,

need life and sight and healing. May God open your eyes to see your need!

There are some people who are afraid that if they believe in the Lord Jesus, and have their sins washed away, they will not stand. Some have said to me, "I would like to be a Christian; but if I confess Christ to-night I am afraid I shall go back in the world to-morrow." Never, I trust. The grace that sought me out when dead in trespasses and sins is able to keep me. If God in His infinite love has saved me, He ~~will~~ ~~keep~~ me. I shall still be *needy*, but my resources will be in Him. He will be all that I need, from the day I take Him at His word until the day He takes me home. Think you that it could be possible for the prodigal when in the father's house to be in dread of going back to the "far country"? No; impossible. He had left it for ever. The remembrance of it would be sufficient to assure himself that he never would return; the husks would have no attractions while there was bread enough and to spare, and there would be little fear of his returning to feed swine after he had been fed on the very best of his father's house.

Reader, you *need* a Saviour. Will you have Jesus? You *need* a keeper. Will you have Jesus? Take Him as your Saviour, and He will be your Friend under all circumstances; for

Best of blessings He'll provide you,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,  
Safe to glory He will guide you—  
Oh, how He loves!

F. H. D.

## THE SINNER CHANGED INTO A SAINT.

A TRUE TALE.

**M**ANY years ago, when the first Napoleon was still a moody prisoner at St. Helena, there was a Christian naval officer holding a command at the Cape, and under his orders was a man highly gifted in every way, but yet completely without God in his soul. He used to boast he had never bent his knees in prayer, and when staying with his superior officer the turmoil of his unruly will was great when he found that mere

politeness obliged him to be present at family worship. The frigate he commanded was ordered on a long cruise, and on parting the Christian officer placed in his hand a copy of *John Newton's Life and Letters*, making it a special request that, for the sake of the donor, he would read it through while at sea, and the good man's heart went up in prayer to his heavenly Father for the seed he was thus endeavouring to sow.

They parted, and it was some months before H.M.S. — was sighted once more standing in to Simon's Bay. Captain — landed hastily, and made his way to the commissioner's house. Grasping his hand, he said, "God bless you, my kind friend; you have indeed been used as His instrument for blessing to my soul. Thanks be to Him for manifesting to me His unspeakable gifts." The story was soon told, how on a weary day at sea Captain —, a highly intellectual man, took up the life of John Newton merely to amuse a passing hour, but had his attention riveted, and God's blessed Spirit was present with converting power to impress and unfold the truths contained in the book. Conviction of sin soon drove him to his knees and to his Bible, and there he found what no seeking sinner ever goes in vain to ask for—pardon and peace—and he was soon rejoicing in Jesus.

His life, many, many years prolonged after this, was one note of glad praise to his Saviour-King. "Many are the trials of the righteous," and he was no exception to this rule; but through all the furnace of affliction there was ever One walking with him "whose form was like the form of the Son of God," and his humble submission and cheerful resignation were witnesses to the glorious strength imparted by his Redeemer-kinsman.

God is pleased sometimes to use very humble means to bring a soul to Jesus. Here it was a little book that did it, offered in faith to Him who has promised, "My word shall *not* return unto me void." Let us be encouraged freely to scatter the good seed wherewith our own vessels are already freighted, trusting that even one tiny tract may be permitted, under God's grace, to turn a sinner into a saint.

H. M. C.



## Pages for Believers.

### WALKING WITH GOD.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY DR. MULLOCK.

Scriptures read: Gen. v. 21-24, vi. 9; Heb. xi. 5-7.

**I**N the Hebrews the order of the words given us by the Holy Ghost is first dispensational, and then practical. Just as Abel precedes Enoch, and Enoch precedes Noah, so it is dispensationally; first the cross, then the translation of the saints. Abel, of course, was in his life and in his death by the hand of his brother a type of the Lord Jesus Christ; he brought the same acceptable sacrifice, a witness to the redemption by blood, and God testified of his offering; so Enoch typifies the Church in this dispensation, or the individual believer; and his translation too is remarkable. He lived the shortest time of all the patriarchs; he just walked with God, and God took him, so that he did not see the judgment so soon to overtake the world. But Noah is a type of the righteous Jew, or rather the righteous remnant, that will be saved, carried through the trouble, what we call the great tribulation, which is to come upon the world after the Church's translation. So you have a little map, as it were, of events past and future: the cross in Abel, the translation in Enoch, and the preservation of the righteous remnant in Noah.

But not only have you a dispensational order, but we have a practical order also, a matter of the highest importance. We have, first, worship in Abel, then walk in Enoch, and then witness in Noah; and we cannot reverse this order. We may not put walk before worship, or witness before walk. Abel was a worshipper, Enoch was a walker, Noah was a witness.

Walking with God. I have felt very much what a very solemn subject this is for any one to speak upon, a subject wherein one is so liable to go beyond our own experience, to speak of something we do not know in our own souls in our life and conversation. But the Lord is very gracious, and He will help us even if we have not put into practice all we speak of; He knows our desire is to do so, and He accepts that desire.

Now we find that in Eden God walked with Adam. But Adam sinned; he disobeyed God, and the result was that God ceased to walk with him. Self-will separated Adam from God; but we know that that intimacy was restored in Enoch, the

seventh from Adam, who walked with God. Now what is this walk with God? What is walking with God, and what are the requirements? First of all, I must be on terms with the person I walk with. It means fellowship, interchange of thought, unity of heart, of interest, of affection. You cannot walk with a person with whom you have reserves, if there is anything that you are conscious of that is keeping him at a distance, anything you are not willing to tell him. You cannot in any such case truly walk with a person in the sense in which the Word speaks of walking with God, and therefore it is a difficult thing to walk with God; for we are all so ready to have some reserve in our hearts that hinders us pouring out our hearts' affections before Him; some little corner occupied by our own self-will. How little we cry, "Lord, search me, and see if there be any evil way" (and a reserve, however slight, is an evil way in your heart or mine, beloved); "lead me to walk with Thee, to have true, unbroken fellowship and intercommunion of thought with Thee; to have Thy thoughts about sin, Thy thoughts about the world, Thy thoughts of my calling and standing in Christ, Thy thoughts of the great distinction between the world and thine own child!" When I am walking with God I can have communion about these things with Him.

There are three great necessities to walking with God. The first is *faith*. I must believe that God is, and that He is a rewarder of those that seek Him out. The next is *fear*; and that is where so many of us come short, from lack of holy, reverential fear. And the third is *obedience*. Just look at Noah; what simple, obedient faith he had! All around were walking by sight and sense, not knowing or caring anything about God's will; but in the midst of those unbelievers, whose hearts were filled with violence, there was one man who had faith in the word of God; and so he went quietly on building the ark without any precedent in common-sense, as it is called, or human reason. And as he went on, what sermons he must have preached!

He stood alone among them an earnest man; he preached righteousness, and though nobody believed him, it all came to pass; the whole world was destroyed, for they rejected the grace of God. But there was something else that spoke as loud as Noah's sermons, and that was Noah's hammer. It said to those around, "This world is going to be desolated with a deluge,

and God says I am to build this ark as the way of escape;" and so he remained for a hundred and twenty years building that ark. And, dear brethren, the hammer of your life and mine is speaking to-day louder than any sermon we can preach. Noah was a separated man, and filled with fear, and he had faith in God. "Moved with fear," as we are told, he must have been an eloquent man, and terribly in earnest. He stood alone with God in that evil generation, and you and I must needs walk with God if we are to stand alone for Him.

He was a man of fear too, and what we want is holy fear. We all believe that God is, and that He is a rewarder of those who seek Him out; but if we have any impression in our hearts as to the holiness of God we will be obedient as far as He teaches us. And so we read, "Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he." He was an obedient man; and what was the character of his obedience? What is the character of all true obedience to God? It is a fearful obedience, and an unreasoning and unquestioning obedience; and no other obedience is worth anything. But what insubjection to God we see on every hand now! The obedience that walks with God is characterized by holy fear. "Happy is the man that feareth alway," the psalmist says; but now man stops to reason upon God's truth. "Hath God said?" That was the first attack of the devil in Eden, you remember; and so to-day men argue and reason as to the meaning of God's truth, instead of accepting it as it stands. A little girl once asked her mother, "What does such-and-such a verse mean?" "What does it say, my child?" "Oh, so-and-so!" "Then," said the mother, "it means just that." And so Noah knew that God meant what He said, and went on doing what He told, and doing it too in the way God directed. There was no saying, "Oh, the end is a good one, and God will justify the means I use!" but a simple, fearful obedience to the direction of God; and if it is otherwise with us, it is not the obedience that walks with God. But to-day men say, "If the end is a good one, it does not matter how I accomplish it. If I can get souls saved, I'll use any means I like; I'll take money from the devil, or any one else." Oh, beloved, what holiness is there there? what fear of God? Holy, fearful obedience makes the means as important as the end. But you may say, "God blesses these means." So He may. God does sometimes bless things He does not

approve of, and uses agencies that are not according to His will. That is because He is sovereign; but you and I are not sovereign. We are servants, and we cannot infringe one particular of God's word without ceasing to walk with Him, because the obedience which pleases Him is faithful and fearful.

In the Word we see what a practical and personal thing this is. Adam failed in fear, and he failed to walk with God; but Noah feared, and Enoch feared, and the Holy Spirit tells us that Enoch walked with God for three hundred years. What a testimony! It is one thing to begin well, but, oh, it is another thing to go on well, and it is another thing to end well, and that is what the devil hates! Nothing will be hindered by Satan so much as walking with God. You know how he tempted Eve. She saw the tree, and she thought to herself, "Food is a good thing, and wisdom is a good thing," and so she took of the fruit. Wisdom is a good thing, and food is a good thing, but it was not God's food nor God's wisdom; it was out of God's path, and it was disobedience to Him. You know it says in Proverbs that "wisdom is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her." Christ, or wisdom, is God's tree of life, and life, and God's wisdom. And just contrast the life of the first Adam with the walk of the Lord Jesus Christ, the last Adam. How He feared Jehovah! how quick of understanding He was in the fear of the Lord! How we wonder when we read that He made His supplications to God "with strong crying and tears, and was heard in that He feared!" The Jews, you remember, wanted to make Him King, but He would not take it at their hands; it is from the Father's hand He will take it. They could not understand it; they thought it will be a great thing when Christ has the kingdom. So it will; but Christ would not anticipate the Father's hour; so instead of the kingdom He took the cup, and drank it, and was heard because He feared.

*[To be concluded in our next.]*

#### FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

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CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

# GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS

AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night.  
The watchman said, The morning  
cometh, and also the night: if ye  
will enquire, enquire ye: return,  
come." (Isaiah xli. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a  
watchman unto the house of Israel;  
therefore thou shalt hear the word  
at my mouth, and warn them from  
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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## TWO MURDERS.

**I**N Friday, the 5th of May, 1882, by the mail-train from Euston, a nobleman left London upon an errand that might have been expected to give pleasure to the people of the country whither he was going, and to commend itself to all who had the remotest interest in the matter. He was sent by his government to a disaffected and rebellious people; but the message he had to convey was by no means one of rebuke and threatening, but the very reverse; it was a message of conciliation and good-will. His mission was supposed to be to inaugurate reforms, and to set various wrongs right; burdens were to be removed, and the people to be benefited in every way possible, consistent with justice. The design of the authorities being, by all means in their power, to endeavour to convince the people that they wished to show them friendship, and to be at peace with them.

The nobleman arrived at his destination, and together with his colleagues was received by the people with every appearance of cordiality and good-will. Flags were flying, bands playing, and the streets filled with people cheering the newcomers, and everything seemed to point to a favourable issue of the mission. The early part of the following day was spent by the nobleman in making the acquaintance of those with whom he was to act, in inspecting his new home and offices, and in getting thoroughly installed in his position, in readiness for the work entrusted to his charge.

This being accomplished, he proposed to his assistant a stroll through part of the city, and, accordingly, in the cool of the evening, the two entered the great public park, intending to walk across it. Forty minutes later they were found weltering in their lifeblood. Murdered in broad daylight! stricken down by those they wished to benefit! stabbed to death by hands they had hoped to clasp in friendship! When the terrible news became known a thrill of horror ran through all hearts, and the press and the public men of the whole civilized world cried out that the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Burke was a stain upon the name of humanity.

Something more than eighteen centuries before the occurrence of the above incident, an Ambassador left the court of another King. The mission he was sent upon was a continuation or complete development of one upon which the King had sent many previous ambassadors; they were all sent with a message of mercy and goodness to a people who were thoroughly estranged from and at enmity with the King; and though the declaration of all was that their Sovereign had no feelings but those of friendship towards His rebellious people, yet so deep was their hatred to Him and to His rule that the very ambassadors were cast out and ill-used. As a last resource the King determined to send the one who, beside occupying the chief position at His court, was His only Son; for He said, "It may be they will reverence Him when they see Him." But, alas! history records that,

when He came to His own people they would not receive Him. He showed them more fully than ever it had been shown what was in the King's heart toward them, and in the authority of the King He did many wonderful things for them, such as releasing those who were prisoners, pardoning those who had broken the law, and putting many into positions of great honour in the service of the King; and yet, strange to say, it was only a few of the poorer ones, or of those who were badly in need of His assistance, who believed what He said concerning His Father's attitude towards them; the rest all treated Him with suspicion and indifference, and entirely disregarded His message. At one time indeed it seemed as if they were really opening their hearts to Him, for they formed a great procession, and put Him at the head of it, and strewed palm branches in the road, and spread their clothes for Him to ride over, and heartily cheered the man who had come to them in the name of the King. But within three days their behaviour completely changed; they brought Him before a judge upon a charge of sedition; they brought false witnesses against Him; His very kindnesses they brought up as crimes; they declared, "We will not have this man to reign over us," and demanded that He should be put to death. His judge, seeing that the charges were false, wished to set Him at liberty, but the people only cried out against Him the more, and would not be satisfied until He was delivered to them to die. They selected for Him the most shameful death that was known, that of the gibbet, and to add to His degradation they executed Him with two evil characters, and put Him in the middle, as though He were the worst of the three. For three hours He hung suffering upon that cross, and during the whole of that time those whom He had loved and sought to benefit reviled and taunted Him, and when at last Jesus Christ, the Son of the most high God, cried out, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and died, there was but one who would go so far as to say, "Certainly this was a righteous man."

What are your thoughts, my reader, concerning these two dreadful crimes you are thus reminded of? As you read in the newspapers of the Phoenix Park tragedy I doubt not that feelings of the deepest indignation were aroused in your heart, and you, with others, declared that such a crime was dastardly

in the extreme, and deserving of the utmost penalty of the law; but as you have time after time, in Sunday-school, in church and chapel, and at the very street corner, heard of the murder of God's dear Son, and as you have read the account of it in your Bible, have the same feelings arisen? And if it is so, do you realize that God charges this crime home upon you? It is so. When Pilate would have released Jesus, and declared himself innocent of His blood, the reply of those who demanded His death was, "His blood be upon us and upon our children," and God took them at their word; and beside this, it was the fact of all who live upon the earth being sinners that made it necessary for Jesus to die, because had He not done so all must have perished for ever. And so we have the astounding fact, that while it was our sins that caused His death, by that very death we, the sinners, are to be saved. Evil and sinful as we are by nature, the death of Christ meets all the claims of God's holiness, and on account of that He can receive, and pardon, and bless all who come to Him through Christ; that is to say, I must take my place in God's sight as a ruined sinner, with the work of Christ as my only claim upon God for mercy, believing stedfastly in my heart that it was for me (just as though I were the only sinner in the world) that He died, and the moment I do that God receives and pardons me freely, and declares that I have "passed from death unto life, that I have everlasting life." (John v. 24.) Is not this simple? And it is God's *only* way of salvation. Will you let me ask, dear friend, if you, as the individual sinner, have ever taken this place, and so found forgiveness of your sins? If not, let me urge you to do so at once. You may do it without a moment's delay; for God says, "Come now, and let us reason together. . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" and you need no man's help or counsel in the matter, but just going helplessly to God with His word in your hand, and in the name of His dear Son, you will find a ready welcome to His loving heart; for Jesus declares, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," and "by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." May you do this at this moment, and you shall be saved on the spot, made safe and happy for time and for eternity, and so this little reminder of two great crimes will not have been written in vain.

J. B.

## THE PROMISES OF CHRIST.

AN ADDRESS BY D. L. MOODY.



**W**ANT to call your attention to some of the promises of the Lord Jesus Christ—promises which if believed and received into your hearts will relieve you of the burden of sin, and give you to possess real joy and happiness now, and brighten your pathway down here by a bright hope of future glory.

## I. REST IN CHRIST.

The words I will repeat apply to every one of us; the need of man is universal, and the remedy extends as wide. In Matt. xi. 28 our Lord says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Now the world may not know what it is that it is seeking; but if you could probe men's hearts deep down, you would find *that in the heart of every man there is a want*. That want is *rest*. If you looked at the faces of the multitude going about the streets, and if you knew the truth, you would find that they were all in pursuit of rest. You find some men in pursuit of *pleasure*; they think they are going to find rest in pleasure. You find some men in *business*; they think they are going to find rest in business. They say, "I will make money, and buy the things of this world that will secure me rest." They are like the rich man in the Scriptures, who said, "I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there I will bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

But, my friends, rest cannot be found in wealth. If I wanted the man who knew most about rest, I would not go amongst *millionaires*, or amongst the wealthy. These are troubled perhaps more than any other class. I would not go amongst men who held *high positions*. I would not go to Parliament to find men who knew what rest is. The higher men get, and the greater the honour they receive amongst men, the less they know about real rest.

You cannot get rest by any *effort* of your own. It cannot be got by *pleasure*; it cannot be got by *work*. There is *ONE PLACE WHERE REST CAN BE FOUND* in this world, and that is at the foot of the cross.

Hear the voice of Christ. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is a *gift*, an unspeakable

gift; there is not a gift to be compared with it. It is worth more than rubies; it is worth more than all the riches of this world, or any honour that man can bestow upon you.

Now there is *no rest in sin*. The wicked know nothing about rest. The Scriptures tell us the wicked "are like the troubled sea that cannot rest." You have, perhaps, been on the sea when there is a calm, when the water is as clear as crystal, and it seemed as if the sea was at rest; but if you looked you would see that the waves came in, and that the calm was only on the surface. Man, like the sea, has no rest. He has had no rest since Adam fell, and there is no rest for him until he returns to God again, and the light of Christ shines into his heart.

And, remember, *the promise is to each one of us*; and if we come to Him He will give it. Do you want rest? Christ offers it to you. He says, "I will give you rest." All you have to do is to come to Him, confess your sins, and depart from them. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

I imagine some of you will say, "Well, if I was what I ought to be, I would come and get rest; but when my mind goes over the past record of my life, it is too dark. I am not fit to come." You must bear in mind that Jesus Christ came to save, not good people, not the upright and just, but sinners like you and me, and those who have gone astray and sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Listen to His "I WILL," that goes right into the heart: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

Men may cast us out, but one thing we know—Christ will not cast us out; Christ does not close His ear against the sinner, His delight is to save sinners. That is what He left heaven and came into the world for; that is what He left the throne of God for—to save sinners. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

He did not come to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

I remember when I was in Newcastle-on-Tyne eight years ago, in one of our after-meetings a man said he wanted to come to Christ; he had made many inquiries, but he did not get rest and peace. And he said to a worker, "It seems as if I was chained up inside, as if something held me down and chained me, so that I cannot come."

"Well," said the worker, a very intelligent man, "just come right to Christ, chains and all." "Oh," said he, "I never thought of that;" and he came, and the fetters were broken right in the act of his coming to Christ.

So Christ invites every sinner to come to Him at once. He will give you rest, He will give you joy, He will blot out all your sins, and will remember them no more, if you will come to Him in faith.

## II. CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

But after that step there is another. There is something besides believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. In Romans x. 10, Paul says, "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." A great many take the first step, but do not take the second. We have to *confess* Christ as well as to *believe* in Him. "For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." It is one of the evidences that we love God.

If a man is ashamed to take up his cross and to follow Christ, he is not fit to be a disciple; and so He says, "If you will confess me down here, I will confess you before my Father and the holy angels in heaven." If a man confesses Christ, then the light of heaven flows round his path, and the peace of God reigns in his heart. I believe many men are kept out of the kingdom of God because they are ashamed to confess Him. We are living in a day when men want a religion without the cross. They want the crown, but they do not want the cross. But if we are to be disciples of Jesus Christ, we have to take up our crosses *daily*—not once a year, or on the Sabbath, but daily. And if we take up our crosses and follow Him, we shall be blessed in the very act.

A great many go to their crosses, but try to get round them, or to step over them, or they shrink from them, but they cannot get the blessing resulting from obedience until they take them up and carry them.

The cross is *not the same with every one*. The cross for you may be to go home and confess Christ in your family; it may be for you to confess Christ among your shop-mates; or it may be to confess Him to your wife; but whatever it is, do not delay, but at once confess Him as your Saviour.

I remember a man in New York who used to come and pray with me. He had his cross. He was afraid to confess Christ. It seemed that down

at the bottom of his trunk he had a Bible. He wanted to get it out and read it to his companion with whom he lived, but he was ashamed to do it. For a whole week that was his cross; and after he had carried the burden a long time, and after a terrible struggle, he made up his mind. He said, "I will take my Bible out to-night and read it." He took it out, and immediately he heard the footsteps of his mate coming upstairs.

His first impulse was to put it away again, but then he thought he would not—he would face his companion with it. His mate came in, and seeing him at his Bible, said, "John, are you interested in these things?" "Yes," he replied. "How long has this been, then?" asked his companion. "Exactly a week," he answered; "for a whole week I have tried to get out my Bible to read to you, but I have never done so till now." "Well," said his friend, "it is a strange thing; *I was converted on the same night*, and I too was ashamed to take my Bible out."

You are ashamed to take your Bible down and say, "I have lived a godless life for all these years, but I will commence now to live a life of righteousness." You are ashamed to open your Bible and read that blessed psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." You are ashamed to be on your knees. No man can be a disciple of Jesus Christ without bearing His cross.

I was struck during the American war that there were so many men who could go to the cannon's mouth without trembling, but who had not courage to take up their Bibles to read them at night. They were ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation.

## III. SERVICE FOR CHRIST.

There is another "I will" following on these. After accepting Christ and taking up His cross, there is that precious promise, "I will make you fishers of men." I believe it is impossible for any man to follow Christ without his being a fisher of men. If a believer is not soul-winning, there is something wrong.

It is impossible, utterly impossible, for any man or woman following the Lord not to win souls. They cannot help it. Christ says, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit;" and if we abide in Him and He abides in us we must bring forth good fruit. The Christian cannot help bringing forth fruit. The Lord says, "Let your light

shine." If we are following Him His light will lead us on, and we shall reflect that light.

You know when the moon rises the light from the sun strikes it, and it is reflected by it. It is not its own light; it is a borrowed light. And if we are followers of Christ we reflect Christ's light, and men see it and glorify God. It is the greatest honour that God can bestow upon us; it is the greatest honour that a man can possess, the honour of winning souls for Christ. The Bible says, "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." What a blessed thing it is to be the instrument in God's hand of turning a soul to Christ! Eternity alone can tell how grand and blessed is the result.

We have men in America just now trying to leave a name, trying to leave a record behind them. Some try to get towns named after them, and offer a very large amount of money to get the name of a city changed and called after them. What good would it do them? Fifty or a hundred years hence people will not know who the man was, and they will not know whether the city was called after a man or a mountain. If you want to leave behind you a monument that will last, forget yourselves and go after Jesus Christ, and you will leave one that will be a blessing to the world. This is the kind of monument that we want to leave behind us for the good of others.

Take the alabaster box of ointment. Look at that woman pouring it out upon Christ's head. She was making a record for herself that will endure as long as the Church is on earth; in fact the Church is feeling the fragrance of that ointment yet. Centuries have passed away, and yet the story of that woman is told wherever the gospel is preached. Whatever we do for Christ is going to be eternal, it is going to be everlasting; and God calls you and says, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." A great many are folding their arms and saying, "Lord, send some one else; do not send me." There are very few men who say, "Here, Lord, send me; I want to have a hand in that work; I want by-and-by, when the crowning day comes, to stand on thy right hand and hear thee say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'" Men are trying to get degrees; they want titles to their names. I want "w.d." to my name. It is God's title, "well done." It will be a crown for God's faithful people, and they will hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful

servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." If we are fishers of men, He will thus reward us at the end of the journey.

#### IV. RESURRECTION BY CHRIST.

Then there is another "I will." It is a good deal dearer to me now than it was eight years ago. I have missed many persons since I came back to England. I have made inquiries, and I have been told that death has come and stolen them away; and if I come back eight years hence I shall find that a great many who are here now will then be gone. The promise I wish to call your attention to is in John vi., where it is repeated three times: "I will raise him up at the last day." When I was in England eight years ago

#### I HAD AN UNSAVED BROTHER,

whom I was very anxious for. For fourteen long years I tried to lead that brother to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." He was the Benjamin of the family, born a few weeks after my father's death. When he was seventeen he had a "long run" of typhoid fever, and he never fully recovered from it.

During the time I stayed here I always found time to write him, and I did everything I could to bring him to Christ. He was a young man of considerable promise. I know no man who could sit down and discuss against the divinity of Christ like that man. I was not any match for him in argument. All the time I was in this country I felt that that brother must be brought to Christ, and my earnest prayer was that God would permit me to go back and win that brother for Christ. And when I went back, I spent weeks in trying to gain my object, and day by day I preached to him as best I knew how.

I think I never loved a man on earth as I loved that brother. I never knew what it was to love a father, because he died before I remember. I loved my brother so much perhaps, because he was sickly, and thus drew my love and sympathy towards him; and, oh, how my heart yearned for his salvation!

After preaching one night I said, "Now if any of this audience would like to take up his cross and follow Christ, I would like him to rise," and I cannot tell you what a thrill of joy filled my soul when that brother of mine arose. It seemed the happiest night of my life. I was full of joy and thankfulness, and afterwards my brother and I worked together for a time, and talked of the gospel, and in the summer we sat upon the hillside and talked of the old home.

After a year had passed I went to Chicago, and he was to go with me. He bid me good-bye; and I said, "Well, Samuel, I shall see you in a few days, and I will only say good-bye till then." A few days after a telegram came, saying, "*Samuel is dead,*" and I had to travel a thousand miles to bury him; but I got more comfort out of that promise, "I will raise him up at the last day," than anything else in the Bible. How it cheered me; how it lighted up my path. And as I went into the room and looked upon the lovely face of that brother, how that passage ran through my soul, "Thy brother shall rise again." I said, "Thank God for that promise." It was worth more than the world to me.

When we laid him in the grave, and I looked into it, it seemed as if I could hear the voice of Jesus Christ saying, "Thy brother shall rise again." Blessed promise of the resurrection! Blessed "I will!" "I will raise him up at the last day."

There may be some here whose loved ones have died in Christ. Am I not speaking to some whose loved ones have gone on before? They may be watching and waiting; but the time is coming when they shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they shall be called up out of their graves, and shall live again. Are these promises of God not something that we can feast upon, and lay our tired heads upon? Let us look forward to the day when these loved ones shall rise again.

#### V. COMFORT FROM CHRIST.

There is another promise that I am glad He has left. The earth may seem cold and dark at times, but here is a promise: "I will not leave you comfortless," or, as the margin says, "I will not leave you orphans." Oh, what a loving Saviour we have! He knew how the heart at times would be troubled, and He said, "I will not leave you comfortless." He sent the Comforter down—that is, the Holy Spirit—to comfort us during the little while of His absence.

A little while before the Chicago fire, in 1871, there was a father and mother who lived in that city, and they had two sons. The father fell sick very suddenly, and died, and the blow was so terrible to the mother that she only survived it a few days, and died of a broken heart. Then the question came, "What shall be done with the two boys?" A wealthy banker came and said he would take one of them; he would keep him, and make him his heir. His offer was accepted, and the boy taken away. The other

one was taken to the orphan asylum. When taken away from his brother he cried bitterly at night.

One night when they came to put the little fellow to bed they could not find him. They made search everywhere, but failed to find him. Next morning he was found on the steps of this wealthy banker's house. He had gone that cold night and lay down on the doorsteps, and when they asked him what he did it for, he said he wanted to get near Charley. He knew that if he rang the bell to get in they would send him back, and so he lay on the steps all night to be near his brother, because it was comforting to know that he was near him.

I am thankful that my Master says, "I will not leave you comfortless." We have got the Comforter, and He will comfort aching hearts. If we go to tell our sorrow to Him, and cast ourselves at His feet, He will give us the comfort we need.

#### VI. GLORY WITH CHRIST.

One more "I will," and that is, "I will that they behold my glory." That is the will of Christ. That is what He desires, and that is what you and I are coming to by-and-by. If we are faithful to Him here, when He has raised up those who have trusted in Him, we shall behold His glorious face, and we shall be ever with Him.

These things are not pictures. They are real; and how precious these promises of Christ are, my friends. Lay hold of these promises; appropriate them; take them home to your hearts; say, "I will put my trust in Him; I will give my soul and body to serve Him."

#### "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

JOHN III.

A RULER once came to Jesus by night,  
To ask Him the way of salvation and light:  
The Master made answer, in words true and plain,  
"Ye must be born again!"

Ye children of men, attend to the word,  
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord;  
And let not this message to you be in vain,  
"Ye must be born again!"

Oh, ye who would enter this glorious rest,  
And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest,  
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,  
"Ye must be born again!"

A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,  
At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee;  
Then list to the note of this solemn refrain,  
"Ye must be born again!"



# The Watchman's Message.

"JESUS SAID,  
I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth  
in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

JOHN xi. 25.



THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON AT NAIN.—LUKE vii. 11-15.

"The hour is coming, AND NOW IS, when the dead  
shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and  
they that hear shall live." JOHN v. 28.

## RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

IN our picture we have a most touching scene. A poor widow was just on her way to bury her only son, and as they came to the city gates the Lord Jesus met them. It was a most sorrowful scene, and it touched the heart of Him whose compassion is boundless; and His word of comfort to the poor widow was, "Weep not." "But, Lord, he was my only son, my only support;" and still those words were like music in her ears—"Weep not." The Lord knew how to comfort the sorrowing father, whose little

daughter was lying dead; He knew how to sympathize with the two sisters at Bethany; and the same One was able to dry the weeping eyes, and heal the broken heart of the widow of Nain. He is the God of all consolation and comfort to the disconsolate and sad, as well as the resurrection and life to those who are dead. So coming to the bier He said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise;" and the dead heard His voice, and sat up, and began to talk.

Dear reader, have you ever heard the word of power spoken to you, bidding you to arise from the

dead? for Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." (John v. 25.) Every one that is born into this world is accounted dead, dead in trespasses and sins; "for by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." If you know this, then listen to Him who says, "Arise from the dead." He has the authority and power to bid you arise, for He has passed under the billows of God's righteous indignation, and allowed the waves of wrath to cover His sacred brow, so that you, the sinner, might go free and have the gift of *eternal life*. You may have *overlasting life* in the place of never-ending death—joy instead of sorrow, and every blessing that heaven can bestow upon you, if you will heed the voice which is calling you out of darkness into light. What joy it was to the mother to receive her son back! how quickly must those tears have been wiped away as a kiss was implanted on his cheek! and yet what pen could write, or what tongue could describe, the joy in heaven when a poor, lost, dead sinner is received safe and sound! Well might the ring of everlasting love be put upon his finger as the father covers him with kisses.

"JOY, joy, joy, there is joy in heaven,  
With the angels;  
JOY, joy, joy, at the prodigal's return."

And well there might be, as the father says, "It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this my son was DEAD, and is ALIVE again; he was lost, and is found;" and so they *began* to be merry.

As soon as the dead young man heard the voice of the Lord Jesus he *sat up and began to talk*. There was an unquestionable proof that he was alive. While dead he lay still; those feet could not walk, that tongue could not speak; there needed to be LIFE for that, and thus, dear reader, you need life ere you can speak, or walk, or live for Jesus. Satan reverses God's order, which is first to have the life, and then let works follow; but the deceiver saith, "Work, work, and then you will get life." Be not deceived by him who was a liar from the beginning, for as surely as that young man needed life ere he could speak, so do you need that eternal life which is not purchased by the sinner, but *given* by a God who delights in giving. Come then and own yourself a sinner, and you will find it is a good thing to have the compassionate Jesus for a Friend under all circumstances.

F. H. D.

## THE RUINED FOUNTAIN.

WHEN a boy at school, I remember something went wrong with the village water. It was muddy and impure, and we had to cease using it. It was agreed something had gone wrong with the pumps, and so they got a good clean out, and were all painted anew; but the water was no better. One or two were of opinion something deeper than pump-cleaning was needed; and so the water-pipes were lifted, cleaned out, and laid down again—but muddy water still. The folks were puzzled, and at their wits' end. One thought a filter would make it right; but no, no—muddy still. When, lo! it was discovered the fountain had been polluted by an impure stream, and no remedy would suffice less than a *new* one. The old polluted fountain was let alone; the new one gave out its refreshing streams; and so we had water, pure and plentiful, at last.

This illustrates greater things. Polluted streams are flowing from the lips of sinful men. Drunkards, swearers, infidels, gamblers, and sinners of all shades, grades, and characters, are sending forth their streams of vice and ungodliness; while from the pulpits, platforms, and penny journals surge out floods of delusive doctrines, which poison men's souls in time, and damn them in eternity. What does it all mean? From whence come they? They come from the corrupt and revolted heart of ruined man; and they only prove him to be what God declares he is—a lost and ruined sinner. Yes, ruined—corrupt, root and branch. Men are trying to paint the pumps and clean the pipes. Oh, yes! the world's watchword is, *Reform!* and they expect by-and-by to clear the scene of ungodliness. But are men and things any better? Not a bit; nor will they ever be. Why? Because the fountain is polluted. Away in Eden the poison got into the fountain, and every birth into Adam's family has been another stream from the polluted head. Nor can reformation or religion ever purify a sinner's heart. Indeed, nothing can; 't is hopelessly bad. *Yours* is so, reader. You need something more than mere religion to make you a saint—a child of God. You need to be "born again," nothing else will do.

"No reformation will suffice—  
'Tis life poor sinners need."

You need connection with a new fountain. You need Christ, and if you die without Him you will be lost for ever!

**"ADMIT THE BEARER, A SINNER."**

"SO, John, you've got fairly into the kingdom, you tell me. You have been long seeking, how did you get in at last?"

"Oh, man, it was the simplest thing in the world! it was just by presenting the right ticket. I held it out, the door was opened, and I was in. And the strange thing is, I found that the ticket of admission had been in my possession from childhood, and I had carried it in my breast-pocket for the last twelve months, and never had the sense to use it."

"That's strange, because you were so anxious to get in. You were always a decent fellow, and for a year back have been taken up with nothing but your soul. What kind of a ticket was it, and what was written on it?"

"Why, it was as plain a ticket as you ever bought for a public dinner in the City Hall, and it had nothing written on it but the words,

**"ADMIT THE BEARER,  
A SINNER."**

Luke xviii. 13, 14.

"Was that all?"

"Yes. And what kept me so long from getting in was, that I always *added* something to the words on the ticket when I presented it. Whenever the Lord saw any of my adding, it was refused. The first time I went I wrote at the bottom, in small hand, 'But not so great a sinner as many of my neighbours.' But that would not do, so I rubbed it out and put down, 'But is doing the best he can to improve.' That would not do either, and so I became more *anxious*, and prayed and wept awhile, and then under the words, 'Admit the bearer, a sinner,' I wrote, 'Who is praying and weeping for his sins.' Even that wouldn't do. All well enough, but even prayers and tears are not to be put as the warrant for going in. After that I began to despair, and wrote down, 'Too great a sinner to be saved.' That only made matters worse, and I had almost given up, when I looked at Christ and heard Him say, 'I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved' (John x. 1-9), and 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37), 'And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life' (John v. 40), and those precious words,

'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' (Rev. xxii. 17.) I looked again at that parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and saw that it was *simply* as a *sinner* that he went and was justified. He did not make his sins too great to be forgiven, nor too little to need forgiveness. He did not stay away because he felt his sins great, nor delay until he felt them greater. He went just as he was, 'a sinner,' and trusting to the promised grace of God, he went down to his house 'justified.' I remembered that Jesus had said, 'I came . . . to call sinners to repentance,' and pulled out the old ticket, and without adding a word, presented it. It was accepted, and I entered."

Reader, this ticket of admission into the kingdom is lying within the covers of your Bible. It is written in the blood of Christ. It costs nothing. Add nothing to it. God has put it into your hands, if you find it in your heart to use it, hold it out with the hand of faith, and eternal justice will own your right of entrance. And mercy will welcome you to the kingdom of peace. Use no other plea for admission than that all-prevailing cry, "A sinner!" Do not add your righteousness nor your repentance, your prayers nor your piety, your feelings nor your faith. The Publican said nothing but "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and Jesus Christ certifies, "*This man went down to his house justified.*"

Reader, go thou and do likewise, and as God is true thou also art justified.

**"I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE!"**

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

1 JOHN I. 7.

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

1 JOHN V. 13.

**I BELIEVE!** I believe! and I know it is done,  
That my sins are *all* pardoned; yes, every one;  
That the finished salvation by Christ on the tree  
Has wrought out deliverance even for *me*,  
Changed my winter to summer, my midnight to day,  
For the blood of the Lamb has cleansed all away,  
Ev'ry shadow of sin that would shut out my SUN;  
I believe! I believe! and I know it is done.

I believe! I believe! and I know it is done;  
Then let me go work for my Wonderful One!  
O Father, my Father, where'er I may be,  
May Thy Spirit in power accompany me,  
And enable me, as in the light of Thy face,  
To publish my Saviour's unspeakable grace,  
That they who shall hear may believe, every one,  
In the life-giving work of Thy glorified Son.

O believe! O believe! for, behold, it is done,  
And salvation is offered to every one;  
To the vile and despairing, the utterly lost,  
To the laden and weary, who come to the cross,  
Where the Saviour of sinners in agony bled,  
Where the blood of the ransom so freely was shed,  
Where love bore the burden for every one  
Who believes; then believe, and you'll know it is done.

# CHRIST JESUS

THEY  
CRUCIFIED

HIM.  
MATT. xxvii.

CAME

INTO

THE WORLD

GOD  
RAISED

HIM.  
ACTS xlii. 30.

❀❀❀ TO SAVE SINNERS. ❀❀❀

1 TIM. i. 15.

CHRIST shed His precious blood,  
To make us *His* alone;  
And washed in that atoning flood,  
We are no more our own.

CHRIST  
DIED

CHRIST'S grave is vacant now,  
Left for the throne above;  
His cross asserts God's right to bless,  
In His own boundless love.

HE WAS  
CRUCIFIED

THROUGH  
WEAKNESS.  
2 COR. xiii. 4.

FOR  
OUR SINS  
ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURES.

1 COR. xv. 3.

HE  
LIVETH

BY THE POWER  
OF GOD.  
2 COR. xiii. 4.

Our sins were laid on Him  
When bruised on Calvary.  
With Christ we died and rose again,  
And sit with Him on high.

HE WAS  
RAISED  
AGAIN FOR OUR  
JUSTIFICATION.

ROM. iv. 25.

That cross still stands unchanged,  
Tho' Heaven is now His Home;  
The mighty stone is rolled away,  
And empty is the tomb.

❀❀❀  
HE  
SHALL APPEAR  
TO YOUR JOY.

ISAIAH lxi. 6.

❀❀❀  
"Then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—COL. iii. 4.

## "PUT MY FINGER ON THE WORD 'ALL.'"

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i. 7.

**I**N one of the wards of a London hospital a woman of notoriously bad character lay dying. She was still young; but disease, aggravated by her careless, frivolous life, was speedily finishing its deadly work.

Week after week a visitor had sat at her bedside seeking to point her to Christ. But while she entertained the hope of recovery for her body, there seemed little desire for the message of life for her soul. But now the end had come; and as she realized it, the dark sins of her past, and the appalling uncertainty of her future, pressed with agonizing power upon her conscience. The Spirit of God was doing His blessed work of convincing her of *sin* (John xvi. 9); and it now but remained for the visitor to urge her to rest her weary soul on the atoning work of Him who "came into the world to save sinners."

Many passages of Scripture were turned to on this last day; and at length the verse at the heading of this paper was slowly and distinctly read, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The dying woman partly raised herself, "Read that again," she said, "does it say *all*?"

"Yes; *all*," replied her visitor. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Are you sure it says '*all*'?"

"Quite sure."

"Put my dying finger on the word '*all*,'" she replied, "I can go into the presence of God on that!"

Dear reader, I have written this little incident for the sake of any who know themselves to be sinners, and who are yet unsaved. Are you one of them? If so, I pray you, defer not to a dying hour, as this poor woman did, accepting God's salvation. True,

"There is life in a look at the glorified One,"

and the dying "look" of faith, be it ever so

feeble, brings instant and eternal salvation. But can you insure yourself having a dying hour? You know you cannot! You know that, like thousands of others, you may be struck down in unconsciousness in the midst of your business, your pleasure, or your every-day duties, and in that state pass into eternity. You may not care to be told it; but the fact lies before you. The present moment, while your eye is glancing down this page, is the only portion of time you can count upon, and call your own. How solemn, then, for you to trifle with God's message to you to-day, when you know not if you will be alive to-morrow! How solemn for you to say you hope to be saved by-and-by, when He says NOW! "Now is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation!"

But if you are really anxious to be saved; if the cry of your heart is, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" and if you are conscious that you can in no wise achieve this deliverance for yourself, listen to this wonderful announcement from heaven, this blessed message from God, whose heart is ever yearning over repentant sinners, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.) Do you ask, "What does this mean?" It means that the claims of God's justice and holiness have been perfectly met and satisfied by the death of His Son upon the cross. The blood has been shed. Atonement has been made; and now, on the ground of that atonement, God's salvation can go out in freest grace to the vilest sinner who believes! "It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11), the "blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God." (Heb. ix. 14.) And now to this world's myriad sin-burdened souls God's message of mercy is sounding out, and

"Jesus' blood through earth and skies,  
'Mercy! free, boundless mercy!' cries."

So Peter delights to recall redemption not being "with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the *precious blood of Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." And Paul strikes the note of triumph, "We have redemption through *His blood*, even

the forgiveness of sins," while John sounds the full chord, which will re-echo throughout eternity, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL sin.*"

Dear reader, has it cleansed you?

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

This is the grand old message we give you to-day! Will you respond to it by adding—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away!"

A. S. O.

### A SHIP LOST, BUT CHRIST FOUND.

**S**OME time ago I visited a man in great distress of soul: he had formerly been a working man, but had so prospered as to become a part owner of several ships. At the time referred to, using his own words, "everything was going against him." One ship with its cargo had been wholly lost, a second had been long overdue, while a third had been much damaged by the storms then raging. As he had hitherto lived a careless, godless life, he began to think God was angry with him; and hearing that evangelistic services were being held in a neighbouring hall, he resolved to attend. The first part of the service created but little interest in his mind; but as the preacher read, "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not" (Job xxxiii. 14), his attention was arrested, his conscience more than ever aroused. Applying the words to himself, he said, "That is how it has been with me; God has been speaking to me this past few weeks, but I perceived it not." As the address proceeded, he saw that in many ways God had been speaking to him all his life; and as the sins of the past rose up before him, crushing him in the very dust before God, his one cry by night and day became, "Is it possible that God *can* and *will* find a ransom for such a wretch as me!" This was his state of mind when I called upon him. Prayer for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit of God was offered; the Bible opened, passage after passage read, explanations given; all that could be thought of as likely to help was

quoted; still there was no relief to his troubled soul. For several days he remained very much in the same despairing state, most of the time pouring out his soul in the confession of sin, pleading for mercy, for deliverance. Others too were praying that the Holy Spirit, who had so powerfully convinced of sin, who had opened his eyes to see his lost, ruined, and helpless condition, would reveal Jesus as a Saviour able and willing to save, and *this He graciously did.* He saw and grasped the truth, that, guilty and justly condemned as he was on account of sin, yet God Himself had provided a ransom. By faith he realized the Son of God paying the ransom price by His own death on Calvary; and that in confessing his sin and taking the sinner's place, his really true position before God, he was not only where all the benefits of that death could flow to him, but that God had virtually said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom." "Ah," said he afterwards to a friend, "*I lost a ship, but found Christ, a far better treasure, a blessed loss and a blessed finding.* Had the ship come home in safety, I might have remained satisfied with earthly riches; went on my way in sin; filled up the measure of my iniquity, and been found, throughout a long long eternity, weeping and wailing and gnashing my teeth."

"Sometimes the means used by the Holy Spirit touch a more tender part," one said. "My beloved wife and two dear children had been taken away as with a stroke, and laid in the silent grave. I had one child left, a lovely girl. Oh, how I prized that child! my thoughts were always upon it. I lived for it. Sickness came; I called the physician. Seeing his anxious look, I cried, 'You must save her!' All that medical skill could accomplish was done, but of no avail. It seemed I should lose my reason when told she was gone. In my agony I rebelled against God and against man. In utter wretchedness I threw myself on the coffin lid, and said, 'Let me be buried too; for life is not worth living now.' But even this sore trial has yielded blessed fruit. Having nothing earthly to think of, my thoughts turned heavenward. In imagination I contrasted their happiness with my misery, and longed for death, in hopes to share their bliss. Suddenly the thought came, Heaven is holy, its inhabitants are holy, all who enter must be holy too. Then I saw what a sinful life I had led; what a poor, lost, guilty, condemned wretch I was in the

sight of God; and from a broken, contrite heart, I cried, 'Lord, save, or I perish.' 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Wash me, that I may be whiter than snow.' Blessed be His holy name, He heard my cry, and now I can say, 'Jesus is my Saviour; sin is put away by His precious blood; living or dying, I am the Lord's; but it was the loss of earthly friends led me to seek and find a Friend in the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

The loss of *liberty* has been the means used in other cases. One who up to nearly sixty years of age was known as a prize fighter, a poor ignorant, battered pugilist, while in jail for the twenty-seventh time, compelled to attend the usual service, hears the chaplain read from the word of God the account of David and Goliath. The story is in his line of life, he becomes interested, and expresses great joy on hearing the little man is the conqueror. Another time the subject spoken from is the seven hundred left-handed men (Judges xx. 16); being a left-handed man himself, he thinks the Bible a strange book. Another time the subject chosen is the deliverance from the burning fiery furnace of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. More strange still, a man of the same name saved, and instantly the thought arises, If one Bendigo was saved, why not another? There and then he resolves, by the help of God, to become a better man. His term of imprisonment expired, he finds his old companions at the jail door waiting to receive him, and their astonishment may be imagined when he tells them that, God helping him, he is done with the old life, and will never enter a public-house again. The same evening he is found at a mission service, there the impressions previously made are deepened, and on his way home, though the snow covers the ground, he falls on his knees and yields himself to the Lord Jesus Christ. In alluding to this afterwards, he said, "I have been in twenty-one matched battles, and was never beaten in one; but when I came to the cross, I was beaten the first round." Though old in years he began as a little child to learn the alphabet, so as to be able to read the word of God for himself; this he accomplished, and became an earnest worker for Christ; often declaring, as an encouragement for great sinners, "If God could save poor old Bendy, He can save anybody."

There are other cases on record in which a verse of Scripture, a line of a hymn, a word spoken by the way, or written in a letter, a message by telegraph,

a sermon, an address, a tract, a prayer, a dream, the loss of health, the fall of a leaf, the moan of the wind, the thunder roll, the lightning flash, have been instrumentalities used by the Holy Spirit in arresting thought, and leading men to the Saviour. There is nothing that may not take a man to Christ, and almost everything has been used to this end.

Reader, have you been led to Christ? If not, why not? If you perish, your blood will be upon your own head. God *has* called you, Christ *has* invited you, the Spirit *has* striven with you, God will not *always* call, Christ will not *always* invite, the Spirit will not *always* strive. There is such a thing as a God of love saying, "I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." There is a possibility of your saying, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." Oh, hasten, and hasten now; for, "behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"

G. HEFFRON.

### GOD'S WAYS.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."—(PSALM li. 12, 13.)

**I**T is an important crisis in the life of a man when he is thoroughly weary of his own ways, and becomes desirous of knowing something of the ways of God. There is a way that seems right in the eyes of a man, and that is his own way, the end of which, God tells us, is death; and the reason is, because God's ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. In nature the ways of God are marvellous, and full of instruction. In the kingdom of grace, as touching redemption and salvation, they are past finding out; but God has made them known to us in His divine word. To the natural mind it would indeed appear strange, almost beyond comprehension, that the man who could say, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions," can also assert that He will teach transgressors the ways of God, with the unshaken confidence that sinners would be converted. The suppliant for divine mercy and forgiveness changed into a preacher of the gospel, and a successful preacher too! yes, this is God's way; no one can speak so forcibly and effectively of the way of salva-

tion as the man who has had his sins forgiven, and has himself proved the grace of God. If it were not so God might have appointed angels to be preachers of the gospel instead of sinners saved by grace. Bright and glorious beings angels are; still they cannot say, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." "Into which things," says the apostle Peter, "the angels desire to look into." By what process then, it may be asked, can a poor sinner be changed into a preacher of the gospel? Yes, it may be so, but it can only be in God's way, and this is called "the way of salvation." Let us learn from king David how it was so in his case.

David had sinned against God. No man sinned more deeply; no man ever repented more truly or confessed his transgression more ingenuously. So far as natural life was affected he had sinned hopelessly; for under the Levitical economy there was no provision made for wilful murder. The life was to be forfeited. The blood of bulls or goats would not suffice; hence he says, "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt-offering." David had been guilty of murder of a very cruel and treacherous character, largely mixed with cold ingratitude; for Uriah had been one of the few loyal nobles who would willingly have sacrificed his own life to maintain the stability of his royal master's throne. So in the depths of his remorse David exclaims, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God!" In what way, then, could David be forgiven, and made to sing aloud of God's righteousness, inasmuch as he had none of his own? Only in God's way. There was deep contrition and full confession. All sin is primarily against God, and to God alone he turns. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." This is God's way of salvation:

1st. Repentance toward God.

2nd. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

But David did more than confess the sin; he saw in it the bitter fruit of his evil nature. He went deep down to the very roots. He awoke to the consciousness of a depraved condition, of which his actions had been the outward manifestations. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." The chaotic ruin of his entire moral nature was apparent to him, and the great necessity that God, who in the beginning

created the heavens and the earth, and had then brought order out of confusion, should "create in him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him." He now beholds himself a moral leper before God, and owns his distress while pleading the provision made for such. Leprosy is a terrible picture of sin. Leprosy was a species of blood-poisoning which slowly and effectually did its work. It was a kind of life in death, and death in life, frightful to behold. But even the leper could be made clean. The priest could take the cedar-wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and sprinkle him with blood, and then pronounce him clean. Therefore David says, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." What is whiter than snow? The soul that is washed in the blood of the Lamb.

David knew the joy of God's salvation when he exclaimed, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity!" This is his "song of deliverance." Dear reader, how far have you travelled in this "way of salvation"? Have you ever taken, as David did, the place of a moral leper before God? Perhaps you have often said you "hope to go to heaven when you die." Thousands are saying this to-day. Have you ever seriously reflected that

"Heaven is a city bright,  
Closed are its gates to sin;  
Nought that defileth,  
Nought that dulleth,  
Can ever enter in"?

If sin be in you and on you, those pearly gates you cannot enter; you must get free from it. Think of this. Look to Jesus about it. Turn from self to Him; He is a great Saviour, a great Deliverer. There is cleansing in His blood for you as there was for David; for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from ALL sin. Go to Him now, aye, even as you read these lines, and tell Him how much you need Him. He will receive you if you say—

"Saviour, I come to Thee.  
O Lamb of God, I pray,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Wash all my sins away."

W. H. F. C.



## "I BELIEVE IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

**D**ON'T believe in any such thing," said a man to me the other day, in course of conversation. "I do not believe that you or any one else can be *sure* of that, this side of the grave, and it is the height of presumption for you to say that you *know* your sins are forgiven." I looked at him and said, "Were you at church yesterday?" He replied, "Yea." "Did you take part in the Apostles' Creed?" I asked. "Yes," was his reply again. "Then," I said, "yesterday you made a confession before God in that church which to-day you deny altogether. You were either wrong yesterday, or decidedly wrong to-day." "What do you mean?" said he. "I mean just this: yesterday in that creed you said, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins;' to-day you say, 'I believe in no such thing.' You were either wrong in your confession before God then, or wrong in your confession before me to-day. If you were right yesterday, you are wrong to-day. If right to-day, you were wrong yesterday."

Alas! this man does not stand alone in this matter. Thousands around us are making the like solemn mistake. Making a flippant confession of a most precious truth with the lip, which they deny altogether when they hear some poor sinner saved by grace saying—

"I *know* my sins are *all* forgiven,  
And I am on my way to heaven,  
Glory to the risen Lamb."

Then they say such a thing is impossible, and that for any one to say such things is the height of presumption.

Dear reader, I was one of this number at one time, often saying with the lip, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and at the same time thinking, yea, saying, "Such a thing could not be known down here in this life." But when brought face to face with the word of the living God, I found that my thoughts were not God's thoughts at all; but that I could *know* and rejoice in the fact of all my sins being forgiven for the sake of *another*, and He the Lord Jesus Christ, the holy Son of God, who was made sin for us, that we might be made the

righteousness of God in Him. When I read my Bible for myself, I found written, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." "That Christ suffered for sins once, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." And when He entered heaven, as the One who had been the Sin-bearer, the Father sent down the Holy Spirit to bear testimony, "that through this Man (as the Risen One) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Faith believes the divine testimony, and sets to its seal that God is true, delighting to honour such a God by giving full credit to His word, and then exclaims with holy boldness, "We know that He was manifested to *take away* our sins." "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Hence the apostle John says, "I have written unto you, little children, because your sins *are forgiven* you for His name's sake." And the apostle Paul by the Holy Ghost challenges the whole universe of God in Rom. viii. "to lay a charge against God's elect." Silencing every would-be accuser with, "It is God that justifieth." Then he asks, "Who shall condemn?" Again, giving such a conclusive answer which tranquilizes the conscience of the believer, and scatters all doubts and fears to the winds: "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Thus we commence the song in time which we shall delight to sing in the glory, when with Him, and like Him, for ever. "Unto Him that loves us, and *washed us from our sins* in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

May God give you, dear reader, to know for yourself, and to repose on the knowledge of your sins being forgiven you. To know that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin;" and that "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us;" and that the new covenant is, "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." Then shall you be able to say from the heart as well as by the lip, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." God grant it for Christ's sake. G. H.

EASTBOURNE.

*Pages for Believers.*

## WALKING WITH GOD.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS. BY DR. MULLOCK.

Scriptures read: GEN. v. 21-24, vi. 9; HEB. xi. 5-7.

*(Continued from page 68.)*

**T**HERE is a contrast. Look at Satan, that terrible arch-fiend of hell! He was once perfect in wisdom and beauty, but iniquity was found in him; and what knowledge has Satan now? And unless knowledge is real, vital knowledge which reaches our souls, and is practised in our lives, it is only an injury to our souls and a hindrance to our walk with God; it puffs up instead of building up. As we look at the Lord Jesus we see He had no wisdom but that which came from God. He renounced it, that He might live in dependence. He did not open blind eyes, or speak, or cast out demons, but by God. He never thought a thought that was not a conception of the Father's mind. He was the instructed Servant; He had no knowledge of His own, and now see what glory the Father has given Him. But don't let us think that walk with God is mere success. Who so unsuccessful in this world as Christ, judging by a mere human standard? Why, He said He had laboured in vain, and spent His strength for nought. Satan does not labour in vain. If we look upon the world he seems to be filled with glory and success; but what will the end be? We look on to the end, and we see Christ on the throne and Satan in the lake of fire. Where is success then? Oh, it is only by fearful obedience we can walk with the Lord Jesus Christ!

There is one great result of thus walking with God, and that is testimony for God. You must be a witness if you are walking with God. Walk comes first, but witness is sure to follow. Paul could say that his great desire was that Christ might be magnified in him; therefore by manifestation of the truth of Christ he commended himself to every man's conscience, though that was a small thing. It is no matter whether we commend ourselves in man's approval or not, but the great thing was he was walking with God, he was living Christ, and that was true testimony for God. And if you and I are not able to do much in the Lord's work, we may walk with God and live Christ in the world, and that will be the truest testimony.

But now what are the hindrances? Brethren, I may summarise them all in one word, one monosyllable—*SIN*. I don't say sin merely, that which we recognize as evil, but even the gratification of—it may be—an amiable, generous disposition is sin in the sight of a holy God. It is the acting of that self which is come to an end at the cross of Christ. And this is what makes walking with God hard,

but it is the life of the Spirit, and every motion and desire of self-will is just a hindrance to our walking with God. Two things which characterize this century are self-will and man-worship. We see on every hand large meetings, and large choirs, and gigantic societies; everything is done on a great scale to attract human notice. You see man vaunting himself—man filled with sin and pride—but for you and me there is the lying still in the green pastures, the continuing with Christ in His trials and temptations. The multitude will follow Him for the loaves and fishes, but they won't stand in the shadow of His cross; but what we want is to walk with Christ, not to seek greatness for ourselves from our service, but to walk so as to please God, and then we shall have the companionship of the rejected Christ. May we be content to follow Him now, to be unknown and unnoticed as He was, and then by-and-by we will sit on His throne, we shall sway the sceptre, we shall lead the worship, and He will confess our names before the Father and the holy angels. Oh that we were willing it should be now the day of small things with us, and so rising above all that fellowship with Jesus entails—the slander and persecution of our fellows, the loss and cross of every kind—we can take our stand with the few who have separated themselves, and are walking in faith and fear, praying in the Holy Ghost.

Just one word as to the provision for this, and I have done. We have it in the Word; it is the blood and advocacy of Christ. We fail, and wander and stray; but though Satan may find many flaws in us, he will find none in the blood of Christ or the advocacy of Christ, and that is what keeps us in the presence of God, and so while we walk in holy fear we have no slavish terrors. We may walk with God one hour and fail to walk with Him the next, and walk again the third; and so if we are conscious of failure, let us not do despite to the Spirit by supposing we have failed for ever, but let us fix our eyes upon the Advocate and the blood in the presence of God as the object for our hearts. Our portion is so different to that of the Jew under the law; for every offence he had to provide a fresh victim, and the blood had to be sprinkled seven times, and then he was not clean until the evening; but we want no fresh sprinkling of the blood, that has been done once for ever, and it stands now before God for us. Let us remember this: we have a gracious God to deal with, and need no fresh sacrifice, no fresh application of the blood, but upon confession restoration is immediate. That restoration is what Satan tries to rob us of, but let us not be ignorant of his devices. The Lord can restore, and delights to do so. The Lord give us, beloved, to know more of the faithful, fearful, and obedient walk with God, prising His Word, walking in the light of His own holy presence, and seeking for the little while He leaves us here to please Him for His name's sake.



"WATCHMAN, what of the night:  
The watchman said, The morning  
cometh, and also the night: if ye  
will enquire, enquire ye: return,  
come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a  
watchman unto the house of Israel;  
therefore thou shalt hear the word  
at my mouth, and warn them from  
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

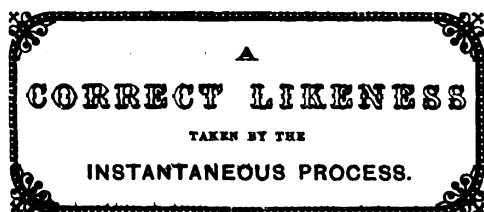
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## YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

**R**EMEMBER reading about a sailor who called himself a *free-thinker*, but other people called him a *free-drinker*, and I think that was nearer the mark, for deep drinkers are not generally deep thinkers. However, he was walking along a street in a well-known West of England town, and having had enough liquor to make him "merry," as he called it, his eye caught sight of a photographer's sign-board, where he read—



And so he said, "Ah! I promised to send home my likeness, and as I have a few shillings left I will have it taken while I think of it."

Entering the photographer's, he said, "I—want—my—fat—ter—gruff—taken—zur."

"Yea, sir," replied the operator; "if you will just step this way." And so, placing him straight, the picture was taken. In a few days the likeness was sent home, and imagine the surprise of the "jolly tar" when, in his sober moments, he saw himself as others saw him—when he was "three sheets in the wind." The bloodshot eyes, matted hair, slovenly manner, and unsteady gait of a drunkard are too well known to need describing. And here the sailor saw a picture of himself, but would not believe it to be

like him on any account. He examined it again and again, and said it was wretchedly bad, and charged the photographer with not knowing his business, and abused him for sending home something not worth looking at, and not worthy of his establishment; and then declared photographers were a set of rogues, who ought to be "taken up" for swindling poor people out of their money; but he blamed himself most for allowing himself to be so "gulled."

I could not help laughing as I read the above story; but my thoughts went back to another photograph less flattering than the sailor's. I refer to your photograph, my reader; it is a correct picture of you and me, and however much you might like to have it otherwise, it has been taken, and copies have been printed and circulated widely. If you want to look at it for yourself, you can see it in Romans iii., where we get a faithful picture of every unconverted man and woman on the face of the earth. Verse 10 declares that "there is none righteous, no, not one." And then details are given; the throat, the tongue, the mouth, the lips, the feet, and the way, are all compared with that which is wicked and repulsive. And the prophet Isaiah of old declared that from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, which have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment. The sinner is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity. If such is his condition, how vile must he appear in the eyes of a God who is too pure to behold iniquity, and who cannot look upon sin!

"But," said a man some time ago, "I am sure my heart is not so bad as you try to make out. I know I sometimes swears, and sometimes I gets drunk, but that is very seldom; and I know my heart is not so bad as you make out." How many say the same; they want to be flattered a little. Like a woman the other day, who came to a photographer's while I was speaking to him, and said, "I don't like my photo a bit." "Indeed," was the reply; "I think it is exactly like you." "Well—yes—but——." And she stopped there with the "but," for she did not like to confess she wanted the likeness a little more flattering.

Reader, God is faithful and true; and He says that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can know it? "For out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within." (Mark vii. 21-23.)

A London physician was preaching to a respectable congregation in Canada one Sunday, and spoke on the depravity and utter ruin of man; and on the following morning he received several letters from the "respectable" members, in which they charged him with the crime of "*libelling* human nature," and asked him to study the feelings of the congregation he was addressing.

Ah, my reader, human nature is bad all the world over; you may garnish it with civilization, and embellish it with education, and still it is corrupt! Far easier the task of turning the lion into a lamb, or eradicating the spots on the leopard's back, you might try such things and fail; but to try and improve human nature is a task more hopeless, and without a single prospect of success, for "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and cannot be otherwise, "but that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," and only the *new birth* can fit the sinner for the presence of God.

God counts all our *righteousnesses* as filthy rags. If our *good deeds* are so bad, what must those *bad deeds* appear like in His presence? Job was a man of whom God could speak in praise, and say that there was not such another on the earth. He was a perfectly upright man, he feared God and eschewed evil; but when brought face to face with God he exclaimed, "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth." (Job xl. 4.) Thus looking at himself in the presence

of God made him speechless. Again, Isaiah in the presence of God's holiness exclaimed, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people with unclean lips: for *MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE KING*, the Lord of hosts." (Isa. vi. 5.) We have also an instance in the case of Peter; when the Lord came to the sea shore, he cried, "Depart from me; for I am a *sinful man*, O Lord." (Luke v. 8.) The light of God's glory that shone from heaven and arrested the blood-thirsty Saul of Tarsus also revealed to him the state of his heart. His learning and education that he received at Gamaliel's feet, and the law-keeping of his Pharisaic position were all thrown on one side that the recesses of his evil heart might be manifested; and, my reader, if you will but let one ray of that light, which is brighter than the noonday sun, shine into your heart, it will banish all your good opinions about yourself.

A gentleman said to me some time ago, "I once prayed that I might just get a glimpse of an unconverted man as God saw him. I was then unconverted myself, and only prayed without a thought of what I said, for I thought it a duty; but God showed me myself, a vile, unregenerate sinner. I could not get any peace, when one day, as I was sitting in my room, I heard a poor black man singing in the street—

"If you tarry till you're better,  
You may never come at all."

I did not want to tarry, I wanted to be saved; and the poor old man went on singing—

"Not the righteous,  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call."

'Sinners!' that means me; and I have been made so happy in the knowledge of the fact that

"I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Glory to the risen Lamb."

Reader, will you believe what God says about you as a sinner? "But," you may say, like many have said to me, "I don't look at it in the same light." I know you do not, for you won't look at it in the *light* at all, you look at it in the *darkness*; and no wonder you don't see, for if your light be darkness, how great is that darkness! "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Let God's truth take the place of your thoughts, and have His word instead of man's ideas. If you are willing to acknowledge yourself as a lost, guilty sinner, then we tell you that there is

hope for you, a remedy is to be found; the old nature is bad, and you must have a new one. You were born in sin, and you must be born again by the working of the Spirit of God.

"Ye must be born again,  
Or never enter heaven;  
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,  
The ransomed and forgiven."


Young and old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, royal personages and miserable prisoners, the theological D.D. as well as the drunken blasphemer; all need the *new* birth to entitle them to enter yon pearly gates. It is an absolute necessity, and nothing short of an entire change of nature will suit the presence of God, and the Lord Jesus came to give life by His atoning blood. He who knew sorrow as none other knew it, and who was betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, and forsaken by all, HAS DIED for our sins, according to the Scriptures. And now, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, by just putting your faith and trust in Him like a little child does in a loving parent, *by thus trusting Him* you have everlasting life. God says it, and I believe it, and I would rather trust my soul's salvation on *one word* of the living God, than I would risk it on a *life of good works*, or on any other false foundations.

Then if you are saved we will turn you to another photograph: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM; for we shall see Him as He is." (1 John iii. 1, 2.)

To be like Him. Oh, what a change! The poor careworn pilgrim, the converted thief, the saved crossing-sweeper, all the redeemed will be like Him. We who are saved through grace are waiting for the time when it shall be manifested that we are the sons of God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

F. H. D.

## THE POWER OF THE BLOOD.

 POOR old man, who could not read, and who knew not the way of salvation, lived until his head was silvered for the grave. He was convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit, and especially of the sin of sin, not believing in Jesus, so that his bowed down and burdened soul plead-

ingly and often inquired, "What must I do to be saved?"

Unsatisfactory and unconvincing were the varied replies his friends and neighbours gave him to his great question.

Through the leading of Him who had awakened him he was brought to hear a sermon delivered by a godly Methodist preacher, whose text was 1 John i. 7.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

This word of God was enough; it came to his soul with power. The Spirit of God, who had awakened a concern for his soul, who had made intercession for him with unutterable groanings, who had heard his cry, and led him to hear the good news, revealed Jesus to him, and saved his soul.

Joy took the place of sadness; the burden was removed. It was transferred to the Burden-bearer. The sinner was "brought up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay." His feet were set upon a rock, even Christ Jesus; his goings were established, and God put a new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God. Many indeed saw it, and heard his glad testimony.

He got a friend to print the text, 1 John i. 7, with a pen, and he pasted it in the crown of his hat, and wore it on his head till he died; and after his death it was found in his hat. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The life-blood of Jesus was shed when He died for sinners on the accursed tree. On Calvary's cross our Lord was crucified and slain, where His blood was poured out freely. See His head pierced with thorns! see His hands and His feet pierced with the cruel nails! see His side thrust through with the soldier's spear!

Who is Jesus, and what is His blood to us?

Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. That man who died the death of a malefactor, who was crucified between two thieves, is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God's fellow. Very God of very God.

When sin entered into the world, through the sin of our first parent Adam, and the dread penalty of eternal death was incurred, God, who is love, promised redemption through faith in the coming Sin-bearer. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Jesus, the Son of God, the seed of the woman, should come, and bruise Satan, and

rescue the children of Adam from the snare and power of the devil. Jesus has come and shed His precious blood on Calvary's cross. He there bruised the serpent's head. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

He died as our substitute. He died in our place. He died that we might live. He bore for us the sentence on sin. He paid the mighty debt due to justice by transgressors.

See the proof; read the receipt in full: "Peace be unto you." And "He shewed them His hands and His side"—the wounded hands, the pierced side, whence flowed the water and the blood.

"Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." Whosoever looketh to the blood of Christ shall be healed. Look, and live.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

C. B.

### WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

**A**T the outbreak of the war in America, between the Northern and Southern States, L——, a young man, the son of a clergyman, joined the Federal army, and not long after was appointed first lieutenant. The regiment to which he was assigned was principally composed of young men who had the reputation of being "hard drinkers."

Up till joining the army L—— had never tasted intoxicating drink, and the first glass he had he relished, and longed for more. In the same week that he had liquor for the first time, on three evenings he went to bed drunk. His mother hearing of his conduct expostulated with him, and urged him to give it up altogether; but he replied that the officers all drank, and if he did not he would be considered singular, and would be looked down upon; and the result was, before he was twenty-one years of age, he was one of the worst gamblers and heaviest drinkers in the army. The appetite for drink, day by day and month by month, increased, until at last it became uncontrollable, and he indulged in it without restraint.

On being married he resolved he would renounce drinking for the sake of his wife, whom he dearly loved. One evening he said to himself, "This is my last drink; I won't take any more;" but, alas! little did he know the power of the chains that bound him.

"I shall never forget," to quote his own words,

"that terrible struggle; I shall never forget the despair that settled upon me after I made my first endeavour to quit drinking. During the course of my life I have passed through moments of personal danger; I have stood in places more than once where I expected the next moment would bring me face to face with my God; but I never felt such fear, I never felt such a shrinking of the heart, as I did that day when I found I could not leave my cups alone—that I could no longer say, 'I will take a drink or I will leave it alone as it suits my pleasure.' Then I realised that my appetite had become my master, and that I was bound by it. From that day forward I fought against it; year by year I never gave way one foot, I never gave way one inch, without making a struggle, for I knew that my appetite was taking me to a terrible doom, and sometimes I succeeded for a time. Once I quit for nine months; and again for three months; and again for weeks. But every time I quit—every time I tried to stop—I got down again. There was all the time in me a gnawing, craving, growing appetite for drink. I could not resist it, and though for a while I would abstain, yet, by-and-by, I would go down again."

#### SAVED FROM COMMITTING SUICIDE.

After being ten years in the army he resigned his commission, and led a life of dissipation and debauchery. Every now and again he made resolutions to amend his ways and "turn over a new leaf," but soon he was as bad as ever, and eventually his wife and children, on account of his conduct, separated from him.

While in the city of Washington, his eldest child, a girl ten years old, said to her mother, "Mamma, I would like to go to Washington to take care of papa."

"No," said her mother, "there is no use in you going; father would abuse you."

"Oh no, mamma," said the child, "papa won't hurt me; and, besides, there is no one to care for him. I do wish to go."

Mother's consent having been obtained, she proceeded to Washington, and reached the house where her father was staying, and found the way to his bedroom. On awaking from a drunken sleep he found his little girl by the bedside tenderly watching over him. One evening while returning to his lodgings, having been more successful in gambling than usual, he said to himself, "After all, of what use is the money to me? To-morrow it will be all

gone. I am going down, down!" At the remembrance of his past conduct, his life of sin and misery, despair took possession of him, and he resolved he would put an end to his wretched existence.

With this object in view he purchased a bottle of chloroform, and on reaching his lodgings retired to his bedroom, undressed, and went to bed with the poison in his hand.

Just as he was about to plunge into eternity his child knocked at the door, and opening it, said, "I want to sleep with you to-night, papa."

"I want you to go to your own bedroom and sleep there," was the father's reply.

"But, papa," said the dear girl, "I want to stay with you; I have been thinking of mamma all day, and I'm so lonesome;" and getting into the bed beside her father, she put her arms round his neck, and he had not the courage to put her away.

Thus was he mercifully spared from rushing unprepared into the presence of a holy and sin-hating God. Ofttimes his little guardian angel would put her arms around his neck, and say, "IF YOU WILL ONLY RELIEVE IN JESUS, PAPA, HE WILL MAKE YOU A GOOD AND SOBER MAN."

#### WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Deeper and deeper he sank in the moral scale, and gave free reins to his lusts and passions. Finally he left Washington and removed to the city of Chicago. Here he resolved that he would never touch a drop of drink; but not very long after he was overtaken, and became worse than ever.

"IT IS OF NO USE IN ME TRYING TO STOP DRINKING," he said; "I CANNOT."

Into the lowest depths of vice he went, drinking, playing cards, and gambling. Sometimes he had food to eat, and sometimes he had none; sometimes he had plenty of money, and at other times he was without a cent; sometimes he had a bed to lie on, and at other times he had to sleep wherever he could get a place to lay his head; but there never was a time when he could not get drink.

Bloated and besotted he entered a large building in the city of Chicago, which was being used for gospel preaching, and taking a seat in one of the back galleries he watched the people as they entered. When the hour arrived there was a dead silence; all eyes were turned towards the platform, and in a clear, full voice a hymn was sung, the refrain of which was,

"OH, WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?  
OH, WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

The question, "OH, WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?" was carried home in wondrous power to L——'s conscience. By-gone days were recalled. He remembered his father's prayers and his mother's tears; his wife's pleadings and entreaties, and his child's tender care and love; his sin and folly, vows and resolutions, and he was stung to the quick.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? rang in his ears and made him tremble. He knew that the harvest for him, if he continued in sin, would be a dreadful one—an eternity of misery and despair in the lake of fire. The address followed the singing, but he heard it not. His whole being was absorbed by the question, "What shall the harvest be?" During the night, while in bed, he seemed to hear one asking, "What shall the harvest be?" and in the darkness he fancied the words were written on the walls in letters of fire. Whatever he did, wherever he went, the question followed him. He did his very best to forget; he strove hard to banish all thoughts of the harvest of anguish, agony, and remorse that awaited him. But it was of no use. The arrow was fastened in a sure place, and do what he might he could not get rid of it. Again he plunged into dissipation and debauchery, but in the saloons and gambling hells the words were always before him, and he became greatly agitated and alarmed.

Unsaved reader, have you thought of the reaping time that lies before you? Remember what Jehovah has said, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP." (Gal. vi. 7, 8.) Throughout your lifetime you have been sowing seed, and oh, let me ask, "What shall the harvest be?" Think on your past life, all stained with guilt, all criminal with rebellion. Look forward to the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ. When you stand before the great white throne, and have your sins brought to your recollection—sins of omission and commission, sins of thought, word, and deed—what will you say? When you hear the sentence passed upon you, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," how will you feel? Horror, gloom, and despair will take possession of your spirit, and you will be speechless. You will then see that you might have been in heaven, that the Lord Jesus had earnestly desired to save you, and that it was all your fault. If you continue neglecting or rejecting the salvation of God you will be damned to all eternity; for He has said,

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." (Ps. ix. 17.)

#### VICTORY!

The thought of the harvest of shame and misery that awaited him became so insupportable that L— determined he would bear it no longer, and he resolved to go to the "tabernacle" where the gospel services were being held, and see if anything could be done for him. It never entered into his mind that he could receive the full and free forgiveness of all his sins without first becoming "good." He had supposed that in order to become a Christian he must renounce his bad habits, reform his ways, and amend his life, and God would save him.

One evening at the close of the gospel address he found his way into the "inquiry room," and was spoken to by an earnest Christian worker, who sought to show him his guilt and danger.

"Oh," was the reply, "you don't mean to tell me that! I know what a sinner I am."

"Don't you wish, then, to become a Christian?"

"I do; but I cannot stop drinking. I have tried it and cannot stop, and I don't believe that there is any hope for me."

"If you believe on the Lord Jesus," said the servant of the Lord, "He will take the appetite away."

This was something altogether new to L—.

"I had never," to use his own words, "dreamt of such a thing—I had never heard such a thing as that the Lord Jesus would save a drunkard in his drunkenness, and make him whole every whit."

That night, when the gospel was presented to him in its simplicity and fulness, he believed it, and rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven. He believed that the Lord Jesus died and suffered for him on the cross of Calvary; that He had paid the ransom price with His precious blood, and by receiving the "glad tidings" made known to him in the Word, he was saved and had eternal life. (John iii. 16, 36; v. 24.)

Several years have passed since that happy day when Jesus washed his sins away. During that time he has been manifesting the change wrought on him by works of faith and labours of love. At the present time he preaches the gospel of the grace of God, and the writer, when in Chicago recently, had the pleasure of hearing him. Since that memorable night he declares that he never had the slightest desire for drink. The appetite has been completely taken away, and he seeks, wherever he goes, to

"Tell to all around  
What a dear Saviour he has found."

Reader, whatever you are or have been, God is sincerely desirous of saving you now. Religious or irreligious, moral or immoral, educated or illiterate, "ye must be born again." (John iii. 7.) You may or you may not have been addicted to drinking; but one thing is certain, you need the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. You may again and again have "tried" to become "religious," to "give up" your bad habits, or break away from your companions, but you have miserably failed, and you think there is no use "trying" again. Renounce all such foolish efforts. Take your place as a lost, hell-deserving sinner, and receive the gift which God is beseeching you to accept. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." (Rom. vi. 23.)

ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

#### "STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

THE night was dark, the sea was wildly dashing,  
Till every billow wore a crest of foam.  
So dense the fog, no light of heaven could penetrate,  
To guide a lonely fisherman in safety home.

In vain he strove to pierce the gloom before him,  
To find a waymark that should guide aright;  
The objects that he knew so well by daylight  
Were hidden in the fog of such a night.

He thought of home, and loved ones fondly cherished,  
Perhaps he ne'er might see them any more;  
And something like a sob escaped his bosom,  
As once again he tried to steer for shore.

His little son, who loved his father dearly,  
And knew 'twas getting time for him to come—  
Ran to the beach, and patiently he waited  
To catch the sound of "father coming home."

But hark! What's that? He holds his breath to listen,  
He could not see a yard before his face.  
"Is that you, father?" sounded o'er the waters.  
"It is, my son, but where's the landing-place?"

The boy held fast the rock to keep from falling,  
His voice rose high above the stormy sea,  
"Father, I'm on the rock, and waiting for you,  
Steer straight for me, dear father, straight for me."

The father knew his troubles now were over,  
Although his little guide he could not see,  
Yet he could hear the childish voice repeating—  
"Father, steer straight for me, steer straight for me."

And soon the boat was safely brought to anchor,  
The father clasped his darling to his heart.  
"You've saved my life, dear boy," he whispered, sobbing,  
"From this day forward we will never part."

Alas! poor father, soon will come the parting,  
The loving Jesus wants your little boy,  
And so He gently laid him on His bosom,  
And took him to His home of light and joy.

He caught a cold whilst waiting for his father,  
And though they nursed him with hearts full of love,  
Yet they could see the little flower was fading,  
Until it went to bloom in heaven above.

But still the broken-hearted father fancies  
He hears a voice come to him o'er the sea,  
"I'm on the Rock Christ Jesus waiting for you,  
Steer straight for me, dear father, straight for me."

D.



# The Watchman's Message.



"I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. xiii. 30.

## REAPERS.

AS soon as the waters of the flood had receded, and Noah had come out of the ark, he offered up a sacrifice to God, who, looking down, smelled a savour of peace and rest, and then graciously promised that as long as the earth remained there should be seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, and as a token of His covenant with Noah He put His bow in the clouds. How faithful

has He been to His promise, and how indifferent has man been to the claims God has upon him! for year by year God has supplied his need, and he has been unmindful of those many mercies that have followed him. But there is another kind of sowing, and another great harvest. The Lord Jesus has come forth as the Sower with the incorruptible seed of the word of the living God. The One who spoke in the past by the prophets speaks to us *now* by His Son. Reader, you have

heard the word of God, but has it ever sunk into your heart and taken root there? Perhaps the devil has snatched it away as soon as it was sown; a thought of the world, or an evil desire, has made you forget the solemn impressions the word had upon you when you heard it, or the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of its riches; all these are used by the wicked one to make the poor sinner forget the *future*, and be occupied with the *present*. Reader, beware! for if you sow to the wind you shall reap the whirlwind; and if you sow to the flesh you shall reap corruption; but if you sow to the Spirit you shall reap everlasting life. There is a day coming when the hidden things of darkness will be revealed—the wheat will be gathered in, and the tares left to be burned. There may be similarity in appearance now, but not then; for those who have the form of godliness, and deny its power, will be left behind to await the weeping, and the wailing, and the gnashing of teeth. Which are you waiting for? Is it to be gathered into His heavenly garner, or to be cast into the outer darkness of never-ending despair?

But is there not time enough yet? Beware! for delays are dangerous. The farmer does not put off sowing his seed until a week before harvest, and yet there are some who are presumptuous enough to say they will wait until their death-bed; you may never have another opportunity after the present. Beware! lest you have to exclaim, like those of old, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." You need not have to say it, for now there is One waiting to be gracious, longing to show mercy, delighting in pardon. Come to Him, for He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Go to Him, and you will find He is as faithful to His word now as when He first put His bow in the clouds.

### WAITING.

A YOUNG man was once awakened to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" He went to a friend who was a professing Christian, and, unburdening his mind, eagerly and earnestly besought him to tell how salvation was to be obtained. His adviser declared that all his efforts were unavailing; that salvation was not to be had by works; and that if he patiently *waited*, in "God's own time" he would get what he was in quest of. "But how

long am I to wait?" asked the seeking soul. "I cannot answer that question," was the reply. Months and months passed on. He "waited", and "waited" "God's time." His agony of soul increased, and grew more intense.

At last he resolved to call on another friend, and seek his advice. This person told him that instead of "waiting" he ought to *pray* earnestly to God for pardon, and he would obtain it. "How long am I to pray?" asked the anxious inquirer. "You must just continue praying, and in due time you will receive it," was the reply. He prayed earnestly, and *besought* God to give him salvation. For years he continued "striving" and "agonising in prayer" to God, entreating Him to be reconciled, and imploring Him to "have mercy" on his soul.

At the end of about three years he began to think that his friends had given him wrong advice, and resolved to seek counsel from an earnest Christian whom he had come in contact with, and see how he had received the forgiveness of his sins. Having told what his friends had said, and how he had been "waiting" and "praying," this Christian pointed him to God's simple plan of salvation. He showed that all the time God had been *waiting*, and had been beseeching *him* to be reconciled. When he perceived that, he "took God at His word," and rejoiced in the liberty which the *truth* alone can give.

### SAFETY THROUGH CHRIST.

A VESSEL is wrecked: one after another of her crew is swept away and disappears. As she heaves to and fro, it seems as if every moment she would break up, and send her shivering passengers down into the deep. There is the cabin boy, thinking of his mother, and his home, and praying, though scarcely hoping to be saved, when a plank floats past. Eagerly he lays hold of it, rests his whole weight upon it; and while others perish, he is safe. That describes your portion, sinner. As you are just about to go down, the plank floats along, comes near you, within reach, within arm's-length. That plank is Christ. Lay hold of Him, rest yourself upon Him; He can bear your whole weight, the whole weight of your sins, which would have sunk you to perdition—the whole weight of your soul. Try Him; and like a sailor who tried him, you'll be able joyfully to say, even in dying, "The plank bears, the plank bears!"

## THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WE were preaching the gospel lately in the village of C—, and one night, among others who remained to the inquiry meeting, was a young man, a stranger, whose business kept him in the village overnight. He had heard of the meeting, and came through curiosity to hear what was going on; and in the after-meeting was found, as I have said, with those who were more or less troubled about their souls.

It was not long ere a servant of the Lord was at his side, and had asked of him the all-important question, "Are you saved?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the reply.

"Are you prepared to meet God?" was the next query.

"I hope I am," he answered.

"On what are your hopes founded?"

"Well," he said, "I feel certain I have as good a chance as others, and a better one than many."

"Is that all you have to rest upon for eternity?"

"No," he replied, "I experienced religion, and joined the Church some years ago."

"Will you answer one or two other simple questions?"

"Yes, if I can."

"Do you confess that you are a sinner?"

"Oh, yes; *we are all sinners!*" he answered quickly.

"Never mind for the present your neighbours. Are you a sinner?"

"Yes, I believe I am."

"You admit that God is just and holy, and must punish sin?"

"Yes."

"Then if you, a sinner, were to die to-night, and meet a holy God, what would keep you out of hell?"

"That, sir, is what I don't know," was the honest reply.

Dear reader, ask yourself the question, "What will keep me out of hell were I to die as I am?" Satan will suggest to you that you have always been good, obedient, affectionate, honest, and perhaps religious, &c. He may point you back to a time—months or years ago—in the past when you made a start for heaven, and tell you that "that will keep you out of hell;" but, my friend, to trust self in any form is to be deceived.

Men have all long tried, unsuccessfully, to solve this problem independent of the word of God.

"How then can man be justified with God?" (Job xxv. 4); but have utterly failed. Some, alas! have been deluded by Satan into the vain hope that they had discovered the secret; but it was a deception, as thousands now in hell have proved! God's word alone can tell how a sinner may stand just before God. Listen to what it says, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for *by the law is the knowledge of sin.* But now *the righteousness of God without the law is manifested . . . which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe:* for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." (Rom. iii. 20–24.) In order to stand accepted before God you must be *made righteous*; for that which is *unrighteous cannot enter into His holy presence.* We see then by the above that a sinner is "*justified freely by His grace*;" but it is *grace on the ground of righteousness*, for it is *through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.* See also Romans iv. 5, where we read, "To him that worketh not, *but believeth on Him* that justifieth the ungodly, *his faith is counted for righteousness.*" How contrary all this is to the thoughts of man. Man says, "Work! strive earnestly! &c., and you will be accepted as righteous at the judgment-day." God says, "Believe on Christ, and *you are* 'made the righteousness of God in Him.'" (2 Cor. v. 21.)

Reader, in closing, I beseech you, this very moment, to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

## THE TOUCH OF FAITH.

"If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole."  
MATTHEW ix. 21.

SHE passed through the crowd around Him,  
Not heeding the mocking word;  
Her burdened and anxious spirit  
Was seeking to find the Lord.  
A lull o'er that storm of voices  
As calm to the surges' roll—  
She touched the hem of His garment,  
And, lo! she's perfectly whole.

She need not have feared to reach Him,  
He knew that that soul was there;  
Yes, o'er each repentant sinner  
Doth He yearn with tenderest care.  
Do the cares of life still veil Him  
From thy burdened, anxious soul?  
Just touch the hem of His garment,  
Thou shalt be perfectly whole!

It needs not a life's repentance,  
No self could atone for thee:  
One touch, thou art pardoned—rescued,  
And safe for eternity.  
What a life of joy and gladness  
To know in thy ransomed soul,  
'Twas but the touch of His garment  
That sufficed to make thee whole!

A. F. P.

**T**HE Saviour is coming ! oh, sinner, beware !  
If you scorn now His mercy, for judgment prepare.  
How oft He has warned you (your conscience can tell),  
By the glories of Heaven and terrors of Hell,  
The deceits of the world are deceiving each day  
Poor Satan-bound souls, who choose the broad way.  
At the end of that path lies the gulf of despair ;  
Then 'tis vain to seek mercy—no mercy is there !  
If in pain or in sorrow you pass but a week,  
How anxiously then you a remedy seek :  
Though with love you are warned that Eternity's near,  
To accept God's free mercy, then you've nothing to fear,  
With a cavil you harden your heart, and deceive,  
Saying, "There's nothing to fear," so you will not believe.

**O**UR lamps are gone out and the daylight is past,  
The bridegroom has come for the watchers at last ;  
The guests have all entered the palace in state,  
We wake to our folly when, alas ! 'tis TOO LATE.

Our lamps are gone out, everlasting our night,  
The glory of heaven must fade from our sight :  
The doom of the Judge we now sadly await,  
Lamenting we sought for admission TOO LATE.

Our lamps are gone out, is our bitter refrain.  
Oh, would that our time could be given again !  
We'd spurn not the offer of mercy so great,  
Nor trifle till told by the Saviour, TOO LATE !

## WHAT ONE BIBLE DID.

**A** ROMAN Catholic lady, who had been for some time in bad health and low spirits, was one day passing St. James's Hall, when she observed that the doors were open, and thinking it would both amuse and benefit her to see the performance, she entered.


A large number of people had assembled to hear Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood, and the lady had not been seated long when, to her surprise, she heard the words, "Let us pray." She rose immediately with the intention of leaving the hall; but the falling, first of her fan, and then of her umbrella, caused so much noise that all eyes were directed toward her, and finding this to be the case she thought it better to resume her seat and listen to the speaker. She was much impressed by the earnest address, and at the close of the meeting she felt impelled to speak to Mr. Blackwood. Going up to him, she told him candidly the reason of her entering the hall. He said, "Oh, I believe I have a cure for you;" and putting into her hand his own little pocket Bible, he added, "Will you take this little book and read it?" This she promised to do, and as she read she began to think how different was the teaching it contained to that which she had been accustomed to hear. She felt she could no longer attend mass; and the priest, who was her friend, as well as her spiritual adviser, went to see her, inquiring the cause of her absence. The lady frankly told him it was in consequence of her reading a little book which had been given her, adding, "If this is right, I am wrong, and I intend reading more of it." The priest, left her, of course, much displeased.

Shortly afterward the lady had another interview with him, when she said, "I am now quite convinced of the truth of this book, and as it has been such a blessing to me, my great desire is that you should read it." The priest took the little book, and for a long time the lady heard no more of him. This occasioned her some concern, and she resolved to call at his house to inquire for him. On her arrival the servant informed her that he had died a

few hours before. Feeling greatly shocked, and that she should like to see the remains of one for whom she had felt great regard, she asked permission to do so. When standing by the coffin she was struck with the calm, happy expression on his face, and eagerly inquired of a nun who was in the room the cause of his death, and his condition of soul when he died. The nun replied, "He died cursing you, and the book you had given him." In great distress of mind the lady left the house, and at that time heard nothing more of her departed friend. Some years after, when travelling, she was one day informed that a person had called at her hotel and requested an interview. A lady, not attired as a nun, entered the room, and introduced herself by asking if she remembered seeing a nun at the house of her friend the priest, when calling after his death, and added, "I am that person. I hated you, and I told you he died cursing you. It was a lie. He died blessing you and the book you had given him; for he had read it, and had been brought to believe in the truth it contained. He expressed a wish that the little book should be placed by his side in the coffin, and that it should be buried with him. I took that little book out of his coffin, feeling great curiosity to read it, and thinking I could then easily burn it. As I read I saw the error in which I had hitherto lived, and I also learned 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

Thus this one copy of the Scriptures given by Mr. Blackwood had been blessed by God to the conversion of three persons—the lady, the priest, and the nun; the Holy Spirit teaching them as they read, and bringing them "from darkness into His marvellous light." M. A.

## FOUR BEHOLDS.

**I**N some of the books printed in the olden times, the authors were wont to place a hand at certain points, thus,  as if to say, "Pay particular attention to this." In the Scriptures the word "BEHOLD" answers the same purpose. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable," yet in many places the Holy

Spirit by this word would call attention to the special communication He has to make. Reader, look at four places where this word occurs. What follows has to do with you and God, with time and eternity, with heaven and hell.

§3 "BEHOLD, I WAS SHAPEN IN INIQUITY; AND IN SIN DID MY MOTHER CONCEIVE ME." (Psalm li. 5.)

Words uttered by the psalmist of himself, but are also true of everyone born into the world. The original condition of man was sinless, but he fell from that high estate, lost the image of God, became a sinner; and just as a king upon surrendering to an enemy involves his kingdom, and all in that kingdom, by his act, so the whole race of man suffers in the transgression of their head. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." (John iii. 6.) The world is inhabited by various races. The colour of the skin, the features of the face, the formation of the head, the language, the habits, the character, may all differ, yet in one respect all agree, all are the offsprings of unholy parents, all have a sinful nature. The fountain being polluted, wherever the stream flows it carries pollution with it; the tree being diseased at the root, no branch of the family can escape being affected by it.

§4 "BEHOLD, I AM VILE." (Job xl. 4.)

Not only born in sin, but have sinned. No exception in this. Not all to the same degree, or in the same way, but ALL have sinned. God's testimony concerning man is, "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, nor one." (Psalm xiv. 3.) This is sad, but certain. Reader, you are guilty.

You may evade the imputation, you may disown the guilt, still the fact remains. Think of this; lay it to heart. Be persuaded that there is clinging to you, dwelling in you, that abominable thing which God hates—SIN, and which, if not pardoned, blotted out while here, will go with you into the other world, and render your existence there an endless torment, yea, will crush you to the depths of eternal despair!

§5 "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD." (John i. 29.)

Having seen your lost and ruined condition by reason of sin, how suitable this "Behold the Lamb of God." The Lamb provided, chosen, appointed, ordained, given by God Himself, whose office and mission is thus described, "Which taketh away the sin of the world." When John looked himself,

and invited others to do the same, the Lamb of God was come to take away sin, but now He has completed the work. The vision of the savage chieftain is realized. There was a great mountain between him and heaven, that mountain he could neither climb over or remove. Laying himself at its base, yet looking up, he saw sacrificial blood drop upon it; instantly the huge barrier disappeared, and the way was clear. So by the atoning death of Christ, sin has been put away. "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." (Heb. ix. 26.) By that sacrifice, sin, so far as it stood in the way of man's return to God, has been put away, and "whosoever will," may by beholding Him reap the benefit of that accomplished act. Oh, sinful, bruised, dying soul, this is what you want! Whatever else you see, or fail to see, fail not in seeing this; turn your eyes from every other object. Behold Him set up in the councils of eternity, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. Behold Him in the types and shadows of the ceremonial law. Behold Him in the days of His flesh, led as a lamb to the slaughter. Behold Him hanging, bleeding, dying an accursed death at Calvary, that sin may be atoned for and put away. Behold Him buried, rising from the grave, ascending into the heavens, bearing in His divine person the marks of His finished work. Behold Him seated on the throne of God, crowned with glory and honour, raised to this position by God Himself. Behold Him who so satisfies the Father, and beholding Him, see the ransom money for your own soul. Nothing for you to pay. Nothing to do but look. His own cry is, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." (Isa. xlv. 22.) Obey His loving command. Look, and in looking find.

"There is life in a look at the crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee."

§6 "BEHOLD, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME; BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

Blessed be God, there is an accepted time, there is a day of salvation. Still, it is but a day! Delay not. Life at the best is short. The present is the only time to call thine own, the next moment life may end, and the soul be hurried into a dark, dark eternity. A young man working at an iron foundry was taken suddenly ill, and conveyed to his home. In great haste a doctor was sent for, but before he arrived it was seen by those around he had but a short time to live. A Christian workmate sat by


his bed reading the word of God, showing him his danger, and urging him to accept Jesus as his Saviour. The dying eye turned for a moment, while he gasped out the words, "'Tis—too—late—now—I—want—another—chance—another—chance." They were his last words on earth; a few moments passed, and death closed the scene. Reader, you have but one life to live here, and if that life be wasted, that day go by, there is no living it over again. Flee at once, flee for your life! Thy need is urgent, thy danger great; thine eternal destiny hangs upon it, Tarry not, or the door of mercy may be for ever closed.

"Haste, haste, haste!  
Delay not from death to flee!  
Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste,  
When Jesus is calling thee!

"Now, now, now,  
To-morrow too late may be.  
Oh, sinner, with tears of contrition bow,  
Confessing He died for me!"

G. HEYFORD.

## JUST THE SAVIOUR YOU NEED.

 **MANKS; THE VERY ONE!** So tender! So loving! So full of sympathy! It does not surprise me that you should be longing for such a Saviour. The marvel is that you can have lived so long without Jesus. It has not been without many a fear, many a longing. Your heart has craved for something, you knew not what. You have tried first one "broken cistern," and then another, but *nothing* has satisfied; sin, pleasure, worldliness, all have been tried, but each has left your heart more desolate and sad—

"All that my soul has tried  
Left but an aching void."

Can you yet add, "Jesus has satisfied"? If not, make up your mind to this: that if you still follow the world, you will meet with nothing but disappointment. But perhaps you say, "I have tried the world long enough, and now I long for that peace and joy which I know can only be found in Jesus." Listen then while I tell you how one, now in glory, found it.

One Sunday morning a friend asked me to visit a man fast sinking in consumption. Gladly I went. Up in a loft I found my friend.

"Have you found peace?" was my first enquiry.

"No, indeed, I wish I had; I am praying night and day for it." (Ah! do you see, he also was making the common mistake, praying and asking, but not **TAKING**.)

"Suppose," said I, "that you came to me and told me how hungry you were, and begged me to give you bread. I offer you five shillings. To my surprise, instead of taking the money, you still kept on your knees, saying: 'Give me bread! do give me bread!' Why, if you went on praying for years, would that get you bread? Could you get your hunger satisfied in any other way than by **TAKING THE FIVE SHILLINGS? GOD NOW OFFERS YOU LIFE** and peace as His free gift; you need not go on praying for it; God entreats you to **TAKE** it. He tells you He has already laid once and for ever all your sins on Jesus. 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'

"God says, 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' Is that true?

"It is."

"We have turned every one to his own way."

Is that true?

"Yes, too true."

"And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Is **THAT TRUE?**" Why, believe me, ninety-nine out of a hundred persons will hesitate and say,

"I DON'T FEEL IT."

What have *feelings* to do with the truth of God's word? What have feelings, good or bad, to do with the glorious fact that Jesus has died? God says, "The Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all." Again I ask, "Is that true? or is God uttering a lie? Which?" God does not state that He will do it, or may do it, if you do such and such things; but God, who cannot lie, emphatically declares, "*He has laid on Him the iniquity of us all*." Believe this word of the Living God, and peace is yours.

It is, as it were, God putting out His hand, and offering you the very thing for which you are longing. **ALL YOUR SINS—past, present, and future—were laid by God upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and He now says, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions."** (Isaiah xlii. 22.) How can you believe this, and yet remain miserable?

Mr. Moody was one night preaching in Philadelphia; near the pulpit sat a young lady who listened with eager attention, drinking in every word. After he had done talking, he went to her.

"Are you a Christian?"

"No," she replied, "I wish I was; I've been seeking Jesus for three years."

Mr. Moody replied, "There must be a mistake."

"Don't you believe me?" said the distressed girl.

"Well, no doubt you *think* you have been seeking Jesus; but, believe me, it don't take three years for a seeking soul to meet a seeking Saviour."

"What am I to do then?"

"You have been trying to DO long enough; you must just **"BELIEVE** on the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh!" said the young lady, "I am so tired of that word: 'believe,' 'believe,' 'believe!' I don't know what it means."

"Then we'll change the word, and say **"TRUST."**

"If I say 'I'll trust Him,' will He save me?"

"I don't say that, for you may *say* ten thousand things; but if you *do* trust Him, He certainly will."

"Well," said she, "I do trust Him; but I don't feel any better."

"Ah!" said Mr. Moody, "I see, you've been looking for **FEELINGS** for three years, instead of looking to Jesus." If the translators of the Bible had everywhere inserted "feelings" instead of "faith" what a run there would be upon the book. But God does not say a word about feelings from Genesis to Revelation.

With men, "seeing is believing;" but with the believer "believing is seeing." An orphan child was once asked by her little friend, "What do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?"

"Mother told me to go to Jesus. He was mother's Friend, and He's my Friend too," was the simple reply.

"But He is a long way off; He won't stop to mind you."

Her face brightened as she said, "I don't know about that;" but I know *He says He will*, and that's enough for me." And should not that be enough for you and me, friend? "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, **HATH** everlasting life" (John v. 24); "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.)

HOW IS IT WITH YOU?

Do ask yourself the question, "*Am I saved, or am I unsaved?*" "On the road to heaven, or the road to hell?" Which? Eternal life or eternal death hangs on your decision.

Perhaps you say, "I can't be so far wrong, for I have always lived according to God's law. I've been a dutiful son, a good husband, a true neighbour, paying my way." Well, that is *your* idea about yourself. What does God say about you? "toler-

ably good?" or "not so bad as some people?" or "better than he once was?" No; this is not what God says about you; it is told in one word: "guilty," **"GUILTY."** Let us see *why*. Have you loved God fully, perfectly, every instant of your life? No! Then you are guilty. Have you in every thought and word and deed glorified God? No! Then you are guilty. Have you ever allowed a thought of sin in your heart? Yes. Then you are guilty. For God says, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is **GUILTY OF ALL.**" (James ii. 10.)

Once in this country there was a game played with bow and arrows. A man would have ten arrows, which he shot through a hoop; if he missed one he was called a "sinner." Well, suppose that someone has sent nine arrows through, but he misses the tenth. Someone else says, "Now let *me* try." He shoots, but misses every one. Both are "sinners," the man who missed once, just as much as the one who missed ten times. Yes; God's verdict against every man and woman is **"GUILTY."** "And without shedding of blood there is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.)

Where there is guilt there must be punishment; the guilty one, or another in his place, must *suffer* the sentence of **DEATH.**

In the time of Napoleon I., a certain man agreed to join the ranks in the place of a friend who had been drafted. The offer was accepted, the young man went and was killed. Some time after a second draft was made, and they wanted to enroll the man whose substitute had been shot. "No," said he, "you can't take me, I'm **DEAD**; I was shot in such a battle." They thought the man was crazy. But no, it was proved that he was right; his substitute had gone in his place, and the death of his substitute answered for his death. The matter was carried before the emperor, and he recognized the truth of substitution. You are in exactly the same position now; only tell God another has

DIED IN YOUR STEAD.

He will recognize His own Son as your Substitute; and remember

"Payment God will not twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

Perhaps you have never felt your guilt. Then you have never rejoiced in the thought of a substitute. Alas! then your danger is tenfold. Every instant nearing your doom, an eternity of wrath.



Headless sinner, haste! flee! Time is short; life is swiftly ebbing away; judgment is at hand.

Why delay? How much you are missing. Pardon, peace, life, joy, *here*; eternal glory hereafter. And what are you gaining? Nothing. Perhaps you are making the great mistake which so many make—praying for salvation, instead of taking salvation.

Not long ago I met a woman who seemed in great distress. On enquiry, she told me that several years ago she was awakened to seek Jesus. She went to a lady, who told her to pray that she might be convinced of sin. So she began to pray earnestly for deeper views of sin. Her distress increased rather than diminished. Disappointed, she turned to another quarter, and the advice she got there was, "Pray over every day this prayer:

"Lord, show me myself;  
Lord, show me Thyself."

"And," said she, "from that day to this, about three years, I've been praying over this prayer, but still I haven't got peace." This was said in a mingled tone of surprise and disappointment. To me it was *not* in the very least astonishing that she had not found peace. God has provided pardon and peace through the death and righteousness of the Lord Jesus; God now offers these to any soul who will receive them. You may desire pardon and peace, but how can you enjoy them, except by taking what God gives. But if, instead of taking, you go on praying, asking, how can you expect to find peace.

Again I say, do remember what God says, "He that heareth my word, and believeth" (*not* he that prayeth, but he that believeth) "on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life."

But to return to my friend. It did not take very long to show her how Christ had borne all her sins, and that *therefore* she might at once rejoice in a finished salvation. And will not you

"Take with rejoicing from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives?"

He gives it, offers it this very instant; take it; and eternal life is yours. From that moment you find that Jesus is not only "just the Saviour you need," but that He will be to you just the *friend* you need, guiding, keeping, comforting, blessing you, until He calls you home to be for ever with Himself. Blessed prospect! Blessed reality! May it be yours, reader.

"OH THAT I MIGHT FIND HIM!"

**W**HAT became of Noah's carpenters?" asked a minister of a careless teacher in his Sunday-school as they were passing on the street. This question followed their usual greeting. The young man had grown up in the minister's congregation, but had never professed faith in Christ. He was very active in all work that was not specially spiritual—taught in the Sunday-school, attended church regularly, was very useful to his pastor, and was, in fact, what is very common, a formalist. But he had neglected his own soul, and appeared callous to all appeals to his conscience.

The minister understood his case, and shot this question into the young man's heart. He looked into the pastor's face, smiled, and slowly answered, "I suppose, sir, they were drowned."

"That's all," said the minister. "Good-bye."

And so they parted. The arrow shot at a venture did its work. His conscience made the application. He began to realize his position and danger. He became anxious, and ere long found the Saviour.

Very recently I received a letter from one whose children attended Sunday-school, where they were taught the necessity of looking to Christ for help and love. Her little one's example, and the death of a friend of her own age, showed her the careless life she was living, and the uselessness of simply going to church as a matter of form. To meet her inquiries how she could know Christ, the following reply was sent:

"I am very pleased to read that you have been awakened to see the value of true religion."

"It is the work of the Holy Spirit in your soul. It is, as you say, necessary to know Christ, to know Him (2 Tim. i. 12) a personal Saviour. 'He saves His people from their sins,' but the first thing is to see what a terrible evil sin is. Look at the spirituality of the law; look at the requirements of God. Can you say you have kept God's law in every particular? (James ii. 10.) Nay, must you not see how that you have broken it in many ways?

Confess yourself a sinner, confess your sins (Ps. li.), shortcomings, failings, &c. &c., to your Father in heaven; don't be afraid to tell Him all. Conceal nothing, extenuate nothing, make no excuses, but condemn yourself fully. It is sinners Jesus came to save. (1 Tim. i. 15.) Say, 'Lord, I am indeed a sinner, very sinful. I cannot count up all my

sins and transgressions, my evil disposition, my evil thoughts, my corrupt *nature*.' Oh that the Holy Spirit may indeed convict you of sin! and then think of the greatest sin—not believing in Jesus.

"As you thus see yourself to be lost, just think how helpless you are. (Rom. v. 6.) You cannot save yourself; you cannot live a pure, holy, sinless life. Every day, every hour, you add to the sad list of evil. You cannot make any recompense, and even if you could turn over a new leaf, and henceforth live as you should, and please God in thought, word, and deed, still there would remain the past black catalogue ever against you; one sin alone being sufficient to shut you for ever out of God's presence.

HUMILIATE then, as well as LOSE, what are you to do? Is there no hope, no way of escape, no forgiveness? Yes, truly there is. Our Father is Love. His justice would condemn you for sin; but His love has provided a remedy: 'Lo, I have found a ransom.' 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not *perish*, but *have eternal life*.' (John iii. 16.) Is not that good news, glad tidings? and it is for you. Just believe that God, my Father, so loved me, that He gave Jesus His only Son to take on Him my sins, and to die in my place and room in order that I should believe on Him, accept Him, trust Him, and have eternal life, BE SAVED. May the Holy Spirit reveal Jesus to your seeking soul.

"Have you found Him? Then confess Him, praise Him. Receive and enjoy all the blessings of the gospel. As to your sins, read Isa. liii.: 'He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities: the chastisement He underwent purchased my peace.' Read also the passages which speak of forgiveness: 'Through this man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.' (Acts xiii. 38.) When? *HERE*, and now. Read Mark ii. 5: 'Thy sins are forgiven;' also Mark vi. 34; Luke vii. 48-50, and when you repeat the Creed, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins,' just lift up your heart to God, and say, 'Lord, I believe in the forgiveness of my sins.'

"And as you trust God for forgiveness through the blood of Jesus (Eph. i. 7), you will find a holy calm and peace. (Rom. v. 1, &c.) All *resulting* in a desire to live in accordance with the gospel, henceforth you will seek to do what is right before

God and man; not to earn or gain salvation, but because you have received salvation through Christ as a free gift, without merit on your part; nay, as a needy, helpless, lost sinner.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." (2 Cor. ix. 15.)

"Never associate merit of any kind with yourself.

"Always come to Jesus. (Matt. xi. 28; Heb. xii. 2.) Gaze on Him. (2 Cor. iii. 18.) Expect His coming again. (John xiv. 3; 1 Thess. iv. 13-18.) Yield yourself entirely to Him (Rom. xii. 1, 2), and 'may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, *working in you* that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever and ever.' Amen." (Heb. xiii. 20, 21.)

CHRYNE BRADY.

## \* WORD TO PROFESSORS.

"Have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" &c.—MATT. vii. 22.

HAST thou a name to live? and art thou dead?  
And at the last to thee will it be said,  
"With me and mine thou hast no part nor lot.  
Poor, hapless soul, depart, I know thee not!"

How wilt thou stand? 'Twill naught avail to say,  
'To many sinners I have shown the way;  
I've cured the sick, I've clothed and fed the poor,  
And to the stranger held an open door.

"I've ministered in prisons, and I've gone  
To many a bereaved and downcast one,  
With words of comfort in their deep distress,  
And always tried to make their sorrow less.

"I've given freely to enrich their store;  
I've done what'er I could, what could I more?"  
Poor, hapless soul, the answer still will be,  
"Depart, depart! ye did it not to Me."

ELLEN STREET.

## FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

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## "SURELY GOD HAS A DESIGN ON ME!"

**I** HAD just taken my seat in a railway carriage beside a gentleman whom I had met in the coffee-room, and had taken out my Bible to look at a passage from which I intended to speak in about two hours after, when my attention was attracted by two gentlemen, in apparently earnest conversation, walking backward and forward beside the train, one of whom seemed to look very specially either to myself or to my fellow-traveller.

When the train was just about to start, the gentleman who had been thus looking opened the door of the carriage and helped the other to come in beside us, bidding him at the same time a very cordial good-bye. He on taking his seat undid his bundle of wraps, and began to wrap himself up very carefully, the night being chill. On seeing this, my friend of the coffee-room remarked, "You seem determined to keep yourself warm;" to which the other replied, in equally good humour, "I am threatened with heart disease, and I must keep myself warm." The tone in which he spoke, combined with his very healthy complexion and apparently robust youth, suggested to me that he might be either labouring under a delusion, or joking about a very serious subject. I therefore ventured to say, "You do not look like one that has heart disease," to which he replied very civilly, "My doctor tells me that I am threatened with heart disease; but," he added, "it does not signify

much, I suppose I shall last all my time." I ventured to reply, "There is no doubt but that you will last all your time here, if it is all right afterwards." On saying this, I handed him my Bible, which was open in my hand, and turning the right end of it to him, I pointed out with my finger the words, "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*" (Mark viii. 36.)

On looking at the verse for a little, he burst out with great emotion in the words at the head of this article, "*Surely God has a design on me!*"

I replied that there was no doubt of that; "for God had a design on every one He brought into this world, and a very special design on each one to whom He had graciously sent His word."

He replied, "But you do not know what I mean," and proceeding, he stated that he had been visited with a very trying domestic bereavement, in the loss of a young and beloved wife; that he had left home partly on business, but chiefly to be away from what would be continually reminding him of his sad loss. "When I came here, I met the gentleman whom you may have seen with me on the platform, and whom I never saw before. He at once took a great interest in me, spoke to me about my soul, prayed with me in his own or in my bedroom in the hotel; he took me with him to church, took me at night to a revival meeting, where several fishermen told how they had been converted from sin to God; and, except during the time when he was at his business (for he is a commercial traveller) he never parted with me. He accompanied me to the train, saw me into this compartment, and now

you have again found me. "*Surely God has a design on me!*"

By this time he was much affected. I said to him that there was no doubt but that the Lord Jesus was speaking to him, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28, 29.) "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." (Rev. iii. 20.) I urged him at the same time, there and then, to receive the Lord Jesus. At this stage the gentleman who sat beside me (also a commercial traveller), and who had till now been silent, said, "If you please, gentlemen, do not speak now about these revival matters; for," said he, "I am rather nervous, and therefore feel uncomfortable in listening to such conversation." To this the other gentleman replied, "My soul is more precious to me than are your nerves, and I feel that this matter demands immediate settlement, and must be settled now."

We then both proceeded with our conversation about the truth; for by this time he had taken a Bible out of his pocket or packages, saying at the same time, "I have been carrying this Book, in which is written my own condemnation." I said that the Bible contained pardon through the blood of the Lamb, as well as condemnation. He seemed to be enabled to see the way of salvation through the acceptance of the Lord Jesus. During a short lull in our conversation our friend broke in again, saying, "Well, gentlemen, you have had your conversation, and I have listened to you quietly; would you object to listen to me for a little?" We said we would not object; upon which he said, "Well, I must confess I have been for years an infidel." I said to him, "Excuse me, but I do not think that you are an infidel; there are very few real infidels," to which he made answer, "I have tried to be so, at any rate." He then gave a short account of his own life, from which it appeared that, though he was an upright, moral man, he had, as he confessed, lived without God in the world.

At last I asked him what these views had done for him, to which he readily replied, with some feeling, "*They have done nothing for me; they can do nothing for me.*"

"What are you then to do now?" I asked him. "I am," said he, "from this time to receive that Saviour of whom you have been speaking, and, by grace, to live for Him."

The statement was so unexpected and so startling that we all seemed for a moment overcome. At

last, as there were none in the compartment but ourselves, I suggested that we should kneel together in prayer, and seek the Holy Spirit to enable us to receive the Lord and consecrate ourselves to Him. My companions readily consented, and on rising from our knees, each professed to have been enabled to receive the Lord. We had now reached the station at which I was to leave the train. In parting with them, my friends very cordially shook hands with me, pressing me at the same time to call on them at their hotel two days after. But this I was not able to do, nor have I ever met them since, nor heard of them.

Dear reader, *God has a design on you.* Are you yielding to Him, and becoming, in His glorious hand, a vessel fitted for glory? or are you marred in the hand of the potter, and becoming a vessel fitted for wrath? (Rom. ix. 22, 23.) "He that believeth on the Son of God is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already." (John iii. 18.)

## MAKE HASTE!

**T**WO important words uttered by the Lord Jesus Christ to an unsaved man. (Luke ix. 5.) Reader, if in the same condition, they apply to you. There is much need for haste. Your position is one of extreme danger. Your life may not have been openly wicked and godless; you may not have run to great excesses in riot and sin; but the bare fact of being unsaved proves that hitherto it has been a life of rebellion against God, a life of opposition to His will, of disobedience to His commands. And think you there is no danger on account of this? that you are not liable to receive the due reward of your deeds? Fearful mistake. The sentence against an evil work may not be executed speedily; but punishment will surely come. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezekiel xviii. 20.) God hath appointed a day, in which He will judge the world in righteousness. (Acts xvii. 31.) If a charge was laid against you, and you were bound to appear before an earthly judge, how anxious you would become. Surely you should be anxious now! Sinner, the law of God is against thee, condemns thee. Be persuaded to condemn thyself. Trifle not with thy soul's eternal interests. Its everlasting destiny may depend on thy decision now. Time is short. Death and judgment are at hand. Awake to thy danger. Haste to escape.

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how you may escape the death  
That never, never dies."

**MAKE HASTE, CHRIST WANTS TO SAVE YOU.**

Appointed to be a Saviour by God, He longs to perform the appointed work. For this He left the bosom of the Father, became man, took sin upon Him, and as the sinner's substitute endured poverty, grief, sorrow, shame, temptation, persecution, and death, even the death of the cross. By that He paid out in full the wages of sin, and met all the claims of God's righteous law against the sinner. In Him is seen the Just One dying for the unjust, the holy for the unholy, the Son of God for the children of wrath. Yes;

"It was for crimes that we had done  
He died upon the tree;  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree."

"I should think," said a little boy in a hospital to a lady who visited him, "that if Jesus came all the way from heaven and died for us, He must want to save us." This is true. Sinner, He *wants* to save you. Whoever you are, whatever your position in life, however far you may have wandered from God, though your sins may have been long continued, inexcusable, outrageous, deep-dyed as scarlet, or red like crimson, yet even now, hasting to Jesus as you are, He will wash you whiter than snow, bury all the fearful past out of sight, wrap around your once guilty soul a robe of divine righteousness, pour into its wretched emptiness the riches of His own infinite fulness, be **HIMSELF ALL** and in **ALL** to you through the intricate journey of life, comfort and sustain you if called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, change your body of humiliation, and fashion it like unto His own glorious body, present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, make you a partaker of that glory, a joint heir with Himself, so that when He enters on His inheritance you shall appear with Him in the Father's house, and have a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

**MAKE HASTE, CHRIST WANTS TO SAVE YOU.**

Try to realize this fact. An Almighty Saviour, with blessings in His hand that cost His life's blood to purchase, waiting for your acceptance. Turn not your back upon such infinite yet tender love; spurn not from you the outstretched hand that bled on Calvary to pay your debt, to procure your

pardon. Commit not eternal suicide by rejecting this heaven-appointed Saviour. Rather put your hand in His, and let Him lead you to the Father. For this He waits, has waited long, is waiting still. **HE WILL NOT ALWAYS WAIT.** "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Soon the scene will be changed, the accepted time be gone, the day of salvation passed, and then there can be nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation that shall devour His adversaries. Oh, sinner, be wise in time, flee for thy life, flee now, ere the Holy Spirit of God leaves thee to thy fate. Haste, ere the pangs of death seize thee, ere the chains of darkness bind thee, ere the wailing of the lost in the great prison-house of hell greet thee. Once there, no hope, no mercy, no salvation, no God, no Saviour, no heaven. Lost, lost, lost; eternally lost.

"In that lone land of deep despair  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.  
Seize the kind promise while you may,  
Accept of Christ without delay,  
Believe, and take the promised rest,  
Obey, and be for ever blest."

G. HEFFORD.

## "BE OF GOOD COMFORT."

MARK x. 49.

SAD and alone, he sits apart!  
Life has no charms for him:  
Never have golden sunbeams pierced  
Those eyelids sealed and dim!  
Blind Bartimeus, do not fear,  
The great Physician's drawing near.

"Jesus, Thou Son of David, help!"  
List to the pleading cry.  
The gath'ring throng re-echo back  
The Mighty One's reply,  
The glorious answer to his plea:  
"Be of good comfort, He calleth thee."

Tremble not then, poor burdened soul,  
Blinded by sin's dark veil;  
The healing balm of sov'reign grace  
New can for thee avail;  
Doubt not His mercy rich and free:  
"Be of good comfort, He calleth thee."

Cast thy garment of works aside;  
Trust to His grace alone:  
Just as thou art, so poor, so blind,  
The Saviour bids thee come.  
Fear not! thy pardon's full and free:  
"Be of good comfort, He calleth thee."

A. F. P.

## “A WARNING.”



REMEMBER holding a series of meetings in the town of H—, and upon one occasion, after a very solemn meeting, stepping off the platform with the object of speaking personally to those leaving the hall about their salvation. Many were spoken to, but the Lord took me to one man in particular. He was a man well known in the town, occupying a good position in life, but utterly heedless of God's salvation. As he was passing me I stopped him, and, as I had done before, urged him to accept the Lord Jesus as his Saviour; but again he refused the offer of mercy and grace, and left me, saying there was plenty of time for him to think about salvation and of God years hence. The meeting closed; all returned to their homes, eternity alone revealing who accepted and who rejected Christ that night. The next morning, as I went for a stroll before breakfast, almost the first man I met who knew me stopped and said, “Oh, sir, do you know Mr. — is dead?”

“Dead!” said I.

“Yes, sir; he died suddenly in the night.”

I replied, “Why he was with us at the gospel-meeting in the Drill Hall last night, and I spoke to him about his soul.”

“Well, sir,” he again replied, “he is no more; he has passed from time into eternity.”

What a solemn, solemn lesson this teaches us! Here was a man, a sinner, a rejecter of Christ's salvation, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, without Christ, without hope, ushered into the unseen world which lies beyond the grave—lost, lost to all eternity! Such, beloved reader, would be your position if God should take you hence, if still unsaved; but God in His infinite mercy has spared you until this time. The devil perhaps is blinding your eyes as to the uncertainty of life, and telling you that there is “time enough yet.” How long will men be led by that arch-deceiver? How long will men give God the lie, and believe what Satan says, in contradiction to Him whose word is truth, who says, “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation”! (2 Cor. vi. 2.) God's time is now; His day of salvation is now. “To-day, if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts;” but so it is. Men are cut down upon the right hand and upon the left, but these things do not warn us; these things do speak, but

you will not hear the voice of God speaking to you, urging you to “flee from the wrath to come.” Oh, what madness, what folly, to go on day by day, year by year, without accepting God's rich provision of mercy and peace! You may be striving to make peace with God in your own way, but God has said that peace is already made.

I remember once hearing of a sick man who was nigh unto death being visited by one, who, when speaking to him as he saw the sick man was verging on to the grave, recommended him to make his peace with his God. “Ah,” replied the sick man as he uplifted his eyes, “my peace is already made, made not by me, but by God Himself through the blood of the cross of the Lord Jesus.”

Dear reader, we do not tell you to make your peace with God, for we know that you cannot do, but ask you to accept Christ as God's atonement and satisfaction for your sin as the one who has made your peace with God. You may say, “What, nothing for me to do?” No, not one thing.

“Nothing either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus did it, did it all  
Long, long ago.”

He did it all, He paid it all, and wants you to believe that Christ is a sufficient sacrifice for sin.

There is just one other solemn word which God has given us, that “whosoever was not found written in the Lamb's book of life was cast into the lake of fire.” (Rev. xx. 15.)

Now ask yourself this question, “Will my name be found written there?” Ah, friend, no, unless you have accepted the provision of God's love towards you, except you have come to Him as the lost and guilty sinner, and accepted the salvation He provides through the atoning work of our Lord Jesus Christ. He loves you; He waits for you to be reconciled to Himself; to come to Him as the lost and guilty sinner for whom Christ died. He that cometh unto Him He will in no wise cast out. Believe Him, trust Him; for “he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.” (John iii. 36.)

“If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins” (John viii. 24); and “the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” (Rom. vi. 23.)

W. W. W.

## WITHOUT STRENGTH—SINNERS—ENEMIES.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY F. C. SPURGE.

ROMANS V. 6-10.



WE have brought before us in these few verses, unsaved people in three aspects; first,

### WITHOUT STRENGTH.

And note that *we* who believe were once without strength; but by God's almighty power, and marvellous grace we have been united to Him who is all strength, and from whom we derive our power. There are but two classes of people in the world, *wood* and *unsaved*; both indeed sinners, but one class are *pardoned* sinners, and the other *unpardoned* sinners. And these two classes we find everywhere; there is no middle class, no getting away from this truth, *we are* at the present moment belonging to one class or the other.

Then notice here first, unsaved people are *without strength*, they are totally helpless, with not an atom of power to move—just as the man who walks the streets supporting himself on crutches, and thereby acknowledging his dependence on something outside himself. The man or woman who is outside Christ is helpless, weak, and totally incapable of moving one step towards heaven.

Look around you to-day, and you will find this truth everywhere practically denied. You will see people with Bibles under their arms wending their way to church, chapel, or the mission room, and fondly expecting that by constant attendance to devotions, the way to heaven will be paved for them readily to ascend. What mean the crosses, the early communion services, the confessional, and a hundred other things? They are crutches, with the stamp of hell upon them, and if leaned upon will surely give way.

The man who fell among thieves was helpless and incapable of moving. A Levite and a priest on the "other side" could not help him, and the good Samaritan had to come "*where he was*." It is a good thing to *admit* one's weakness; it is a step in the right direction. While in this state of weakness and imbecility One came to our help who indeed could *only* help us. "Christ died for the ungodly." If I were to ask nine out of ten people, Who were ungodly? the answer would be, "Blasphemers, drunkards, liars, swearers, and the like." And this is the popular idea, but it means

more than this. To dissect the word, it means ungodlike: not like God. Now, my friend, are you "like God" perfectly? Are you without sin, and absolutely pure? Have you never done anything to unfit you for heaven? You would shudder to affirm such things, and this means that *you* are ungodly, because ungodlike. Ah, dear sinner, God has written across your brow the word "sinner," and use what arguments you may, there the startling fact remains. Don't attempt to cloak it, tear off its mask and face it; it *must* be faced one day, and you may face it and have it settled to-day—a day of grace. Precious words these, "Christ died for the ungodly." There, guilty soul, will you not consider this? For one who cannot help himself is this precious truth—for *you*.

### SINNERS.

Verse 8. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinner*s, Christ died for us."

We have already partly anticipated this, but this brings us on a step further. "*Without strength*," on account of sin, inbred if you please, and "*sinner*s" by actual wilful transgression of the law. Doing what we know to be wrong, breaking the moral law, flying in the face of all right and good, defying the heavenly "powers that be." We have done all this *and more*, and yet "while we were yet *sinner*s Christ died for us." This is God's love. Did you ever think of God's love, and how he manifested it? Without a single word, Christ stands as the *proof* of God's love, and triumphantly shows the nail marks and spear mark. What cannot *love* do? It can penetrate where the thunders of Sinai fail. There is a fable told about the wind and the sun. They agreed to try and make a traveller unbutton his coat. The wind tried first, and commenced to blow violently; but the keener it blew the more the traveller drew his garment around him. Finding it could not gain its end, the wind gave place to the sun, who commenced to shine on the traveller. There was no wind, no bustle, only the piercing yet silent rays of the sun. Soon the traveller unbuttoned his coat with the heat. The sun with his gentleness performed what the wind with its fierce blowing could not do. And so the love of God melts our hearts. It is almost incredible that God can love *us*, we who least deserve it, yet He does. Give Him praise for it. Ah, sinners! ye who are labouring under the

heavy load of a life's sins, come to our Lord Jesus Christ and He will give you rest; there is no rest apart from Him. There are but two things that you can do with Christ, either *accept* Him or *reject* Him. That is very plain to anyone who can think at all, but strange to say there are a class of people who admit they are not on God's side, yet if you were to charge them with being *against* Him, they would shudder, and say they were not. If you, dear friend, are not entirely on the Lord's side, *you are most certainly against Him*. "He that is not *with* me is *against* me." Are you against Christ?

To look again for a minute at this word "sinner." Every person in the world is a sinner, and will be until the day of their death; but there is a wide difference between sinners. By God's grace hundreds of sinners can write down—

"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

They can say they are *pardoned* sinners. I ask the reader of this paper, Can you sign *your* name among the list of *pardoned* sinners? And then again, many can only ascribe their names to the list of *unpardoned* sinners. Is *your* name there? If unpardoned you are in a dreadful condition. Your eyes are closed to the glorious truths revealed to us in the book of God. You are swiftly wending your way towards the lake of fire—surely, silently being carried on the river of time towards the great ocean of eternity; and when once there, without Christ at the helm, your little frail bark shall be shattered to atoms. If unpardoned, thou art going to hell, and *FAST ASLEEP*. You need no effort to be lost. Keep on as you are now doing, and you will surely perish. Oh, sinner, *AWAKE, AWAKE!* Hell is before thee; and thou mayest be in it before thou art aware. I have read of a certain young man who, one fine summer's day, mounted the parapet of a bridge, and lay down thereon to rest. Beneath him flowed the river; only a faint murmur arose from it. What with the sultry day and his own weariness, the young man soon fell asleep. A commercial traveller passing over the bridge saw his danger, and awoke him; but the reply he got was, "Let me alone; it's pleasant here." In about half an hour's time the traveller had occasion to pass that way again, and entering upon the bridge the first thing that met his eye was a plank containing a body borne by two fishermen. Suspecting what had happened, he lifted the covering from the face

of the body, and there was revealed to him the rigid corpse of the very young man he had warned less than an hour ago. Unsaved one, that is just your condition, and if you are not aroused from that torpor into which you have fallen, your end shall be destruction. It is an easy thing to sleep right into hell.

#### ENEMIES.

All sin is enmity against God, and sinners are God's enemies. Note the verse (10): "For when *we* were enemies." It was not God that was the enemy, but *we* were sinners. A number of people imagine God to be hostile to them, but this cannot be; for He has proved His *love* in the gift of Christ. "*While we were enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son." Don't look upon atonement as a *future* thing; it is a *past* transaction. Christ *has* suffered, and will never suffer again. Do you wish to be reconciled to God? Then all that is to be done is on *your* part, and that is to trust Christ. God *has* done His part, and waits to receive you. Sum up these three thoughts: *Without strength; sinners; enemies*—that is your side. Then look at God's side: Christ died; God's love; reconciled to God. This is salvation. Will *you* have it? God grant that you may receive Christ as your Saviour for His name's sake.

#### THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THE blood has always precious been,  
'Tis precious now to me;  
Through it alone my soul has rest,  
From fear and doubt set free.

Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide,  
Which from my Saviour flowed!  
And still in heaven my song shall be,  
"The precious, precious blood!"

"I will remember now no more,"  
God's faithful word has said,  
"The follies and the sins of him  
For whom my Son has bled."

Not all my well-remembered sins  
Can startle or dismay:  
That precious blood atones for all,  
And bears my guilt away.

Perhaps this feeble frame of mine  
Will soon in sickness lie;  
Then, resting on that "PRECIOUS BLOOD,"  
I'll shout for victory.



# The Watchman's Message.



WORSHIPPING THE GOLDEN CALF.

## THE GOLDEN CALF.

**O**UR picture is a reminder of what is in the heart of man, and confirms the truth of the words, that "God is not in all his thoughts."

God had been very gracious to Israel; He had heard their groans as they served under the cruel taskmasters, and had seen the oppression and tyranny they were subjected to, while in Egyptian bondage, and with a "high arm brought He them out." He allowed them to see His power as plague after plague visited the country around them, and caused darkness to their enemies while they had light in their dwellings, until Pharaoh let them out free. And again, God allowed them to see their enemies drowned in the very waters He

had brought them safely through, and then He led them day by day with a pillar of cloud and every night with a pillar of fire.

But they forgot—it is the same sad excuse we are hearing every day—*they* forgot what He, the Lord Jehovah, had done for them in the past, and were looking to Moses instead of looking to the Lord; and so when Moses was up in the mount with God they were fearing he would not come back. Was not the Lord the same? It reminds us of the question they asked when Moses was dead, "Who will fight for us now?"

And so they bade Aaron make them a god that their *eyes could see*, and giving their earrings, he made them into the form of a calf, and said, "These be thy gods, O Israel."

We cannot understand how a man who had stood before Pharaoh a short time previous, and warned him of judgment to come, could now look at a golden image and say, "These be thy gods." Stop! we must not say we have never heard anything like it; for we have but to look around and see idol-worship taking the place of worshipping God in spirit and in truth. Some are contented with a cross without the Christ who hung upon it, while others would believe in Jesus if it were not for the cross.

"What is an idol?" I asked of someone the other day.

"An idol is that which takes the place of God," was the reply.

"Just so; then is there *anything* or *anybody* taking *God's place* in your heart?" Some are so occupied with seeking wealth, or pleasure, or fame, or a great name, or something of that sort, that they have not time to *think* about God, or Christ, or eternity; but, solemn thought, they will have *time to think* when in hell they remember their lifetime. Their idols will be left behind, and what good will their great name, or their money, or fame, be to them then? There are others make idols of friends; they will not give up an unconverted companion, or they prefer the friendship of the world, which is enmity with God; and the gay and worldly acquaintances have a place in the heart, and Jesus has to be kept outside knocking—

"Yes, that pierced hand still knocketh."

Will you let Him in? Is there any room for Him? But you may say, "I cannot give up this and the other." Perhaps not; we ask you to make room for Jesus. Cannot you say—

"Break down *every idol*,  
Cast out every foe;  
Now wash me, and I  
Shall be whiter than snow?"

The calf looked very pretty as it glittered in the sun, and perhaps the people might not have had the heart to smash it to pieces. But Moses had seen the glory of the Lord, and he could see no beauty in that image. So, dear reader, if you take but one look at Jesus by faith you will be bound to say, "He is the altogether lovely one, the chiefest among ten thousand," and then you won't care to go back to idols. The Thessalonians turned to God from idols, and served the Lord Jesus. The Ephesians brought their books, which were

their idols, and burnt them publicly to the amount of over £6,000. And, dear reader, if you want Christ, just let Him in, and the idols of your heart will soon vanish, as the early dew in the sun. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved"—*saved!* Why not believe in Jesus, and rest thy soul on the word of the living God. If you follow the devices of Satan, or the dictates of your own evil heart, *you will* find yourself lost; but if you believe in your heart that Jesus died *for you*, and rose again *for you*, then God's word declares you *ARE* saved. D.

## "LOOK THROUGH MY TELESCOPE!"

A WORD TO PROFESSORS.

"**L**OOK through my telescope! look through my telescope! and wonderful sights you shall see! Ah, the coast opposite as plain as day, the cliffs and lighthouses, the high rocks with the waves breaking at their base, the very flags waving on the castle walls, plain as day! plain as day! Only look through my telescope!" Such were the words that rang in my ears as I sat by a window looking out over the public promenade at Folkestone, and saw dimly in the distance the high land above Boulogne and Calais. Glancing out to get a view of the speaker, I suddenly discovered he was a blind man led by a little dog, and had most probably never tested the capabilities of his telescope, or seen the varied view he so eloquently described. The sight set me thinking. Dear professing Christians, I thought, Are we any of us offering telescopes to others that we have never used ourselves, describing scenes of glory and grandeur on which our eyes have never rested? You may be Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, and able to talk eloquently about the love of Jesus and the sacrifice on Calvary, but have your own eyes looked back there and gratefully, thankfully, recognized *your sins* in His burthen? You can speak of heaven to the mourning mother, and tell her how glorious *is* the home to which the Lord has taken her little one; but have you with the eye of faith beheld *your own* inheritance there, signed and sealed for you eternally, purchased by the blood of the Son of God? Oh, let us never talk fluently to others of peace, redemption, pardon, and everlasting bliss, till our eyes have thankfully beheld the sight and rejoiced in the free salvation of our God, His gift to guilty sinners!

H. M. C.

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SOME months since I was travelling on a railway passing through London, and at one of the stations there came into the compartment of the carriage where I was sitting a person whose dress bore evident marks of his being a Roman Catholic. I lifted my heart to God to make a way for conversation with him. At the next station the air was very oppressive; I noticed it to my fellow-passenger by way of introduction. He responded by asking if the train went to Stratford. Knowing that it did not, I referred him to one of the officials; but he again appealed to me if the train went to Bishopsgate; to which I said "Yes." I then asked him if he were going to Stratford, he answering in the affirmative, with the enquiry, "Where are you going?" I answered him, "To heaven," with the enquiry, "Shall I see you there?" Sharply turning to face me, he enquired, "Are you a Catholic?" I answered, "I am a Christian." Again he asked, "Are you a Catholic?" Again I replied, "I am a Christian," with the rejoinder, "Are not you one?" With this he was silent. Observing an expression of fear on his countenance, on account of his companion, I put my mouth to his ear, and said, softly and slowly, "What makes me so sure of it is this one fact, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, therefore everything He said and did was perfect—the death that He died on the cross was a perfect death for me, a great sinner; He is a perfect Saviour, and I am a lost sinner, and we have met one with the other." "Now," I further said, "Are you willing to take this ground?" Finding his attention arrested, I further said, "Sir, be not offended with me; it may be God has sent me into the train to-day for the salvation of your precious soul." Knowing the prejudice of the poor human mind, I said, "When you reach home, take down your Douay Bible from the shelf, and read John v. 24, Hebrews ix. 26, x. 1-20; and remember it is God who is speaking. Again I begged of him to consider these Scriptures, and left the carriage with his many thanks.

And now let me turn to you, fellow-traveller, and ask your destiny. I do not ask you, Do you profess Christianity, or a heathen religion? I do not ask you whether you have been christened, or outwardly embraced a particular creed? but, Are you a Christian? Are you a member of that body of which that precious Christ of God is the head? Have you

been born again, born from above? That divine life which is constantly streaming down from the throne of God, has it found an entrance into your heart? Have you been brought into the light, and there discovered to be, with all your pretensions of goodness or morality, unclean, vile, and undone? If so, thank God from your inmost soul. It is the graciousness of His ways to the poor, and needy, and lost ones, such as we all are by nature and practice before we are gathered by His loving powerful heart and arm.

Oh, think of that all-important question in John ix. 35, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Yes, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Dost thou believe, from thy inmost soul, all that the living God has spoken concerning Him—what He has done, what He is doing, and what He presently will do?

The writer and reader will ere long stand before Him. Despise not the day of thy visitation. Many are falling around us; some saved, and others unsaved and lost for eternity.

Remember that Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and He it is who is coming again to judge the world in righteousness. C. W. E.

## THE GOSPEL'S JOYFUL SOUND.

"There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all."  
1 TIMOTHY II. 5, 6.

HARK to the gospel's joyful sound!

Poor sinner, 'tis for thee;  
For God has now a ransom found,  
And thou may'st now be free.

"Go," said the risen Son of God,  
"On all the nations call;  
To know redemption's through My blood,  
Salvation free for all!

"Go, tell the world that God is love,  
In love He gave His Son;  
Who came from His bright home above,  
And all God's will hath done.

"He bore the weight of human guilt,  
He paid man's heavy debt,  
Or all in vain His blood was spilt,  
Unless God's claims were met.

"But God has raised Him from the dead,  
And glorified His Son!  
'Twas not in vain that Jesus bled;  
The will of God is done."

R. C.

# CHRIST AS **A THE MY** SAVIOUR.

**A—THE—MY.**

Three words, all short, but each implying different meanings and having a vastly different result.

**A**  
**SAVIOUR,**

but not mine.  
Not for me.  
For some one else.  
Whose I know not.

**THE**  
**SAVIOUR,**

**THE** is the definite article.  
that is, the only One, not any other.  
No other helper or refuge.  
The world can see there is the only One.

**MY**  
**SAVIOUR,**

**MY** is a personal pronoun.  
I have a personal property in Him.  
An appropriation of the only One for myself.

CHRIST as **A THE MY**

**SAVIOUR** shows the need.  
shows there is but One.  
shows He is mine.

## A QUESTION WORTH CONSIDERING.

**I** SHOULD like to ask a question of you if you won't be angry." Such were the words spoken by a Christian carrier to a gentleman in a town in Scotland. The gentleman had been a successful manufacturer, but was not, in the Bible sense, a Christian. Though a member of a church, regularly attending the services, strict and upright in business, esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends, there was one thing still lacking—there was a craving after an "indescribable something." In his heart there was an "aching void" that had not been filled by all that earth could give.

In early years he had been the subject of deep religious impressions. Three times he had nearly lost his life "by accident," as people say, and once by a severe attack of inflammation. On the first-mentioned occasions he felt that God was speaking to him; but on the latter, though given up by the physicians, he was perfectly careless and callous. When about twenty years of age, like other decent, respectable people, he joined the Church. On presenting himself for admission into its membership, he was only asked two questions. These were answered by the minister himself, who then said, "I need not ask any more questions; you have been well brought up." For eighteen or nineteen years he had been a member of the Church and a Sunday-school teacher. He was actually chosen for the eldership of the Free Church of Scotland, and was *pressed* by the minister to accept office, but refused because he was unconverted. The carrier already mentioned had been brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and with a heart burning with love to souls he endeavoured

"To tell to all around  
What a dear Saviour he had found."

Being saved from an eternal hell, he was eagerly anxious that others should be sharers of his joy. His heart went out toward this gentleman. He longed to see him saved. As he thought on the value of this soul, and on the immense influence he might exert on others for eternity if he were brought to know Christ as his Saviour, he resolved he would seek a favourable opportunity, and deal with him faithfully.

Seising what he considered a suitable moment, he approached him, and said, "I should like to ask a question of you if you won't be angry." "Well,

what is it?" was the reply. "But will you not be angry?" "Certainly not; out with it." "I wish to ask, Is your soul saved?" "Oh, I thought it would be something of that sort! *I hope so.*" Seeing that the gentleman did not care to pursue the subject, the carrier shook his head and said, "That won't do; a mere vague *hope* is not enough. We must *know* we are saved."

The Holy Spirit carried the question home to this gentleman's conscience. He could not get rid of it. "Is your soul saved?" rang in his ears. He had given the question very little serious consideration. Now he endeavoured honestly to face it—"Is my soul saved?" As he thought on the *past* and looked forward to the *future* his spirit sank within him. He knew that again and again he had sinned against God, had broken His laws, and had trampled His commands under his feet. God had declared, and he was familiar with the passages, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all things* which are written in the book of the law." (Gal. iii. 10.) "The soul that *sinneth*, it shall die." (Ezek. xviii. 20.)

Right well did he know that he had "sinned," and had not "continued in all things" written in the law of God. He had not loved God with "*all* his heart, soul, strength, and mind." He had lived in open rebellion against the One in whom he "lived, moved, and had his being." He now saw that his life had been a life of continuous sin against a loving and sin-hating God, and that day by day he had been sinning against Him "in thought, word, and deed." He now perceived it mattered not what *he* thought of himself, or what *others* thought. The question was, "How am I viewed in the presence of *Him* who is the '*heart-searcher*'?" His true state and condition were revealed to Him by the Holy Spirit, and he came to the same conclusion as Isaiah of old, that he was "undone" and "unclean." (Isa. vi.) He discovered that he was not only a "sinner, but a *lost, ruined, and condemned* sinner. Scripture had declared that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.) He knew he had never been "born again," and that therefore if he were to die as he was, there was not the slightest possibility of his being saved. Dismay took possession of his soul. He could think of nothing else. He sought out the one who had been used by God in awakening him, told him that he now knew that he was lost, and eagerly asked the all-important question, "What must I do to be

saved?" He was directed to the word of God, and shows that salvation was not to be obtained by "prayers," "good works," or "religious observances." It was a "gift" (Rom. vi. 23), and was to be obtained "without money and without price." From numerous passages of God's word he was shown that sinners were saved through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "*Not of works, lest any man should boast.*" (Eph. ii. 9.) "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts xvi. 31.) "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*" (John iii. 36.) "*By Him all that believe are justified from all things.*" (Acts xiii. 39.)

Not knowing the simplicity of faith, he turned it into a *work*, and "tried hard" to believe. At one time he thought he did believe, at another time that he did not. He therefore became occupied with the *act* of believing instead of the *object*—Christ. He thought that men were saved *for* their believing instead of *through* their believing.

"There is life in a look at the crucified One;" not "for a look," as is sometimes stated. Again and again he *looked into his heart*, vainly seeking to find comfort *there*. For several weeks he continued in this condition, looking to his "believing" and "feelings" instead of looking to Jesus Christ, and resting on the work finished by Him eighteen hundred years ago. Hearing of a Christian residing in Edinburgh, who had been much used of God in pointing "inquirers" to Christ, he resolved to pay him a visit, and have a conversation with him. This brother in speaking to him discovered that he was putting his *faith in the place of Christ*, and making a Saviour of it. He therefore endeavoured to get his mind away from his "believing" to think on what "knowing God" could mean. He was shown that it was "life eternal" to "know God." "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3.) He could not, however, get hold of "the truth" that sets the sinner free. Leaving Edinburgh he journeyed home by rail. While seated in the railway carriage, he said to himself, "Do I not 'know God and Jesus Christ'? I always thought I did, and yet I have not Christ." A voice seemed to say to him, "No; you never 'knew' God. Your thoughts about Him have been all wrong. God loves you. He has always loved you. He has *so loved you* as to give up His only-begotten and well-beloved Son Jesus Christ to suffer and die for you." The truth burst upon his soul. He

discovered God's wondrous and gracious plan of redemption. He saw that he had been *believing in his own believing*, instead of in Jesus Christ who had died in his stead, and borne away his sin. Joy and peace took possession of his heart, and since then, as opportunity has offered itself, he has rejoiced in the precious privilege he enjoys of telling

"The old, old, story,  
Of Jesus and His love."

Reader, I should like to ask a question of you if you would not be angry. Is your soul saved? Do you say, "No one can answer that question"? You are wrong, friend. There are, thank God, thousands who *know* that their souls are saved, and their sins forgiven. *Once* they did not know this; *now* they do; and not only know, but prove it by manifesting in their lives those works which *always* follow faith in Christ Jesus. *Once* they were dead—"dead in trespasses and in sins;" but *now* they are alive—"alive in Christ Jesus," and live unto God. *Once* they were "blind;" but now they "see," and show forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. "Is your soul saved?" Do you say, "I think it presumption in any one to say he is saved till the day of judgment"? But if *God says you may be sure*, and tells you *how* you may be *sure*, would you call it "presumption" to believe His word? What does He say? "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; *that ye may know that ye have eternal life.*" (1 John v. 13.) The *purpose* for which the apostle John wrote certain parts of his epistle was, that those who believed in Christ might *know* that they had eternal life—that their souls were saved.

Instead, therefore, of it being "presumption" in a poor, weak sinner to believe the word of God, it is the greatest sin he can be guilty of to doubt or disbelieve it. Who told you that no one could know his soul was saved "till the day of judgment"? Will the rich man who, when he died (see Luke xvi.), "lifted up his eyes in hell," not know "till the day of judgment" whether he is saved or lost? Will the thief to whom Jesus said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43), will he not know "till the day of judgment" whether he is to be cast into hell, or to dwell with Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him?

"Is your soul saved?" Do you say, "I hope it *will* be saved"? Then you admit that it is *not yet* saved. If this be the case, you are *at this very*

moment a "lost" sinner. You say that you "hope" your soul "will be" saved. If you are not a saved sinner, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," you are *even now* a condemned criminal. *Unsaved* friend, you are in a most terrible position and condition now.

"How am I to be saved?" *Not* by works or religious observances. "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." (Job xxii. 21.) *Not* "work," "wait," "pray," "weep," "feel," but "be acquainted"—"know" Him. "This is life eternal to know God." No one therefore *knows* God who is unsaved.

Unsaved friend, get acquainted with God, and peace will fill your heart. Do not, however, be satisfied with a *onesided* or *superficial* view of His character. He is *holy*. "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty." He is the "God of holiness." He cannot look upon sin but with abhorrence. He is *just* as well as holy; and though "long-suffering and slow to anger," He "will by no means clear the guilty." *He never could be merciful at the expense of His justice.*

In His word He has declared that "*all* have sinned." (Rom. iii. 23.) The law must be honoured; justice must be satisfied. What then is to become of sinners? We have all broken the law, and the "wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.) *How then can anyone be saved?* God is *love* as well as *holy* and *just*. He is inflexibly righteous, because He is love; He loves the world of sinners deeply. *Must all eternally perish?* Is there no way of escape? Praise be to His holy name, "God has devised a means." (2 Sam. xiv. 14.) He has found a way by which He can be "just and the justifier" of ungodly sinners. A voice is heard from the throne of God: "Deliver him from going down to the pit." (Job xxxiii. 24.) Justice asks, "On what ground?" "*I have found a ransom.*" What was that ransom-price which was paid for the redemption of sinners? "God so loved the world, that He *gave his only-begotten Son*." (John iii. 16.) Jesus so loved the world that He voluntarily "gave Himself a ransom for all." (1 Tim. ii. 6.) At the cross of Calvary "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxv. 10.) In the cross we see Him revealed to the world as a "just God and a Saviour." (Isa. xlv. 21.) Sinner, the ransom-price has been paid.

"Jesus paid it all—

All that once was due;

And nothing either great or small

Remains for you to do."

The ransom has been accepted. "The Lord is well pleased." (Isa. xlii. 21.) The good news is proclaimed to you; the prison doors are open. Enter then into life and liberty, through a "knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.) "Be ye reconciled to God; for He hath made Him to be sin for us." (2 Cor. v. 21.) He, the precious, spotless One, who knew no sin, and did no sin, "was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Oh, believe Him! "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." (John vi. 47.)

"'Tis eternal life to know Him;


Oh, how He loves!

Think, oh think *how much* we owe Him!

Oh, how He loves."

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." (Job xxii. 21.) A. M.

## THE HYSSOP AND THE BLOOD.

" WE have believed that all our lives; but we do not know that we are saved, nor can we feel that our sins are forgiven."

Such was the remark recently made by a man of middle age, who with his wife was present at a gospel service. There are tens of thousands in the present day who know the way of salvation, and yet they are not saved. They would not for one moment deny that the blood of the Lord Jesus cleanses from sin; but they do not feel that God has for Christ's sake blotted out their transgressions. They believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son, who was crucified, who died and was buried, but for all that they are not saved. They fully own that they are sinners in common with others, and they as fully admit that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; but, again, they are not saved. They know perfectly well that salvation is by faith alone, and that it is by the blood of the Lamb that security from coming judgment can be obtained, nevertheless they are unsheltered and insecure. In this condition of soul and frame of mind they drift on, month after month and year after year, sometimes listlessly, sometimes aroused by anxiety, and never truly happy.

Now the word of God tells us again and again, in passages with which we have been familiar from childhood, of the absolute and perfect security that is the inalienable portion of every believer. The Scriptures clearly define the ground on which God can be just, and yet a *Justifier*. Standing upon

that ground, the believer may triumphantly exclaim: "I know that I have passed from death unto life!" "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Precious words! None the less precious because we are so familiar with them. What is the great motive cause? The love of God. What is the proof? The gift of His Son. What is the condition? Belief in Him. What is the effect? Everlasting life. If this be not the glorious result, it is obvious that the terms have not been complied with. God does not ask nor require a cold intellectual assent to the truth of the gospel. True belief controls the heart, and sets in motion all the activities of faith. If there be compliance with the requirements of a holy God, the peace which He alone can impart will assuredly follow. If the knowledge of eternal life as a present possession and a consciousness of sins forgiven be absent, there can be no peace in the soul nor rest of heart.

When the destroying angel passed over the land of Egypt on that memorable night of judgment, those who had acted in the obedience of faith were sheltered beneath the blood. Jehovah had pointed out the way of safety and deliverance. The Israelite, awakened to a sense of danger, gladly availed himself of the provision. How careful He must have been that every direction given should be strictly complied with. The lamb, the basin, the lintel and side-posts of the door, would all be thought of, and the bunch of hyssop would surely not have been forgotten. It was with hyssop that the application of the blood was made. It was a lowly shrub, emblematic of contrition and humiliation. This teaching is too often overlooked. In a spirit of self-judgment and self-condemnation the blood was to be applied. He who condemns himself justifies God. How many thousands there are who hear the gospel, and in a sense believe it, but who do not obey it. They do not make it a practical and personal matter as between their own souls and God. They do not cry to Him for salvation, in the spirit of which the bunch of hyssop is so significant. They believe with the head. There is no believing with the heart, and no confession with the mouth. This is what God requires for salvation, and yet they hope to be saved. Nothing definite takes place, and therefore there is no blessing, no forgiveness, no peace, no salvation.

It is a solemn thought, that he who hears the

gospel, and assents to the truth of it, but neglects to obey it, will certainly say "Amen" to his own condemnation. In the midnight hour of judgment it will be too late. The precious moments of the gospel, supper-time of grace, will soon be past. Dear reader,

"Step on to the promise,  
Get under the blood."

W. H. F. C.

"IT IS A TERRIBLE THING THAT  
I WAS EVER BORN."

**T**RAVELLING through the country parts of Ireland I observed that poor car drivers were in as much danger of being shot as the land agent, and it would be as well if they were prepared, as we don't know the moment we may be sent into the presence of God.

The man I addressed was an Irish "character," full of wit and intelligence, and evidently set himself to draw me out, so I let him lead the conversation.

"I suppose, sir, you do not think the priest would be any help to a man in his dying hour?"

"In what way?" I asked.

"To get rid of his sins."

"Surely he would," I answered, "if he would be good enough to pay the penalty for me, and if God, who made the law, would be satisfied; but if he did not do that, I should have to account for my sins to God."

To this I got no reply.

"Do you know you were under the sentence of death the moment you were born?"

To which he merely gave a side look, as if expecting to hear something more foolish from me.

"Do you ever sin?"

"Well, I do; but there are many as bad as me."

I asked, "Are all your sins forgiven by the great Judge?"

To which he replied, softened, "I can't say they are at present."

"That being the case, I see that not only you are under the sentence of death, but you are serving a bad master, who will leave you to pay your own hard-earned wages."

We went on for some time silent, and the man said abruptly—

"Who is that bad master you are talking of? You are a stranger in these parts."

"Yes, I was never here before; but I know too



much of your master, as I served him for a long time, and a bad master he was, and he is doing all he can to get me back; and only for a kind friend I have he would coax me back."

This amused the man exceedingly. I led on the subject, and said—

"You think me an odd man."

"Troth I do; as quare a fish as I ever drove."

"Well, I admit I am not as I used to be. I was exactly like you one time, and doing the same things you are doing, and going to the same place you are going, all the time I was serving your master."

A muttered utterance, in which the word "lunatic" sounded distinctly.

"Do you know anything of the Labourers' League?" I asked.

"To be sure I do; and the League have fixed on the wages we are to get."

"I heard that; and is it not odd that the Government has already fixed on the exact wages you are to pay for serving your master?"

"I am to pay?" he said.

"Yes; for your master, my old one, never pays himself; but every one who serves him must pay them himself."

I suppose he considered me too far gone in lunacy to be worthy of a reply. After a time I asked him, "Where will sinners go to when they leave this world?"

At once he replied, "To hell."

"I think you said you were a sinner."

"Yes, I am; but I am not going there."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Well, have not I as good a chance as any one else?"

I said, "Yes, just the same; for the sentence of death was passed on you the moment you came into this world."

This was going too far, and the man lost temper; and I led on, and said, "Did you ever hear of a book called the Bible?"

And he answered, "Sure I am not a hathen."

"Is it not the word of God?"

He admitted, it was.

"Do you know that in that book the law is laid down that the sentence of death was passed on you, and the wages you are to pay for serving your master?"

"Tell me, who is *that* master?" said he.

"Don't you know him whom you are serving? Do you think you are serving the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God?"

He took off his hat and said, "God help me, I am not."

"Well then," said I, "you are serving the devil; and God in the Bible, the law which is stronger than the League, has laid down that the wages you earn is death, and it must be paid; and one thing, we all know that God never changes his law. So if you are a sinner, it is only a question of time when you must stand before the Judge and pay what you earn, as well as what the sins of Adam brought on you."

The poor man said, "God help me; it is a terrible thing to be born."

"Don't say that," said I. "Would you not like to bring honour and praise to God on the judgment-day, and for ever afterwards? Have you a Bible?" I asked.

"No, sir; none of us ignorant people have."

"Can't you read?" said I.

"Oh, yes!" he said.

"Did you read the Land League Proclamation?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you understand it?"

"Surely I did."

"Did you ever hear the proclamation that God has written in His book? 'By one man's disobedience sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so that death passed upon all; for that all have sinned.' And as to the wages you are to pay, the book says, 'The wages of sin is death.' Did you ever hear that before?"

He replied, "Indeed, I did, but not that way."

"May be you also heard of the proclamation God gave by His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, when He was on earth."

On mentioning the name, he took off his hat, and said, "What was it, sir?"

I repeated slowly, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Reverently he said, "I often heard that."

"Is it true then?" I asked.

He replied, "Sure, it is the word of God."

"So it is true then? So then God loves the world?"

No response.

"Does He love you?"

No response.

"For whom did the Lord Jesus Christ die?"

"For the whole world," he said slowly.

"Did He die for you?"

"I suppose He did," he hesitatingly answered.

"Why did He die for you?"

"I do not well know," he said.

To which I replied, "You have forgotten what was in the proclamation," and I repeated it again, and said, "Do you not see that it is that you should not perish, but have everlasting life? You know the sentence of death was on you."

"I deny that," said he.

"Don't be angry with me; I will stop talking if you like. I will read the sentence out of the Bible, and it is very likely you have often heard it read in the Church: 'By one man's disobedience sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and death passed upon men; for all have sinned.' That is, the law, the sentence, is passed against you, my poor man; and the question is, How can you escape? or can you escape at all? can you? How will you pay the wages?"

We came to a hill; he got off the car, and said, "I wish you would let me alone."

I replied, "I will say no more unless you like."

After a time he asked me, "Don't you think the priest will give me absolution?"

"Do you mean, pay the wages for you? The wages of sin is death, so the law says. Do you know the judge on the bench has no power outside the law? He could not sentence you to be hanged for stealing; that is a case of imprisonment. But if it was the law that you should die and go to hell for it; he would, if you were found guilty, put on the black cap, and sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and direct your body to be buried in the gaol, and any other sentence would go for nothing. If the judge found you guilty, and the crier of the court or the judge's registrar said, 'I proclaim free pardon,' would that set you free?"

"I see, sir," he said, "it would not."

The man stopped, and said, "What on earth are we to do?"

My reply was again, "Hear God's proclamation. You see that God loves you. The wages must be paid; and He actually sent His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die instead of you, did not He? Did not He do so? did not the Son of God die for you and me and all the world?"

After many times repeating the question, at last he said, "Well, He surely did."

"That, my friend, is what makes me happy, and keeps me from being afraid of those people who might send you and me into the presence of God in a moment; for I know the wages I owed are all paid by the holy Son of God dying in my stead. Did He die for you? Well, He did; very true, He

did die for you; and I suppose you believe the nature of the proclamation?" and I repeated it again; "and you know you have everlasting eternal life, and you are sure of going to heaven?"

"O God, help me; I wish I was!"

"Take care," said I; "don't let God hear you calling Him a liar. If you do not believe the proclamation, you call God a liar. See, there is £1,000 for you if you give information about the Dublin murders; and if you did, and when you went to claim the money, do you think you would get it? Would you not be sure of it?"

"Troth I would," said he.

"And then why not believe what God has said and promised?"

We came to a town, where we rested, and for the horse to feed. I told the man to order and get a good dinner, and feed the horse, and that I would pay. I told the hotel-keeper not to let him out of the room till he paid for his dinner, and that I had a reason for so doing. At the hour appointed there was a noise at the door and loud talk, and on going out I found the man in a rage with the hotel-keeper, who had the horse's bridle in his hand, and a crowd gathering.

He said, "Where is all your fine talk? Did you not say you would pay for my dinner?"

"I said to the hotel-keeper, 'Is that usual? Am I bound to do so?'"

"Certainly not," said he, "unless you like."

And then I said to the man, "Just bring round the horse," and the man roared out—

"You are the biggest liar I ever saw."

I went up to him, and I think the man thought I was going to strike him for calling me a liar.

"Well," said I, "a man is only as good as his word. I promised to pay for your dinner, and I do so now. It is not a nice thing to call any one a liar."

"Oh, sir!" was all he uttered.

At the end of our journey he asked, "Will you want a car to-morrow, sir?"

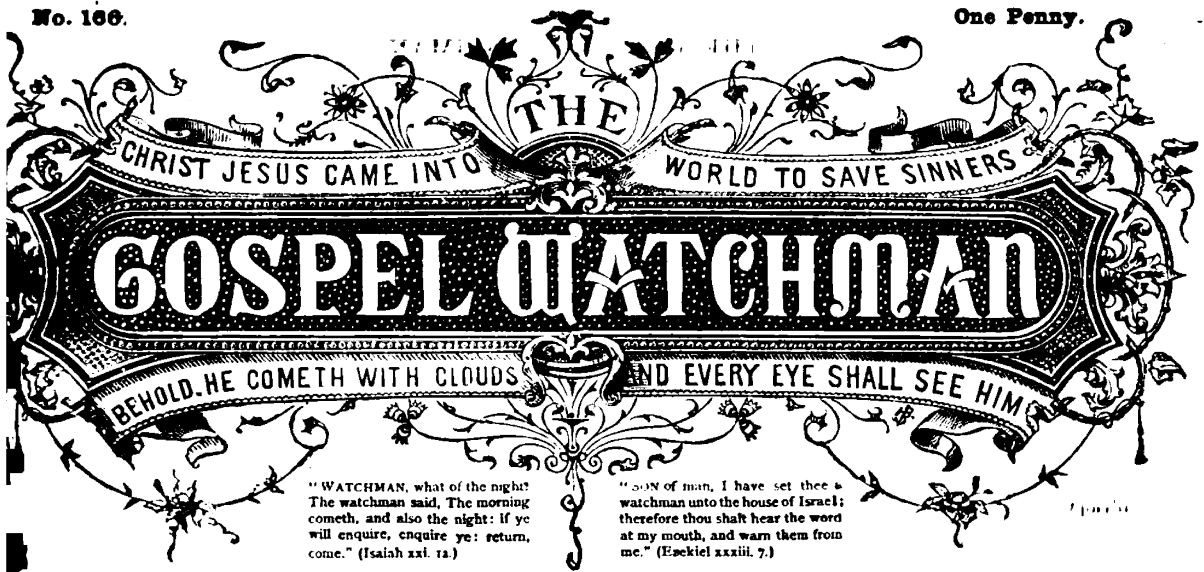
"Yes, at ten o'clock. Do you believe me? He that believeth not God maketh God a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave by His Son; and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son, or in union with Him."

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## JESUS & COMPLETE SAVIOUR.

**O**NE Tuesday morning towards the end of breakfast some letters were brought to Colonel —, who, taking up one of them, exclaimed:

"Oh, from my sister! What does this dear Lady — say?"

"Impossible!" continued he with anxiety, after having read the first page. "My sister become a Methodist! Impossible! impossible!"

"What!" exclaimed the lady of the house. "Lady — a Methodist! But have you read it correctly?"

The elder children, two sons and a daughter, of between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, now looked at their father, who read aloud, saying, "Listen for yourselves, if I have not read it correctly:

"Yes, my dear brother, it is the salvation of our souls of which we have to this day been ignorant. Jesus, dear Arthur—yes, the Saviour Himself—has been rejected through our hardness of heart, and thus the everlasting grace of the Father has been hidden from us. But how my soul prizes Him! and may yours do so also! I know Him now, and my heart glories in the precious blood of the Lamb of God, shed for me."

"It is enthusiasm, folly, pure folly!" continued the colonel, rising. "Horrible delusion! My sister, so intelligent, so well-informed, so above vulgar superstitions, that she should become so insane as to turn Methodist!"

"Come, come," added he, ringing the bell; "for great evils, strong remedies."

"A carriage immediately," said he to the footman. "I am going." And indeed the colonel soon set off, and without stopping reached the town near which is the seat of Lord —.

"Here I am," said he to his sister, to whom his visit was a complete surprise; "and it is your letter which brings me. My sister, did it really come from you?"

"Why?" asked Lady —, giving him her hand. "Was it less affectionate than usual, dear Arthur?"

"It astonishes me, and I am come to beg you to return to your senses, and to conjure you not to disgrace our family."

It has been often remarked, that those who are themselves bereft of reason, unconscious of their own aberration, deem those about them mad. It is so in spiritual things. The Bible represents the sinner as beneath the power of a moral insanity, "blinded by the god of this world," "bewitched that he should not obey the truth;" and yet it is never he himself that is mad, but those who believe and obey the gospel. "Paul, Paul," said Festus to the great apostle of the Gentiles, when he had just made that manly defence before Agrippa, "thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad;" and no charges have ever been flung more unsparingly against the true followers of Christ than those of delusion and madness. Thus this gallant colonel could beseech his sister to return to her senses, because she had avowed her simple, heartfelt trust in the precious blood of the Redeemer.

The colonel was a man of upright, honourable character, and correct manners; he even thought himself to be a religious man, and passed for such in the eyes of the world. He was exact, and even rigid, in the performance of outward moral and religious duty; he was in the habit of assembling his family for domestic worship daily, but especially in the evening, he himself conducting the service, and reading the Bible, and the prayers for the day. His house was kept under what might be called rigid discipline; such a thing as intemperance was never seen in it, and extravagant, lavish entertainments were unheard of. Sunday was scrupulously observed, and perhaps no family in the country was more regular in attendance on the ordinances of the Church, or more liberal in charity. In fact he was looked upon as a perfect model for anyone who wished to reform his life, and devote himself to the performance of his most sacred duties; and yet with all this he was a stranger to the truth. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.)

A protracted and painful discussion followed between the brother and sister.

"But seriously, Eliza," asked the colonel, "where, how, and when came about this miracle, as you call it? Did it occur at home?"

"Will you take this little book?" said Lady —, presenting the colonel with a religious tract, entitled, "The True Cross," "and, for my sake, read these few pages? There, dear Arthur, you will learn what I was ignorant of; yes, totally so. Tell me, dear, will you read it?"

Won by her entreaties, and perhaps also impelled by curiosity, he gave the required promise, and shortly after took his leave and returned home.

"The True Cross" is one of those interesting and instructive expositions of evangelical truth which have proceeded from the pen of the excellent Dr. Malan, of Geneva. A traveller was reposing his wearied limbs at the foot of a cross erected at the junction of several paths on one of the highest points of the Jura, when an old man, whose appearance indicated that he belonged to the upper class of society, approached, took off his hat, and bowed his head, scarcely covered with his grey hairs, before the cross. His adoration over, he accepted the traveller, and they entered into serious conversation. The old man declared himself to be deeply concerned about his salvation, and to have

devoted himself mainly to the pursuit of it as the "one thing needful." The work, he said, was difficult; but other sinners had attained it, and why should not he, like them, be able to merit grace? Though his youth had not been irreproachable, his life had since been a course of honour and integrity; he had discharged the offices, and tasted the pleasures of benevolence, and he had reason besides to reckon himself a true son of the Church. Though conscious of imperfection, he hoped that God would be satisfied with what he had done, or endeavoured to do, to conciliate His favour; that is to say, he expected pardon and everlasting life as the reward of his works. Still he declared his belief that salvation was the gift of God, and that no one could be saved otherwise than through Him who died on the cross. But on being questioned further he said he had always thought that Jesus was a Saviour, because He had saved our souls by His death on the cross, *provided we did all that He commanded us in His word by the Church.* The traveller reasoned with the old man, and showed him that forgiveness was the gift of grace, and that it was useless and contradictory to seek it by any works whatever. The thing was done, God declared that He pardoned by an act of His *good* will through Christ, and it was absurd to think of meriting the forgiveness which was thus bestowed. To seek it by the performance of any deeds, however good, was actually to relinquish the gift, and to remain unpardoned. Besides, such a view of Christ made him not a Saviour, but merely an aid. It rendered salvation just as much the sinner's own work as Christ's. The attention of the old man was directed to some of those portions of Scripture in which there are affirmed the fulness and sufficiency of God's mercy in Christ, and in which we are taught that salvation must be received by faith in the Son of God as a boon, and not secured as a right. Obedience would spring from such a reception of the truth; but it would be the obedience of gratitude and love, and not an obedience rendered for the sake of deserving heaven. The truth won its way to the old man's heart, and at length he said, "Now I am no longer deceived, and I see clearly that it has been through pride and hardness of heart that I have until this day rejected the grace of God in Christ. I refused to humble myself, and I wished to do something towards the acquisition of this magnificent pardon. Such was the root of the evil, and I confess it in the

presence of that mighty Saviour whom I now adore as my Redeemer and my God. Yes, I believe, for he says it. Jesus is my Saviour; yes, my *Saviour*, and no longer my *aid*. No; I no longer believe by halves, but my soul *reposes* at the foot of the cross, in *believing* in Him with all sincerity, in believing Him with my whole heart, and in believing His promise also."

Such is a brief outline of the book by which Lady —— had been brought to the knowledge of Christ, and which she now placed in the hands of her brother, in the prayerful hope that it would lead him to the only Refuge. It was just the book to meet his case.

The same evening, when alone in his retirement, the colonel sat down to read. He did so with the firm persuasion that there could be nothing in it to afford instruction to him, and with the resolve to fortify himself against any influence which it could possibly exert. It was well for him that he fulfilled his promise; for the reading of that book became, in his own case, the means of just such a change as in the case of his sister he had treated with so much incredulity. But here is his own testimony:

"It was merely from a sense of duty that I opened the tract; but at the same time with a determined resolution to be proof against any mystical influence from it. But first the contents interested then captivated my mind, until I felt my conscience strangely affected with something quite new, which was greatly increased when chapters iv. and v. pointed out to me my mistake about the word 'mercy,' which I had so often repeated in speaking of the salvation of God, but to which I had always been accustomed to attach the idea of merit on my part, and consequently of reward on the part of God. I did all in my power to divest myself of this 'superstitious idea,' as I termed it; and, continuing my reading, I resolved to go on to the end, only that I might keep my word. I was soon made to see that God kept His also. I had got as far as chapter viii., which explains the word 'promise,' by showing all the Saviour has done, when, coming to that observation of the traveller, 'Jesus is a Saviour, not a helper,' I felt absolutely ashamed—yes, ashamed of the mistake I had hitherto been making on this subject, and rising, as if to breathe more freely, I repeated to myself, 'Not only a helper!' Then I clearly beheld the great difference which exists between a Saviour and a

helper. Immediately I arrived at the conclusion that since my religion aimed at meriting, in some degree at least, the approbation, and at last the reward of God, that religion therefore denied that Jesus Christ could be a Saviour, making Him only a helper more or less valuable to me in proportion to my works. This discovery, which was like a mathematical demonstration to my mind, caused me the greatest uneasiness; and having taken up my book once more, I read again and again chapter xii., saying and repeating with the old man, 'Yes; I refused to humble myself. Yes; I wished to do something to obtain the mercy of God.' This gracious God then sent a ray of truth into my soul to enlighten it. It was quite a new religion which presented itself to my mind, and this impression took such hold of my thoughts, that when I finished my reading, and came to where the old man and the traveller embraced each other as brethren in Christ Jesus, I involuntarily exclaimed with emotion, 'I am one with you; I also clasp you to my heart.' But I did not stop there; for I passed the night in re-perusing that tract, with still deeper but calmer emotion, and early in the morning hastened to send the following lines to my sister:

"'Yes, yes, my dear Eliza; I was dead—ah, dead a thousand times! but I have read your sweet little book, and God has made me understand it. I am now the object of His mercy. Yes; Jesus is a Saviour; He is also *my* Saviour. Oh, how I long to be with you—with you, my beloved sister, to glorify His holy name!'"

There are thousands who, like the gallant colonel, believe in the divine mercy; but then it is a mercy which they are to *deserve*. They think that their strict uprightness, their charities, and their observance of religious duties, constitute a sort of claim for the pardon of whatever imperfections may cling to them, and for the gift of every blessing which they may need. But the two ideas are diametrically opposite. That which we *deserve* can be in no proper sense the gift of mercy, for mercy is favour to the undeserving; and such pre-eminently is the mercy of the gospel. The good deeds of such men are not perhaps quite sufficient to secure for them salvation, but then they think Christ will make up every deficiency; that is to say, Christ is "a *helper*, not a *Saviour*." As well might the bankrupt, who is destitute of everything, talk of helping that kind friend who has generously come forward to meet the demands of his creditors; as

well might the felon, justly condemned to die, talk of helping the king, whose laws he has violated, to forgive him. "We are all," says the prophet Isaiah, "as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Isa. lxiv. 6.) What can be clearer or more decided than the declaration of our Lord, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life"? (John iii. 36.) After having affirmed the facts of universal sin and condemnation, the apostle Paul tells us that we are "justified freely by His *grace* through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24.) "Christ is all," or nothing. If we do not build by faith on the solid and enduring foundation which He has laid in His own complete and glorious work, we build on shifting sand.


Like his excellent sister, the colonel could not be content to enjoy his newly-discovered treasure alone. Having first sought wisdom and strength from God, he began to instruct his household in the truth. It was no easy task; for he was encountered by opposition and reproach, even from those of his own house, as well as from relatives and friends. He had more than once led on his troops to battle amid the whistling of balls and the roar of cannon; but he found that it required a calmer, steadier courage than that which nerved him then, to carry out his convictions of duty, and to "speak boldly, as he ought to speak," for Christ. By degrees the opposition subsided. Ere long his wife rejoiced in the gift of "like precious faith" with her beloved husband. The change which had taken place in their father excited the attention of the young people, and awakened amongst them the spirit of anxious inquiry; and they too sought and found mercy. The work still spread, and some of the servants were brought to the knowledge of the truth. The beneficial influence of such a household on the village near to which they resided, and on the neighbourhood, can be readily imagined.

Beloved reader, is Christ "ALL" to you—not a *helper* only, but a *Saviour*? Be assured it is alike needless and vain to hope to do anything which can entitle you to salvation; but Christ offers it to you as "the GIFT OF GOD."

"Jesus is a *mighty SAVIOUR*,  
Strong His outstretched arm to save;  
He has vanquished death and Satan,—  
He has triumphed o'er the grave.

Jesus is a *willing Saviour*,  
Frankly, freely He forgives;  
And the soul which looks unto Him  
From that happy moment lives."

## WHO IS THE FOOL?

 AFTER preaching the gospel one evening, I was walking homeward when a man accosted me. It was evident he had had a little too much to drink, and at the same time he knew perfectly well what he was about. Coming up to me with clenched fist, he dared me to call him a fool, and threatened to knock me down if I did.

I replied that I had no wish to, nor did I know of any reason why I should call him a fool.

"But you did a little while ago," said he.

"Indeed," I replied, "I did not know it."

By this time a number of people had gathered round, and so I asked for an explanation, loud enough to be heard by those standing round.

"You looked at me when you were speaking, and said that a man who did not believe in a God was a fool, and I do not believe in a God. I don't believe in a heaven, and I don't believe in a hell, and you dare to call me a fool."\*

"Well," I replied, "I understand you now, but you made a mistake. I did not say *you* were a fool, but I said that the word of God declares *them* to be fools who say in their heart that there is no God (Ps. liii. 1), and so you see on the authority of God's word I can say, '*Man, you are a fool*;' but if you will listen for a minute or two I will try and show you who is the fool. There was a time when I was going headlong to hell, but my blinded eyes were opened, and I saw what a fool I was; I saw that I was despising the love and mercy of God, and trampling under foot the Son of God, counting the blood of the everlasting covenant an unholy thing. I looked into the future, and I saw hell's mouth gaping open to receive me, and I *stood still*, for I saw that to go on would be madness; for a few more days, or at most years, and I should be where hope and mercy could never come, and my portion would be to share the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Was I a fool to stop? Nay, you know I was not. Well, I turned round, and some called me a turncoat, and others said I was a fool. True, I was a turncoat, for I turned to God from idols to serve the Lord Jesus. True, I did turn a fool, but the right sort of one, and I

\* Since penning the above, the infidel has been somewhat concerned about his soul, and has privately asked us to pray for him. He acknowledges the hollow sham of infidelity, but is afraid to leave the club and his freethought companions.

would rather be a fool for Christ's sake, with God for my Father and heaven for my home, than I would be a fool with all the world for my possessions, and be wending on to a dark, dark eternity. But God's word declares that they are *fools* who say there is no God."

An infidel was on a visit to a gentleman, and in the afternoon they were walking in the garden, when the infidel made a remark as to the beautiful arrangement of the flowers and shrubs, and was told it was the work of a son who was away from home. In the evening the infidel in the course of conversation said, "I suppose your son"——

"Who told you I had a son?" demanded the gentleman.

"Why, sir," he replied, "this afternoon you showed me some of his work."

"Let us go into the garden again," said the host, and both returned to the garden, and pointing to the garden, he said, "That is the work of one you have never seen;" and pointing up to the starry sky, he said, "That is the work of *ANOTHER* that you have never seen."

You; my reader, may not deny Him with your lips, but do *you in your heart* say "No God"? Many are afraid of denying Him in word, but they virtually deny His existence in their lives. Do you think that a man who is continuously uttering dreadful oaths and curses really believes that God hears every word and will one day bring them back to His memory?

"Mother," said a little child the other day, "did you say God saw everything?"

"Yes, my child, of course He does," she replied.

"Then, mother, He saw you do so and so" (mentioning a thing I care not to repeat). The woman blushed, and bid the child go back to his play.

Ah, my reader, how often do you deny the existence of a God who sees and knows the secrets of your heart, who knows what you would not like any on earth to know.

But not only are they fools who *deny* God, for they are also fools who *forget* Him. There are some who are so occupied with getting on in life that they say they cannot "spare time" to *think* about such things. Reader, if you are among this class of people, I beseech you to beware; you may be *forgetting* Him, while you might spurn the thought of *denying* Him. There are many snares the devil would put in your way to aid you in

forgetting God and eternity. He likes people to have a short memory for the things of eternal interest, and will make some to be occupied with their riches. Think of the rich man who had everything his heart wished for, and in hell he was bidden to *remember* his lifetime. What remorse, as he called to mind the times he had forgotten God, and the opportunities he had neglected. (Luke xvi.) Again, another rich man; his whole thoughts were centred in his possessions, and he bid his soul to take its ease, but God said, "Thou *fool*, *THIS NIGHT* thy soul is required of thee." Others love pleasure and seek it everywhere, and in the midst of it God is forgotten. Think of Belshazzar's grand banquet, and in the midst of the mirth and the merry-making the *FORGOTTEN ONE* puts in an appearance and writes the doom of that pleasure-seeking, God-forgetting sinner. The mysterious handwriting is explained by Daniel, but the pleasure seeker is not humbled, and *THAT NIGHT* was Belshazzar slain.

Reader, be warned by such solemn yet true incidents of those who forget God. Be warned in time by all that is real and eternal, for God is a reality, heaven is a reality, hell is a reality. Men may deny it, but that does not alter the fact; your evil heart may deny it, but he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool (Prov. xxviii. 26); and the great God that formed all things both rewardeth the fool and rewardeth transgressors. (Prov. xxvi. 10.)

Now the gospel is preached, and to the Jews it is a stumbling-block and to the Greeks it is foolishness, but to those who believe it is the power of God unto salvation. But what is it to you? If you are filled with your own righteousness, and turn aside from the righteousness of God, which is by faith in Christ Jesus, then the cross will be a stumbling-block; or, if you put *your* wisdom in the place of God's truth, then that cross will be foolishness. But if you take the place of a guilty, condemned sinner, then you will find there is a power in the gospel, and virtue in the blood which cleanses.

"We'll challenge earth and hell to show  
A sin it cannot cleanse."

Sinner, come to the Fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness, and you will prove that your crimson-dyed sins will be made whiter than snow. This is the way of life and happiness, and a way-faring man, though a *fool*, cannot err in finding it.

D.

## WITHOUT CHRIST.

**T**HE apostle Paul, writing to the Ephesian Church, reminds them of their state before conversion: "Wherefore remember, that at that time ye were without Christ." (Eph. ii. 11, 12.) Tens of thousands in the world to-day are in the same sad condition. Reader, are you? Mark, the question is not, Do you bear the Christian name? but, Have you Christ? Has He been received into your heart by faith? A child in a school was once told to write all she could about the life of Christ. After doing so she wrote down the words, "He is MY VERY OWN SAVIOUR." Could you write that? Would it be true? Examine yourself. You may be kind and amiable, refined and generous, everything that can be desired as regards the world; may be ready to assist in every good work, may attend a place of worship, give liberally, listen attentively to the preaching of the Word, may even take an active part in leading others to the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet lack the one thing, the vital thing, be without Christ—Christless.

Many who are thus living Christless lives will die Christless deaths. Reader, will you? It is a solemn fact, that as people live they generally die. Speaking of one who had passed away, the question was asked, "How did he die?" The reply given was, "How did he live?" If Christ is possessed, death is robbed of its sting.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?"

"Yes, but not his. 'Tis death itself that dies."

But a death-bed without Christ! try to realize it. The body racked with pain or sinking in decay, the soul hovering on the brink of a dark and awful abyss, the eyes closing on earth and earthly objects, and all that meets the view is an angry God, a yawning hell, and an eternity of woe!

It is recorded of one, that "he died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." (Luke xvi. 22.) Will this awful doom be yours? Kind and loving friends may erect a headstone at your grave; on that may be recorded your many virtues; but if the real truth was inscribed, your epitaph might read,

*"In Memoriam.*

*Here lies the body of one who died Christless."*

ALL SUCH will wake up Christless at the resurrection. It cannot be otherwise; "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in

the grave." (Eccles. ix. 10.) "There is no repentance in the tomb, or pardon offered to the dead."

And this resurrection *must* take place. "I want you," said a dying man, "to bury me on my estate; not in the churchyard." "Why do you wish to be buried there?" asked the friends. "Ah!" he replied, "there will be a resurrection some day, and if I am buried alone I may be forgotten there." Vain hope! "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John v. 28, 29.) Living and dying without Christ, the latter must be your portion. Surely this is sad, and yet "there is more to follow;" for

ALL SUCH will stand Christless at the judgment. "God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained." (Acts xvii. 31.) "Then the great white throne will be set up, and the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books will be opened, and every one will be judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And whosoever is not found written in the book of life will be cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 13.) "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." (Matt. xxv. 46.) Read how one depicts their cry—

"Ah! must I dwell in torturing despair

As many years as atoms in the air?

When these are spent as many thousands more

As grains of sand that crowd the ocean shore?

When these are gone as many to ensue

As blades of grass on hills and dales that grew?

When these are done as many left behind

As leaves of forest shaken by the wind?

When these run out as many thousands more

As moments in the millions gone before?

When all these doleful years are spent in pain

And multiplied by millions yet again?

Till numbers drown the thoughts, could I suppose

That then my wretched years would have a close?

This would afford some hope, but 'tis for ever.

'For ever' is written on the racks, 'for ever' on the chains;

'For ever' burneth in the fire, 'for ever' ever reigns."

Unsaved one, would you escape this terrible doom? Flee to Jesus; flee now, just as you are. You are not only welcome, but invited, urged, entreated to come; and though now a poor, lost, guilty, condemned, hell-deserving sinner, yet coming to Jesus, trusting Jesus, He will at once become your Saviour, God will become your Father, the Holy Spirit your sanctifier, and heaven, instead of hell, be your future home.

GEORGE HERRICK.



# The Watchman's Message.

**Rest.**

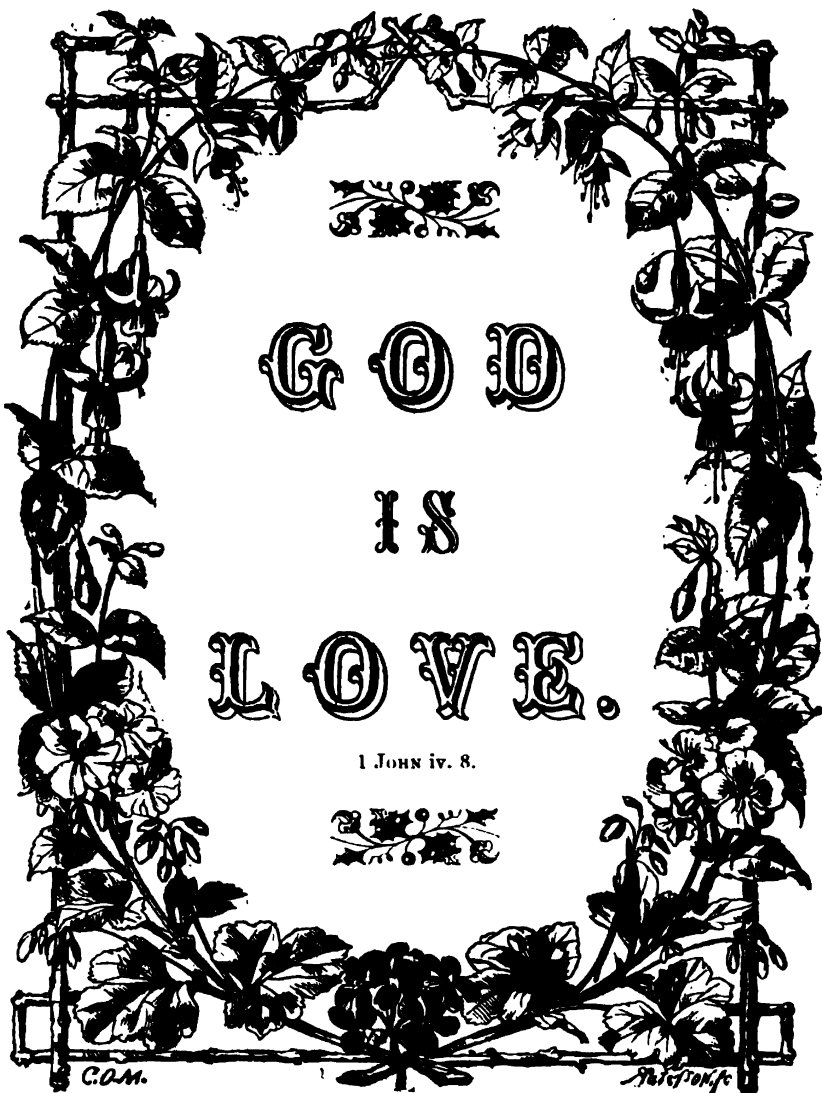
**YEA, HE LOVED THE PEOPLE.**

DEUT. xxxiii. 3.

**Joy.**

**I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE.**

JER. xxxi. 3.



**THY LOVE TO ME WAS WONDERFUL.**

2 SAM. i. 26.

**Peace.**

**THE GOD OF LOVE SHALL BE WITH YOU.**

2 COR. xiii. 11.

**Glory.**

# THE DIVINE WARNING.

♦ "For you, in that night there shall be two in one bed: the one shall be taken, and the other left."—LUKE XVII. 34-37.

THERE shall come a night  
Of such wild affright,  
As none beside shall know;  
When the heaven shall shake,  
And the wide earth quake  
In its last and deepest woe!  
What horrors shall roll  
O'er the godless soul,  
Waked from its death-like sleep;  
Of all hope bereft,  
And to judgment left,  
For ever to wail and weep!

The terrors of God,  
As an iron rod,  
Shall bruise that cursed seed  
Who His truth have spurned,  
And never have learned  
The love of the cross to read.

O worldling, give ear,  
While the saints are near!  
Soon must the tie be riven,  
And men side by side  
God's hand shall divide,  
As far as hell's depths from heaven.

Some husband, whose head  
Was laid on his bed,  
Throbbing with mad excess,  
Awakes from that dream,  
By the lightning's gleam,  
Alone in his last distress;

For the patient wife,  
Who through each day's life  
Watched and wept for his soul,  
Is taken away,  
And no more shall pray—  
For the judgment thunders roll!

And that thoughtless fair  
Who breathed no prayer,  
Oft as her husband knelt,  
Shall find *he* is fled,  
And start from her bed  
To feel as never she felt!

And those children twain,  
Who had often lain  
Twined in each other's arms,  
Must be rent apart,  
If one had a heart  
Untouched till these last alarms.

Two are sundered now  
Who, with toil-worn brow,  
Ground at the self-same mill;  
For *one* looked to Christ,  
While one it sufficed  
Only his belly to fill!

The children of day  
Are summoned away:  
*Left are the children of night—*

Sealed is their doom,  
For there is no more room:  
Filled are the mansions of light!

What an awful cry  
Will rend the sky,  
"Open to us, O Lord!"  
O ye sinners, yet,  
Ere the door be shut,  
Let that cry in *faith* be heard.

Do the eagles fly  
To bodies that lie  
Far o'er the field of blood?  
More quick in their sight,  
More rapid of flight  
The angels of wrath from God.

Now poised on the wing,  
They but stop to sing  
O'er the last repenting soul;  
In this little while,  
Though never so vile,  
CHRIST JESUS can make you whole.

And then, in that night  
Of such wild affright,  
As none beside shall know,  
Ye shall calmly rest  
On HIS tender breast,  
Far off from the world's last woe.

M. B.

# THE CLOWN AT THE SHOW.

IN a densely-populated part of London a large crowd had gathered round a show, before which a clown was attracting the attention of the passers-by.

A gentleman selecting a tract from his pocket pushed his way through the crowd, and offered it to the clown, who contemptuously took it and began to read it aloud, the gentleman listening with a sad heart to solemn words uttered so mockingly. Word after word was read with wonderful distinctness, until he came to the closing words:

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." His whole frame then shook with violent emotion, and with speed he left the crowd, amidst the amazement of all present. The gentleman followed, and entered into conversation with him, but the only reply he could get was, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"

God's love in sending a Saviour to the lost was set before him, the assurance that he could there and then receive forgiveness of sin was made clear to him, his heart was touched, and he was brought to find pardon and peace in the crucified One.

The saved sinner went forth no more to play antics before others, but to show them the way of salvation, and point sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

# LEFT BEHIND.

"The one shall be taken, and the other left."

Matt. xxiv. 41.

A TIME of great spiritual awakening had taken place in a high-class boarding-school, and many of the young ladies had been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, while several others were in deep anxiety about their souls. A gentleman had been one afternoon to give an address, and spoke on the Lord's coming again, and after inviting them to accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and rest upon His finished work, he spoke of the awful solemnity of the Lord coming and taking those who are saved to Himself, while

not only those who are careless will be left behind, but even the anxious ones, those who were at one time awakened and concerned about their souls, and those who profess to be Christians and who have not the root of the matter in them. One taken and the other left. *"Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."* Husbands and wives separated for ever, friends and companions parted for eternity; how solemn the reality. The Christian girls felt the solemnity of the occasion, and with the consent of the lady-principal they arranged to rise early on the following morning to spend the time in prayer, pleading with God to continue the blessing that He had so graciously given; and as ere sunrise they dressed and went upstairs into a small room, and there they poured out their hearts to God, reminding Him of His own promise, that whatsoever they should ask in prayer, believing, they should receive.

One young girl, who was very anxious about her soul, occupied the same room as a young Christian, and was unaware of the arrangement, and as she began to arouse herself at early dawn she looked for her companion, but she was gone. She remembered that they retired together on the previous evening, but now her place was vacant and she knew not whither her friend had gone. She thought of the preacher's words on the previous afternoon, "One taken and the other left, friends and companions

separated for eternity," and as she thought of it she exclaimed, "The Lord is come, and I am left behind." She stayed not to dress, but went into the next room to awaken her companions, and as she looked from room to room, she saw that all who loved the Lord Jesus were missing and the unsaved ones were left. They knew not what to do; some slept on in indifference, but the anxious one searched the house, and at last found out the little prayer-meeting, and with mingled joy and sorrow she exclaimed, "I will not leave you again until I know that I am safe if the Lord does come." They knelt down together, and there the seeking sinner came in contact with the seeking Saviour, who poured the oil of joy into her heart and filled her soul with peace.

Dear reader, I want to ask you if you are ready to meet the Lord? There is a day approaching, and it may be near at hand, when "the Lord Himself shall come." (1 Thess. iv. 16.) Then the door of mercy will close, and knocking will be in vain; for the answer from within will be, "Depart, I never knew you."

But there are many on every hand who laugh at the idea of the Lord's coming, and that is a proof that we live in the *last days*; for as it was in Noah's day, so will it be at the coming of the Son of man; men were eating and drinking, following their daily vocation, but forgetting that the Lord had threatened them with judgment, the flood was to destroy them on account of their iniquity. Years rolled on;

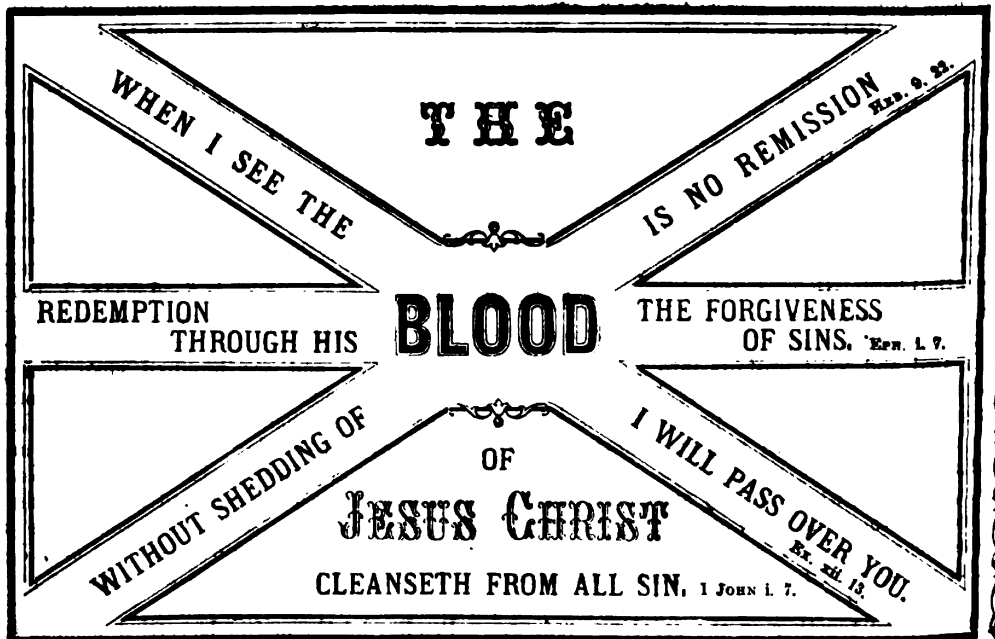
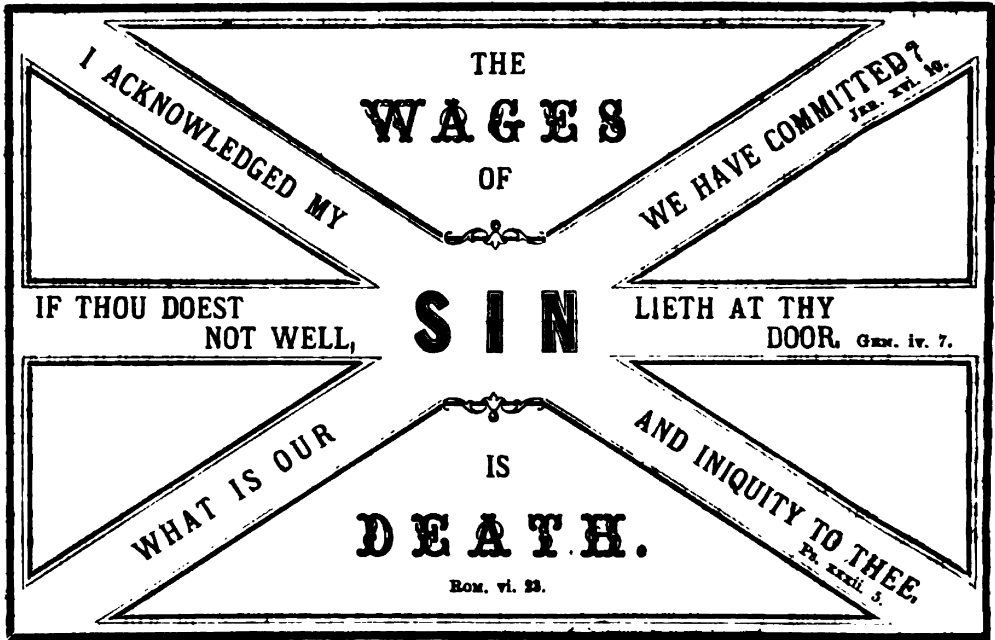
sixty, eighty, and one hundred years had passed away, still no sign of the flood. The long-suffering and patience of God only made them careless and indifferent, but the day of grace came to an end; one hundred and twenty years rolled by, Noah and his family entered the ark, and God shut the door; then it is too late, the storms come, the waters rise, and Noah is borne over the sea of judgment, while the careless rejecters and scoffers perish in its waves.

Reader, let the matter be settled at once, it is an important one; the Lord is at hand, are you ready? Do not delay, for even now He may be rising up to shut the door.

F. H. D.



TWO WOMEN GRINDING AT THE MILL.



## "I NEVER READ TRACTS."



AY! its no good taking your tract, Ma'am, for I never read such stuff, and what's more, I never intend."

Such was the reception which my tract met with, from one whose real name I must withhold, but whom I will call Simpson.

My attention had been drawn to a number of workmen employed near the house where I was living, and with the fervent desire that God would bless the humble effort, I took a bundle of tracts and offered each man one of my store. Most of them cordially accepted, some, however, declined, but none so determinedly as a fine, strong-built young man, who in answer to my proffered gift gave the ungracious reply recorded above, and to prevent further parley on my part, continued his work with such vigour that I could not have heard myself speak had I attempted to do so.

A few days afterwards, I paid a second visit to my new friends, and met with somewhat similar results, Simpson seeming even more opposed to me and my tracts, saying, "It's no use bothering yourself, for I don't believe in such stuff."

A little time passed, and finding the greater number of the men quite willing to listen, I spent half an hour now and then, when they were at leisure, in reading to them some suitable interesting book and a chapter from the Bible. Some few of them always strolled away when I came, and I observed that Simpson was ever of this number.

It so happened one day that a sudden heavy shower of rain drove all the outsiders for shelter into the covered shed, where I was reading aloud. The portion of Scripture I had chosen for that day was one of our Saviour's parables, which I explained to the best of my ability. I noticed that Simpson had taken shelter from the wet along with the others, and was watching me attentively as I spoke of Christ. I finished my reading and turned to go away, when my steps were arrested by a voice saying, "Do you believe what you have been talking about?"

Looking round, I perceived the speaker was Simpson. "Believe what?" I said.

"Why, that there is a God, and heaven, and hell?"

"Yes, as truly as I believe in my own existence. The book I read from was God's book."

"Well, it's queer," he answered. "You look as if you believed it, but you see I don't, and there's the difference."

"Ah!" I said, "and the day is coming when you will believe it too, for you dare not die as you are now living, and you must own that you will have to die."

"That's true enough," he replied, and instantly resumed his work with all the noise possible. I left him, but felt that an arrow of conviction had struck that young infidel's soul.

Weeks passed, but Simpson gave me no opportunity of any further conversation, though at times he would sit within hearing of my voice as I read to his comrades. On one occasion I offered him another tract, and to my joy he accepted it.

About this time I gave to all who would promise to read it, a copy of the New Testament, and wrote in each the owner's name, adding beneath a short prayer, "O God! wash me from all my sins in my Saviour's blood, and I shall be whiter than snow." I took one to Simpson, and begged him to keep it.

"No," he said, "I cannot take yours, it would not be right, for I have a Bible of my own at home, my mother gave it me long ago; but I'll tell you what I should like, for you to write my name in it."

Most willingly I agreed, and he arranged to bring his Bible the following day. He did so; it was a neatly-bound book, quite new, and evidently unread. I asked if I might write with his name the prayer I had written in the Testaments.

"No, thank you," he said, "I never pray."

"But, Simpson, you had a praying mother, and I know when she gave you this Bible she prayed for God to bless her son."

At this point he commenced hammering away so violently I could say no more; it was his effectual way of cutting me short.

Next day when I gave him back his book, he said, turning his head away, "I think you might as well put the prayer in too; it's so long since I prayed, I should know no words now if I tried."

The prayer was quickly written, and another rose up to heaven that Simpson might soon find words to pray for himself.

I left H—— for several days about this period, and found on my return a note, which it seems had come for me the day I left. I opened, and read as follows:

*Sincere Friend,*

*I write to ask you if I can have the means of seeing you away from the works, whenever it will suit you. Please let it be before Sunday.*

*I remain, yours, —————*

The note was from Simpson, and before I had time to answer and explain the delay, a second one came:

*Dear Friend,*

*I write to know if you have received a note from me a few days since. I wrote it because I am very anxious to see you. It has been my first question on coming home, "Is there a letter for me?" and so far the answer has been "No," so I think either you have not got it, or something has happened to you. Please let me know quick.*

*From yours, —————*

The interview was arranged, and Simpson, dressed in his best, came to the house. I cannot repeat all he said in his own words, it would take too long, but the substance of it was this: He had been brought up well by a Christian mother, until he was old enough to work for himself, and then the power of evil companions led him from one wrong course to another, and as he had a rich bass voice, and could sing a wonderful amount of comic songs, he became popular at the public-houses as a source of attraction, and soon drink became his snare. He gave up attending a place of worship and adopted infidel views, as being most free and easy.

For years this went on, until he was driven into the shed that wet morning, when the Holy

Spirit sent the truth home, and he concluded, "I have never had a moment's peace since: it's no use; drink won't do; singing won't do; sneering won't do. I have laughed many a time at them who come and hear you read, but I can laugh no more. Oh, I'm very miserable! Can you help me?" And miserable indeed he looked.

"No, Simpson," I said, "I cannot help you, but Jesus can, let us kneel together and ask Him."

I offered up a few simple words of petition, but Simpson's anxiety could not be controlled, and in an agony of entreaty he poured out his soul before God; his whole frame shook, and deep sobs choked his utterance.

I was afraid by a word to come between his soul and the Saviour. The conflict was long, but Simpson rose from his knees justified.

The scene was one never to be forgotten—his whole face beamed with the light of God's forgiving love. Surely there was rejoicing in the presence of the angels that afternoon.

Months rolled away. I was travelling about a great deal, and lost sight of Simpson almost entirely, when one day, more than a year after we parted, I was in H—— again. The servant came to tell me that a gentleman wanted me in the drawing room. I went quickly to see my visitor, and found seated a respectable, well-dressed young man. He came forward and grasped my hand, while a tear stood in his eye. In a moment I recognized Simpson. I bade him sit down, and tell me how he was getting on.

"Oh," he said, "it gets better and better. I am not working here now, but in B——. I earn good wages, and am now going to see my mother, and take her some money. I heard you were here, so I ventured to call and see you."

"And what of the better life, Simpson?"

"Well, Ma'am, there too it gets better and better. I am very happy, just trusting to Jesus. I teach every Sunday in the school, and many's the times I tell my lads how I was taught to love Jesus, and how I first turned you away by saying I wouldn't read your tracts, but I know you have forgiven me that, since the Saviour has done so."

We parted—and I have not seen Simpson since, but I think we shall meet in that land where sowers and reapers rejoice together.

Dear reader, the power of God is the same to-day. However bad, He can save you; however vile, the precious blood can cleanse; and you too will be able to say "It gets better and better."

## \* DELIVERER AND \* DELIVERANCE.

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."—Jon xxxvi. 18.

"For they themselves shew of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."—1 THESS. i. 9, 10.



**I**N these two verses you have a *deliverer* and a *deliverance*. There had been a living person presented in the gospel which the apostle Paul had preached to these Thessalonians, who had attracted their hearts; it was no question with them of giving up their idols, but they had another object which occupied and controlled them, even Jesus, who had delivered them from the wrath to come.

There is something which *has come*, and there is something *coming*. What *has come*? Salvation for the vilest. What is *coming*? Wrath—wrath, sure, certain, divine, and eternal, the wrath of God!

Paul says, in this tenth verse, "Which delivered *us*!" not delivered *me*, Paul, but *us*. Who are the *us* of whom he speaks? Every single soul that trusts Jesus. It is not *will deliver* in the day of judgment, in the day of wrath, but every soul that trusts Jesus is *delivered now*.

Turn for a moment to the 36th chapter of Job, which speaks of this coming wrath. Elihu really is a type of Christ, and he says, "I have got to speak on God's behalf." There is where the evangelist comes out. Elihu speaks for God, and the evangelist speaks for God, and to whom? To men, for their souls' eternal welfare, that they may listen, and be warned to flee from the coming wrath.

"But the hypocrites in heart heap up wrath." That is very like Romans ii. 5, "But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath." The hypocrite heaps up wrath. What a thought! But you may ask, "What is a hypocrite?" A hypocrite is a person who does not look things in the face, who keeps up an appearance outwardly which is not quite a reality, and he heaps up wrath. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." Now there is a ransom that *can* deliver. You have heard of this blessed Jesus who has given Himself a ransom for all; you have heard the precious tidings that God, knowing your need, sent

His own Son down to meet that need, to be the Saviour.

It is blessed tidings that Jesus has given Himself a ransom for all; there is no limitation, it is for all! Are you, dear reader, an unsaved sinner? are you a troubled, an anxious soul? To you I say, He gave Himself a ransom for *all*. Jesus has gone to the treasury of God, and has deposited there a price that is more than sufficient to ransom every single soul that trusts His name, and He sends forth the tidings of this ransom. The moment, then, the glad tidings come to you, what does God expect? That you should bow down at once, accept them at once, trust Him at once.

You know you are a sinner! It is no use to try and escape the conviction that you have sinned. You know you have, and there are two consequences of sin: first there is death, and then there is judgment. You must be blessed under His favour, or crushed under His judgment; you must know His love, or taste His wrath.

"Because there is wrath," beware, O careless, O undecided soul! Do you seek to stop your ears now to the warning of judgment coming? You will not be able to stop your ears when God speaks to you in the day of His wrath.

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke." One moment, and God might take *you* away. Perhaps you say, "I am young, and have plenty of time before me." Let me ask you, Have you a lease of your life? You know you have not. Before another sun rises upon this earth, you may be gone into eternity. God is saying to *you* now, "Beware!" "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke." Then, what then? "Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." No ransom can meet your case then. Could there be a greater ransom than the blood of Christ? "No," you say. Well, then, the more reason that you should bow down your soul now and get blessed by that Lord Jesus Christ, while there is a ransom that *can* deliver you.

If you die in your sins you are out of the pale of Christ's arm; His mercy cannot reach you there. If you are to taste His grace, you must taste it *now*. When will He save you? *Now*! When will He bring you to God? *Now*! You say, "When I die He'll be merciful." My friend, when you die you will be damned! It is *now* He will be merciful, *now* He will save you. "Now is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

The devil whispers to you, "There is no such hurry, put it off." The devil too would tell you, no doubt, "It is quite true there is wrath coming, quite true God is going to judge the world, quite true you must be a Christian or come under judgment," but he always finishes off his sermons with this, "You need not be in a hurry about it, put it off."

Satan puts himself in company with Scripture oftentimes to suit his own purpose. He will tell you that "you are a sinner, and it is quite true the blood of Christ is the only way of salvation;" but then he adds, "There is plenty of time; you must think about it, you must have time for reflection, you cannot get it all at once." That is Satan's most successful trap nowadays; he would give you time to think about it, time for reflection, and you put it off, and die in your sins and are damned, and there is plenty of time for reflection then.

Oh, my unseared reader, God says to you, "Beware!" You who are trifling with your soul's salvation, you who are tampering with your lusts, wanting to give the rein to them for a while longer, wanting to keep the pleasures of this life, the pleasures of sin, "beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

Why will there be no great enough ransom then to deliver a soul? Because the greatest of all prices has been paid already, and you have rejected it, and there is none other, none greater.

Do you still say, "I will think about it, I will take a little time"? "Beware lest He take thee away." One word from God, and that silver cord of life is for ever snapped! one word from God, and that heart of yours, throbbing high with hope now, ceases to beat, and you have gone from time into eternity for ever!

The words of the poet are true, "All men think all men mortal but themselves." Have you not often taken up a newspaper, and seen among the list of deaths the name of some one whom you have known? And you have said, "Poor fellow, how sudden!" but you have not thought that to-morrow your name might be in the paper too, and someone else might be saying the same words about you.

Again I warn you, "Beware lest He take thee," unpardoned, unblest, unrepentant, unsaved, unconverted sinner, *thee*! "Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." Oh, what folly to risk thy soul, what folly!

Your folly reminds me of an account I heard the other day of a vessel coming up Channel. In some way she got out of her course, and a storm rising, the wind drove her on to a reef of rocks, where for a while she stuck fast. The crew, however, succeeded in getting her off the rocks, and she proceeded on her way without, as they thought, having

sustained any very serious damage. But they were mistaken in their thought, they soon found that the vessel had sprung a leak, and the ever-increasing severity of the storm made their danger imminent. The captain hoisted signals of distress, and sought to lighten the vessel, but amongst the valuable cargo was a great quantity of spirits; the crew got at the spirits, the captain likewise partook freely, and after doing so the pumps were neglected, and the vessel began to fill rapidly.

There remained still, however, a hope of safety for that ill-fated crew. The signals of distress had been seen from the shore, and the lifeboat put out to their relief. But as the lifeboat drew near the sinking vessel, the captain, maddened by the effects of drink, came to the side and swore he would shoot the first man who left the ship, and would fire on the lifeboat if she attempted to come alongside.

"Madman!" you say. Yes, madman he certainly was, but he stuck to his purpose. Again the men in the lifeboat hailed, "You are sinking, let us save you." Above the wind and storm came the captain's answer back, "My ship is a good one, she has weathered many a storm and she will weather this one, we will not desert her, we do not want your help." "You are filling fast," shouted the men from the lifeboat. "The vessel is right enough," shouted the intoxicated captain, and with his pistol drove the lifeboat off. What was the result? The storm raged on, the lifeboat put back to shore, the night wore away, and when morning broke what was to be seen? No vessel struggling and fighting with the tempest, but pieces of a wreck floating here and there, and on the shore lifeless corpses thrown up by the waves, the witnesses of the folly of those who had perished because they would not accept deliverance.

You say, "They were fools." I agree with you, but is your folly less than was theirs?

God offers you pardon, blessing, salvation, eternal life *now*, and you put them all from you; you do not want to be saved yet; is not this greater madness than theirs? for your danger is imminent and eternal.

Awake, my dear friend, "because there is wrath." You may say, "I do not believe it." Did the folly of the captain make the storm less violent, or their danger less great? No! no! and your disbelief does not make the word of God less true. There is wrath, there is danger, and you had better turn to Jesus now, you had better get the salvation of your soul now.

Is there judgment coming? Yes! Will it overtake the Christian? No! because it overtook Christ instead of him, and He bore it all, so that the apostle can say, "Who hath delivered us from the wrath to come."

Faith in Christ Jesus is what God calls you to have, as we get in Col. i. 4: "Since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus." Ye must have simple



faith in Jesus. What is the next thing? "Giving thanks unto the Father, which *hath* made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son: in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." It is not, "Who *will* deliver us?" but, "Who *hath* delivered us?" Not only too is the believing soul delivered from the coming wrath of God, but he is delivered now from Satan's power. What does God do the moment a soul trusts Jesus? Why, He takes him out of Satan's kingdom and puts him into the kingdom of His dear Son; takes him out of death and puts him into life; takes him out of darkness and puts him into light.

What have we got now? "In whom [Christ] we have redemption;" the ransom is paid, the prisoner is set free. Suppose you had a slave, and put 5,000 dollars on that slave, and I go and pay that down; why do I pay it? it is not that I want to keep slaves, but I want to turn that slave into a free man. Satan's slaves become God's free men. You are no longer Satan's slave, you are bought with a price, you are God's free man.

"And may we go and do as we like?" you ask. Surely you would like to please the One who has bought you with such a price, the One who has done all this for you!

What do you do for a friend you love on earth? Why, you like to please him. That is it. The person I love I like to please.

Christ has brought me out of darkness into light, and I know where I am going and what is before me. The man who is in the dark does not see where he is going, for Satan never lets his people see where they are going, lest they should be warned, discover their danger, and turn back; but when a man is in the light, he knows where he is going, and stumbles not.

"In whom we *have* redemption, the forgiveness of sins." We *have* it, not hope we shall have it. This is what the sinner gets who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

If you have trusted Jesus, the deliverer, you can go and thank your Father that you have the knowledge of redemption, the company of Jesus, the forgiveness of all your sins, eternal life, and an inheritance above.

Are you halting still, still undecided? To you then I say, "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: *then* a great ransom cannot deliver thee." Let that ransom deliver you *now*. Why let 1882 run out and leave you still undelivered? Be persuaded. Seeing that wrath is coming, turn now to Jesus, trust Him; simply cast yourself upon Him unreservedly, and then you, like Paul, will be able to happily speak of Him as "Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come." God grant it to you, my reader, for His Son's sake.

## "GOD'S ENQUIRY."

**HOW** shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" is a scripture I would seek to impress upon you, my dear fellow-sinner, as being one of deeply solemn moment as concerning your eternal destiny. Again and again you have heard that the only means whereby the sinner can be saved is through the finished work the Son of God accomplished for you on the cross of Calvary. Whether you believe it or not, the fact remains the same, that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." There is no other name given among men whereby ye can be saved, only by the name of *Jesus*; still you are refusing; every day you live, and every gospel warning heard, is only making your condemnation more sure, and your misery in hell to be more intense if you reject it. Perhaps you are among those who would *like* to be saved, only, like Felix, you are putting it off to a more "convenient season."

Procrastinator, beware! This is one of the devil's most successful opiates, by which he lulls you to that eternal sleep from which you will only awake to the full realization when, alas! it will be too late. Then there will be no more gospel messages, no more faithful evangelists to warn, no more sainted mothers to point you to the road that leads to glory and to God. What a fool you would say that man was who, struggling for life in the waves, far from land, with not the slightest hope of ever escaping, when the lifeboat—battling with the billows, and manned by heroic and loving hearts, who have imperilled their lives for his salvation—has reached him, and after all he *refuses* to be saved, and strikes at the hand stretched forth to pull him in. Yet strange as it would seem, ask yourself the question in the light of God's presence, Am I not just doing the same? Christ Jesus has left His throne on high, laid aside for a time His glory, and came to the rescue that He might save you, poor lost one, and bring you home from the far-off country, where you are feeding on the husks, and degrading yourself, to His Father's home, his Father's heart, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, and still you are refusing, choosing rather the pleasures of the world (falsely so called), which of themselves will only bring sorrow and remorse.

Oh that the Holy Spirit may lead you, while there is a chance of escape, to the Ark, Christ Jesus, to find peace and eternal happiness by believing in His name!

## ASLEEP IN JESUS.

OUR readers will be grieved to hear that Miss A. Matilda Hull departed to be with Christ, at Eastbourne on Tuesday, August 29th. She was a daughter of the late T. Hull, Esq., of Marpool Hall, near Exmouth, and sister of the late Capt. Thomas Hull, of Burnside. For fifty years she was an earnest Christian worker in Exmouth and other places. To great sweetness of disposition were added mental gifts and accomplishments of a high order, and all her talents were consecrated to the service of her Master. She was the authoress of the beautiful and favourite hymn, which will be found in *Sacred Songs and Solos*, and numerous other collections, commencing—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee."

She also composed other hymns of great beauty, but the one quoted above will live wherever the English language is spoken. As Miss Hull was well known and greatly beloved by a large number of friends, we feel assured that no apology will be needed for giving an extract from a letter received by a lady in Exmouth from a near relative:

"August 29th.—I had begun my letter some days since, and now how sorrowful you will find my tidings. I had been telling you how well-beloved Miss Matilda was; but, alas! she took a chill driving in a carriage, and the wind was cold. This very day week was the first day she felt ill. She did not improve, and a doctor was called in. It proved to be inflammation of the lungs. Her strength could not meet the demand on it. This morning — went down early to enquire for her, and whilst speaking to — the servant came in and said the nurse wanted her. She ran upstairs and found a change had taken place. The doctor had come in, and went at once to the sick-room. A short half-hour was all that was left of that sweet life, and then she sweetly slept in Jesus. Words fail to express the sorrow of the dear surviving sister. She had sat up all night by her side, and little anticipated how soon the precious one was to leave her. The night was a restless one to the dear invalid; she did not sleep, but was repeating verses of Scripture and hymns, and looking upward. At about half-past eleven o'clock she entered into rest. Oh, how joyous were the songs of heaven! How great the glory and the joy that burst upon our precious one's sight as she entered in and saw Him, even Jesus, whom by faith she had long known on earth.

"I know how grieved you will feel. All loved her, and she seems to have been more and more sweet and loving as her earthly life closed. Surely we may give thanks that the taking home was so gentle and peaceful. She did not seem to suffer much, and she was very patient. Our beloved one is 'for ever with the Lord,' and has met the loved ones gone before. It is only a little while, and we too shall meet her where there is no more pain, nor sorrow, nor sighing, no aching hearts, no tearful eyes."

## Evangelistic Notes.

THE usual monthly meeting for "Christian workers" will be resumed on Tuesday, October 3rd, at 36, Baker Street. The opening address will be given by Mr. J. WILKINSON. Subject: "The Promises made to the Fathers." Meeting, 7 p.m.

Our brethren HIND and BREWSTER have been actively engaged with their Bible-carriage for some months at

Great Yarmouth. They have been encouraged by thousands listening to and buying the word of God. Our brother JOHN HAMBLETON has been helping them, and they would ask your prayers for increased blessing.

Many of our readers will regret to hear of Mr. GEORGE MULLER's illness. He intended again visiting America this autumn, but has been prevented. May this honoured servant of the Lord be spared yet to labour in word and deed for his Lord.

Mr. WILLIAM LANE has been at Eastbourne for two months. He is now preaching at the Central Hall, Wimbledon, and on the week evenings at Fulham Street.

Mr. RICE T. HOPKINS, with his brother GORDON, who for many years laboured with Mr. FEGAN in his Home, have gone to Australia to reside.

LORD RADSTOCK has gone to France for some months.

Mr. J. DENHAM SMITH is at present in Switzerland.

Mr. CHARLES INGLIS has been labouring in Glasgow during August. He is now in Dublin, preaching in a large tent near the South Circular Road, while Marston Hall, the scene of so much blessing during past years, is being redecored. We would ask for much prayer for blessing on the Word in Ireland in these times of trial and disturbance.

Mr. HENRY DYER has returned from a visit to the Italian churches under the superintendence of our valued brother, T. P. ROSSETTI. He had happy fellowship with the different gatherings, while his presence cheered them with the thought that they are remembered by their brethren in England. He has since visited Teignmouth and Exeter for annual meetings.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE shall be pleased to supply back numbers and back volumes of this magazine at the following very cheap rates:

250 separate numbers	for 10s.
500	" £1
12 volumes, paper covers 1s.	" 7s.
6 " cloth	" 2s. " 7s. 6d.
12 " " "	" 2s. " 14s.

These are well adapted for gratuitous circulation, and for lending from house to house. They are specially useful for lying on the table in the waiting-rooms of the railway stations; the gospel is thus put in the hands of many who might not care to take a tract, but who would read a little gospel story while waiting for a train if it were on the table. The volumes make useful presents for Sunday-school teachers and others, as they contain a variety of striking illustrations calculated to press home vital gospel truths. We append two notices that we have received.

"Newcastle.

"The back numbers of *Watchman* came to hand, and I enclose amount for another parcel, which I should like sent at once. I like them better than any other magazine I know of for distribution. They are so much more attractive than tracts, and so I think are more likely to be read."

" " " "

"London.

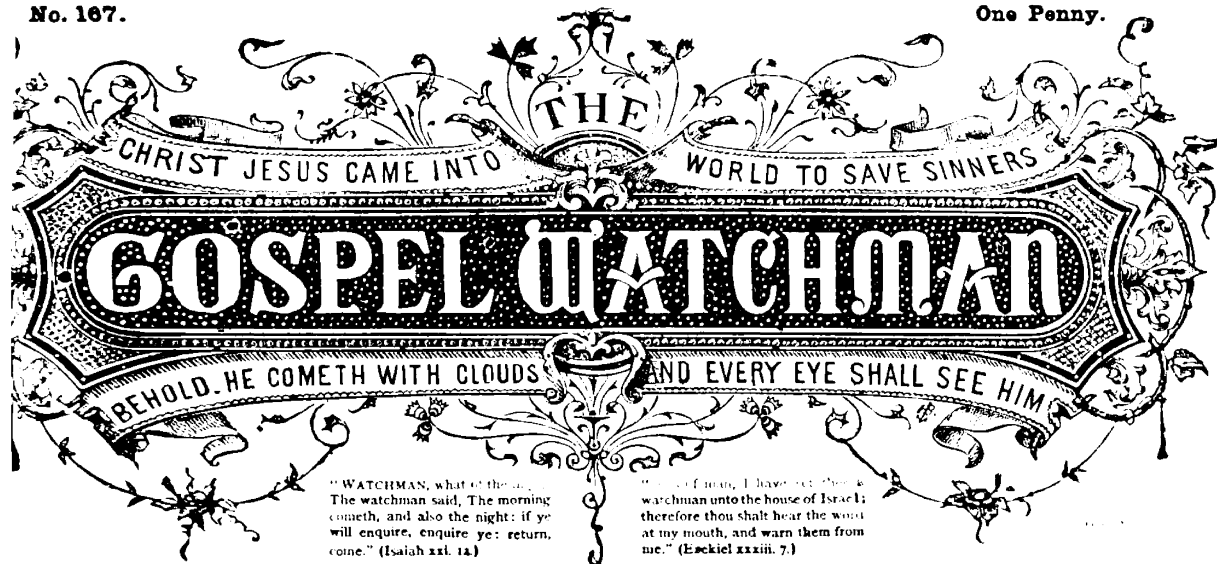
"I have found the illustrations and narratives contained in the pages of the *Gospel Watchman* most useful for my Sunday-school; for the stories interest the children, and also impress the gospel upon their memory, and although intended for adults, I find it an easy matter to simplify the application.

"I trust those of our friends who desire to make a really useful present to any of my fellow-teachers will do so by giving us some volumes of the *Gospel Watchman*."

" " " "

Sunday-school Superintendent.

"Editor of *Gospel Watchman*."



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## SALVATION FOR ALL.

By D. L. MOODY.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men."—TITUS ii. 11.

**A** GREAT many people believe that there is no mercy for them. They think that the grace of God is not for them. They have an idea that the grace of God, the favour of God, the mercy of God—for that is what grace is—is undeserved favour, undeserved mercy; is for a certain class of people only. There are some men who think they are too vile, too sinful, ever to be saved.

Look at the text. It says, "All men." That takes in the whole of us. My text means every soul; and do not think, I pray you, that the gospel is only for a few, but bear in mind God's grace is for all men. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men."

If a man is not saved now, or at the last, it will be entirely *his own fault*. It will not be that God has not provided a Saviour for him, it will not be that God has not provided salvation, because here is *grace for all*. A man might as well despair of finding water when standing upon the banks of a mighty river, as despair of the grace of God. It is as free as the air we breathe; and it is for every soul.

Now you cannot find a class of sinners but they have their representatives in the Bible. Thieves were converted when Christ was here, and we read in Corinthians that *drunkards* were converted in

the time of Paul. We read that *harlots* were converted; in fact, there was not a poor, weary soul that pressed up to Christ for salvation and mercy who did not obtain it. I will challenge any man to find such a case in Scripture. The grace of God flowed out through the loving heart of Christ always and to all.

I read that one day a *wealthy man invited Christ to his house*. I suppose he had been healed by Him. He had been a *leper*, and whilst Christ was sitting at that man's table—perhaps while the servants were busy waiting at the table—a poor woman stole into that room, and among those guests, and she stole to the feet of Christ, and began to wash His feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head.

The wealthy leper that had been cleansed, whose name was Simon, began to say in himself, "This man cannot be a true prophet; if He were a true prophet of God, He would know what manner of person this is that touches Him." Simon thought He would at least put her out of the house, that He would not allow such a woman to touch Him.

But think of His being the great Messiah, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and allowing that poor woman to touch Him! Why Simon could not conceive of such a thing; and the Master turned, and said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee;" and Simon answered, "Say on." "A certain creditor had two debtors. One owed him five hundred pence, and the other fifty; and when neither of them had anything wherewith to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Now, Simon, which do you think loved him the most?" "Well,"

Simon replied, "I suppose he that was forgiven the most." "Yes," said Christ; "you have answered quite right. I entered into your house, and you gave me no kiss." In those countries, instead of shaking hands with a man, if he went on a visit, his friend met him with a kiss of salutation. It was the common greeting of that day and land; and when the visitor entered the friend's house, his sandals would be taken from him at the door, and the servant would wash his feet.

"I came to your house," said Christ, "and you gave me no water to wash my feet; but this woman has not ceased to wash my feet with her tears. You gave me no oil" (it was another common thing to anoint the head with oil); "this woman hath been forgiven much, and she loves me much;" and He bade her "go in peace." And I tell you that Jesus is unchangeable. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. There is no difference in our Master. He is the same now, that He is seated at the right hand of God, as He was when here in Simon's house, and if there is some poor sinner that will press up to Him, that one shall receive a blessing.

Now bear in mind it is "all men." You must emphasize that *ALL*. When England used to have slaves in her colonies, Wilberforce worked hard and worked long to get a bill through Parliament to abolish slavery, that the slave might not live under your flag; and away off on the islands in the West Indies, where slaves were living, they watched the progress of that bill with a great deal of excitement, and a great deal of interest; and when the sailing vessels used to come in, they would enquire how that bill was going on; and at last the tidings came that their liberty was almost secured.

When the vessel at length reached the port that brought the good news of freedom won for the slaves, the captain could not wait until his vessel got into the harbour, but he placed the speaking trumpet to his mouth, and cried with all his might, "Liberty, liberty, liberty!" They were *free*, and that captain shouted liberty to *every man* who had been a slave.

Now it was not to a certain few slaves that liberty was given. It was a bill that swept away slavery, and enfranchised every slave. Under the Union Jack a slave could not breathe after that bill was passed and became law. Well, I come to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel. It is *liberty to the captives*, it is recovery of sight to the blind. Christ waits to set at liberty the oppressed.

And are there not all over the wide, weary world many who are oppressed by sin? You have been slave to Satan all your life. He has pulled you down, he has degraded you, he has stripped you of everything that is grand and noble, he has taken away from you the sweetness of life, but I come to tell you there is salvation for every soul. I like to preach the gospel of Christ, because it takes us all in, and offers blessings to every one.

When our war was going on in America, there was a friend of mine who went out as a chaplain. He ranked as captain; for the chaplains in our country rank as captains. He was out on the battlefield looking after the wounded men, and was caught by a Southern soldier, and taken off to the regiment and put in prison. There were nine hundred and sixty officers in the prison; and when the chaplain was taken prisoner he had just received tidings that his child at Washington was very ill, and lying at the point of death. And here he was; he could hear nothing either of his wife or child; but he had friends in Washington, and they interested President Lincoln in his case, and Lincoln wrote to the Southern Government asking them to set this one prisoner free.

The news came to Richmond that one man amongst the officers, *one man only* in that large number, was about to be sent home. That was a pretty slim chance, was it not? There were nine hundred and sixty, and only *one* chance for nine hundred and sixty. Supposing I could come here and tell you there is only one chance of being saved for every nine hundred and sixty persons in this congregation, why you would be interested then, I imagine. Every man would be anxious to have his name called out. You would be saying, "Am I the man? can I be forgiven? can I be set at liberty? can I have the grace of God? does it mean *me*?"

This army chaplain, of course, had no idea that the order for freedom referred to himself. There were so many there in prison, and *only one* was going out. They all longed for liberty; they all wanted to get home. At last the officer came, and cried out, "Henry Clay Trumble." The chaplain said his name never sounded so well in his life as it did that night. *He was the man*; he was going home. And the officers who were imprisoned with him seized him by the hand, and said, "God bless you; we are glad it's you; we should all like to go out of this place; but as it is not us, we are glad it is you." Only one out of a thousand! I am not

come here to state that. The Son of man came to set *all* free. There is no man in the wide world has so mean a master as the man who is serving the devil. He is the meanest master any man ever served. You get *poor pay* for serving him. I would like the man who does the devil's work to stand on this platform and say what he gets from his master. The devil is buying souls very cheap. He gets some for a few pounds. Men do not set a very high value on their souls. Scripture says, "What will a man give in exchange for his soul?" There are some who will give their souls for a mere trifle. It is easy to condemn poor Eean. He sold his birthright for a *mess of pottage*; but how many are selling their souls for much less than that!

I was reading just before I came here the parable in Luke xiv., in which Christ likens the kingdom of God to a man that had a great feast, and he sent out invitations, and the excuses began to pour in instead of guests. One man said, "I have bought some ground, and I must needs go and see it." Another said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I must go and prove them." Another said, "I have married a wife, and I cannot come." The servants brought back word to the master of the house, and said, "These men you invite, they all refuse." What did he then tell them? He told them to go into the streets and lanes, and invite the poor, the lame, and the halt; and they came and said they had done so, and still there was room. Then he said, "Go into the highways and hedges." I suppose if He were here to-day He would say, "Go down into the cellars and up into the garrets; go down into the darkest places in every city, and town, and village, and invite them to come."

My friend, *heaven is going to be full in spite of the devil*; and if you do not accept the invitation others will. The rich man in the parable said, "Go and compel them." God is so anxious to have men blessed that He wants us to compel them to come to the feast. In view of a parable like that, how are men going to say, "I am afraid He does not want me"? He says, "Go and compel them to come; go into the highways, into the alleys, into the lanes, and invite them to come to my feast. Go, for all things are now ready." The feast has been prepared. Jesus Christ invites us. Salvation is as free as the air of heaven. It cost God the richest jewel heaven had—it cost Him all He had to save your soul and mine, when He gave up

Christ to die for us. God literally emptied Himself to save us; and can you in view of the cross say you are not included? Do you tell me that God does not want to save you? that God does not want to bless you? God wants to bless every soul here to-night, and the grace of God is for every one of you. "The grace of God hath appeared bringing salvation to all men."

I was telling the people the other night of a poor fellow who was out at sea. His mother had died praying for him; his father had also died praying for him; and I have great faith that when a father and mother have died praying earnestly for their children they are going to be blest. There may be some wanderer here now, whose father has been in glory a long time, whose mother went up a long time ago into the kingdom of God, and her prayers are even now before God. Well, this man was away at sea, and he became awakened, and he did not know what the trouble was. Sometimes when the Spirit of God awakens a man he does not know what the trouble is. This man did not. He thought he would try to lead a different life when he got ashore. His idea was he would go and join the Freemasons. He thought that would be a good society to get into. He used to spend his money in saloons, and low dancing-houses, and in other ways, when he got into port; but he thought that when he got ashore next time he would join the Freemasons.

He found a lodge, and gave his name in, but they *blackballed* him. Then he thought of the Oddfellows, and he went there. They appointed a committee of investigation; but they found he had been drinking up everything he had, and they refused him. One day, as he was walking up the streets of New York city, some one gave him a handbill, inviting him to the Fulton Street daily prayer-meeting. There he heard about Jesus Christ receiving sinners, and he said, when he got up to state his experience, that Christ took him just as he was, that Christ did not blackball him. My friends, Christ never blackballed a man yet. Christ never invited a man to His feast, and then said He would not have him. Do you think He is mocking men? Do you think He sends His messengers out to compel men to come, and then says, "I don't want you; I haven't invited you"? Away with such a doctrine as that! There is an invitation for every soul here, if every soul will come.

Hear the divine proclamation: "Whosoever will,

let him come." Is that not an invitation? Now men have got power to believe. You have power to see with those eyes, have you not? You have power to hear with those ears? You have power to believe with that mind if you will. And if you cannot yourself read this proclamation, others can read it for you, and you can believe it.

I heard of one who was here last night who thought she could not be saved because she could not read. There are many in heathen countries who cannot read, and they are brought to Christ. God saves to the uttermost. You know we have been singing, "Take me as I am."

A few years ago, in Perth, there was a girl who was very anxious about her soul; and the minister told her to go home and read Isa. liii. and pray. She said, "I canna' pray, I canna' read; Jesus, take me as I am." Well, that was just the best thing she could have done. So if you say as that Scotch lassie said, "Take me as I am," He *will* take you.

"What!" you say, "with all my sins?" Yes; He will take you in that way, or not at all. You cannot make one hair white or black. You cannot take away one sin you have committed. But come to Him, He will forgive you. Think what the grace of God will do. There is salvation even to the uttermost.

Look at that man and woman down there. Perhaps for twenty years they have been living in all manner of sin. For twenty years they have not heard a sermon; but now they hear this wonderful text, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." "Well," they say, "if the grace of God has come to us, we will have it. If we can have the favour of God, if we can have the mercy of God, if we can have the salvation of God, we will take it." And they each say, "I will take Him." He will lift you up from your sins. He will lift you up from your degradation. I do not care how deep the sin is, He will lift you above angels and seraphim and cherubim, even above Gabriel, because we are going to be made joint-heirs with Jesus Christ—because all who are washed in His precious blood are going to sit with Him on the throne of God. Look at poor Mary Magdalene. She was possessed of seven devils, and yet she was saved. Look yonder, and see her amidst the brightness of the throne singing the sweet song of redemption. How did *she* get there? It was by the sovereign grace of God—nothing but the grace

of God. Look yonder again. There is *that poor thief* by the throne who was crucified with Christ, and *he* is now singing the sweet song of redemption. Supposing we could ask him, "How did you get into heaven?" He would say, "It is by the same divine grace about which Mr. Moody is preaching." Look yonder once again into that world of light, and see John Bunyan. Supposing we could ask him, "How did *you* get into the glory world?" He was only a Bedford tinker once; but the grace of God met him in his life of sin and profanity, and he is now helping to lift the high hallelujahs of heaven.

Look again. That very woman we have spoken of already, whom Christ met in Simon's house, a poor fallen woman, she is also robed in the glistering garments of heaven. Supposing we could ask her, "How did *you* get there?" She would gladly answer, "It is by the grace of God. Not by any merit of my own; but the grace of God met me in the pit, took me out of it, and translated me into this world of light. To Him be all the glory."

## BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.



THE following narrative is written with the view to encourage faith in the living God, and consequently believing prayer; and it is one more proof of *His* unchanging faithfulness to us in Christ, notwithstanding our unbelief.

Hugh —, a manly youth of nineteen, lay on a sick-bed. Many weeks, even months, had passed without any improvement in his health, although various remedies were tried for its restoration. He had been lovingly and carefully brought up by an excellent mother, who died when He was quite a boy; but when he grew older and went into an engineering work, he met with ungodly companions, and was at the commencement of his illness perfectly careless and indifferent as to the state of his soul.

Having heard from one of his sisters that he destroyed any tracts or books which were sent to him, I resolved, the Lord helping me, to pay him a visit. On being told that I had called to see him, and doubtless guessing my purpose, he replied that he could not see me. Thinking it would not be wise to press the matter further in case of offending him, I made up my mind to call some other day, and at once go to his room without asking permission.

After waiting two or three days this was done. On entering his room he looked considerably startled; but on my quietly taking a seat, and asking how he felt, he seemed more composed, muttering something about not caring to see "*people*" while in bed. "But Hugh," I said, "I'm not '*people*,' I'm your cousin, and I am anxious to see how you are getting on." He smiled at being taken up good-naturedly, and said he felt much better, and hoped soon to get up.

From his appearance, however, I saw that this could hardly be, so I asked him if he had been thinking about his soul. "That is a matter you have nothing to do with," he curtly replied. "That's something between God and me, not to be interfered with." "Well," I said, "that is true, I am only anxious to know that the matter is settled, as I was once lost myself, but God saved me, and I just wanted to find out if you were resting upon the same Saviour on whom I rest; it is for this reason, in fact, that I called to see you to-day, as perhaps the Lord does not mean you to recover, although you think you are getting better." He was still sullen, and remained so during the ten minutes I stayed with him, and on rising to leave I said, "Might we not have a word of prayer, Hugh?" "If it please you, I'm not minding," was the only reply.

It seemed to me like praying with a stone wall all around. No impression was made, and with a cold indifferent "good-bye" from him, I left the room sadly, asking if I might come to see him again. "If you choose," was all he said. Visits were made again and again with similar results, and at last, nearly hopeless, I had almost given up the idea of calling on him again to speak about his soul. We sent in several requests at the prayer meeting on his behalf, but no change was apparent. At last the answer came, and in a most unlooked for manner. I had intended calling on Saturday forenoon, but met his elder brother in the morning, who said, "Have you been up seeing Hugh lately?" "No," I replied, "but I hope to go to-day." "You may go," he said, "he wants to see you." I shall never, dear reader, forget the moment as I hurried up at once to see him, wondering if the Lord had really answered our prayer, and hoping that my dear cousin was at last anxious and wishing to be saved. On reaching the house, his sister met me, and her first words were, "I am glad you're come; he's all right, I'm sure he's all right." They

thrilled me with astonishment and joy; I could scarcely believe it. This was so much more than I had expected, that I felt my unbelief rebuked. Hastening up to his room and entering, I could not help noticing a great change on his wasted form. I had not seen him for some weeks, and I was specially struck with the calm and peaceful expression of his face. His large dark eyes were beaming with pleasure at seeing me again. Neither of us spoke for a few minutes. I almost felt afraid to say anything, it seemed too good to be true. At last I broke the silence by saying, "We have been praying for you, Hugh, often, and sent in a special request for you at one of the prayer meetings." "When?" he eagerly asked. "Thursday before last," I said. "And what did you say in the request," he continued. "We asked the prayers of God's children for a young man evidently upon his death-bed, but careless about his soul, that the Lord would by His Holy Spirit show him his lost condition, and lead him to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour." "It was three days after that when I saw it all," he said. "And how did it come about?" I enquired. "Oh," he replied, "the Bible. I used to take it out of my coat pocket and read bits here and there, and when you were coming upstairs, I hid it under the pillow or pushed it back into my pocket, if I had time, that you might not catch me reading it; but," he added, "it's a wonderful book the Bible, and it's all true, it's all true." In that short time the Holy Spirit had taught him the lesson of the truth of God's holy word. We prayed and read together, and it was really delightful to see how he enjoyed the word of God. "Oh," he said, "it is wonderful how God can turn a sinner from his ways." I said, "But what about your sins, Hugh, where are they?" "All drowned," he replied, without a moment's hesitation. Reader, let me ask you, are your sins where dear Hugh's were—"all drowned," never again to appear? Remember he was a hardened sinner, and had no desire for God and salvation, and hear his words—"Sins all drowned." "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." (Eph. i. 7.) Hugh had seen this verse in God's word, and he believed it, for, as he said, it was all true. He asked me to come and see him every day, if I could manage, which the Lord enabled me to do until He took him to be with Himself, and it was indeed great encouragement to my own soul

to be with him, even though it was only for a short time, as he was daily getting weaker. He used to say, "I am sorry I cannot do anything for the Lord now;" and to express special desire if he got well again to do something to help young men who were exposed to so many temptations.

I assured him he could still do a great deal for the Lord, by his simple testimony to those who came to visit him, telling them how much the Lord had done for his soul; and this he did.

Two of his companions visited him at his request, and doubtless they witnessed the wonderful change that had been brought about upon their young friend through the power of the living God.

He got picture texts, and gave them to many friends, with kind words of warning and exhortation. To me he gave a beautiful painted text card, saying, "You will keep this from me." I thanked him, and began to read it over. These were its words, painted across the card in gold—"BOUGHT WITH A PRICE," and the whole text printed beneath. As I read it, he exclaimed, "Yes, and what a price!" Dear reader, have you ever thought of the cost of God's love to you? Did you ever think of the price paid for your salvation? The precious Son of God shed His life-blood upon the cross for you. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) When asked if he had any special text which he liked, he replied that it was not one but many upon which he rested, but he liked most to read of the love of Jesus. Speaking of his Testament, he said, "This is all my treasure." He then experienced in his short Christian life that God's "word was sweet to his taste." (Ps. cxix. 103.) He said it was not a thing to be put off to a sick-bed, but thanked the Lord for saving him, and he rejoiced in the hope of coming glory. "Oh," he exclaimed, "is it not delightful to know that we have this rich inheritance, and oh, so easily! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." On the Saturday before he died, he said to a young friend who was weeping bitterly, "Why are you crying? there is nothing fearful in death. Trust in Jesus. He has said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'" Thus he sought in his last hours to draw others to find peace in the Lord Jesus Christ, even as he had found it himself. The Lord gave him also much joy in Himself. "Are you all happy?" he ex-

claimed, "for I'm happy!" When asked if he was wearying to go, he replied, "Well, yee; but it is not my will, but God's will be done." The Lord did not keep him long. Amongst his last words he said, "I'm going home now. I'll be waiting for you all. Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

Dear reader, whoever you are that may read this true story, you have heard of God's grace in bringing this young man to Himself, and though, like Nicodemus, you might not understand the meaning of being "born again," nevertheless God's word stands true, and, as we read in John i. 12, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." Will you not also take the living God at His word? "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth is not condemned." "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5.)

## GRACE ABOUNDING.

JESUS came, a homeless stranger,  
To the land He loved of old,  
Lay an infant in the manger,  
Ere His kingly claims were told:  
Grace abounding  
We in all His ways behold.

Jesus dwelt a pilgrim lowly  
Three-and-thirty years on earth;  
Worked and wept, devoted wholly  
To His Father from His birth:  
Grace abounding  
Came by Him in time of death.

Jesus died, by sinners taken,  
Hated, crucified, and slain;  
Earth was to her centre shaken,  
Viewing her Creator's pain:  
Grace abounding!  
Lo, the Saviour lives again!

Jesus rose, and God's salvation  
Bears the signet-seal of blood,  
Through the holy incarnation  
Of the Servant-Son of God:  
Grace abounding  
Reigns, through righteousness made good.

Jesus came and dwelt a stranger  
In the rebel world of sin;  
Knowing our eternal danger,  
Jesus died our souls to win:  
Grace abounding!  
Jesus lives, and we in Him!



# WHY DID JESUS DIE?

**Q**U! wherefore did the Saviour die?" I often hear it said  
HE DIED FOR SIN; but tell me why the sinless Victim bled?

He died because His wondrous love, in overflowing grace,  
Designed its faithfulness to prove by suffering in our place.  
He died to pay the sinner's debt, to pay that debt for thee;  
To answer all demands; and set the captive prisoner free.  
He died because the law had said, "THE SOUL THAT SINS  
SHALL DIE."

As we had sinned He died instead, that death might pass  
us by.

The sinner's sin, the sinner's curse, the sinless Saviour bore,  
And God was pleased to have it thus, His justice asked  
no more.

Thus every sin receives its due; the righteous Judge is just;  
And yet forgives—'tis strangely true—all who the Saviour  
trust.

He'll pardon even thee, if thou wilt but accept His death,  
And take Him as thy Surety now by simple, humble faith.  
Believe that, when He died, thy guilt was laid upon His  
head;

That when His precious blood was spilt He suffered in  
thy stead.

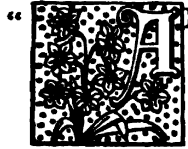
And should the question thou hast raised be asked in  
turn of thee,

Then answer, "Let His Name be praised,

**THE SAVIOUR DIED FOR ME!"**

## THE MORNING AND THE NIGHT.

ISA. xxi. 11, 12.



AND he called to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" And he answered, "The morning cometh." As watchers for an earthly dawning half forget, as they gaze into the deep midnight, that moment by moment behind the horizon the sun is hasting to his place where he arose, so our hearts get filled with the shadows around us, and we forget that while the night watches pass wearily on the eternal dawning is drawing surely and rapidly near. We ask concerning the night, but the divinely prophetic answer is of the morning. "Watchman, what of the night?" And he answered, "*The morning cometh.*" So let us by faith overpass the darkness of our fleeting earthly night, and let us look with God beyond the shadows, and ask for the tokens of the coming day of glory.

But let us remember that while this is the night for God's waiting people—the only night they shall ever know—it is day to the unsaved world—their only day—life's brief, passing, quickly-closing day; for already the shadows of judgment and of wrath are gathering closer and closer round a world that has rejected God's ONE sacrifice for sin, and despised His ONE salvation. And this brings us to the second part of the watchman's answer, "AND ALSO THE NIGHT."

Dear unsaved reader, as surely as the morning cometh, so shall the night come. We read that when God shut Noah into the ark, the flood of waters came upon the world of the ungodly; and when Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed those who remained behind. The Spirit of God has forewarned us that in like manner, as soon as His believing people are taken to their heavenly home, so soon the judgments, long delayed in mercy, will burst without

measure upon those who have not obeyed the gospel. These judgments, awful though they are, will be limited in duration, the one following the other in rapid succession, as we read in the book of Revelation. But after the periods included in the opening of the seven seals, the sounding of the seven trumpets, and the outpouring of the seven vials, there is still to come the unending night of which the prophet wrote in our text, and which the apostle Jude describes by the same Spirit centuries after as "the blackness of darkness for ever." Have you known, in hours of anxious watching, the longing for the first streaks of the dawn? Have you felt the darkness press upon your spirit as with a leaden weight, until the passing moments of the night seemed like an unending time? Ah! but if the daylight *never* came; if the night hours passed into weeks, and months, and years; and if the years lengthened into ages, and the ages into eternity, who could conceive *how* terrible such a doom! And yet the Spirit of truth has spoken it—"FOR EVER." The same immutable word that told us "the morning cometh" has uttered likewise the awful sentence, "*And also the night.*" When those redeemed by the blood have passed beyond the reach of earthly shadows into the light of the glory, dear fellow-sinner, *where will you be*—in the light, or in the darkness? Will you decide now? You may not linger in the choice for eternity, because neither night or morning tarry for you: both are hastening on. Remember judgment is for those who have rejected mercy—those whom God yearned to save, whom His Spirit sought and pleaded with, and who despised His messages of grace.

Dear unsaved sinner, He pleads with you now. It may be His last pleading. How awful in the night of eternity to recall the invitations of mercy, neglected in the day of salvation! Oh, we beseech of you, trifle not with the moment of opportunity! Flee to the one. Refuge ere it be past and darkness come upon you—the blackness of darkness for ever. A. E. W.



## "ALL RIGHT."

**A**LL right!" shouted the guard; and at the words the horses pricked their ears, the coachman smacked his whip, and in a few seconds we were rapidly whirling through the rattling streets, out into the pleasant country, among green meadows and waving cornfields.

"All right, is it?" said a stout elderly gentleman on the box, with a grave yet kindly expression of countenance, "are you quite sure of that?"

"Never fear, sir," answered the coachman; "trust Bob Miles for that."

"All right for the journey, I daresay," responded the elderly gentleman, in the same quiet, deliberate tone as before, "but I was thinking of a longer journey, for which it will not do to trust Bob Miles or anyone else; is it all right for eternity?"

The coachman made no reply, but flourished the long lash of his whip into a knot, and then busied himself in getting it out again. Perhaps he was thinking of the elderly gentleman's startling question. At all events, it set me thinking. Was it all right with myself? Was it all right with my fellow-passengers?

Next to me sat a portly man with a well-fed face. His dress was of the best material, but cut more for comfort than for fashion; and he had altogether the look of a prosperous wholesale tradesman or merchant. Was it "all right," I wondered, with him? Was his business as prosperous as his appearance seemed to indicate? And if so, were there no unrighteous gains—no wages withheld from those to whom they were due—no sum wasted in luxury and self-indulgence that might have been given to the poor, or to the service of God? How many, whose accounts are "all right" as they appear in their ledger and bank book, will find them *all wrong* when they are called for at the great audit!

On the other side was an old soldier with one arm and a medal on his breast. He had served his country nobly. Had he remembered to serve his God? Could he say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith"? Would it be "all right" with him when he had to encounter the *last enemy*?

By his side sat a handsome, merry-looking lad, on his way home for his Midsummer holidays;

was it "all right" with him? Had he yielded his heart, in its youth and freshness, to the Lord? Had he learned that our whole earthly life is but schooling for another world? and when *that* school-time is over, will there be any glad welcome, and happy home, and rich reward in store for him in eternity?

A young man sat behind us, on whose pale, thin cheeks consumption had but too plainly set its mark. He was journeying to the neighbouring watering-place in search of health; but it was beyond the power of medicine to set his shattered frame "all right" again. What answer could he give, I wondered, to the old gentleman's question?


And our cheerful, active, obliging guard, the trusty Bob Miles, was it "all right" with him? Did he ever reflect, as he passed and repassed the same mile-stones day after day, that the journey of life cannot be travelled more than once, and that every stage was bringing him nearer to eternity?

How many scores, nay, thousands of times every day are these words uttered, "All right," when, if the voice of truth could make itself heard, its warning cry would be—"all wrong!" How few there are who would answer the question, *Is it all right?* Blessed be God, all is right, both for time and for eternity.

Reader, you and I are fellow-travellers on this long journey; we may never meet till it is over. When your eye falls upon these pages, the hand that wrote them may have been long in the dust; but we shall meet at the great day. Suffer me, therefore, kindly and earnestly, to ask you, "Is it all right with you for eternity?" What is your prospect at your journey's end—a happy home, an everlasting mansion, a blissful rest, and the smile of your Saviour, for ever to be in the presence of God? Or a dreary prison, and an endless, hopeless wandering amid "the blackness of darkness for ever"? One or the other of these it must be. Are you living as if you were not to die? Then all is *not* right. Are you living without Christ? Then, though you have health, wealth, knowledge, friends, youth, all earthly happiness, all is *not* right with you. No, *all is wrong*. Hasten to have it set right while yet you may. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will know that "*God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.*" It is for you as well as for me, *if you will have it*. Be warned by one who would fain meet you among the

ransomed ones before the throne of the Lamb. Be warned by God's own word, which will judge you in the last day. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. xvi. 25.) "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.)

## THE BALLAD SINGER.

" ILL you go and see a poor young girl?" asked a Christian invalid of me one day. She is a ballad singer, and is now dying of consumption; she cannot last long, and has a great dread of death. A minister has called to see her, but she refuses to see him in case he should speak to her of death. I don't know if you can get an interview with her, but you might try."

"Yes I will try," was my reply, "and you will pray; but first, we will ask the Lord to give wisdom, and open the door." So we pleaded together of Him who has promised to hear and answer prayer. Straight from the throne of grace I went to the greengrocer's shop, where the dying girl lived with her family; her sister, who was also a ballad singer, came forward. I said, "You have a sister ill, have you not? may I see her?" The girl turned to the door close by, and called softly, "Mother, someone wants to see Polly." The mother, after looking intently at me, said, "If you do, you won't speak to her about dying, will you? for she has such a dread of it!" My heart bounded at the possibility of being able to point this lost one to my gracious Saviour. I felt He was so near in answering prayer; so I answered, "Oh, no! I don't want to speak to her of death, but life and living; I am not fond of death myself." The mother led the way to the sick one's room. It was very small, but bright; flowers and fruit lay around her, and a kind sister was trying to beguile the weary hours for her. She lay supported by pillows, and death was not far off; the lustrous eyes, the oppressed breathing, and restless tossing from side to side, told their own tale—that all would soon be still. Sitting down beside her, I addressed myself to the sister; for a glance told me she neither cared nor was able to speak. Besides, she suspected me and was frightened; so I began:

"I heard of your sister's illness, and know something of what sickness is, and felt in sympathy with you. It is such a blessed thing to know you can *never die*, but that you have passed from death unto life." Astonishment, interest, and concern, all seemed combined in the sick one's look. "*Never die*," that was just what she wanted. "All cannot say this," I went on to say; "but I will show you how I can say it, from this little book," and I held up the wordless book.\* "The first page represents me in my sins, under condemnation, black all over, and 'the wages of sin is death'; but the next page shows someone has died in my stead, the scarlet page speaks of the blood of my Substitute blotting out all my black guilt; and the third shows me, having passed through the crimson flood, white as snow; the fourth sees me in life everlasting. Is not this passing from death unto life? and see how bright the gold leaf looks, so is everlasting life bright, full of joy unspeakable. Would you like to have the little book?" I said, turning to the sick one. She was fully interested, and gasped, "Oh, I should thank you!" I did not offer to pray then, though I longed to do so, and left after asking, "May I come again?" "Oh, yes! do, please," was the answer.

The next time, the mother kept watch; so, bending towards Polly, I asked, "Are you fond of singing?" A faint smile broke over her countenance as she replied, "I used to be." "Shall I sing to you? I know such a beautiful hymn, that brought great comfort to one that I sung it to once," and so I sang "*Fully Persuaded*," 149, in Sankey's book. Her cough caused me to pause several times, and this time I left, feeling that I had had a fruitless visit. But God saw otherwise; for, calling next time, I saw her alone, all her reserve gone. "Oh, that hymn," she said, "I have been thinking of it; what beautiful words!" "Yes," I said; "but are you 'fully persuaded'—can you rest on Him? Do you know your sins are all forgiven?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "I wish I did." "Do you? Then if you really wish to know it, you may; listen, and in as few words as possible I will tell you how you may know it. God is holy, but He is love too, and wanted to have us close to Himself; but sin, like a great barrier, shut us out from Him. Then Christ offered Himself—without spot—to God, to purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living

\* May be obtained of the Publisher of *The Gospel Watchman*.

## BUYING SALVATION.

**I**'D give a hundred pounds to feel as I did in 1820," said a man of thirty years, as he listened to an account of revival scenes occurring in his native village.

"I was very near the kingdom then; it seemed as if only a small matter kept me from becoming a Christian."

"What stood in your way?" inquired his sister, who, on a visit to her brother's city home, was telling him of the changes taking place among his former friends.

"Well, 'twas a small matter, as I said. I was just starting in business with Ralph Turner, you know. We had engaged our house here, and were to come down on such a day to open business. When the day came, I didn't care for going to the city. Religion seemed very important; I wished to possess it. But Ralph couldn't go without me. I finally thought I would attend to business then, and take a more favourable time to secure religion. But I have never seen the day since when I was so near being a Christian, and I'm afraid I never shall."

"What hinders you now?" said his relative, kindly. "Your business is established and prosperous, you acknowledge the importance of attending to the salvation of the soul; surely you can never expect a better time than this?"

"I know it, I know it; but the trouble is now that *I don't feel as if I cared so much for it*. I'd give a hundred pounds if I did."

"Seek for the feeling you want; give yourself no rest until you are once more convinced of sin, and anxious to be reconciled to God. Take time for thought, for the Bible, for prayer."

"Time! that is just what I haven't at command," interrupted the brother. "Business is very hurrying just now; I've stayed from the office too long already. Good morning."

Twenty years passed rapidly away. The pious sister had just gone to her long home,

and the man of fifty, still impenitent, stood tearfully beside her new-made grave. A neighbour was telling him of her happy death, of the sweet peace and holy joy which made her last earthly hours radiant with the glories of heaven.

"I would give a thousand pounds for such a hope as she had," was the earnest, agitated answer. "If you would die the death of a Christian, you must live the Christian's life," replied the friend. "You have surely served the world long enough. Begin now to serve the Lord. You are rich, I know you can count your income by thousands; now just stop your eager chase after wealth, and 'strive to enter in at the strait gate.' When will you ever have a better time?"

"I don't know, I don't know," rejoined the rich worldling. "I never was so busy in my life. You say truly, I am laying up money by thousands; but since my partner died, I am hurried almost to death. I seem to have no time for anything."

"And yet, my friend, your time, all of it, has been given you for this chief end—to glorify God. What right have you to appropriate it as you are doing? How will you account to the Giver of this and 'every perfect gift'? How excuse your neglect and indifference? These are serious questions; I pray you to consider them."

"They are serious indeed, and will admit but one answer, I know. But I seem to have tied my own hands, and am powerless to help myself. This business track is a deep groove, and straight ahead; there is no such thing as getting out of it. I couldn't stop the engine now without losing all I've got. But I am not so indifferent as you think. I really wish I was a Christian; and, as I said at the beginning of our talk, I'd give a thousand pounds this minute to be one. But it's time for the train, I see, and I must hasten back to the city. Come and see me, will you?"

Thirty years more, and an old man of fourscore lay upon his death-bed. Many a revival of religion had waked in his breast a passing interest, but left him still unblest. Seasons of providential discipline had visited him. Wife and children had preceded him to the grave. Each of these successive warnings had been more or less recognized as the call of heaven to prepare to meet his God. He had often "wished" he was a Christian, had felt that he would willingly give a handsome sum from his rapidly increasing wealth to buy "salvation;" but to give up his heart, which was set on riches, to sacrifice a portion of the time which the pursuit of that object demanded, to place God first and the world last in his estimation and endeavours, this he had never done, had never tried to do.

And now he must give up the world, though that was his all. Eighty years had made him rich in heaps of golden ore. His horses and carriages were the envy of many a gazer; his house and conservatories were models of taste and luxury; but he was a poor old man, without hope and without God.

Now that he was on the brink of the grave, how clearly he saw what he was and what he had done! Oh, that he could be set back fifty or sixty years, and again be free to choose the way of life! Especially how did he long for that golden moment when truth seemed so clear and vital, duty so easy, heaven so near; and how bitter his regrets that he had pushed them all aside with the vain delusion of that "more convenient season" which had never come. And now it was too late. Though reason was still on its throne, and conscience and memory faithful, his heart was hardened. He must reap what he had sown.

But oh, the terror and anguish which overwhelmed his departing spirit! How could he go into eternity without salvation! The faithful minister tried even then to lead his despairing soul to Him who did not reject the dying thief. But it was impossible; his only and last exclamation being, "Oh, if I could, if I could, I'd give a hundred thousand pounds to die a Christian!"

## WHOSOEVER.

**A**N old man lay ill and dying. He had spent a very wicked life; so godless he had been for long, long years, that he was known as a hardened sinner.

He never read the Bible, and he never thought about the time that was coming when this life should be ended.

He might have heard that God loved the world, but his heart had never answered to it. The gospel light had shone around him, but no ray had entered the closed door of his heart. The rain of God's grace had showered on the dry ground; but he had not opened his mouth to the good God who has promised to fill it.

But when he found out that he must soon look his last on the fair world that had so long been the scene of his sin, he began to think of the place to which he was going.

As he looked onward, all was dark before him; no heavenly light gilded the door where he must enter; it was an unknown land to him, he knew nobody there, he had not a single friend to welcome him; and something told him that heaven was not for him, that the home of God's people was not his home; and he shuddered as he thought of the future.

He wanted to be saved, but he knew no Saviour; he wanted to get to heaven, but he did not know the way.

"Johnny," he said to his little boy one day, as the child sat by his bedside, "could you read to me a bit?"

"Yes, father," he said; "I'll read to you as much as I can, only I can't make out the hard words."

So the old man told his child to try; and as the little boy read from the Bible, the father leant close to listen. You see how anxious he was now to hear the word of God; for he knew that it was God's voice.

Johnny was reading the third of John, that blessed chapter that tells of God's world-wide message of love. He read on slowly until he came to the golden verse which says, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that——"

He stopped there. It was a long word, and poor little Johnny tried vainly to make it out. He spelt it over again and again; but at last he said:

"I can't make it out, father; I'll just miss it, and go on reading."

So he began again. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that ——— believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Oh, Johnny, lad," said the father eagerly, "I do wish you could make out that word. It's just what I am wanting to know. I wonder what the word can be!"

The old man felt that he must know. It was such an intensely important question that his heart was asking now, "May I be saved? is heaven for me?" Life and death depended upon it; an eternity of joy or sorrow hung on the word that Johnny could not read.

So he rose from his bed and came down into the little room below. He took the Bible in his hands, and sat at the street door with his fingers marking the word that he wanted so very much to know.

By-and-by a man came quickly down the street; the house door was open, and the old man heard the step; for he was sitting there waiting to ask anyone who should pass if they would read to him Johnny's hard word.

Just as he was passing the old man called to him, and asked him to come near and help him; and then they both bent close over the Bible to the place where the father's trembling finger still marked the word.

The other man looked at it, and then read, "Whosoever."

"Whosoever!" said the old man; "and could you tell us what that means?"

"Why, it means anybody," said the man, as he turned away, and went quickly down the street.

Now the old man had found out what he wanted to know; he knew now that it was for him, and that God would allow him to enter heaven. He just believed what God said, and it saved him, and made him happy.

He was no longer afraid when he looked forward to the time when he should die; for he knew that it would be only entering into the rest that was waiting for whosoever believed. God's light had shone down on the darkness, and had shown him the path that leads to everlasting happiness, and which is a path that anyone may tread. He knew that he should soon reach the door that opens to eternity; but he knew that there it would not be eternal darkness, and sorrow, and pain, but that

everlasting joy was for him; for he had believed God, who had told him that He "so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He was whosoever, he had believed, and now he could say with confidence, "Everlasting life is mine."

And afterwards, when death laid his hand upon him, he was not afraid; he was not really dying at all; it was only the beginning of the everlasting life that he had taken as a gift from God.

Dear reader, would you not like to be able to say that this precious gift was yours? Don't you know that your heart is always wanting to have something, some new possession, or some new pleasure? How bright it looks, that thing you wish you could say was yours!

And if you do get it, you find out that it is not nearly so pleasant as you had expected; perhaps that what you had thought would bring you nothing but joy has brought trouble too, and that even the very pleasantest time passes quickly away.

But why have you not taken the best and greatest gift that you could ever receive, and the gift which is for "whosoever will"? Everlasting life is offered to you even now. Will you have it?

Have you ever thought of what everlasting life means? has it ever struck you what is everlasting death? Or would it not be a happy thing for you if you could look on and on through a bright for ever, and know that it would be a long, bright day of joy and gladness; instead of, as you are now doing, trying not to think of that for ever at all, and looking for a little joy in the things which only last for a moment.

## I HAVE A BIBLE.



We were staying in a watering-place in the south of Devon. One Lord's-day afternoon, while distributing tracts, I presented one to a man who was sitting alone on the sea-wall. As soon as he saw what it was he shook his head, saying he never took such things. He had a Bible, and that was the best thing to read. As the people were passing quickly by, and wishing them to have a tract, I made no answer to his remark then, but passed on. Shortly after, on my return, I found him sitting in the same position, talking with two friends. I offered a tract to each of them, and at the

same time turning round to the man, I said, "Your friend on the wall says he never takes tracts, and that he has a Bible. I hope he reads it."

"Of course I do," he curtly replied.

"And you believe all it says?"

"Certainly."

"Then you believe a person can *know* their sins forgiven?"

"Sins forgiven, I should think not! No one can know that till they come to the judgment; at any rate, you can't know it this side of the grave."

I sought to show him, by referring to various portions of the word of God, that it was the privilege and blessedness of those who believe in Christ to know their sins forgiven *now* and in this life. Thus I left him either to accept or reject God's own testimony of His Son.

Dear reader, if you profess to read the Bible, and believe it to be the word of God, and the best book to read, yet at the same time doubt the possibility of one knowing their sins forgiven this side the grave, I beseech you to listen to what that word says. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and *forgiveness of sins*." (Acts v. 30, 31.) "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*." (Acts xiii. 38.) "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and that they may *receive forgiveness of sins*." (Acts xxvi. 18.) Thus it will be seen by these few quotations from the Acts the apostles Peter and Paul preached a present and an immediate knowledge of the forgiveness of sins through faith in God's Christ, whom He had raised from the dead. Paul writing to the saints at Ephesus and Colosse, says, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the *forgiveness of sins*." When the Lord Jesus was upon the earth on two memorable occasions he pronounces the forgiveness of sins—one to a woman, the other to a man. That of the man, who was sick of the palsy, recorded in Mark ii. It will be seen there were some present when they heard the Lord Jesus say, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," began to reason in their hearts, "Why doth this man speak blasphemies? . . . And immediately when Jesus perceived in His spirit that they so reasoned in themselves, He said unto them, Why reason ye these

things in your hearts? Whether it is easier to say, to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to *forgive sins*."

Surely it would have been the highest piece of presumption for this poor man, who had been healed, to have doubted about his sins being forgiven after Christ had told him they were. And his authority for knowing it, was the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, whether he felt it or not. "*Thy sins be forgiven thee*" was certainly sufficient, whatever others might say or think. Not long since I visited a dear old saint, eighty years of age, who for over fifty years had known her sins forgiven, and had never doubted it once since she first trusted in Christ. Some may say "Is not this presumption?" Certainly not. Surely it cannot be presumption to believe the word of God, and fully trust in the efficacy and cleansing power of the blood of Christ, whose blood cleanseth from *all* sins. Beloved reader, if you have a Bible, not only read it, but believe what it says about the sinner's sins who believes in Jesus:

"I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins."

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose *sins are covered*." S. BLOW.

## "DWELLERS ON EARTH."

REV. III. 10.

HOW sad will it be, in the day of the Lord, For those bound to earth, as with fetters and cord; Whose range is confined to this globe and its girth, Who're strangers to heaven, and "dwellers on earth."

The tree that most firmly is fixed in the ground, And, fed by its moisture, with glory is crowned, Will suffer the keenest from drought and from dearth, And so, in the judgments, with "dwellers on earth."

The kindred of Cain far away from the Lord Their cities have built, where their names they record; In science they've skill, they have music and mirth, And spread like a bay-tree these "dwellers on earth."

But soon "the great trouble" shall come on the world, And judgments most fearful on men shall be hurled; And there shall be wars, desolation, and dearth, When anguish shall seize all the "dwellers on earth."

Delusions and lies will by them be believed; For, blinded by Satan, by him they're deceived. Ah, what will their Babels and buildings be worth, When they shall fall with them as "dwellers on earth!"

But those whose foundation is Jesus the Lord, For loss in this world have a blessed reward; Partakers by faith of the heavenly birth, Their home is in heaven, and not upon earth.

Oh, ye who are building for blessing below, Your fabric will fall, and o'erwhelm you in woe; But resting on Christ, on His work and His worth, The doom you'll escape of the "dwellers on earth."



# THE CAPTAIN'S WORD.

**I**N the autumn of 18—, at the time of the Ruben's festival at Antwerp, a young Englishman might have been seen in the midst of the gay throng, with a downcast face, looking the picture of unhappiness. He was friendless and penniless, and unless he could get a passage to England by the steamer which left in a few hours, the alternative stared him in the face of walking the streets all night supperless, and probably being taken up by the police as a vagrant. He determined to apply to the British consul, but he had no power to help, and referred him to a society for aiding destitute Englishmen. After some trouble he found out the place, but the secretary was out; there was no time to be lost, however, if he was to catch the steamer, and he had friends in England who would help him. In desperation he went to the shipping agent, only to be roughly repulsed; he then asked the steward of the boat, who collected the passage moneys; again was he rudely refused. There was only one more chance; he asked the captain to trust him the amount of the passage money, and he would repay it as soon as he got to his home. To his joy the captain told him he could "go for'ard," and he would speak to the steward. The young man sat down contented for the moment, but the boat lingered, and the thought struck him, whether the steward might not come along and turn him off, and so the passage might be lost after all. After pondering awhile he came to the conclusion that the steward had not the power to do so; for, thought he, *have I not got the captain's word?* On this he rested, and ultimately reached home safely, and repaid the passage money.

Dear reader, the above is a true story, but the writer would use it as a picture of God's infinite grace. Are you anxious, not merely about temporal things, but about your immortal soul; not merely as to whether you shall walk the streets of a strange town, but whether you shall tread the realms of hell, "the blackness of darkness for ever," "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched"? As once a poor sinner unsaved, like yourself, the writer would earnestly ask the reader to think for a moment, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Is the ease of a lifetime, are the pleasures of sin for a time, to be compared with an eternity of awful misery?

Dear anxious reader, the young Englishman *had the captain's word*, but you have *God's word*: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou shalt be saved*." What a rock to stand upon—*God's word!* *God's "shall!"* Rest in that, my friend, and even as the young Englishman realized the fact that the captain's word was good for what he promised, so shall you realize the most blessed fact that God is ever faithful to *His* word. If you are burdened with a load of sin, He will give sweet peace to your soul, by the assurance that He justifies freely from all things, that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin," and that as to that judgment which you fear you may be able to say, "We are saved from wrath through Him."

You may have tried many ways to find peace for your weary heart—gone to this man and to that one, tried this thing and that, but now just go to the Captain, if I may use the expression; go to headquarters, where our young Englishman should have gone at first, go straight to God, take *His word* for it, and you will not be disappointed. "As I live, saith the Lord"—what can be a stronger appeal?—"I *will* not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live." "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for *I am God*, and there is none else." Do not be looking inwards to find anything in yourself, or your ways, or your feelings, to give you peace; look away from yourself "unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith." Heed not the suggesting doubts of Satan, the bitterest enemy of your soul, who "trembles when he sees a sinner on his knees;" but as you have "got the Captain's word," so trust it, and be assured of this, that God is faithful who promiseth. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## I AM COMING.

**I**T was very late one night when a weary traveller, evidently anxious to reach without delay the nearest town, was driving rapidly along a high road in the beautiful county of Gloucester. The midnight hour had passed away, and the night was dark, no moon having arisen to shed her welcome light upon the way. These and other circumstances combined to make him eager to bring the journey to an end for the present, and for this reason he was, as already stated, driving rapidly. Presently his progress was arrested by one of those

toll-bars which are so frequently met with in the midland counties, and which stretched right across the road, thus causing him to rein up suddenly. Close by, on the right hand, was the toll-collector's lodge, and on the first floor, in a small window, made up of diminutive diamond-shaped panes of glass, a glimmering light was feebly burning. The traveller, having brought his trap to a standstill, now shouted, in order to attract the notice of the toll-collector, but no one answered. Again and again he raised his voice, each time more loudly than before; but all was still within the humble dwelling of the toll-gate keeper. Chafing at the delay and unexpected waste of precious time, the driver of the vehicle alighted, and leading the horse nearer to the lodge, commenced to bring down the butt-end of his whip with some force upon the door.

"I am coming," replied a somewhat drowsy voice from within, and again all was quiet.

Some minutes of patient waiting elapsed, when the traveller stooped down and placed his ear against the key-hole, in order to hear if anyone was stirring. But no sound could he hear. Again and again the door was struck with the handle of his whip, each time with increasing force, and still the same voice replied from within, "I am coming." Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed, but no one came. Presently the light in the window was moved, and a slight stir, suggestive of a feeble footstep upon the wooden stairs, was heard, and at last the door was opened.

"Why have you kept me waiting so long?" at once inquired the traveller, whose patience was by this time quite exhausted. "I have been waiting, and shouting, and knocking, for half an hour. Again and again you said, 'I am coming,' but you did not come."

"Ah, sir," replied the aged toll-gate keeper, "I have been here well-nigh forty years, and I am so used to the shouting and the knocking at night that even in my sleep I call out, 'I am coming, I am coming!'"

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Rev. iii. 20.)

These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are descriptive of His attitude towards the unsaved. Reader, He has often knocked at the door of your heart. If you look back upon your past history, you can, doubtless, recall many incidents of days now long gone by, when you were convinced that God was dealing with you. You were at these times deeply impressed. Your heart was softened. You heard the voice of Jesus calling. You were almost persuaded to follow Christ. It may be you often answered, "I am coming;" but you allowed the opportunity to pass away, and you did not come. A tract was given to you by a stranger. You accepted it, and read it. Some sentence in it went to your heart, and roused your

conscience, and you involuntarily replied, "I am coming," but you did not come.

Again, you went to a gospel service. The preacher was in earnest. The gospel invitation was pressed upon you. You were warned to flee from the wrath to come. You were told to look to Jesus, and live. You heard of the precious blood, and listened to the words from God's own book—"Whosoever will, let him come, and take the water of life freely." You half-heartedly replied, "I am coming," but still you did not come. How long are you going on in this way? How long is Jesus to go on calling, with no other response from you than "I am coming"? Fellow-sinner, Jesus is all you want, Jesus is all you need. Jesus Himself calls you, lovingly, earnestly, yearningly. Then say not any longer with the lips, "I am coming," until the words mingle almost in your dreams, but wake up to eternity's solemn reality, and go to Jesus. Ask Him to do for you what He has done for so many others, and He will save and bless you for time and for eternity. Only come NOW. W. H. F. C.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to supply back numbers and back volumes of this magazine at the following very cheap rates:

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These are well adapted for gratuitous circulation, and for lending from house to house. They are specially useful for lying on the table in the waiting-rooms of the railway stations; the gospel is thus put in the hands of many who might not care to take a tract, but who would read a little gospel story while waiting for a train if it were on the table. The volumes make useful presents for Sunday-school teachers and others, as they contain a variety of striking illustrations calculated to press home vital gospel truths. We append three notices that we have received.

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"\* \* \* \* \*

Sunday-school Superintendent.

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## ETERNITY.

A WORD FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

**R**EADER, thy time on earth is short. Each closing year, each setting sun, each tick of yonder clock, is shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to eternity and to God. The year, the day, the hour, the moment, will soon arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in heaven, or thy wail in hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there for ever—for eternity.

**TO-DAY** thy feet stand on time's sinking sand; **TO-MORROW**—the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? Into eternity.

**TO-DAY** thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planning for the future. **TO-MORROW** all is still—the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to eternity. Others were once busy as thou art, healthy as thou art, thoughtless as thou art, they are gone—gone to eternity. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone, they are removed far from the region of fiction to that of reality—the reality of eternity. The shrewd merchant, whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded Exchange, is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered eternity.

And, reader, *thine own* turn to enter eternity will shortly come. Ask thyself honestly, "Am I prepared for eternity?" Give thy conscience time to answer

—listen, it speaks to thee to-day, drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the heaven and hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine *eternal dwelling-place*, and to-day is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—one day behind time. *Which* art thou living for? *Which* art thou travelling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery, and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb, impossible! from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed and the crown of glory, no, never! God says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.) Reader, has this ever happened unto thee? hast thou been born again for an eternal heaven? If so, well; but if not, the horrors of an eternal hell are awaiting thee, and to-day thou art nearer its unquenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. To-day He pleads, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?"

To-day He points you to yon cross, with the Son of God uplifted, groaning, bleeding, dying, and *all* for such as you. Yes, reader, for sinners the crown of thorns encircled His brow—for sinners the soldier's spear brought the blood from His side—for sinners He cried in triumph, "IT IS FINISHED"—for you there is salvation *free* to-day, and if you accept it unconditionally as a sinner, you will be saved for eternity.

"TO-NIGHT may be thy latest breath,  
Thy little moment here be done,  
Eternal woe, "the second death,"  
Awaits the Christ-rejecting one.  
Thine awful destiny foreseen,  
Time ends, and then—ETERNITY."

# "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

BY D. L. MOODY.

MATT. xxii. 42.

**T**HE Pharisees in this chapter had come to Christ asking if it were lawful to pay tribute to Caesar. He had met the question: He had answered them. And then the Sadducees came, and they had a very difficult question. They were both trying to entangle Him, and He met their questions, and silenced them, so that they asked Him no more.

Then we are told that a lawyer came up tempting Him, and asked Him, "What is the greatest commandment?" He answered him; and while the Jews of all sorts were gathered together, He said, "What think ye of Christ? Now you have been studying the law and the prophets, and you profess to know the law of God, and what the prophets have said about Christ—what think you of *Him*? what is your opinion of *Him*?"

It was not a question put to an ignorant crowd, but to men who made great profession about the law of Moses, and what the prophets had said. And they were troubled when He asked them that question, and when they answered, "He was David's Lord," Christ asked, "How then did David call Him his son?—how could He be both the Lord and the Son of David?" They were silenced. The trouble with the Jews was, they did not believe in the divinity of Christ. Now Jesus put this question, and they were silenced; and the Scripture says, "They did not ask Him any more questions from that time." It was the last question they ever put to Him. I would like to press the same question upon you. I want every one to answer for himself; you that have heard a good deal about Christ, and you that have known about Him for years, I would like to have you ask yourselves this question, "What do I think of Him?" This is a *personal* question; it is a question for each to ask himself. It is not what you think of the Bible; nor is it a question of faith; we will leave that; we will not go into that at all. Nor is it what you think of Jesus as a great teacher. It would be a very profitable service to spend the whole time in considering Christ *as a teacher*, for He did not teach as the scribes did; no man ever taught as He did; He was a different teacher from any the world had seen. It would be profitable to consider Him as a preacher. Wonderful preacher!

This world never heard or saw such a preacher. There was more in one sentence of His, than in fifteen hundred volumes of some sermons! He was so deep and profound that the greatest theologians have not been able to fathom the depths of His teaching; yet His words are so simple, that little children can understand a great deal of what He taught. I will venture to say that *the children about Christ used to listen to Him*. With upturned faces they looked at that loving preacher, and as the words fell from His lips they understood Him very much better than they would have understood many of the super-refined preachers of the present day.

Do you think any little child that heard Him tell that story of the prodigal could not understand what He said, or what He meant? and that picture he drew of the good Samaritan, and of the man who fell among thieves—do you think they could not understand that? He puts His sermons and stories in such a way that common men like you and me could understand and appreciate them. It was not metaphysics that He taught, so that the minds of simple folk got hopelessly befogged and beclouded. Yet there is a deep meaning in many of His teachings, that the greatest minds *cannot* grasp. We shall be finding something new in Christ's teaching after we enter into another world.

I should like you to consider the character of Christ as a physician.

If you have never done so, I recommend you to go through the Scriptures, and read everything that speaks of Him in this particular capacity. You will find it very profitable. What a wonderful physician! He never lost a case in His life, nor did He ever take a fee. You talk about your celebrated physicians in England; but did you ever hear of a physician anywhere who never lost one of his patients? Now He never lost one or had an incurable, though He has had some extremely *difficult* cases. There was not a case He undertook that He did not heal; and to every sick patient He administered health and joy by His "I will." He came into the world for that purpose, and when one day a poor woman only touched the hem of His garment, she was immediately made whole.

I would like to call your attention to Christ as a comforter. Wonderful comforter. Infidels have been cavilling against the position and claims of Christ, but the fact is that there has not been a day since He left the earth that He has not wiped away more tears, and scattered infinitely more blessing

upon the sad, than the whole crowd of infidels, with all their high-flown pretensions to philanthropy, that ever lived. They can talk and tear down the character of Jesus Christ; but where is there one like Him, who has bound up broken hearts and brought deepest joy where there has been guilt, and gloom, and death!

A learned infidel once said, that if the world could find a perfect character, he would bow down and worship it. Is not Christ a perfect character? I will challenge devil and man to find a flaw. For eighteen hundred years the devil and the world have been trying to find a flaw, but they cannot do it. There He stands, without spot, without blemish. Incarnate fiends would like to find something against Him. Men have racked their brains in trying to find something against Him. They cannot. So if the world wants a perfect man, here He is—Jesus of Nazareth. He stands conspicuously out as the central figure of history.

But that is not the object of my sermon now. I want simply to call your attention to this fact—Was Christ what He claimed to be? was Jesus Christ the God-man? Now, that is what He claimed to be; He claimed to be both human and divine. He claimed to be from heaven. "Before Abraham was, I am." Before the morning stars sang together He was enthroned in the glory. He said, "I come down from heaven." Now, the question is, *Is it true?* If I were going to search to discover the character of some one, there are two classes I should want to meet. I should want to meet the friends, and I should want to meet the enemies; I should like to *hear both sides*. There was not a man that had anything to do with the death of Christ but that God made him testify, and their testimony is on record, and it has been preserved and handed down, and we have got it now. The bitterest enemies that Christ had were the Pharisees, and we have on record the allegations they made against Him, and the most serious charge they could bring was, that He was a friend of publicans and sinners. "This man eateth with publicans and sinners." "Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Yes, that is the very thing we glory in—that He *was* a friend of publicans and sinners. I do not know what would have become of you and me if He had not been so. He was a *friend of sinners*, and that is what the prophets said He would be. He came for that very purpose. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, I

because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor."

Instead of taking the whole class, we will take individuals, and the *first witness* we will take is Caiaphas. He held the highest position of any man on the *ecclesiastical* bench. When Christ was here Caiaphas sat where Aaron had sat. He ought to have known as much about the law as any of his compeers. It was he who sent the officers to have Jesus arrested and brought before the Sanhedrim.

Caiaphas put Jesus Christ under oath: "I adjure thee by the living God to tell us plainly who thou art; tell us if thou art the Messiah; if thou art the Son of the Blessed!" And when Jesus said, "I am," the moment that He confessed that He was the Son of God, hear what Caiaphas did. He took his mantle and rent it, and said, "What further witness do we want? We have heard the blasphemy from His own lips. What think you?" And they said, "He is guilty of death. Let Him be crucified!" That is what Caiaphas said, "It is blasphemy!" Why? Because He claimed to be more than human—He claimed to be divine. He said, "You will see Me at the right hand of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven." "That is quite enough," said Caiaphas. "Silence Him then!" Now hear it from His own lips, and bear in mind that it was upon that testimony Jesus was put to death. That is what Caiaphas had to say. Why? Because Christ claimed to be the Son of the Blessed, and that is all. They could not urge anything else against Him. They went out and found false witnesses, who came and swore falsely, and at last they got two witnesses to agree that He had said He was divine. But that is all they could bring against Him.

But let us bring in another witness—Pilate. Suppose he could be brought in here now, and should stand before this audience, would you not say, "I should like to hear what he has to allege against Christ"? He is not biassed; he is not prejudiced; he is not a Jew; he has been sent there by the Roman emperor to govern Judaea, and he will be unbiassed, and he will utter what he really thinks of Jesus Christ. What is his testimony? Thank God that we have got it. It has been put on record. He examined Him, he talked with Him; and after talking with Him he said, "I find no fault in this man." He *could* not find any fault in Him.

People condemn Pilate; but there are many

people who are now trying to find fault with Jesus Christ, because they want to find an excuse for their sins. But Pilate could find no fault with the Son of God. There He stood *faultless*. Do you not know that if He had had a fault, Pilate would have liked to find it out and expose it, and in this way ease his conscience? If he had found a flaw in Him, he would have rejoiced, he would have been very glad. But he said to the Jews, "I will chastise Him, and let Him go." They said to him, "If you let Him go you are not Caesar's friend, for He stirred up the whole country from Galilee to Judea."

And thus one witness after another testifies to the greatness and goodness of Christ. Even His foes praise Him. What is *your* estimate of Him? He died for you, and is worthy of your warmest love and undying service. Oh, fall at His feet, and cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

The next witness whom I shall call to testify for Christ is *the Roman soldier* who had charge of His execution. He had a band of soldiers, and it was to him that the authorities committed Jesus, that He might be taken to the place of execution on the hill of Calvary. The order came from Pilate to crucify Him, to nail Him to a cross. You could not have, it seems to me, a better witness than this centurion. Let him, therefore, be called in and give his evidence. He is an officer in the Roman army. He is, perhaps, very prejudiced against the Jews and their religion, and he has no friendly feeling towards this man that had been pronounced guilty by the Sanhedrim, and condemned to death by his own government, and who had now been put into his hands to be executed with and between two notorious thieves.

That centurion's business was to see that He died, that He was put to death; and there he waits hour after hour; and he hears the coarse ribaldry of the mob, while the leading men of the Jewish nation, civil and ecclesiastical, wag their heads and say, "He saved others, let Him save Himself. If He is greater than the prophet Elijah, do you think He would hang there? If He is greater than Moses and Elias, do you think He would not come down from that cross?"

Undoubtedly remarks of this nature were made around the cross. The centurion heard them; and then, to his utter surprise, he heard the Sufferer's piercing, pleading cry—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And every word

that was uttered by Jesus while upon the cross he heard; and at last, when He cried in a loud voice, "It is finished," the centurion was again filled with astonishment, for it was not a faint voice like that of a dying man. You know that Jesus Christ voluntarily laid down His life. He was no poor helpless martyr amid the flames, or tortured upon the inquisitorial rack, and gasping for breath, and speaking in a faint whisper, but it was with a *loud* voice that He cried "It is finished."

How the voice must have run through heaven and earth. Salvation for guilty men was now finished. It had been wrought out by another. The angels strung anew their harps, and there was a jubilee on high. But down here, in the theatre of suffering, all was mystery and gloom. The sun veiled his face and refused to look upon the scene, and the earth reeled like a drunken man, and rocked like a cradle. The centurion struck his armoured breast with mailed hand, and cried out, "Verily, this was the Son of God." That is his testimony—"Truly this was the Son of God." He was converted there, on the spot, I believe. He confessed Christ, that lowly and despised sufferer on the middle cross, to be the Son of God.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Ah! if that door should open, and you could see that old wilderness preacher come in—John the Baptist—with his coat of camel's hair, his leathern girdle about his loins, and his staff in his hand, what a commotion there would be! What would he say? He was the forerunner, the man sent by God officially to introduce Christ to this world; he was the one proclaimed by the prophets as the introducer of Christ. Isaiah had prophesied that he should come. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Now this bold-hearted, rugged itinerant enters, and what does he say? "I bear record that this is the Son of God. He who sent me to preach told me that when I saw the Spirit descending upon Him, He should be the One. I saw the Spirit like a dove coming from heaven and lighting upon Him—this is the Son of God. Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." That was John's testimony; and John began to grow very small after he met Jesus, until at last he faded away like a star in the morning, which is lost and swallowed up in the glowing brightness, and when the Sun of Righteousness rose above the horizon,

then the glimmering beauty of the star died out of view. In this manner John the Baptist faded away. He had done his work, and done it well. When a committee from Jerusalem, consisting of the chief men, and some of the Pharisees perhaps, went down to the wilderness to enquire who he was—"Who are you, John? are you Elias, or Jeremiah, this prophet, or the other?" He said, "No." "Well, what prophet are you? Are you the Messiah?" "No." "Who then are you?" "I am just a mere voice. That is all I am. I am to be heard and not to be seen. You need not seek to know who I am. I am only a forerunner. I baptise you with water, but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. I am not worthy to unloose his shoe strings. I am just nothing."

That, then, is what John thought of Jesus Christ; and bear in mind he was the greatest man born of woman that the world has seen, and yet he was nothing in comparison with Jesus Christ.

But here is another witness. Suppose we bring in the impulsive Peter. You would like to hear him, would you not? Well, what is *his* testimony? We will put a few questions to him. "Peter, you once denied the Lord. You said you did not know Him—you denied Him three times. Did He merit denial?" I can imagine the tears trickling down his cheeks as he replies, "It is the greatest lie I ever told in my life. Know Him? Yes; I followed Him for three years, and it was my privilege to be with Him, and John and James, on the holy mount. I saw Him transfigured, and got a glimpse of His coming glory. I saw Him with Moses and Elias. I talked with Him. I witnessed the raising of Jairus's daughter. I was with Him again in the garden, and heard Him pray when He sweat great drops of blood. Know Him? Yes, very well." "Well, Peter, what do you think of Him? Was He a true man?" "Let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." That is what Peter thought of Him.

I have so many witnesses that I must hasten on. Suppose we call in the penitent thief and examine him. Matthew and Mark tell us that the two thieves who were crucified with Christ reviled Him. But one of them gave a clear testimony as to what he thought of Jesus. It rang out from the cross, and it has been ringing down through the centuries ever since. What is it? Listen to what he says: "We indeed suffer justly; for we receive the just

reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss." Thank God for such a testimony. How refreshing it must have been to the Son of God in that dark hour, when so many bitter things were being said of Him. When the shepherd had been smitten and the sheep scattered, that thief gave his noble testimony. I shall want to see that man when I get to heaven.

If Paul could come here—he who was the persecuting Saul—there would be great excitement. When I preached in Baltimore upon this very subject, there was a sceptic present. He was a doctor, a learned man, and when I spoke of Saul as a witness, he said, "I would like to hear what *he* says. He is the best witness, because he was so full of pride, and yet he was a wise man; he knew more than all the apostles, intellectually; and he is my witness, I will listen to what he has to say." He listened, and then he went to a public library, and stayed there until the hour for closing. The next day he returned to the library, and for a few days he sought out everything he could about the divinity of Jesus Christ; and he has been the most active Christian man, I think, in the whole city of Baltimore, ever since. I do not know of anything in the history of the world so well calculated to upset infidelity like the confession of Paul. If there ever was a man who hated Christ it was Saul of Tarsus. There was nothing but hatred and malice in his heart against Him.

But let Paul come in and tell us what he thinks of Him. "I count everything as dung, that I may win Christ: that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection. Unto Him that loved me, and gave Himself for me." The moment his eyes were opened he saw his loveliness, and the joy set before him was that he should meet Him, when the living saints are translated; that he should behold Him and be like Him. I think he brings in the name of Jesus in his epistles eight hundred times. No name so sweet, no name so dear, no name so lovely.

And, oh, my friends, if you would only ascertain what Paul thought of Jesus Christ, and how he longed to be with Him. The joy of his life was the thought of going to Him. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." There was probably no man in Jerusalem that thought worse of Jesus than Saul, when he went out to Damascus with letters to slay all the Christians he could find. But he was not the same man when he got there. What was the difference? Jesus Christ had crossed his

path; he got one glimpse of Christ, and He that had been without form and comeliness became the chiefest in the whole world, and he became His willing slave. He just lived for Jesus.

God Himself, on several occasions, has borne witness to Jesus Christ; and John tells us he heard in heaven a great voice; it was the voice of many angels—ten thousand times ten thousand angels—and they said, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." That is what heaven thinks of Him; and if you want to join in the heavenly chorus, think well of God's Son.

Let me ask you this question—Will you make up your mind while I am talking, either that you will give a good reason for not yielding Him your heart, or you will trust Him and take Him as your Saviour? Will not *you* think well of Jesus Christ? Do you not think enough of Him to give Him your affection and trust? Trust Him to save you. Oh, may the Holy Spirit draw you to Jesus Christ now!

### "TEMPUS FUGIT."

1882-1883.

**Y**ES, yes, time flies! another year  
Must now be numbered with the past;  
Change and decay in all appear!  
May we stand ready for the last.

What changes in the world we've seen!  
What changes too in Church and State!  
But, borne along, the mind serene  
Can smile on changes men create.

But we have seen some changes though,  
And changes that occasion grief;  
Alas! that we not only knew,  
But used the means for our relief.

These changes we must still deplore,  
Since broken friendships still remain,  
Like severed rocks which never more  
Seem destined e'er to meet again.

Like cliffs rent by convulsive throes,  
We stand aloof—and thus remain;  
The downward course of time still flows,  
But brings us nought to soothe our pain.

I never cast a flower away,  
The gift of one who cared for me;  
Although 'twas fading to decay,  
'Twas parted with reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu  
To things familiar, but my heart  
Shrank from the final interview,  
Reluctant from that thing to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell!"  
To one whom I might see no more,  
But trembling lip and eye would tell  
The loss which time could not restore.

And can we think of those once loved,  
And fondly too, for Jesus' sake,  
Still think of them with hearts unmoved,  
And feel no alumbering thoughts awake?

Ah, no! we think of them, and still  
The bosom yearns in love to meet;  
But when shall we His word fulfil—  
"To love," and all His brethren greet?

Lord Jesus, in Thy word we find  
Assurance of unchanging love.  
Oh that in us Thy loving mind  
Responsive all our hearts would move!

Thy word proclaims the breaking morn,  
Whose cloudless day no night shall see,  
When all that's now of Adam born  
Shall, like Thee, Lord, for ever be!

His precious word reveals the day  
When Christ our bodies shall restore;  
When Jesus will His power display,  
And ills of flesh shall grieve no more.

No rending then of members dear,  
Of Jesus' body—flesh and bones;  
No erring hand with scourge shall tear  
The blood-bought ones His Spirit owns.

Arrayed in light, these bodies then  
Shall know as even now we're known;  
Shall see how much we've walked like men,  
And all our carnal judgment own.

We own it now! but humbled then,  
Our prostrate souls shall own His grace;  
As Joseph's erring brethren when  
They trembling stood before His face.

Yet no reproachful word He spoke,  
'Twas nought but love He could display;  
"But see," said He, with kindest look,  
"You fall not out—while on your way."

'Tis here we see our Joseph's heart,  
More tender than the sons of men,  
Whose bowels yearn still to impart  
The grace His sufferings did obtain.

Go, brethren, read His sacred word—  
May light divine our Christ reveal.  
When all of self will be abhorred,  
Then He may our divisions heal.

R. G.



# The Watchman's Message.

"I am the GOOD SHEPHERD: the Good Shepherd  
GIVETH HIS LIFE FOR THE SHEEP."

JOHN x. 11.



"I give unto them ETERNAL LIFE; and they shall  
never perish." JOHN x. 28.

THE LOST SHEEP.

## THE LOST SHEEP.

**I**N the parable of the lost sheep we have a striking illustration of the Lord Jesus seeking *lost* sinners.

It is a well-known fact that sheep never find their way home of their own accord, but wander farther and farther away, so that it needs the shepherd to go and seek for them, and *bring* them into the fold.

We were as sheep going astray, and turning every one to his own way, so that, unable to find our way back to God, we had to say we were *LOST*, and it was those who were *lost* that the Son of man came to seek and to save.

Then you always find if one sheep goes the wrong way the others are sure to follow. A gap in the hedge is found out by one, and the others are sure to follow it into the next field. Ah, reader, are sinners not like sheep in this respect?

You tell a man he is a sinner, and he will begin to excuse himself and say he is not so bad as someone else, or perhaps he will tell you it was Adam's fault because he led the way into sin; but such excuses will not avail in the day of the Lord. The wise man said, "If sinners entice thee consent thou not."

Reader, if you know yourself to be lost, we tell you with joy that the Shepherd is seeking you.

A poor woman was weeping bitterly in a gospel meeting one evening, and I had been saying that the Good Shepherd gave His life for the sheep, but some prefer to stay out on the bleak, cold mountains of sin than to enjoy the bounty of the Shepherd's home. Speaking to her at the close, I asked her why she wept, and she said: "I had a dear little boy, I loved him more than words can express, and the Lord has taken him home." Many times had the Shepherd called her, but she "ran away and hid herself," like our first parents in the garden, and now, broken down with sorrow and grief, she exclaimed, "Oh, that I might find Him! If I only knew that He would have me!"

"You may find Him," I replied, "*but will you let Him find you*, just as you are, a *lost*, hell-deserving sinner; He will then take you home rejoicing?"

Reader, the Lord Jesus has suffered agonies unspeakable, and endured pain and sorrow as none other, and yet there is joy in His presence over one sinner that repents. Will you give joy to His heart? Will you find Him, for He is still seeking you? The Saviour is seeking, and if you are seeking there is little doubt but that you will soon find Him and be found by Him. Then when Jesus finds you He gives you eternal life, and says you shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck you out of His hand. How safe! How secure! Saved for *all eternity*, and with the assurance that you shall *never* perish—that is, not being "saved one day and lost the next." God does not save people like that; but when you are saved you can obey the Shepherd's voice and FOLLOW HIM.

He is the GOOD SHEPHERD, for He died to save us; and He is the GREAT SHEPHERD, and lives to keep us.

Dear reader, have you been found by the Good Shepherd? If not, it is still true that—

"Tenderly the Shepherd,  
O'er the mountains cold,  
Seeks to bring the lost one  
Back to the fold;  
Seeking to save, seeking to save;  
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save."

F.

## A GREAT DEBT, AND A GREATER RANSOM.

COME, my soul, let us draw aside the curtain, and expose thy inmost recesses, which the holy eye of God has seen every day while the long list has been increasing. What do I find so closely concealed here? Listen to the awful catalogue—

Sins in thought,	Great sins,
Sins in word,	Little sins,
Sins in actions,	Wilful sins,
Sins in public,	Sins of ignorance,
Sins in private,	Past sins,

Present sins.

Oh, what a mighty debt!

How can this claim be met? How can this debt be paid? Since God's written word declares:

"The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ec. xviii. 4.)

"Without shedding of blood there is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.)

God's divine plan to set me free:

"Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.)

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.)

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24.)

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii. 5.)

"The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from *all sin*." (1 John i. 7.)

The claim is met, the debt is paid, and I am free; for

"He took the guilty culprit's place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For man (O miracle of grace!)  
For man the Saviour bled."

My Saviour, what part may I take in this great salvation, this complete and everlasting deliverance?

"I will praise thee for ever, because thou hast done it." (Ps. lli. 9.)

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." (Ps. xl. 3.)

"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things." (Ps. xlviii. 1.)

"I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall be continually in my mouth." (Ps. xxxiv. 1.)

8.

"I BELIEVE WE MUST DO SOMETHING;"

OR, THE COACHBUILDER'S CONVERSION.

SOULS were being saved at the gospel meetings held in —. Entering the workshop of a coach-builder in the place, the preacher asked if he had attended any of the services. "No," was the curt reply, "and I don't mean to."

"Why not?"

"Because you are teaching false doctrine."

"What false doctrine are we teaching?"

"You are telling the people that they can be saved by simple faith in Christ; and I believe *we must do something.*"

"What, then, can you do?"

Thinking for a little while, he replied, "Well, really I don't know."

The preacher noticed two wheels lying on the floor, one painted, varnished, and ready for use; and the other in a half-finished condition. Seizing a spokeshave which lay near to him, he placed it close to the finished wheel, as if he were about to scrape the paint and varnish off, when the coach-builder firmly grasped his hand and asked him what he was about to do.

"I am going to finish this wheel."

"Why, man," said he, "it's finished."

Raising his hand again, as if he had not heard or understood what he was told, the preacher seemed about to repeat the experiment, when the coach-builder impatiently, if not angrily, exclaimed, "Did I not tell you that that wheel was finished? If you wish to use the spokeshave try it on the other one."

The servant of Christ, looking into his face, spoke thus: "You objected to my doing anything to the wheel for the simple reason that it was ready for use, completed, finished. I could not improve it, and I could not add to it: now, let me ask, What were the last words of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, *It is finished.*" (John xix. 30.)

"When the Lord Jesus uttered those words, was everything that was necessary for your soul's deliverance completed? Or was something left undone? Have you to add to Christ's finished work?"

The conversation was blessed to the coach-builder. He was led to see that God was perfectly satisfied with what Christ had done: and that no works, prayers, or happy feelings of his were necessary to

obtain salvation; and by resting on the "finished work" he had the assurance of the living God that his sins would be all blotted out.

Reader, do you imagine that you have something meritorious to do in order to be saved? Have you been thinking that Christ has done His part of the work and you have to do yours? If so, be undeceived. Your "part" is to cease working to obtain forgiveness; to cease praying for salvation; to cease looking into your heart, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered and died for you, *God is perfectly satisfied with the finished work of Christ*—He is not satisfied with your works or prayers, your church attendance or religious observances—but He is satisfied with what Christ did for you on Calvary's cross. "This is the work of God, that ye BELIEVE ON HIM whom He hath sent." (John vi. 29.) The great work by which sin has been put away is finished, and God asks you to believe on Him who did it all and paid it all. It may seem to you to be "too easy" a way, but it is God's way, and His only way of saving lost sinners. Though an "easy way" it is not "too easy," since it is obtained through believing in another who suffered the penalty of our sins, and died in our stead. No longer hesitate. Time is passing, and eternity is nearing.

"Weary, working, plodding one,

Wherefore toil you so?

CEASE YOUR DOING: ALL WAS DONE

Long, long ago.

'It is finished,' yes, indeed,

Finished every jot;

Sinner, this is all you need,

Tell me, is it not?"

A. M.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

THE gospel of Thy grace my stubborn heart has won;  
For God so loved the world, He gave His only Son,  
That "whosoever will believe shall everlasting life receive."

The serpent "lifted up" could life and healing give,  
So Jesus on the cross bids me to look and live;  
For "whosoever will believe shall everlasting life receive."

"The soul that sinneth dies:" my awful doom I heard;  
I was for ever lost, but for Thy gracious word,  
That "whosoever will believe shall everlasting life receive."

"Not to condemn the world" the "Man of sorrows" came;  
But that the world might have salvation through His name;  
For "whosoever will believe shall everlasting life receive."

"Lord, help my unbelief!" give me the peace of faith,  
To rest with childlike trust on what Thy gospel saith,  
That "whosoever will believe shall everlasting life receive."

A. T. P.

# THE GREAT GULF FIXED,

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

EVERY ONE MUST BE AT THIS MOMENT EITHER  
**SAVED OR LOST;** ON HIS JOURNEY TO **HEAVEN OR HELL.**  
 THERE IS NO MIDDLE PATH.

**I**F sudden death were to overtake the most moral being under the sun, unless he personally knew the Lord Jesus as His Saviour, God could not, consistent with His precious Word, take him into heaven. The question is sometimes put, Is not God a God of Love? Yes, He is a GOD OF LOVE, and a GOD OF GRACE. He is also a GOD OF JUSTICE, and there is salvation for sinners only in His appointed way. Jesus says, "I am the way." Believe on Him.

IT IS WRITTEN:

"Some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not."

ACTS XXVIII. 24.

## SAVED!

"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.)

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, 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." (John v. 24.)

"He that believeth on Him is NOT CONDEMNED." (John iii. 18.)

"He that believeth on the Son HATH EVERLASTING LIFE." (John iii. 36.)

"He that hath the Son HATH LIFE."  
 (1 John v. 12.)

Saved by the Grace of God.

(Signed).....

Reader, if you were to die this moment, which side of the GREAT GULF would you occupy? On which side can you write your name in the presence of God as being true of you? If you are saved, praise God and take courage; but if not saved,

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (ACTS XVI. 31.)

## LOST!

"He that BELIEVETH NOT GOD hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son."  
 (1 John v. 10.)

"If ye believe not that I am He, ye SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS."  
 (John viii. 24.)

"He that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John iii. 18.)

"He that believeth not the Son SHALL NOT SEE LIFE, but THE WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM." (John iii. 36.)

"He that hath not the Son HATH NOT LIFE." (1 John v. 12.)

Under the condemnation of God.

(Signed).....

## A NOTE OF WARNING TO PROFESSORS.

**N**OT long ago the writer arrived in a southern city. He happened to glance his eye along the pages of one of the daily papers, where he read of a terrible catastrophe that had happened only the night before to several young ladies well known in the city, and, sad to say, it was in connection with religion. They were going through the recital of a theatrical performance which was to be carried out to collect funds for finishing one of the city churches. The young ladies were dressed in white gauze dresses, with angels' wings. As one of them whisked round, one of her wings came into contact with one of the gaslights, and was immediately in a blaze. The fire was communicated to another young lady's dress, and soon four or five of them were all in a blaze. One, with great presence of mind, threw herself down and rolled a carpet around her, and the flames were extinguished; but another rushed through the corridor on to the balcony, and before the flames could be extinguished they had burned her throat, and soon after she died. The same happened to another. Two or three others were saved, but terribly burnt. The papers were full of it. Grand accounts were given of the young ladies' Christian deaths, and of the sympathy shown in the crowded funerals. But what about God in all this, and His Christ betrayed in the midst of His professing friends?

Ah, my reader, the Lord has not left the earth to itself yet! Soon He will, after the real Church has been gathered out; and then the earth will be handed over to the devil and the delusions of antichrist for a short space, before the return of the Son of man to take His great power and reign. But ever since the day of Pentecost the Holy Ghost has been here bearing witness to the Man at God's right hand, whom God has made Lord and Christ, and whom the world has rejected. Christendom has grown up from that which began on the day of Pentecost, and though the Holy Spirit has been well-nigh grieved away, yet He still at times in grace

and judgment bears witness that Jesus is Lord and God's Anointed.

Now, what can be conceived more insulting to the One whom God has made Lord and Christ than to find His Church thus going hand and glove with the world that crucified Him, and using its fashions and its theatrical performances to help on His cause? No wonder if His insulted Majesty gives warning, and speaks in a voice that is unmistakable to him who has ears to hear and eyes to see. As the moth that gets attracted by the bright gaslight in the room, and, dressed in its beautiful wings, flutters round the light till in its folly it gets burnt; so does man go on, attracted by the vain shows and fashions of the world, till judgment carries him away. Where? oh, where?

These ladies died, it was said, submitting themselves to the will of God. Of course they had to submit, unless they would act as a grand lady of title did comparatively lately, who, when told she must die, said, "Bring me my marriage dress! I won't die!" And nothing would satisfy her but to be dressed up in her bridal attire; nevertheless she died, crying out in rebellion, "I won't die!" But at best, if they were God's children, they died under the Father's rod and chastisement, to wake up in paradise, and to look back in astonishment at their self-will and blindness, as well as to wonder at the grace that could save them, using death to separate them from the flesh which they would not judge otherwise. If they died unconverted, they died in their sins; they were buried in their sins; they will be raised in their sins; they will stand before the great white throne of judgment in their sins, to hear the awful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Oh, my reader, I would leave a warning in your ears as to the certainty of everlasting judgment coming upon you for your sins and rejection of Christ, if you die in that state! You may try and shelter yourself under the shadow of a religious system, that, like Judas, betrays Christ into the hands of His enemies; but it will not do. You may say, "So-and-so

says it is all right," and "So-and-so does it," or "So-and-so does not see any harm in it." It will not do, my reader. When Christ was betrayed and crucified the whole religious system of the day was against Him. Caiaphas the high priest, the chief priests, the rulers, the judge, and all the secular power. They all took sides against Jesus the Son of God, and Judas betrayed Jesus into their hands. So it is the same nowadays. Where will all the blood of the martyrs be found in the last days? Rev. xvii. gives the sad answer. In the circle of religious Babylon, that calls herself the Church, but is really one with the world. Oh, my reader, I beseech you, come back to hear the voice of Christ in His word! It is not religion that saves, or church membership, but Christ; faith in Him.

Ye **MUST** be born again; the Son of man **MUST** be lifted up. These are the two great necessities for man's salvation. The former was known to Jews, but the latter is revealed to Christians, and must be believed in to become a Christian indeed. Nicodemus, the Jew, ought to have known the necessity of being born of water and of the Spirit (John iii. 5-10); but Nicodemus to become a Christian must believe the latter "**MUST**" (see verse 14), else he cannot be saved.

It is quite true we must have a nature fit for the kingdom of God to enter in; we must have life from Christ; but man is responsible to God for his sins, and even after he is born again his old Adam life remains in him, which is called the flesh. God's justice demands *death*. It must either be his own death, which must end in eternal judgment, or the Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Blessed be God, the latter has taken place, and now God's justice is for ever vindicated. His love that gave His Son can now flow through a righteous channel, and whoever believes is saved. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned" (see v. 18); "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (v. 36.) Reader, the little words "is" and "hath" mean a present state. Are you in it? Then go forth and act accordingly.

## THE DYING BOY AND THE LOST SHEEP.

**M**ANY years ago I was engaged in work for the Lord, in a remote district in Ireland, a wild mountainous region.

I had, on one occasion, had a hard day's work, and was resting, seated comfortably before my peat fire, when a knock was heard at the door. My landlady having answered it, announced to me that a very poor man, unknown to her, desired to see me. Of course I gave him instant admittance. I had never seen him before, and he appeared to me a most wan and desolate being.

He introduced himself by humbly craving pardon for interrupting me at that unseasonable hour; but he had one son—he feared the boy was dying, and he was most anxious that I should visit him.

As it was late now, I replied that it should be one of my first cares the next morning to call to see him; but he was not to be put off in this way. He persevered, declaring that just before he quitted home to seek for me the lad had been seized with a fit of coughing, which his mother feared would have ended him; he had got over it, but was so much exhausted that she dreaded lest another like it might be the last.

I therefore arose immediately and prepared to follow my conductor.

After upwards of an hour of toilsome walking, for the road was almost impassable, we entered a miserable hovel. In one corner of it was a heap of straw, on which lay the poor sufferer. Some scanty covering had been thrown over him, but as to bed or bed-clothes, none were to be seen in this miserable dwelling.

I approached, and saw a young lad, apparently about eighteen years of age, evidently in the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, but he opened them on my approach, and stared at me with a kind of wild wonder, like a frightened animal.

I told him, as quietly as possible, who I was, and for what purpose I had come, and then put a few of the simplest questions to him respecting his hope of salvation in that eternal world to which it was evident he was hastening. He answered me nothing; he appeared totally unconscious of my meaning. On pressing him further, and speaking kindly and affectionately, he looked up, and I discovered from the few words he uttered that he had

heard something of God and future judgment; but he had never been taught to read. The Holy Scripture was a sealed book to him, and he was altogether ignorant of the way of salvation as revealed to us in the gospel of Jesus Christ; his mind on this all-important subject was truly an utter blank.

I was struck with dismay and almost with despair. The hand of death was close upon him; not a moment was to be lost; and what was I to do? What way was I to take, to begin to teach him, as it were at the twelfth hour, the very first rudiments of Christianity? I could do nothing—that I knew full well. But, on the other hand, God could do all. I therefore raised up my heart to my heavenly Father, to direct me how to set forth the glad tidings of salvation so as to be understood by this poor benighted wanderer.

It then struck me that I ought to try to discover how far his intelligence in other things extended, so I said:

"My poor boy, you are very ill; I fear you suffer a great deal."

He replied with difficulty, "Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough takes away my breath, and hurts me a great deal."

"Have you had this cough long?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a long time! near a year now."

"And how did you catch it?"

"Ah!" he answered; "it was that terrible night—about this time last year—when one of the sheep went astray; my father keeps a few sheep upon the mountain, and that's the way we live. When he reckoned them that night, there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it."

"No doubt," I replied, "you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close hut to the cold mountain blast."

"Oh, that I did! There was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through and through; but I didn't mind it much, I was so anxious to find father's sheep."

"And did you find it?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"Oh, yes; I had a long weary way to go, but I never stopped till I found it."

"And how did you get it home? You had trouble enough with that too, I daresay. Was it willing to follow you back?"

"Well, I didn't like to trust it, and besides it was dead beat and tired, so I just laid it on my shoulder, and carried it home that way."

"And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?"

"Sure enough and that they were! Father and mother, and the people around that had heard of our loss, all came in next morning to ask us about the sheep—for your reverence knows that the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to each other. Serry they were, too, to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was that I caught this cold. Mother says I will never be better—anyways, I did my best to save the sheep."

Wonderful! I thought. Here is the whole gospel history: the sheep is lost; the father sends his son to seek for and recover it; the son goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end sacrifices his life to find the sheep; and when recovered, he carries it home on his shoulders to the flock, and rejoices with his friends and neighbours over the sheep that was lost, but is found again.

My prayer was answered; my way made plain; and by the grace of God I availed myself of this happy opening. I explained to this poor dying boy the whole plan of salvation, making use of his own simple and affecting story. I read to him the four verses in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, where the care of the Shepherd for the stray sheep is so beautifully expressed; and he at once perceived the likeness, and followed me with deep interest, while I explained to him the full meaning of the parable.

He himself was the lost sheep, Jesus Christ the Good Shepherd, who was sent by the Almighty Father to seek for him, and who left all the glories of that Father's heavenly kingdom to come down to earth and search for him, and other lost ones like him; and as he, poor boy, had borne without murmuring the freezing snow-storm, and the piercing wind, so had the blessed Saviour endured the fierce contradiction of sinners against Himself, and the bitter scorn and insult heaped upon Him, without opening His mouth to utter one word of complaint; and at last had laid down His precious life, that we might be rescued from destruction, and brought safely to our everlasting home. Neither will He trust His beloved ones, when rescued, to tread the perilous path alone, but bears them on His shoulders, rejoicing, safe to the heavenly fold.

My poor sick lad seemed to drink it all in. He received it all; he understood it all. I never saw a

clearer proof of the power of the divine Spirit to apply the word of God.

He survived our first meeting but a few days. I had no time to read or expound to him any other portion of Scripture. All had to be condensed into these few verses. Whenever he was able to think and listen, those four verses in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke satisfied and cheered him. He accepted Christ as his Saviour; he earnestly prayed to be found of Him, to be carried home, like the lost sheep, in the heavenly Shepherd's arms. He died humbly, peacefully, almost exultingly, with the name of "Jesus, my Saviour and my Shepherd!" the last upon his lips.

### MY TREASURE.

JESUS! my treasure, my delight,  
With wonder, love, and awe,  
Prostrate I lie before Thy feet—  
I worship and adore.

Jesus! the Name of endless joy,  
The Name of priceless worth;  
My Saviour, Shepherd, and my Friend—  
My *All* in heaven and earth.

Jesus! Thou art the Spotless One,  
This sinful earth who trod,  
Rejected and despised of men,  
The great delight of God.

Jesus! the meek and blessed One,  
In Thee alone I find  
The witness of the grace and truth  
Of God the Father's mind.

Jesus! It tells me of the cross,  
It tells of sins forgiven,  
It tells of resurrection-life,  
A Risen Man in heaven.

Jesus! It tells of One who lives  
At God's right hand above;  
And ever for me intercedes,  
In wisdom, truth, and love.

Jesus! because I know Thee *there*,  
Once dead—alive again—  
I know the life which Thou hast given  
For ever will remain.

Jesus! for whom I daily wait,  
The very same art Thou  
Who once a babe in Bethlehem lay,  
In heaven art seated now.

Ah! Jesus, though I know Thee here,  
I wait to know Thee well;  
Till I am seated on Thy throne,  
And all Thy grace can tell.

J. W. T.

### OLD JERRY.



OLD JERRY was a sailor, and during his seafaring life he had many narrow escapes of drowning. He always thought it was his "good luck" that preserved him from a watery grave, so that each time he was thus delivered, on reaching shore he would go with his companions to the nearest pot-house, where they would "drink his health" at *his expense*, and wish him the same good luck when he next got into danger of a similar kind. But it was a divine hand that overruled, and a pitiful eye that looked down upon the poor wanderer as he trod the paths of sin and wickedness. It was the same One that looked down upon the blood-stained Saul of Tarsus, and whose tears flowed over a city as it rejected its best Friend, that saw the prodigal sailor vainly enjoying the pleasures of sin which last only for a season, and He magnified His grace in preserving the life of the sin-blighted blasphemer.

He called him by His still small voice, but he heeded not. He spoke as with a voice of thunder, but Jerry hardened his heart and stopped his ears and followed on in his own inclinations.

One day, after he had been drinking very freely, he entered the shop of a Christian tradesman in the east of London, and close to the London Dock, and while making a few little purchases, he poured out some of the most fearful blasphemy that could possibly be uttered, continually taking God's name in vain. The tradesman felt pained to see a man so under the power of the devil, and shuddered at the awful things that he heard from the drunkard's lips, so folding up a tract he slipped it into his tunic, saying, "My friend, you seem to me to be a wholesale dealer in sin."

The next day Jerry was sober; he was obliged to be, for he had spent all his money, and he could not get "trust" any more, and as he had no work to do that day he sat down to think. The words of the shopkeeper came to his mind, and he was puzzled to find out the meaning of "*wholesale*." "Let me see," he said, "wholesale refers to a bulk and retail to a small quantity. Wholesale sinner! I never heard of such a thing, and he said I was one. It was very hard to say that, I am not so bad as all that, I know; he must be a nasty fellow to say such a thing of me; but yet he said 'my friend,' and spoke kindly; I wonder if he meant it."



While this was passing through his mind, the tract was remembered, and he found it and sat down to read. It was a little paper showing what man was by nature—a sinner, and it also spoke of the terrible consequences of living without God and dying without hope.

As he read of the wages of sin and the awful eternity that awaits the sinner, the giant in sin trembled; he saw himself a sinner, only fit for the flames of hell, too vile to associate with even the respectable of the earth, and the thought of having to meet God in all his sin and iniquity terrified him, and in an agony of despair he cried, "Lord, save me, a poor guilty sinner."

That cry penetrated heaven, and Satan with his host could not hinder it reaching the ear of the gracious Saviour, who has promised to receive those who come to Him; and immediately He whispered words of comfort and consolation to the troubled one, binding up the broken heart and filling the soul with joy and peace. A voice seemed to say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace;" and as he heard those words a ray of heavenly joy lit up his soul, and the terrible burden of guilt that weighed so heavily upon his conscience a few minutes before was now gone, and he could sing from his heart—

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad."

There are two things that this poor sailor did that I would have every reader of this paper do. First, he looked *at* himself, then he looked *from* himself. As he looked *at* himself he saw what a sinner he was; and then as he looked *from* himself he saw what a *great* Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ was.

Reader, let us look at ourselves for a moment as God sees us. God has declared that "all have sinned and come short of His glory;" there are no exceptions, there is no difference; it is not a question as to the number of sins; it is sufficient to know, that in breaking one point of God's law I am counted guilty of all. Perhaps you say that you are no worse than others; you *may* speak the truth in making that assertion, but I always find that when speaking to individuals, they always compare themselves with somebody *worse*, and never with anybody *better* than themselves. But let us compare ourselves with what we ought to be, and by the

light of God's word we shall see what we are. Unless we are *saved* we are still *in* our sins, and those sins separate us from God, and make Him to hide His face from us; for His eyes are too pure to behold iniquity, and He cannot look upon sin. Our hearts may deceive us, for they are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; but do not believe your heart, but rather give credence to God's word, which tells us we are enemies to God in our mind by wicked works, and from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness.

How many there are whom the god of this world is deluding by telling that they are not sinners. Do not listen to him who was a liar from the beginning, but ask yourself if a foolish thought has ever crossed your mind, you would be bound to confess that you continually think foolish things, if so, God says, "The thought of foolishness is *sin*." But surely your words and actions, as well as your thoughts, go to prove you are a *sinner*. Look at yourself, and you will be bound to acknowledge it.

A leper came to the Lord Jesus in the days of His flesh, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." He acknowledged that he was unclean, and with covered lip he had to abide outside the city gate. If any one had said to him, "Man, you are not a leper; don't call yourself unclean," I fancy he would have thought that man a lunatic, as he would say, "Not a leper! why, I have only to *look at myself*, and I can see I am a leper; you cannot deceive me like that."

Yet there are many who are deceived when told that they are not sinners. "You are so charitable," or, "You are so religious," or "have such an amiable temper," are words that are rung into a person's ears, and Satan blinds their eyes so that they shall not look at themselves in the light of God's truth.

But looking at yourself will not give you joy and comfort, but rather make you miserable and wretched. A light-hearted girl once promised a gentleman to say a short prayer night and morning, "Lord, show me myself;" and God answered that prayer, and opened her eyes to see what a sinner she was, and it made her so wretched and miserable, that she sought the gentleman to know what she should do. "Well," he replied, "now pray, 'Lord, show me thyself.'" She did, and really cried from her heart, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and saved her by His grace.

Dear reader, if you have really looked at yourself,

you will see how incapable you are to do anything to save yourself; and if you know your inability to help yourself, I would now say to you—

#### LOOK AWAY FROM YOURSELF.

But who to? That is a most important question. Certainly you must not look to any other man; for if a man cannot save himself, he surely cannot save his fellow-sinner. Many make a mistake in going to another man, instead of going straight to the Lord Jesus. He is a *great* Saviour; and for great sinners a great Saviour is needed. He will be all that you need, for He alone has the *ability* and the *will* to help such hell-deserving sinners as we are. He has the ability; that power belongs to Him alone; and in order to be able to meet the case of such sinners he had to take upon Him the form of a servant, and become obedient unto death, *even* the death of the cross. Our sins deserved death, but He died for our sins; He has suffered in our stead. God has accepted my Substitute; His justice has been satisfied, and I fear not the consequences of my sin.

"For God the Just is satisfied  
To look on Him and pardon me."

"But," said some one to me the other day, "I do not know whether He is *willing* to save such as me." WILLING! I should think He *was*, and the best way to find that out is to come and see. "The leper believed in the *ABILITY* of the Lord to cure him, but he was not so sure about His *WILLINGNESS*, so he thought he would just test that; and if you have a doubt about the willingness of the Lord, the very best thing is to just put His promises to the test. He has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

It is very important that you should come now. You have no promise for to-morrow; it may be that to-morrow you will have crossed the threshold of eternity, therefore be warned in time, give heed to God's voice while the day of grace is, for soon it may close and seal thy doom; then it will be too late, and you will have to abide the terrible consequences of a life without God and a death without hope. Let not this be your portion, for it need not be; it rests with yourself to choose between life and death, heaven and hell, joy eternally or never-ending misery. Be wise in choosing, delay not, for it may be that your eternal destiny will be sealed ere the New Year opens. F. H. D.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We are now closing another year of our happy service in conducting this publication, and we do so with great thankfulness and gratitude to God for His continued blessing, which has rested on our work. We have had continuous testimony from various parts of the globe that the truths contained in *The Gospel Watchman* have been blessed to the salvation of souls. To Him be all the praise.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

The numbers for December and January are specially suitable for circulation at the close of the Old and commencement of the New Year; and we ask the prayers of the Lord's people that it may be used to arouse many from the sleep of death, and lead them to Him who is "THE LIFE."

Sample Packets of Twenty or more back numbers *gratis* and *post-free*, to those who will seek to aid us by getting fresh subscribers.

The Editor would draw special attention to the special issue of the

#### Watchman's Message for 1883.

It is admirably adapted for very wide circulation, and ought to be sown broadcast.

It is supplied at the low price of 30/- per 1000 *direct* from the Publisher.

#### Extracts from Letters.

"Linda."

"I have found the illustrations and narratives contained in the pages of the *Gospel Watchman* most useful for my Sunday-school; for the stories interest the children, and also impress the gospel upon their memory, and although intended for adults, I find it an easy matter to simplify the application."

"I trust those of our readers who desire to make a really useful present to any of my fellow-teachers will do so by giving us some volumes of the *Gospel Watchman*."

"\* \* \*

Sunday-school Superintendent.

"Editor of *Gospel Watchman*."

"H.M.S. — Port Said."

"I, as a believer in Christ Jesus, have found your *Watchman* so very useful to me, in explaining His Holy Word and making all things plain. I think it will be the means of bringing many an erring one to think seriously of his condition before God. A. W."

#### THE LORD'S POOR.

For some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season now approaching, are needing sometimes the very necessities of life.

#### FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

We have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount.