
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





600088288/

1419 f. 145^a

36

"WHERE THEN?"

OR,

THE MAN GOING TO THE WORKHOUSE.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
31 OCT 85
OXFORD



Illustrated Leaflets.]

1419. f. 145.

[No. 1.]

"WHERE THEN?" OR, THE MAN GOING TO THE WORKHOUSE.

A DOCTOR, in charge of a large country district, on his way to see one of his patients had to pass over a bridge. Just before reaching it, he observed an old man coming towards him. As he drew near, the doctor noticed that his left hand was paralyzed; in his right he grasped a stick, on which he leaned heavily, as he slowly dragged himself along. The doctor thought, "There is one about to pass from this world; I wonder if he is prepared for the next." Wishing to speak to him about his soul's salvation, he put his hand in his pocket to find that he only had a fourpenny bit with him. By that time they were almost passing one another when the doctor suddenly pulled up, and held out the fourpence to the old man for his acceptance, but he seemed not to notice it.

So the doctor said, "Where are you going?" "To the workhouse, sir."

Before speaking again, he held the fourpence out once more. The man saw it, but his difficulty was to take it. With his helpless left hand he certainly could not, and his right hand was full, grasping the stick; but, anxious to get the money, he brought his stick to the helpless hand, and as he thus *kept* it from falling, he put out his hand, and taking the money, looked at it, and then, putting it in his pocket, he said, "Thank you, sir."

Again the doctor said to him, "Where are you going?" receiving the same reply, "To the workhouse, sir."

Once more he said, "Where are you going?" Thinking the doctor must be deaf, he shouted, "To the workhouse, sir."

"WHERE THEN?" "I see now, sir, what you mean."

"Do you? You are hastening to eternity, you will soon have to meet God. Are you prepared?" "Look here, sir," he replied, "a man must pray for that, and we must do the best we can."

"Did I give you anything just now?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, it was the last coin in my pocket—the only one. I saw you needed, and gave it to you. Did you ask me for it?" "No, sir."

"Who was the one able to give—you or me?" "Why, you, sir, to be sure."

"And who, do you think, is the rich one able to give—God or you?" "Why, God, I suppose, sir."

"Yes, God. He is able to do it, and He has given His only begotten Son to die, in the place of the guilty, that our sins might be put away. Did you tell me your need?" "Why, no, sir, you gave it without my asking."

"Well that's what God in love has done. He did not wait till we asked Him—till we, feeling our need, went to Him in prayer, and asked Him to save us; but, when we were far off, lost, seemingly caring not, He loved us then, and gave His Son to die. What did you do for that piece of money?" "Why, nothing, sir; you gave it to me."

"What could you do, what *did* you do? Why, you emptied your hand of that stick before you could take it, and you put out an empty hand and took it. And what then?" "Why, I said, 'Thank you, sir.'"

"Well, I saw you, a poor, ragged, helpless creature, and your need, and gave you all I had; and eighteen hundred years ago, He gave His Son to die. When He died, He finished the work—He left nothing for us to do. Would you dare to ask God for another Son, or ask Him to do more than He has done? No, you dare not; then, just empty yourself of everything, your prayers and works, and in the empty hand of faith, take God's salvation.

"I SEE IT—I SEE IT, SIR. I have been praying for it, but I could not get it that way. I can't do anything for it; I'll just take it now, and praise God for it."

Dear reader, how slow man is to see, or to acknowledge that he is so entirely lost and helpless that he can do nothing. And yet the Scripture abounds in passages that proclaim man lost, and needing a Saviour.

You may not be old and infirm, as the one of whom you have been reading. You may have years of health before you, in which to enjoy life; but at the end thereof—"Where then?" Solemn question for one who has not trusted in Christ, for one, therefore, who cannot, dare not, say, "Heaven is my home." "Where then?" If not *heaven*, it would be hell. Delay not then; but now, ere you lay down this paper, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

R. T. H.

"I CAN'T FEEL I'M SAVED."

AND what better would you be if you could? "Oh," you say, "Much better, I should think; that's just what I've been wanting to feel this long time." I daresay you have, and thousands more are doing the same, but you could not make a greater mistake. If you owed your landlord £5, and could not pay it, and he was threatening to put the brokers in, would you say, "I can't feel as if my rent was paid, I've been trying to feel like it a long time, but I can't?" No, to be sure, you wouldn't, or, if you did anything so foolish, should not I be right to answer you as I have done about feeling you are saved? Now God compares our sins to a great debt which we could never pay, and the Gospel is the message of His love, that tells us how He gave His own Son to take the whole terrible load upon Himself, and pay it all with His precious blood. Now do you believe what God says about the Lord Jesus, and are you willing to trust Him who died for you? Don't talk about not feeling, for that has nothing to do with it. Do you believe that Jesus has paid it all, and will you have Him for your Saviour? "This is the record, that God HATH GIVEN to us eternal life; and this life is in His SON" (1 John v. 11).

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"TOO LATE;"

OR, THE PROFESSOR'S END.



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 2.]

"TOO LATE;" OR, THE PROFESSOR'S END.



R. M—— was a respectable business man in the commercial city of —— . Like many others, he had driven hard during his younger days to make money ; and now, in his declining years, he appeared—so far as a stranger could judge—in comfortable circumstances. I was first introduced to him at the close of an Evangelistic Meeting, where he had been pretty frequently during the summer. His countenance appeared sad, and there was a peculiar restlessness about him, that seemed to indicate unrest and disquietude within. He spoke freely, and kept it as no secret that he was unconverted and without peace with God. He had over and again been pointed to Christ as the resting-place of weary sinners, and assured, from the Word of God, of His willingness and power to save. Still it gave no relief. His trouble seemed to increase ; his fears became alarms ; and his poor restless soul was tossed like a feather on the billows. He was absent from the meetings for one or more nights, and we wondered if he was ill, but could hear nothing of him. Lord's day came ; and while we were assembled for the worship of God, a messenger came in haste asking some one to come at once and see Mr. M——, for it was feared he was dying, and his mind was in great distress about something. As quickly as possible Mr. M——'s house was reached. I was shewn into the room where he lay, or rather sat, in his bed. The sight I witnessed in that room, and the words I heard, shall surely remain while memory lasts. He sat erect, surrounded by pillows ; his face was pale ; his eyes full, and wildly staring about the room, first at one thing then another. I scarcely knew how to approach him ; but looked to the Lord for wisdom and grace to speak to a soul evidently on the borders of the eternal world, and, I feared, Christless. I said he looked ill, and asked if he suffered pain.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I am in sore distress. Desolation has come upon me—God has left me—I'm a wreck." The tone these words were spoken in was pitiful in the extreme.

"But, Mr. M——, God says He is able to save you, even now, on the brink of the grave. He loves *sinners* ; and, although you have lived without Him these many years, yet He loves *you*. Jesus' blood cleanseth from *all* sin ; and, although your

sins are many, it can even now wash them all away. Others have been saved as bad as you are, as late, too, in life; and I am sure that God will save you too, if you believe on His Son, Jesus Christ."

"No, no; 'I have called, but ye refused,' He says to me. I have been a fruitless tree, an infidel at heart; there is no hope. I've sold myself to Satan—I'm tied to sin—I've rejected Christ—I'm ready to drop into hell. I've been a religious professor—a church communicant, and in that drawer (pointing over to a chest of drawers in the room) I have notes of sermons I've heard preached during the last twenty years; but I'm not saved. O wretched man that I am. The doctor put a blister on my head, but its of no use; it won't take away an accusing conscience. I've trod Christ below my feet, and now He has forsaken me."

Several times I tried to whisper texts into his ear, of God's love to sinners, assuring him that it was not yet too late, but it seemed useless. His soul was in the rapids, hurried on by Satan to its doom. I knelt to pray, but could scarce utter a word. Never before did I realize the meaning of the words—the solemn words of Jesus, when in tears he looked down on doomed Jerusalem—"If thou hadst known, even thou, . . . the things which belong unto thy peace! but *now they are hid from thine eyes*" (Luke xix. 42). There lay an immortal spirit on the verge of the eternal world, with the realities of eternity about to burst on his vision, and who already seemed tasting the *despair* of the damned—the *remembrance* of a Christ despised, and the foreboding of the doom that awaits the sinner where *hope* can never shine. If such be the agony and despair of the Christ-rejecter, awakened to see the enormity of his guilt in time, what must it be in eternity?

I draw the curtain over his sad, sad end. It was dark as it was sudden; and his own hand hastened it. Did I consult my feelings, I should never have told this sad tale; but I raise it as a warning voice to others. It is a standing proof of the truth of the living God—"He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall *suddenly be* destroyed, and that without remedy" (Proverbs xxix. 1).

Reader, are you a Christ rejecter? Are you a trifler with the truth of God? Do you, like this poor man, content yourself with a

name to live—with a professor's garb? Remember God will yet tear off the mask; you will be unmasked in eternity. How terrible to be drugged by Satan's opiates through life, to think you are a Christian while *Christless*, and then to wake up among the damned in hell, conscious of your mistake for the first time—and for ever too late to find a remedy. Arouse thee, O Christless one. Your day is passing—death is nearing—Judgment hasting; but Christ receiveth sinners still. Then, why will ye die? Why should you rush madly on to the sinner's doom—the second death? Why shut your ears to the voice of God, who loves your soul? Are you in love with the undying worm—the everlasting flame—that you hasten thither, or are you asleep in the cradle of a false security—the peace of a sin-drugged soul? You think all is well. What an awaking awaits the mere professor in eternity!

J. R.

WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION.

LITTLE Katie was playing alone one day, and as I heard her talking away as if some one were beside her, I drew near to listen. To my astonishment I found her all alone and musing away to herself. One thing I overheard her say—where she had heard it, or how she got it, I cannot tell, but it took a hold of me—it was this: “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,” said the child, and then pausing a moment, added, “But how can they work it *out* if it's not *in*?” Very true and beautiful; and there's many trying to do what never can be done. “*How can they work it out if it's not in?*” You must receive salvation and have it *in* you before you can work it *out*. It does not say *work for* salvation, but *work out your own* salvation. It's *your own* salvation, and you cannot call a thing your own that you never have received.

“SEE THAT YE

REFUSE NOT HIM THAT SPEAKETH.”

(Heb. xii. 25.)

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"HI! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"



"HI! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

TUST two years ago I was staying at a friend's house in B——, a country village, where we had the opportunity, as also at a village some five miles distant, of preaching the gospel, both in barns and in the open air. I had driven over to the latter place one evening, and the Lord had given us a very blessed meeting, which we held in a barn. We stayed late speaking to the people, who seemed to drink in the blessed news of the gospel, and so it was getting dark when we started for home. We had come to a part of the way which was made much darker through a number of large elm trees growing on either side when we espied a man some distance ahead coming along the middle of the road; we drove rapidly on and very soon came near to him, yet strange to say, he made no attempt to alter his course, but came straight on with his head bent upon his breast; we shouted, "Hi! where are you going?" but we shouted in vain, and it was not until the horse was just upon him that he started on one side, and we then found he had fallen asleep whilst he was walking along.

And now, dear unsaved reader, your state is very similar, walking along that broad road that leadeth to destruction, yet asleep, not knowing, because not seeing, the awful danger ahead, and yet it comes nearer each day of your life. Every time you lay your head upon your pillow it tells you of one day less of this life with its opportunities to repent and believe the gospel, and one day nearer that eternity in which as a man dies here, so shall he live there. Cannot I therefore persuade you to flee from the wrath to come, cannot I arouse you from your sleep of death? See, there is a refuge near at hand, one step, and you are for ever safe, that refuge is Christ, that step is faith, faith in a living, loving, personal Saviour will bring you from death to life, from darkness to light, from a state of danger to one of safety, from being a child of wrath to becoming a child of God, heir of God and joint heir with Christ. Will not these wondrous blessings allure you? will not the love of God in Christ win your heart? didst thou ever know of such love? love that passeth knowledge, and that love, even to the death on the cross, lavished on thee. Wilt thou not, therefore, take that step now which shall lift thee out of the wretchedness and misery that by nature thou art an heir to, and land thee into the eternal happiness and joy that belongeth to the children of God?

Think of your state as a sinner unsaved, think of your coming deathbed, think of the judgment to follow, think of the eternal hell. Wake, then, unsaved one, danger in its most awful form is ahead, at any moment it may overwhelm thee ; therefore I sound forth as with a trumpet blast the words of the angel to Lot, "Escape for thy life."

Hi ! where are you going, poor sinner ?
There's danger ahead on the road !
And every step you are taking,
Leads farther and farther from God.


Asleep and in darkness you travel,
Not knowing or seeing the way,
For sin's dark night is around you,
That shuts out the light of the day.

Then flee from the wrath that awaits you,
For Jesus the refuge is nigh !
Escape and His arms shall enfold you,
And lift you in safety on high.

And there with the blessing for ever,
The song of His praise shall ascend ;
Who loved us and died to redeem us,
And loveth us still to the end.

G. S. J.

"THAT'S MY BUSINESS."

"ILL you accept a little gospel tract ?" I said to a gentleman in the train one day. "It's no use to me," was the short reply. "How is that," I asked, "Is your soul saved ?" "That's *my* business," he answered.

Perhaps you would be inclined to answer in the same way, and I am sure I am not going to contradict you, for most undoubtedly it is your business ; but let me ask you, has this business been attended to ? If not, are you not condemning yourself when you try to prevent any one else from interfering in the matter, by declaring that it's your business ? It's your business to see that your house is safely locked up before you go to bed at night ; but if you had neglected to look to bolts and locks, and the policeman rang the bell in the middle of the night to tell you your front door was open, you would scarcely dismiss him with a short "That's *my* business."

Ah, friend, you may try to hide the truth from yourself, but those words, "It's my business," tell but too plainly of a condition of things that will not bear the light. When a sinner really gets saved, it is some one else's business besides his own. If God so loved a poor sinner like me, as to give His Son to die for me, and if I have believed in the Lord Jesus, and have trusted Him as my Saviour, surely I am bound to be ready to say so to whoever questions me about it. "Be ready to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you," wrote the apostle Peter; and those who have got a good reason for their hope will not be slow to give an answer. I daresay the man who went in to the king's marriage supper without a wedding garment, thought it was *his* business what clothes he wore; but when the king came in, and asked him, "How camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" The man was speechless.

Dear friend, is it not better to face this solemn question honestly at once, rather than blind yourself with a delusion which you will not allow any one to disturb? It is indeed your business, then, to see to the salvation of your soul; but no diligence on your part would have been of the least use, if God had not made it His business first of all. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6). Are you prepared to own the truth of the first part of this Scripture in your own case? Are you the lost sheep—lost past the possibility of recovering yourself? Then, indeed, you may claim for yourself the second part, and believing God's testimony about His Son, you may say, "With His stripes I am healed." And when you have received God's gift, and when, being justified by faith, you have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, you will be ready to give God the glory, and to tell whoever asks you how the Son of God, who died for sinners, has saved you.

A. J. H.

"AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT."

(Heb. ix. 26)

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

WHOSOEVER" MEANS "ANYONE;"

OR, THE FARM LABOURER.

"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.



"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

**"WHOSOEVER" MEANS "ANYONE;" OR,
THE FARM LABOURER.**

IN the summer of 1862, I often stood with others under a clump of trees in Hyde Park, preaching the gospel, whilst hundreds stood around listening. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, when thousands were flocking up to London. Thus a special opportunity afforded itself to speak to the people.

One afternoon I was alone, and just as I had finished speaking, a man touched me on the arm, and said,—

"If you please sir, may I speak a word now?"

"What will you speak about?"

"Salvation through Jesus alone," said he.

"Then go on, if you do that I will stand by." He began by telling us the tale of his own conversion, and with much power he related it in his homely style.

He was a farm labourer from Staffordshire, and when others were talking about the Great Exhibition, and of going up to London, he thought he would like to go, not to see that, but just to tell of Jesus, his Saviour. He was very anxious about his soul, and had attended some revival meetings about two years before. Walking along a high road in Staffordshire, as he went home from his work, he saw a piece of paper lying on the ground. At another time he might have passed on, but he thought it was a tract, as he found it to be. He began to read, but not being much of a scholar, as he said, it was only with difficulty that he could read parts of it. Reading on, he came to that simple yet precious verse, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" but he failed to understand it—he knew not the meaning of "whosoever." As he wondered, he saw a boy of about twelve coming towards him. Stopping him, he said,—

"Can you read, boy?"

"I should think I could: why, I've been to school more than two years, I can read anything, I can."

"Well read this for me," and giving him the tract, he pointed to the verse, saying, "Begin there." The boy took it, and read very quickly, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish,

but have everlasting life," and was going on, but the man said,—
"Stop, read that again more slowly."

He did so, and when he came to the word, "whosoever," the man said, "Now, what does that mean, 'whosoever?'"

"Whosoever," exclaimed the boy, "why, it means 'whosoever' to be sure."

"Yes," said the man, "I know that, but who does it speak about, what does it really mean?"

"Ah!" said the boy, "I see what you are at now, why, 'whosoever' means you, or me, or anybody." As the little boy went on, doubtless proud of his knowledge, the man remained standing, and with tears said to himself, "God so loved the world, that *whosoever believeth*, and that means me. I believe, I will believe." In that moment he realized his sins forgiven, as he simply believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, the gift of God to a ruined world.

He closed by saying, "In my place they call me 'the whosoever;' for," said he, "I must say it again and again, it's just 'whosoever.'"

What a gospel! What joys might well fill the soul of the one who receives it! "Whosoever believeth." What love! The love of Jesus, who, seeing us in danger of eternal fire, came down from heaven, and stooped to the cross of deepest woe. His hands and feet were pierced, nails seemed to keep Him there, but

"Twas love that nailed Him to the tree,
Or iron ne'er had bound Him;
'Twas love that lived, 'twas love that died,
With endless life to bless us."

No man took that life from Him, He laid it down of Himself. Love, wondrous love, that urged Him on to the accomplishment of man's salvation. The love of Christ is enough to break every heart, to draw every one now to Him. Sinner, come to Him now as you are. Have you a hard heart? Come. Have you many sins? Come. All the more reason why you should, and now, come and believe on Him who, in love, gave Himself for you. Guilty and heavy-laden, as you trust in Him, as you take the place amongst the "whosoever," as you look away from all you are, have done, or can do, to Jesus, the crucified One, with joy unspeakable you will be able to sing,

"I can see Him even now,
With His pierced, thorn-clad brow,
Agonizing on the tree,
Oh, what love! and ALL FOR ME!"

R. T. H.

WHOSOEVER.

IT'S a grand word that "whosoever." I don't care who you are, or what you are, or what you have been: the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, has an invitation here for you. But is there no mistake?—is it not for some other person, or for a particular class of persons? No. There is no mistake about it: it's just for you. Look at the invitation for yourself; and you will find no deception about it in the world. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17)—not timidly or doubtingly, but *freely*. And when God says "whosoever," mark you, He means it; and when He says "take," He means it; and when He says "freely," He means it. So do not on any account run away with the idea that you are not at liberty to take the water of life freely. When the last fountain was opened, down the way there, wasn't it declared opened, and wasn't it also declared that whosoever wanted water was just to take it for nothing? Now, you would never think of eyeing the fountain suspiciously and saying, "If I could only be sure it was for me." Of course not. Although your name was never mentioned, you know right well it is free to you—you never doubt it in the least. And so is the water of life. "Whosoever" means you. The water of life is free to you. Then make this great gift yours by humbly and thankfully receiving it; and, after that, you will draw water out of the wells of salvation (Isa. xii. 3).

AND BY HIM

ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED

FROM ALL THINGS,

FROM WHICH YE COULD NOT BE JUSTIFIED

BY THE LAW OF MOSES.

(Acts xiii. 38.)

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

WARNED OF GOD;

OR, FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.



Illustrated Leaflets.]

[No. 5.]

WARNED OF GOD;

OR, FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.

CAN it be true? Is it possible? Such were the questions on every one's lips on the morning of Dec. 29th, 1879. Business men put them to one another as they met in the street. Friend put them to friend. Everybody seemed to ask them of one another.

The almost incredible tidings of the destruction of the Tay Bridge during the height of the storm on the preceding evening had just been received. The news seemed too terrible to be true. Soon, however, proof was forthcoming that convinced the most sceptical and destroyed the fond hopes of even the most sanguine. Only eighteen months had elapsed since the completion of the bridge had been hailed with pride as a triumph of engineering skill. Little did the public imagine that by the fury of the hurricane not only would the bridge be destroyed, but a train with its living freight, would with it be carried to destruction. Were it but a bridge that had been destroyed, or some railway carriages that had been lost, that would easily have been remedied. Already we hear of plans being formed for the reconstruction of the bridge. The busy workmen will soon be seen crowding on the broken piers, the sound of the hammer and chisel will be heard, and very soon again the locomotive may run across the waters of the Tay. Money, skill and experience—dearly bought experience—will not be wanting to attain this end. But will money ever repay the terrible loss that many have sustained, or will any skill or experience avail to repair the breach in many a once bright family circle?

What power shall bind that broken widowed heart that so inconsolably mourns the loss of the dearest one on earth? What hand shall dry that mother's hot scalding tears as she weeps for her son who sleeps in death beneath the angry waters? Who shall comfort those mourning ones—ah, who indeed?

This truly is indeed the sad, sad part of this terrible calamity. Seventy-five precious souls cut off in a moment—unheeding and unwarned of danger—hurried into eternity! Yet surely from such a number some must have gone to a brighter world, some surely have passed away beyond the reach of all sorrow and pain; and now in courts of glory above join with those redeemed ones in songs of

sweetest praise. And is it not more certain still that many others have sunk deeper than a river's depth, fallen further than a bridge's giddy height, and are now where tears are never dry, where wailing never ceases, where eternally they cry, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

There is something particularly sad in thinking of that fatal journey. Picture it briefly for a moment; station after station is passed; nothing happens to alarm any one. As they stop to lift the tickets ere crossing the bridge, some nervous passenger does make enquiry as to their safety, but is quickly reassured, and on they go on their ride to death. As they pass on to the bridge, thoughts of home, of kind friends and warm welcome no doubt fill the minds of most. Will no one warn them of their danger? Will no one tell these unsuspecting people of their peril? Will no friendly hand throw the red signal light across the line? Must they go on unwarned? Yes, unwarned they pass on, till more quickly than it takes to write it, the wild tempest blast sweeps down the river, and with irresistible force carries bridge, train, and passengers to destruction. In a few moments the ruin is complete, and the howl of the wind mingles with the roar of the waves, as they sound a dirge o'er those that have perished.

Have we not but to look around to find spiritually the exact counterpart of all this? Where are those crowds who throng our thoroughfares hastening to? Where is that man going to who rushes past you in feverish haste? Where is that other bound for who leisurely walks along? One and all are bound for Eternity; and a great number, we fear indeed, are bound for Hell. But will they pass unwarned? Shall they go on to that terrible prison house unwarned? God forbid. They must be told; the danger signal must be flashed unmistakably across their path, and in their ears words of entreaty must be poured. Unserved reader! if you have never been warned before, we warn you now; and with all earnestness and all love we beseech you, "flee from the wrath to come." As you would shun hell's torments, as you would fain win heaven's glories, "Escape for thy life." Stop, though it be but for a moment, and consider your ways; they lead to death, they lead to destruction, they lead thee to where hope and mercy never come; where in a kingdom of darkness despair holds endless rule. Stop, and stop now, for every step but brings thee nearer destruction. Stop, and stop now, for another moment may land thee on the

rock-bound shores of eternity, there unceasingly to endure all the billows of almighty God's wrath. Oh that we could throw sufficient strength into our arguments! Would to God we could command sufficient earnestness, aye even mixed with tears, as we try to tell you of such a terrible future.

And now let us for a moment look in at the terminus. What anxiety, what suspense is pictured in every feature of those eager watchers! They have looked forward to meeting their friends, and what an awful disappointment they have had! And does it not sometimes seem that if there was one thing that would cause a feel of sorrow in the glory land, it would be to look round the shining host above, and miss from their ranks those whom on earth we had known and loved!

Young man, we appeal to you, and ask you to think a moment of that loved mother who, as she took your hand in hers, bade you meet her in heaven, and then gently went home to Jesus.

Brother! you would fain see again that loved sister, whose pleading voice used so often to tell thee, "Trust in Jesus."

Mother! how many fond hopes you have cherished that again you would meet that bright eyed boy whom death so ruthlessly snatched from you. You know he is safe—but are you?

No happy meetings, young man, await thee in glory if you reject Christ.

Brother! never again will you meet that sister, unless you seek refuge in the blood of Jesus.

Mother! that bright eyed boy will never again be yours, if your heart does not open to receive a Saviour's love.

Then, again, we beg of you to consider the matter of your soul's interests, and settle the question of your salvation, and

SETTLE IT NOW.

A. G. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 3/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 6.]

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

UNDER sentence of death lay a young man in the gaol at ———. Being asked one day by a friend to go and see him, we went together to the prison. My friend being a magistrate, we were soon admitted inside the massive doors, which seemed to tell out the power of the law of England, in keeping the guilty one who has broken those laws in its grasp. Walking along a stone passage, we came to a strong iron gate, which was opened to us from within by a turnkey, who immediately relocked it after we had passed through. We then arrived at the door of the condemned cell. Its thick oaken panels seemed again to say, "He who enters here must give up hope."

Justice, dear reader, could not unbar that door, but mercy might. Justice demanded the death of that guilty young man, who had shed a parent's blood, and if ever those bolts and bars were undone to let that one go free, mercy's hand alone could do it. On entering the prison cell, the door of which was again locked behind us, the young man stood before us. Strongly built, and in the midst of life, there he stood, condemned already. He was not *expecting* to be condemned; the awful sentence of death was *already* passed upon him. Each time the prison clock struck the hour, he knew that another hour of the short time he had to live had passed for ever. Each time the morning sunlight crept in through the little window of his cell, it silently spoke the same sad truth—"Another night is gone; the morning of your execution draws nigh."

Reader, let me ask you a question. Is your case anything like this young man? Are you a guilty sinner, although perhaps a religious one, attending to all the outward forms, and yet the wrath of God abiding on you? (John iii. 36). Have you not broken the law of God; and do we not read in Gal. iii. 10, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things

which are written in the book of the law to do them ;” and again, in James ii. 10, “For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all”? Are not you, reader, also condemned already? Has not the Judge passed the awful sentence upon you? Have you ever listened to *that* sentence in John iii. 18, “He that believeth not is condemned already”? But perhaps you answer, “I do believe that Christ died for sinners, and I am now trying to do my best to merit His forgiveness.” Reader, this is not what God means by faith in Christ. If you have never known the power of His precious blood to put your sins away ; if you are still unable to say, “I know He is *my* Saviour, for He has saved *me* ; the sooner you awake to the awful reality of your position the better, for each day the carrying out upon you of the dread sentence is drawing nearer. “Flee from the wrath to come.”

The condemned cell was a cheerless place. A wooden table, a stool, and an iron bedstead was all that the room contained ; and after some little conversation with the young man, he pointed me to the iron-barred window. “When first I entered here,” said he, “the sense of condemnation, and the thought that on such a day, at such an hour, I should be led forth to execution, was more than I could bear, and around those bars, sir, I tied my scarf, with the intention of committing suicide. Anything seemed preferable than the thought each day of my coming doom ; but God in mercy kept me from my purpose.” The open Bible I saw lying on his table, and my conversation with him gave me some hope that he had peace with God through believing, before his execution, which took place shortly afterwards.

Before leaving, I asked him, “Have you any message for those who are going on in the same path of sin which you have trodden?” After thinking a moment, he said, “Yes! tell them I was once a respectable young man ; I would not have told a lie, or taken anything which was not my own ; but drink and gambling have brought me to this end.” In a drunken fit, he

had shot at his father, but missing him, had killed his mother.

That young man might have lain on his straw mattress and dreamt that he was free, yet it would have been but a dream, and on waking, it would be but to find those strong prison doors were still between him and life and liberty. Reader, you may be dreaming on to eternity, conscience-smothered, but if still unsaved, what an awful waking up yours will be—the harvest passed, the summer ended, and you unsaved. Had I gone to that young man and said, “Lead a moral life; keep the law of England,” what would have been his answer? “Sir, you but mock me. I am guilty, guilty, lost, lost. Nothing can save me but a Queen’s free pardon;” and could I have laid at that moment on his table such a pardon, with what eagerness, with what thankfulness would he have grasped it.

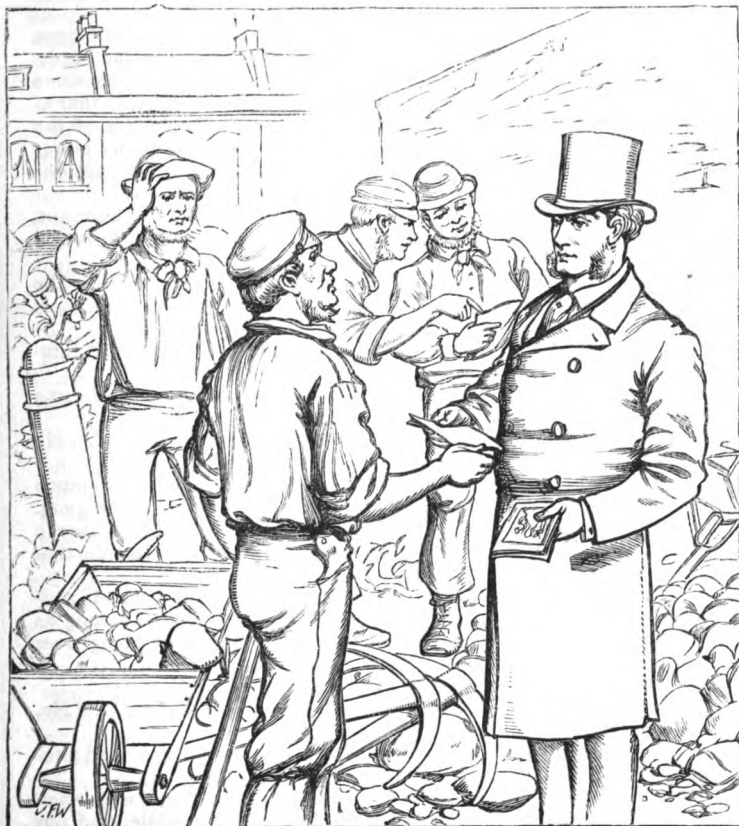
Dear reader, again I say awake, awake; that awful lost eternity to which you are hastening, if unsaved, is each moment drawing nearer; and oh! how near it may be to you. Each tick of your watch, each time your clock strikes the hour, it silently speaks to you, and says, “Another moment, another hour, nearer heaven or hell.” Reader, which? And to be saved what have you to do? Simply to receive the gift of God—eternal life. Nothing to do, nothing to feel; only to believe what Christ has done for you, and you are a free man, for all has been finished by the Son of God (John v. 24). He has purchased you a free salvation by His death and agony on Calvary’s Cross, and God is satisfied. Yes, His justice is satisfied, and He now waits for you to be satisfied with Christ; for God remains the just God, and yet “the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus” (Rom. iii. 26).

J. A. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE SOUL'S WAGES.



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 7.]

THE SOUL'S WAGES.

AS I was returning from a distant parish where I had been visiting, I came upon a gang of men repairing the roads. I offered each a little book or paper, asking at the same time if they could read. They took the books with thankfulness. Some I found could not tell the letters of the alphabet, but said they could get it read to them at home either by their wives or little ones; others could read a little, but not one of them could read much without making many mistakes.

I asked if they each had a Bible. One replied "No, I have not, and I never learned to read, never having gone to school a day in my life."

"Do you ever go to church?" I asked. "Not often," was the reply from all; "it isn't much use to go there I reckon, we've got as much as we can do to get bread for our families."

"How long are you going to live in this world?" I asked. "Cannot tell that," was the reply.

"You expect to die some day?" "Yes, I s'pose we must all come to that whether we will or no, sir."

"And where will you go after your body is dead?" I asked. No reply to this.

"Do you know you have a soul?" "Don't understand much about that," said one who appeared to be the foreman of the gang.

I tried to get them to think. I said to this man, "You have a strong arm, good muscles, large bones, and you can handle that pickaxe well?" "Yes," he replied.

"And I suppose you have seen as strong a man as yourself suddenly die?" "Yes, I remember Jim Brown, who was as strong as any man in our parish, was killed by a waggon of lime going over him."

"You saw him after he was dead, I suppose?" "Yes."

"Could he use his strength when he was in the coffin?" "No, he was dead."

"What was dead?" I asked. "Well, I s'pose he was dead altogether."

"The spirit or soul had left the body," I said; "and with each of us our bodies are but the house of the soul for a while, and our eyes, and ears, arms, and legs are the tools, so to speak, of the soul;

and so when we do evil things, as swearing and lying, it is the soul using the tongue or the hands to sin ; and for all this there is a reckoning day coming when the soul must receive the wages it has earned, just as you will receive the wages you have earned for your work upon the road."

"Wages, sir? the soul to receive wages after death?" "Yes," I replied, "for it is written, 'The wages of sin is death' (Rom. vi. 23); and look here, see what the wages are (turning to Luke xvi.), 'And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.' What eyes? Not the eyes of his body, for they were closed and withered in the grave, but the eyes of his soul; and those eyes saw somebody he knew, a long way off—a poor beggar who had often lain at his door while he was in this world; but now his soul's eyes saw this poor man no longer poor, no longer covered with sores and wounds, but those eyes saw him well and full of health and happiness, lying on Abraham's bosom. 'And he cried.' What cried? Not the tongue of his mortal body, which was still in death, but his soul cried. That cried which had used the tongue while in this world."

As I thus went through the scene with them, and told them of the wages of sin, they looked astonished.

"Never heard it like that afore! And shall us all have to go there after death?" was the next question. "No, only those whose sins are not forgiven, and who are not saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, who took the wages of sin for sinners."

By this time I had got them fully interested, and had to make plain to them the love of God, and the death of Christ for sin, and the resurrection, and His coming again for His people, and to judge those who continue in their sin in spite of all God's love to them, and pressed them to receive this great salvation at once.

I believe that word will bring forth fruit. But whatever comes of it, the truth remains the same; and the great eternity before us, dear reader, will be made up of wages and gift. The eternal punishment of the wicked will be the wages of sin, while the eternal joy of the saved will be in the everlasting enjoyment of the gift of God, which is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. vi. 23).

Dear reader, you may pity the ignorance of these poor men who have not had the advantages which you may have had. Or you may think such cases of ignorance cannot exist in this day of schools; but, alas, they do exist, and that by thousands amongst our rural population. Yet among such there are often found many

who manifest true wisdom, by receiving the message of God into their heart, with such an unquestioning faith as is not always found in those who have had greater privileges. What are you going in for, dear reader, wages or gift? The unutterable anguish, the worm that never dies, and the fire which never will be quenched (Mark ix. 44); or, the eternal joy of redemption, and the song which will be always new, the deep and rich peace of God which increases and deepens with the advance of eternal ages, the happiness which never for a moment can know a cloud come between the soul and Him who is the life and source of perfect bliss. "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11). Which, dear reader, are you going to? Perhaps you have not considered this great subject as you ought, if not, I beseech you not to think lightly about that which may cost you an eternity of woe. Remember, the wages of sin is death, which are not paid when the body dies and is laid in the grave; for, after death comes the judgment (Heb. ix. 27); and after the sentence from the judge is uttered, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," the wages come really in an eternity of woe, when for every idle word which men have spoken they shall give account. No extenuating circumstances will avail. No excuses will be made, but being there without the wedding garment you will be speechless, because it was provided for sinners, and ready to be bestowed by God Himself.

A man said to me, a short time since, when he was planting his garden, that not only did he expect to reap what he was sowing, but every seed planted would bring forth many seeds. That would be the harvest. So every sin which a man commits will yield a terrible crop, because it continually reproduces its *species*; and thus a moderate number of years of *sinning* will take an eternity of *reaping*; for, alas, there are no fruitless seeds in sin, they all grow and bear abundantly. Dear reader, what shall your harvest be? Wages of sin, eternal death and eternal shame, or the gift of God, eternal life and eternal glory. Which?

G. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"AND IS A FELLOW
TO HAVE
NO PLEASURE."



Illustrated Leaflets.]

[No. 8.]

"AND IS A FELLOW TO HAVE NO PLEASURE?"

SO said a young man, who was at the time reading "Pickwick Papers."

A friend had laid on his book a card on which these words were printed: "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

His idea evidently was that to become a Christian was to bid farewell to all pleasure. And this same thought is shared by many more, especially perhaps by young men. They have sometimes read the lines:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live,
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die;"

but all their experience has failed to convince them that religion will make them happy in life, whatever it may do at death. It has been the very reverse of sweetest pleasure to them. The Lord's day is a weariness to them. The practice of reading the Bible and bending the knee in prayer has long been given up, and as for attending a religious service during the week the idea hardly ever crossed their mind. They imagine a Christian's life to be a kind of continual penance, devoid of all happiness, and without any attraction for them. Now we are quite disposed to grant that a life of mere religiousness must indeed be a dull one; but a religious life is not necessarily a "Christian life." Many are religious who have never been born again. Such religion can only be bondage, for being in their natural condition with unrenewed affections, they are without the capacity to enjoy God or to delight in heavenly things. But there is no life so really and fully happy as that of the one who has become a child of God through faith in Christ Jesus. We would ask those who so hastily decide that to become a Christian would involve the loss of all pleasure:—Have you adequate means of judging? Can you speak from experience of a Christian's life? Of the other side you doubtless know something, but having tried only one side, are you in a position to give a reliable judgment?

But will those pleasures which you prize so highly stand looking at? Will they bear the light of eternity? Have they given real

solid and lasting satisfaction? Have they met the cravings of your empty heart? Have you not been like a child charmed by the beauty of a soap bubble as it floats through the air, who clutching at the coveted prize, finds that its beauty is destroyed? His hand is empty and his brow clouded with disappointment. Thus dazzled by the changing beauty of earth's joys, you have eagerly hunted after them with untiring energy, but as your hand seized the longed-for pleasure, it seemed to elude your grasp and leave you unsatisfied, and you are almost ready to say along with Scotland's greatest poet :

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-flake on the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever."

Has not this been so even with what are called harmless and lawful amusements? But what of the pleasures of sin? Do you not know something of the scorpion sting of remorse which they leave? They may have been sweet in the mouth, but how bitter was the taste afterwards! And then, will the world's pleasures stand you in good stead as you pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death? Will they lighten up the dark gloom of an unknown eternity? Will the light jest, the comic song, the giddy dance, and their accompanying transient pleasure stand the test of eternal realities? Even now does not the thought of God or eternity take from them any enjoyment they might otherwise afford? And are pleasures so easily spoiled worth having? Are joys which lose their power to cheer as the cold waves of Jordan sweep round your feet really worth seeking? Is it worth while hunting after a happiness which must fade with time and be unknown in eternity? No! Let us have pleasures that will *last*, that will leave no aching void, and that will lose none of their brightness in the light of eternity. "Pleasures that are for evermore"—such are the pleasures of those who are really saved; pleasures that the world can neither give nor take away, and of which it knows nothing whatever. Ask any one who has tried both sides, "Which is the happier?" and they'll tell you at once that the time spent in serving Christ has been happier far than that spent in the service of Satan.

And now, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him."

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

A. G. B.

THE OBJECT OF GOD'S LOVE.

GOD loved ! God gave ! Whom did He love ! Not angels, not seraphs, but "*the world*"—*sinners*, not His friends, but His enemies. What did He give ? Not gold, not heaven, not pardon merely, but "His Son"—His only begotten Son. Wondrous love of God ! Magnificent Gift of eternal value !

The best One in heaven given for the worst one on earth—a sinner. Reader, have you ever paused to think of the meaning of that unfathomable sentence that fell from the lips of Jesus Christ?—"God so loved the world." What can it mean ? Simply this :—That God, in His heaven of holiness above, has beheld the ruin of man ; that His heart has been moved with compassion for the rebel ; and that, unasked, unsought, He has loved him—loved him as a *sinner*—an *enemy*, and made him the only object upon which the might of His power, the riches of His grace, and the gift of His Son are to be all expended, and that for the purpose of saving man, and bringing him to His heart and home to dwell for ever. Oh ! reader, have you believed the love of God ? Have you believed that *you*, a vile guilty sinner, fit only for the flames of hell, are the object of God's love ? You are. Listen to the wondrous tidings, and you are won for God. Love will conquer—Grace will save. The rebel will be no more a *rebel*, but a son and an heir of God—conquered by love.

When angels sinned, no Saviour came
To rescue or atone ;
No precious blood, no saving grace,
By them was ever known.

But man—poor man—ah ! when *he* fell,
The heart of God was moved,
And for rebellious, erring man
He gave His own Beloved.

He measured (for alone He could)
The ruin sin had made ;
He gave the ransom, gauged the debt,
And every farthing paid.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

DOOMED!



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 9.]

DOOMED!

SOME years ago there was a very striking painting to be seen at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, and I want so to re-paint it by words as to let all my young friends who read this see it in their minds. It was a view of the sea-side ; you could almost fancy you saw the waves in the distance come rolling nearer and nearer towards the beach, and then hear the noise as they broke upon the sand and shingle ; the sky overhead was a rich blue, and the sun was shining in all its glorious brightness ; there was only a small strip of the beach to be seen as the tide was coming in, and the visitors seemed to have left for their lodgings. But there was something more than the sea and sky and beach in the picture to attract the gaze of the onlookers, for lying on a small piece of rock, a little above the level of the sand, was a beautiful little girl. She had in one hand a small pail, and beside her lay a little shovel. But why does she not get up and go home to her friends ; for, as I said, the tide is coming in, and the little rock is nearly surrounded by the water, and look ! one small shoe is already being washed by the **advancing waves**. Why then does she tarry ? Ah ! do you not see, her eyes are closed, she is asleep ; weary and tired with **play**, she lay down, not thinking of **any danger**, and now she is asleep, quite unconscious of the **dreadful death that awaits her**, for I notice that under neath the painting is written the word

DOOMED !

But perhaps some of you may ask, Why have I tried to bring before your minds such a dismal picture as this ? I will tell you : that painting is a picture of **each one**, boy and girl, who is **not yet saved**. "What," you ask, "do you mean to say that I am in danger, that I am doomed to die ?" Yes, dear young

friend, this is perfectly true, for I read in God's Word, "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on Him" (John iii. 56). But although doomed to die because of the sins you have committed (Ezek. xviii. 4), there is One who will save you from death, if you trust in Him. There was no one near the little one on the beach; no strong arm stretched out to lift her to a place of safety; no saviour to save her young life. But how different it is with you; although you are in danger, there is a loving Saviour able and willing to save. But some may say, I do not feel that I am lost and in any danger. Then you are like the little girl in the picture, you are asleep. Satan tries all he can to keep young people from knowing the danger they are in. Do not believe him any longer; believe that which God says: wake up, flee to the Lord Jesus, and as He loved to fold the children to His loving heart when living on this earth eighteen hundred years ago, you will find that He is still the same, and that He casts out none who come to Him.

Doomed to die, but Christ our Saviour
Died on Calvary's cross to save;
Come and trust Him, seek His favour,
For our sins His life He gave.

Hear Him as He gently calls you,
Children come, do not delay;

See the floods of sin around you,
Bearing young and old away.

See His loving arms extended
To enfold you to His breast;
Safely there from ills defended,
Come and in Him ever rest.

G. S. J.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

A LITTLE girl was one day playing in a pretty garden, picking the fruit and flowers, and merrily enjoying the moments as they flew. All at once she ran away from her companions, and hurrying along, was soon in a position of great danger. The garden was at the top of a cliff, at whose foot the deep sea lay, and in one part of the garden

there was neither wall, hedge, nor railing at the side that was nearest to the cliff. The child ran on, not knowing what was before her, and reaching the edge of the terrible spot, would have been dashed over on the rocks below and killed, had not one of her friends pursued her and grasped her firmly with one hand. By the mercy of God her life was saved, but the scene was never forgotten.

Dear young reader—every week, every day, is gliding rapidly away. Time is flying, and every hour you are getting older. You are going on, on, ON; let me ask you, WHITHER? Are you rushing on, without seeking to know where your steps may lead you? Let me tell you that you are either going to HEAVEN or to HELL. Your sinful thoughts are more in number than the stars in the sky; and unless you have already come to Jesus and received the pardon of your sins, you are in awful danger. “But if it be so, how can I get rid of sin?” you may ask, “for I have heard that God will never admit sinners into heaven.” Sin can be got rid of only through Jesus. The hand of Jesus is stretched out now to save sinners—to save them from going headlong down to destruction; and if you believe that Jesus died and rose again, and trust to Him for your salvation, Jesus will hold you safe in His hands, from which NOTHING can ever pluck you.

Come to the loving Saviour—and just as the little child was saved by her friend from falling over the cliff, so will you be snatched by Jesus from eternal death and hell; you will be made a child of God, and an heir of the glory and bliss of heaven!

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE YOUNG ACTOR;

OR, "PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE."



THE YOUNG ACTOR;

OR, "PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE."

IN the winter of 187— a strolling company of theatricals entered a quiet little town in the east of England, to hold some entertainments.

A school-room having been secured, the various members of the company scattered themselves through the town in order to dispose of their tickets.

J—, one of their number, a young man of twenty-two, was the child of very respectable Christian parents—his father being an earnest Christian worker, belonging to the medical profession.

On leaving school a situation was obtained for him in a house of business in the city of London. Several of his friends and relatives being medical students, he spent his evening hours with them in the theatre, concert-room, and casino. Frequently it was near the midnight hour when he reached home, and it became evident to the watchful eye of his godly mother—his father having died when he was seventeen years old—that he was keeping company with persons whose society he should have shunned. His employers began to observe something was wrong. Persons were calling on him in business hours, insisting on the payment of their accounts, and he came to the conclusion that if he did not leave his situation he would be dismissed; and in order to put his creditors off his track, he suddenly disappeared, leaving a letter stating that he had gone to America.

Instead of going abroad, he removed to an obscure part of London, and in company with a dissolute companion, plunged headlong into sin and folly. He became so passionately fond of the stage, that he resolved he would adopt it as his profession. He received lessons in acting and studied Shakespeare with great perseverance.

Ultimately he obtained an engagement with a company then in a town in one of the eastern counties. His ideas of the

stage received a rude shock when he discovered that the company was a travelling one, and the manager, an illiterate, depraved, and drunken fellow. He could not however better himself, as he had scarcely any money left, and the manager took good care to give him as little as possible. In the course of their wanderings they came to the town of — already referred to, where a Christian surgeon, known to the writer, resides.

J—— called at his house, and asked to see the “master” — with the purpose of selling him some tickets.

The doctor patiently listened to what he had to say, and then asked the following question:—

“Supposing I went, what would I get?” “You would enjoy yourself.”

“But what about to-morrow, when the enjoyment is over?”

“Oh, we are to be here the next night also.”

“And after that?”

“We are to be the whole week.”

“But what after the week’s pleasure is gone?” J—— was silent, for he now understood what the gentleman meant.

“Ah,” said the doctor, “I *have* PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE; *yours only last for a short time, and leave a sting behind them.*”

The words went home to J——’s heart and conscience. Scenes of bygone days were recalled—his father, now in the glory, his mother’s prayers and pleadings, his own folly and shame,—and unable to restrain his feelings, he burst into tears, and said—“*You talk like my father, who is now in heaven.*”

After conversing together for some time, J—— was invited to call again. The doctor became deeply interested in the welfare of the young actor, and earnestly besought the Lord to save him. In subsequent interviews he perceived that J—— had no conception of God’s way of salvation. He supposed that he required to *become good before* God would save him. He was shewn that the prodigal was received *in his rags*, and that Jehovah was desiring to save him *as he was*, on the ground of Christ’s finished work. He could not, however, understand

how one could have his sins forgiven without doing something for it. The doctor invited him to dinner on the Lord's Day; and after conversation, they went to a Gospel meeting together. On returning, he pressed on J—— the importance of immediate decision for Christ, and asked him the following question:—

"If you were to drop dead now where would you go?" No reply being given, the doctor told out in all its fulness and simplicity "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." The light from the Cross of Calvary shone in on his darkened soul, and J—— saw that it was FOR HIS SINS that Jesus had bled and suffered, and, by simply taking God at His word, he was saved, and had eternal life.

The widow's heart was filled with joy to learn that her son was saved; and a few weeks after, he was telegraphed for to see her dying. On arriving in London, he was just in time to see her passing away, and to receive from her hands his father's bible, which, on his death-bed, he had left to be given to him when he was converted.

Reader, are you trying to find happiness in the broken cisterns of the world? If so, be undeceived. *True* pleasure—real, solid happiness—can only be had in Jesus. The pleasures of the world are transient, and leave a sting behind them. Come to Jesus, and He will quench the thirst of your immortal spirit. "In His presence there is FULNESS OF JOY; and at His right hand there are PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE" (Psalm xvi. 11).

A. M.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH;
BUT
THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE
THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

(Romans vi. 23.)

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"BE IN TIME;"

OR, THE PUBLICAN AND THE COLLIER.



"BE IN TIME;"

OR, THE PUBLICAN AND THE COLLIER.

WHEREVER God is working, or souls are being brought under the conviction of sin by the preaching of His Word, there Satan is sure to be found stirring up opposition, and leading some, in the hardness of their hearts into greater wickedness than they ever went into before.

This was the case in J——, where for some weeks successive Gospel meetings had been held, and a number had been led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

A young man one evening came out from a Gospel meeting, full of joy in the knowledge that his sins were all forgiven, and with a longing desire that his brother might be saved.

But that brother was one out of a number who, having hardened their hearts and set God's Word at defiance, had done all they could to ridicule the meetings, and to draw aside those who went to them.

Every night they met in the public-house, and there spent the evening in drinking and in speaking against the meetings.

One Thursday evening having met together in this way, after drinking more heavily than usual, C—— suggested that they should have a revival meeting. With shouts of laughter this was agreed to, but who was to act as preacher? C—— declared he would, and began by giving out a psalm, which they sung, and afterwards he mockingly prayed and preached. It was on the following day that his brother told him how he had been converted, and urged him to come to the meetings, and said—

"You have told me you would like to hear A— B— preaching. He has been given out to be here on Sunday evening."

He replied, "Yes, I have, but that was before they got up these revivals, and carried religion too far;" and then, with an oath, added that he would not go near the meetings.

But when the time came, and hundreds were wending their way at an early hour to the place, he seemed as though he

could not stay away. In declaring he would not go, he had fully meant it; yet ere the hour to commence the meeting had arrived, he was seated in the place.

A—— B—— dwelt very much upon the *love* of Christ, and finished by shewing how *all* that love of His was declared on the cross. Beyond all doubt, He loved the sinner. He loved him when he was such and nothing else, or He would not have thus died a death of shame on the cross. It was this that entered C——'s soul. The thought that, notwithstanding all his sins, and his bitter mockery of the previous Thursday evening, Jesus loved him, died for him, was willing to save him then and there for nothing.

At the close of the meeting it was announced that Duncan Matheson would preach on the following evening. C—— resolved to be there. He needed no constraining now. That love had shown him his own vileness. He had seen his guilt, and above all, the guilt of sinning against such love.

Ere he went out on Monday evening, he knelt down and asked that, if any one could know their sins forgiven, he might be able to know that evening.

D. M. spoke, and at the close all were earnestly asked to remain. C—— gladly did so, and soon D. M. came to him, saying, "Young man, would you like to be saved?" He replied,

"Yes, I should think every one would like to be," wishing somewhat to hide the real anxiety of his soul. D. M. replied,

"No, that is not true. Many have no thought about their soul's salvation, and it's a precious thing if you would like to be."

"I would like," said he, and told him all. All his difficulties were brought out. Ere he left that place he had as a sinner believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and knew his sins forgiven.

That night the two brothers went home arm-in-arm, weeping for joy as they went—the one that prayer had been answered so quickly, the other that the burden of his sins, only felt the previous night, were gone for ever.

Next morning, as he was at his work, he remembered that

he owed two shillings at the public-house where of late he had spent his evenings, and he resolved that he would go as soon as his work was over and pay it. Early in the evening accordingly he went.

The publican was surprised to see him so early, but said, "That's right; come away, there will soon be some more here."

But C——, laying the two shillings on the counter, said, "I owe you that, and I came to pay it."

"Take it up again; I am not going to take it now," he replied; and then, as C—— looked very different to what he had done, the publican, taking up a concertina, said, "Why, what is the matter with you? You look so solemn, one would think you were going to become a Revival. Let me play you a tune. What shall I play—'Be in time?'"

"Yes," said C——, "that's it. 'Be in time' to come to Jesus as a sinner, and He will save you now."

"What do you mean?" he cried in astonishment.

"I mean," said he, "that I went to the meeting last night, and I was saved, and you may be saved too."

The man became enraged as he saw that C—— was really in earnest, and said, "Get out of that, or I'll kick you out."

"Ah," said he, "you never told me that when I came here drinking every night."

"You are only fit for G—— Asylum. They have turned your brain. Get away."

"I am going," said C——; but remember, 'Be in time,' or you may be lost for ever."

Ere nine months had passed, the poor publican was in G—— Asylum himself, and in a few more had passed into eternity.

Sinner, "Be in time." "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

R. T. H.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

**"I CANNOT GO,
FOR 'WHOSOEVER' MEANS ME."**



"I CANNOT GO, FOR 'WHOSOEVER' MEANS ME."

TWO gentlemen, walking in a public park, were talking about conversion. One said he could not see that "Whosoever" meant him. Anxious about his soul—yet unable to rest upon God's Word. Its very simplicity stumbling him. He would, if he had uttered his thoughts, have said—

"But surely I need something besides that."

Presently, in their walk, they came to a board with the following words on it:—

CAUTION!
WHOSOEVER IS FOUND TRESPASSING
ON THESE BEDS WILL BE
PROSECUTED.

Said the friend to the other—

"You may go and trample on those beds, and do what you like."

"Oh no, I may not; do you not see the notice?"

"Oh yes, I see the notice; but you said just now that you did not see that 'whosoever' meant you. I cannot go, but you, you can go."

"Ah! I see it all now," was the reply; "'whosoever' does mean me. 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' It does mean me, and is a free, open invitation for every one to come to Christ."

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

GOD'S MEETING-PLACE.

"*Jesus Christ*, whom God hath set forth as a propitiation (or mercy seat)"—Rom. iii. 25.

"*There will I meet with thee, and . . . commune with thee from above the mercy seat,*"—Exod. xxv. 22.

READER! you must meet God. Other things *may* be—this *must*. Other engagements *may* be broken—this *one* cannot. Living and dead, young and old, saved and lost, at some point now, or in the future, will have to appear before the great I AM. Pause a moment. Think. The reader of these lines, a guilty sinner, and the God of heaven, holy, just, and righteous, shall some day meet, and meet to deal with the question of sin—its pardon or its punishment. God has appointed two meeting-places where He will deal with men about their sins. *One* now, *another* when heaven and earth are fled. The Cross of Christ, or the Judgment Throne. Grace and love provide a pardon at the Cross; justice and judgment pronounce damnation's sentence at the Throne. Reader, yours is the choice at which of these places you will meet God. To-day, at the Cross of Christ, He waits in grace to meet you, and there to give you a welcome to His heart and home, a pardon for all your sins, and a title to an everlasting rest in heaven. All this He can righteously give, for the blood of Jesus has been shed, and grace reigns through righteousness. Your only title there is that you are a *sinner*—a vile, guilty sinner—a rebel against your God; owning this, you shall meet a Saviour God, and receive His blood-bought pardon. Stay away and you forfeit *all*; nay, more, you make choice to meet the Righteous Judge and receive the just reward of your Christless life. What a meeting! The mercy seat gone, for the reign of grace is o'er, and justice and the sinner meet at last. Is this then your deliberate choice? Think.

"God's meeting-place"—O, is it prayer?

No, something's needed ere I'm there.

"God's meeting-place"—O, is it praise?

No, for He hears not sinner's lays.

"God's meeting-place"—is it resolves?

No, resolution e'er absolves.

"God's meeting-place"—O, hear the sound!—

Alone before the Cross is found;

And none before Him ever stood,

Save on the ground of Jesus' blood.

"YOU NEED THE BLOOD."

S EVEN or eight years ago an evangelist was holding Gospel services in the City of Dublin. At the close of one of the meetings he observed a young woman weeping bitterly, evidently very anxious about her soul. The preacher whispered in her ear, "You need the blood," and walked on.

Next Lord's Day, a young person, with radiant face, asked the evangelist if he did not remember her. On being assured he did not, she narrated to him the following facts:—"On my way home the words kept ringing in my ears, 'You need the blood!—You need the blood!' I said to myself—'the blood!—the blood!' what could he mean? The passage in 1 John i. 7, came to my mind—'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' I seemed to see the Lord Jesus on the Cross, with my sins on Him, dying for me, and my burden immediately rolled off. On reaching home I told my father, who was at the point of death—a Roman Catholic—that all my sins were washed away in the blood of Jesus, and that he needed the blood also. My father rested his soul on Christ, and rejoiced in the knowledge of his sins forgiven. My brother came home to see father a day or two before he died. He told my brother he was not afraid to die, for all his sins were washed away in the blood. He, too, has been brought to know Jesus as his Saviour; and, since this day week, my father, my brother, and myself have all been saved through the precious blood."

Reader, if you are not saved *you need the blood*. Peace has been made; sin has been put away; and the way to heaven opened. Every barrier has been removed, and you can have all your sins washed away. "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39).

**"WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD,
I WILL PASS OVER YOU."**

(Exodus xii. 13.)

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

FILLING UP THE BALANCE SHEET.



FILLING UP THE BALANCE SHEET.

DURING the first week of January, I was travelling in the North of Scotland. An earnest Christian worker had accompanied me to the railway station of the village near the Grampians, where he lives and labours for Christ, and we stood waiting the arrival of the afternoon train. In a few minutes I was seated in a third-class carriage alongside of the only other occupant, who looked like a farmer, about fifty years of age, stoutly built. He was clad in good home-spun tweed, with a real Balmoral bonnet on his head, and from his dialect, I should think, was pretty near home in those Grampian glens. As the train moved off, my friend and brother in Christ shook my hand warmly, and, with a "God bless you," was lost to my view. Ere I had got well seated, my fellow-passenger opened conversation by saying, "Man, he's a fine fellow that," referring to the friend just left behind.

"O, yes, he is saved, and on the way to heaven," I answered.

The old farmer looked into my face as if he wanted to make sure I was sane, then drew a long breath and shook his head. I waited patiently, for I guessed he had something to say, and at last it came slowly and seriously. "Ah, but there's no body kens that! He has his balance sheet to fill up yet."

"What do you mean by 'filling up his balance sheet'?"

I asked.

"O, he's nae done with this world yet, we'll wait till *it* be past, then we'll see at the end what happens."

"O yes. Then I suppose you think no one can tell whether he is to be in heaven or hell, saved or lost, so long as he is in the body; but that he must wait till his life here is over, and the final issues of it be seen at the judgment. Is that it?"

"Aye, aye, of course, we must do what we can and hope for the best."

"But there's no 'best' to 'hope' for. You know that one side of your balance sheet has fifty years of *sin* on it already,

more is daily being added, and God has declared you *guilty*, ruined and *already condemned*. The only 'best' that a guilty sinner can 'hope' for, at the hand of a righteous God, is to be punished eternally in hell, for such is the doom of all who die in unpardoned sin. Is not that so?" "O yes, we're all sinners."

"True enough. But suppose we never mind the rest just now, but only think of ourselves—you and I, you know—and of how *we* are to balance with God and of the filling up of *our* balance sheet, and what will be the final issue to *us*. Will you answer me a question first—I'm quite sure you'll be able to do it—then I'll tell you how I got saved, and in what way it comes about that I know my sins forgiven and am so sure about it—aye and happy about it too.

"Well then. What are you going to have on the *credit-side* of your balance sheet over against your fifty years of sin?"

The old man paused, thought for a moment, then looked up briskly as if he'd found his answer and replied—"Watch and pray till the last moment."

"And what then? Will the fifty years of sin be gone? Will 'watch and pray' cancel all the old score, or will the *debt* be heavier than the credit, think you, at last? Let us see. Suppose yon burglar who was found guilty, and sentenced the other day, had told the judge on the bench that he had resolved to 'watch and pray till the last moment,' and desired him to put his resolution over against the sentence of seven years penal servitude, do you think the *resolution* would have been recorded, the sentence reversed, and the culprit set free? Pretty justice that would have been, wouldn't it? And so you suppose that God, the Holy and the Just, will let you off, for fifty years' rebellion against His laws, if you ask Him to put 'watch and pray till the last moment' over against them on your balance sheet; or do you suppose the balance would be in your favour?"

Whatever he thought about this, he kept it to himself; so I

went on to tell the state of my balance sheet, according to promise.

"Well, like your own, one side was dark with sin and guilt, and I trembled to think of meeting it in judgment. Hell, I knew, was my portion. How I did wish I had never been born, then that I might never die, or that dying I might escape the judgment—but still it haunted me. My guilty balance sheet was the subject of my daily thoughts, and sometimes of my dreams by night, and there it was, and what was I to do? The devil suggested—*reform*. I tried it, and read, and prayed, and preached, but the debt remained, and I gave it up for a lost job. I was bankrupt, and had "nothing to pay." Just then I heard the gospel. It told me of the God of love and grace (a very different God from my one), and of the death of Jesus on the cross. It said that His death was for *sinners*, and I put in my bankrupt claim, for such was I. He *frankly* forgave me all, and I read in His word that my "sins and iniquities He would remember no more" (Heb. x. 17); that they were *blotted out* (Isa. xlv. 22) and *forgiven* (1 John ii. 12). Thank God it is true. So this is how our balance sheets stand:—

THIS IS YOURS,	AND	THIS IS MINE.
"Watch and pray till the last moment,"		"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,"
And the debt remains.		And the debt is gone. <i>Praise the Lord.</i>

The train reached the terminus, we parted, but may meet again.

Beloved reader, What have *you* on your balance sheet? Sins unnumbered on one side, without a doubt—but what about the other? Is it works, or resolutions, or religion, or is it *Christ*? His blood alone can cleanse, and to all who trust it God has said, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

J. R.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NO ONE TO SAVE.



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 14.]

NO ONE TO SAVE.

A Tale of the Seaside.

QUEN the coast of Achill, in autumn 1879, an accident occurred about which I should like to talk a little to my youthful readers, many of whom are now, no doubt, enjoying themselves at the seaside.

But first let me tell them what Achill is and where it lies.

Achill, then, is a beautiful island in the Atlantic Ocean, a furlong off the west coast of Ireland. It abounds with lofty cliffs and mountains, where the golden eagle finds its home. It is dotted with pretty lakes, and washed all round by rolling billows. It has some of the loveliest bathing strands in the world, and is therefore a charming summer resort, especially for the young. The merry children love to climb those grand old mountains; to fish in the pretty lakes, and off the sea-rocks; to bathe in the briny waters; and to pile up castles on the long white sands, and watch the playful waves advance and melt them into ruins.

But it must not be supposed that Achill is so full of pleasure as to know no pain. Ah, no! For Death, that hideous monster, has cast his great black shadow there, as in other places; and the people need a Saviour's love to make them *truly* happy, as much as if they lived in a scorching desert. The mountains, lakes, and cliffs, and waves, can please the eye, but cannot fill the heart with lasting joy. Indeed, some of the happiest people I found on the island were lying upon beds of suffering, indifferent to nature's charms, but rejoicing in their blessed Saviour, and able from their hearts to sing:—

“In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
Where my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request.”

They knew that God had given them a faithful Saviour, in

whom they could safely trust, and by whose precious blood they were cleansed from all their sins, and fitted for

“That happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.”

What a glorious thing it is to have such a Saviour !

But, have you ever thought what a fearful thing it would be to have no such Saviour? Just think of it. NO SAVIOUR ! To live on for years and years on earth, in alternate pain and pleasure, and then to go away for ever to the lake of fire. Horrible thought ! Yet this is what must surely happen if we had NO SAVIOUR.

The occurrence hinted at above will show you what I mean. Walking one day by the seashore with some friends, we met a little boy carrying a fishing-rod, and accompanied by his sister and another child. Shortly afterwards we returned by the same route, and, to our amazement, heard that the happy boy we had seen so lately, was now a lifeless corpse. He had gone to fish off some rocks not far from where we met him ; but, having there cast in his line in vain, he shortly started for a better spot beyond a dangerous ridge of rock. In crossing this ridge he missed his footing, and fell over into deep water. His play-mates heard the splash, and shrieked with terror, but could give no help. He struggled violently for some seconds, rising and sinking alternately, and crying most piteously for aid, but, alas ! none came, and he finally sank, and perished for want of a deliverer. There was no rope, no life-buoy, no friendly hand, no powerful swimmer, near. NO ONE TO SAVE. Poor fellow ! How fearfully sad !

But, would it not be infinitely more sad if there were no mighty Saviour to pluck poor sinners from the jaws of death, and from eternal torment ? It surely would. They could no more save themselves than could that drowning boy. An earthly friend could give them no more help than those frightened children gave the perishing lad. They must be lost for ever if left to

themselves. But JESUS is mighty to save; and the sinner who trusts in Him can never perish. If a rope had been thrown to the sinking boy, would he not have seized it for his life? Of course he would, unless he was like that poor lunatic who jumped overboard on the voyage from India, some years ago, and then flung back with scorn the life-buoy which had been quickly thrown to him. What madness! And yet, is not this what sinners, old and young, are doing continually with the blood of Christ, in which alone there is salvation? They trample it under foot and disregard it; and then they perish for ever, just as if there were NO Saviour.

But, thank God, some lay hold *by faith* on the blessed Lord Jesus, and are thus for ever saved. Of such was Edward S——, a boy of eleven, who died of fever in the County of Limerick some years ago. When asked by his father, where he hoped to spend eternity if he died in that illness? he calmly answered, "In heaven, through the blood of Jesus." Beautiful reply! He had laid hold on his blessed Saviour, and now he will sing that Saviour's praises for all eternity.

May you, my little reader, follow that dear boy's example, and you too shall praise God for ever that you did not live and die as if there were NO SAVIOUR.

R. L. S.

- 1 God in mercy sent His Son,
To a world by sin undone,
Jesus Christ was crucified—
"Twas for sinners Jesus died.
O the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners, from above,
"God is Light," and "God is Love."
- 2 Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus died, and lives again!
In the glory's highest height—

- See Him, God's supreme delight,
O, the glory, etc.
- 3 All who in His name believe,
Everlasting life receive;
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.
O, the glory, etc.
- 4 Christ the Lord will come again,
He who suffered once will reign,
Every tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb," alone.
O, the glory, etc.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

I HAVEN'T GOT THE ASSURANCE.



I HAVEN'T GOT THE ASSURANCE.

WHILE staying in a pretty watering place in Scotland, as I was crossing over the links one morning, I noticed a lady sitting on a seat alone. After apologizing for my intrusion, I asked if she would kindly accept a little book to read at her leisure.

"Certainly," she replied, "I am always glad to read anything that is good."

The courteous way in which she received the book led me into further conversation with her, so I said—

"I presume you are a Christian." "I hope I am."

"But are you not sure of it?" "I should not like to say I am quite sure, though I believe in Christ, and know He is the only One in whom we can trust for salvation. I must candidly confess *I have not got the assurance*, and you know it is not the privilege of all believers to have it."

Finding she was, like many at the present day, looking into *herself*, and not the *Word of God*, for the assurance of salvation, I referred her to several suitable portions of Scripture. While doing so, I noticed her looking anxiously across the links, and then smiling, she said, "Oh, here is my niece coming. She will be able to talk with you better than I can, for she has got the *assurance*."

When her niece reached the seat where we were, I said to her—

"I have been speaking to your aunt about assurance, and she tells me *you* have it. Then you *know* you are saved?"

"Oh yes."

"And you have the assurance?" "Yes."

"Is it in your feelings?" "Certainly not."

"Where is it, then?" "In Christ, and the testimony of His own Word."

"What Scriptures would you give to confirm what you say?"

"There are many, but there is one I am very fond of, which I think is very clear. It is this: "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).

How frequently we hear people say, "I have not got the assurance," just as if the *assurance* of salvation was only for a favoured few, and not the privilege of *all* who have truly trusted in Christ. The Scriptures say, "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and *assurance for ever*" (Isa. xxxii. 17). "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much *assurance*" (1 Thess. i. 5). The reason why many who profess to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ have not got the assurance is just this: they do not really and truly believe in Him, but are secretly clinging to a bit of their own self-righteousness, which is nothing else but "filthy rags;" or looking into their "sinful self" and changing fitful feelings, and not wholly and exclusively to the Lord Jesus Christ, and the bare testimony of the written Word.

Beloved reader, may I ask, Have you got the *assurance* of salvation? In short, do you know you are saved, and that your sins are all forgiven? Are you certain about this? Do you ask, Can any one be sure that they are saved? I answer Yes, they can. And this is having what many call *assurance*.

God's Word is very positive on this important subject. Though "*all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," "Christ was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." "Therefore being justified by *faith* we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). "He that *hath* the Son *hath* life" (1 John v. 12). "Whosoever believeth in Him should *not perish*, but *have* eternal life." "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 15, 36). These and other similar Scriptures are a full proof that "*assurance*" is the blessed privilege of *all* who simply trust in Christ, and the Word of God is the ground of this *assurance*—and *not* our experience, realization, or feelings.

"He that believeth on Him is *not* condemned" (John iii. 18). "He that *heareth* My Word, and *believeth* on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life" (John v. 24). How many would substitute for "hearing"—"seeing;" "believing"—"feeling;" "having"—"hoping?" And no wonder then that they have not got the *assurance*. The "full assurance of faith" is just *believing* what God says, whether you feel it or not.

S. B.

"SLEEPY HOLLOW'S."

SO the world calls it. Nestling at the foot of the hills, half hid by the tall fir trees, the little village lies. Far away from the busy hum and bustle of city life, the people live tranquilly. During the day the streets are deserted—a few children and a stray dog the only signs of life; and all this but betokens how matters stand for Eternity. "Sleepy hollows," verily—for, sad to tell it, the people are sleeping away their little day of grace. Asleep to the realities of heaven and hell—the salvation or damnation of their souls. Is the reader of this paper so? What! asleep and unsaved—how perilous such a condition! Imagine your dwelling-place on fire; the hungry flames devouring the very bed on which you lie, and you still asleep! What a position! And is the man spiritually asleep not infinitely worse! And shall those whose once slumbering eyes have now been opened not seek to arouse the sleeper. Indeed we will. Unsaved man, *awake!* *AWAKE!* ere thy slumber be broken by the awful surging of eternity's ocean. *Awake! awake!* lest thy sleep be only disturbed by the wail of the damned. What meanest thou, O sleeper? I tremble for thee, O sleeping Christless one; and the more so that thou dost not tremble for thyself. Shake off this death-like apathy, and "prepare to meet thy God." Look matters straight in the face. Where art thou to dwell for eternity—for ever? You cannot afford to trifle any longer with this. Too long ye have done so already.

Rest not day or night till you know that your soul is safe for eternity.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

WHY! IT WAS FOR MY SINS.



WHY! IT WAS FOR MY SINS.

SOME time ago a friend of the writer was returning home from a short stay at the sea-side, and, passing through London, thought he would call upon a friend of his living there. He had a bag with him, and on looking round to see who he could get to carry it, saw a poor man on the pavement making cabbage nets. The man gladly undertook to take the gentleman's luggage; and walking by his side, the following conversation took place.

"Can you get a living at making cabbage nets?"

"Well, sir, it's a poor living at the best of times, but my blessed Lord helps me through."

"Your blessed Lord! Who is He?"

"Jesus! sir; He's my blessed Lord. He died for me."

"Indeed! now tell me, my man, was He always your Lord?"

"Oh no, sir, I used to be a rum sort of a chap; but one day I was walking along the road, and I saw a bill posted up, and it said a converted thief would tell, in the Victoria Theatre, the next Sunday night, how he got caught, and there was nothing to pay to go in. So I went home and told my wife about it, but she thought I had made a mistake. 'You mean Saturday,' said she. Oh no, I said, I mean Sunday; and there's nothing to pay, so I'm going. Well, I was longing for the time to come, and when it did, I went, and found a lot of people waiting to get in; but I managed to get a good seat right up close to the stage, and after a while some men came on the stage, and one of them gave out a hymn. I thought that was a queer thing to do, but as I was there I thought I would wait to the end. Well, after some more singing and praying, a man came to the front and told us how he used to be a thief, but he heard one night about God's love to sinners, and Jesus dying on the cross to save them, and then he said a lot about how they treated Jesus in crucifying Him. I was disappointed, and said, when I went out to the man at the door, 'It's a take-in;

If I had paid any money I should have wanted it back again. I came to hear about a thief who was caught by the police, and I haven't heard a word of it.' However I went home, and that night I had a dream; and it seemed in my dream I could see Jesus in the garden sweating blood, and crying to His Father to let the cup pass from Him; and then I saw a band of men come with their torches and swords to take Him, and I saw them take Him to Pilate; and it seemed I could see the mock trial, and the men spitting upon and reviling Him, and then with His head crowned with thorns they led Him to crucify Him; and then I saw them lay His wounded back upon the cross (for Pilate had scourged Him), and with a hammer knock the nails through His feet and His hands; and after they had done all this, lift Him up and let the end of the cross drop in the hole dug for it with a heavy thud. It seemed so real that the shock of it awoke me, and I found myself so affected that I could not work for several days. Well, about the third or fourth day, I was in bed, and thinking over my dream, and I asked myself, *Why* was all this—*why* did He die on the cross—*what was it all for?* And then it came to me—*why, it was for my sins*; and from that time, sir, I've been a different man. I believe Jesus died for me, and has had the punishment I deserved, and therefore I am saved."

Reader, it is most certainly real that Christ died for our sins. There was no other way whereby God could save us. He hated our sin, and could not spare it. He must condemn it in us or in the Substitute His own love provided; and oh, how wondrous!—God spared not His own Son, but delivered Him—yes, Him, His own Son—delivered Him up for us all, to bear *our* offences, to die for our sins—yes, for *ours*—for it is written, Christ died for the ungodly! Oh! believe it, that Christ died for you, was wounded for your transgressions, and bruised for your iniquities; and God's own precious Word tells you that all who believe are justified from all things (Rom. v. 1; Acts xiii. 38, 39).

C. M.

GOD LOVES A WORLD OF SINNERS.

I SAID to one of a large household, "Mary, you look very happy this morning; are you happy?" "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "very happy."

"How is that, Mary?" She answered, "I went as you told me, and put myself down in the third chapter of John along with the world."

"What world, Mary?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "the world we are told that God *so* loved."

"Was it a world of angels?" "No, sir."

"A world of saints, then?" "No, sir."

"Well a world of believers?" "No, sir, but a world of *sinner*s; and that is where I am; and when I read, 'God so loved *the world*, that He gave His only begotten Son,' that tells me that God loves *me*."

"But what more, Mary, makes you happy?" "Ah, sir," she replied, "the next line—it was that brought me rest and peace—'That *whosoever believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Then you believe that, Mary?" "Yes, sir, I rest in that, because God says it; and I am happy, because there I see that God loves *me*—that Christ loved me, and died for me."

That is the whole English—the very alphabet of salvation—everything a poor sinner wants—he comes to know the love of Christ. And now ask the rejoicing Christian how he knows he is saved. He will tell you, because of such a truth as that—that *God* says it—the God of truth declares, "HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL BE SAVED."

J. D. S.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BIRDS OF PLUMAGE;

Or, ARE YOU CONVERTED?



Illustrated Leaflets.]

Published Monthly.

[No. 18.]

BIRDS OF PLUMAGE;

Or, Are You Converted?

A FRIEND of mine, an African lad, who was once the slave of man as to his body, and of Satan as to his soul; but who has been, in the wonder-working counsels of our God, emancipated from both, and is now doubly a freed man. In the meantime one illustration from his life suggests itself.

One day lately I said, "Robert, what sort of birds have you in your part of Africa?"

"Birds of plumage, sir," was the reply.

"What do you mean by 'birds of plumage,' Robert?"

"Well, sir, they have *beautiful feathers*, but *no song*."

"Ah!" said I, "they are just the picture of thousands of so-called Christians; they are 'birds of plumage,' outwardly covered with all the words and deeds that are fair in the sight of man; but having inwardly no 'new song' to glorify God, and exalt Christ, and gladden this dark scene."

Reader, are you a "bird of plumage," or a "bird of song?" Have you ever, as a lost, ruined sinner, seen that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isaiah lxiv. 6), and flinging them away, come in your helplessness to Jesus the crucified?

"Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

If so, you can take up the soul-stirring words of that sweet hymn we often sing—

"He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us, and taught us this new song to sing;
Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever. Amen."

But if not, oh, may God make you hear His voice, calling as unto Adam in the garden, "Where art thou?" And may you be brought out into His presence to take the lost sinner's place

now while there is "blood to cleanse and power to free," rather than have to come forth in that awful time written of in God's Word, and spoken of in this solemn hymn—

"There shall come a night
Of such wild affright
As none beside shall know,
When the heavens 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 dead-like sleep;
Of all hope bereft,
And to judgment left,
For ever to wail and weep.

"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."

Reader, all false plumage will drop and fall THEN.

H. A. M.

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 water 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 plenty, at last.

This illustrates greater things. Polluted streams are flowing from the lips and lives 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 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. O, yes, the world's watchword is *reform*; and they expect, by-and-bye, 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 nor religion ever purify a sinner's heart. Indeed, nothing can; it 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. You need connection with a new Fountain. You need Christ, and if you die without Him you will be lost for ever.

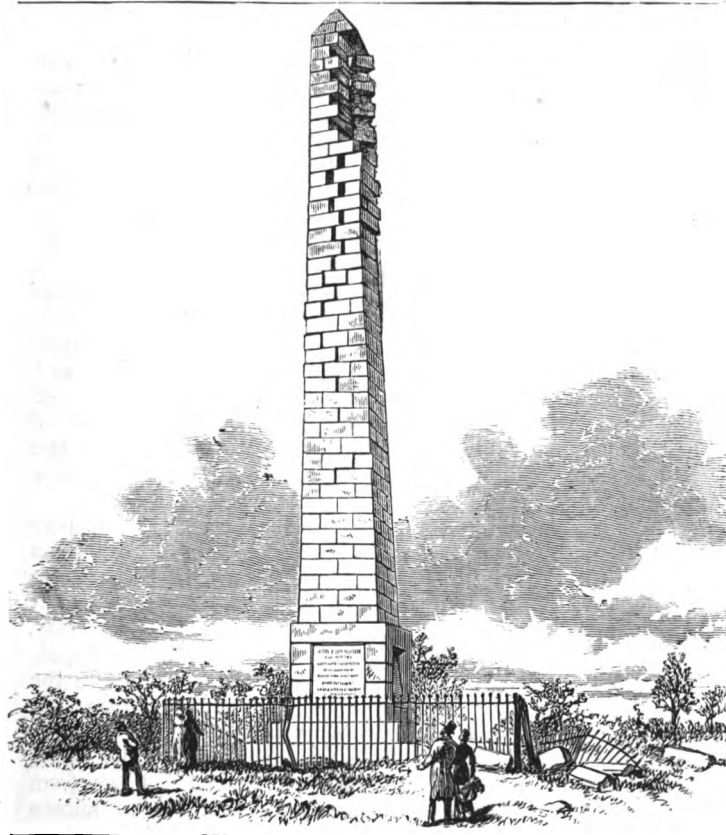
EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN,
HE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD.
YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

(John iii. 3, 7.)

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: OFFICE OF “HERALD OF SALVATION,” 40 SAUCHIEHALL ST.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.



ONE THING THOU LACKEST.

ON the summit of a hill, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery of Scotland, stands a lofty monument, erected in loving remembrance of one, high in social position, and who had won for himself in the service of his country much of earthly fame. No expense or pains had been spared in the erection of this monument to his memory. The large blocks of granite of which it was built had been brought from a distance of some hundreds of miles, and must have been conveyed to their lofty position with great difficulty and labour. But all these difficulties were at last overcome. Stone by stone that monument was raised until at last the top-stone was placed upon its summit, and there it stood crowning that hill-top, a conspicuous object to the eye for miles around; and there as I looked at the massive structure I thought it might have stood until that day when the mountains shall be removed out of their places, and only those things which cannot be shaken shall remain. But it was not so; its destruction came in a moment.

There was one thing wanting; and what was this? you may ask, reader. A strong iron railing had been erected round its base, built on the solid rock. What could move it? What more was needed? Yes, one thing was lacking yet. My eyes sought in vain for a lightning-conductor.

Many a year it had braved the passing storm, but its destruction came at last. The dark clouds have gathered in the sky; the rolling thunder tells of the approaching storm; on, on it comes, until at last above that spot it has burst in all its fury. Mark that blinding flash from yonder thunder-cloud, that crash, an angry roll, and what has happened? Riven from top well nigh to bottom, stands that monument to human greatness, looking as though another moment and the whole

would be a mass of ruins. What has done it? The thunder-bolt has struck it. And as I stood and gazed at it, and the large blocks of stone which had been hurled by the shock for over twenty yards, part of the iron railing torn up and thrown to the same distance, and even the immense blocks of granite, of which the base is built, shaken and displaced, the thought of the tremendous power of that lightning-shock almost made me tremble.

Reader, it was a solemn and instructive sight. Will you for a moment, before you lay this paper down, listen to the silent lesson it taught me? One thing was lacking; that one thing was nothing ornamental, in fact to the eye of many it might have been an unsightly object. Perhaps those who erected this monument thought the same; perhaps they thought it so unlikely that what did take place should ever have occurred, that they said, "We will risk it;" and the most essential thing was neglected.

On the base of that monument were narrated many of the valiant acts of him to whose honour it had been erected, but this did not save it. That which alone could avert the lightning's stroke had been omitted.

Reader, will you permit him who writes these lines to ask you a question? Are you secure from the coming storm of God's wrath? Is one thing wanting in your religious life? That life that has cost you so many years of patient toil, that life that has raised you so far above your fellow-men, that life that bears inscribed upon its pages so many acts of human charity and benevolence, and yet, may it be said of you, as of one of old, "**one thing thou lackest?**" Is it that in all thy religion thou hast not Christ? and hast never known the power of His precious blood to save thee from the wrath of God? It may be that blood is to thee an unsightly object, thou sayest, "I will take my chance." Oh! reader, what madness, what folly. The storm is gathering. The wrath of God will soon burst on thy guilty and Christless soul, and then the greater thy

profession the greater thy ruin, and the deeper thy damnation. Then take Christ, who alone can avert from thee the stroke of Divine wrath, and in whom alone thou mayest find a shelter from the storm, for on Him that storm has burst and spent its force. In Him, and Him alone thou art safe. "Accepted in the Beloved, in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7).

Dear reader, I beseech you do not cast these thoughts aside, but look the matter plainly in the face, and see if you have Him in whom the world sees no beauty, and of whom it feels not its need, but who to the saved one is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" for without Him you stand each moment in danger of the wrath of God.

J. A. B.

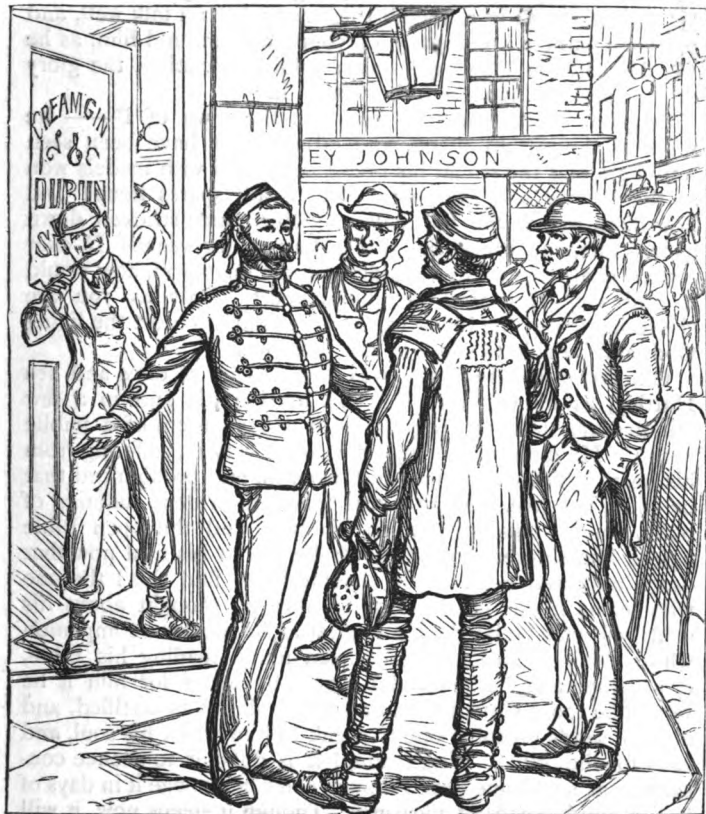
"DEPART!"

CHRIST tells us that *many* will come in that day, saying—"Lord, Lord, open unto us, for have we not prophesied (that is, taught) in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works (that is, wrought miracles);" but He will answer, "I never knew you." It is as if He would say, "Ah! the church knew you—but I never knew you; and the college knew you—but I never knew you; and the people knew you—but," says Christ, "I never knew you: Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." And when they hear that awful word, "Depart!" those deeds of benevolence, and those words of eloquence for which they were known and admired among men, will be but weeds wrapt round their heads, or fuel for the burning in hell.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

The Recruiting Sergeant.



THE RECRUITING SERGEANT;

OR,
"THOSE THINGS WILL LAND YOU IN HELL."

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

"I heard 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). He has given this paper to fall into your hands, that you may know it, and delay not in accepting it. 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.

Christ Suffered for Us.

SOME time ago, a war raged in India between the English and a native monarch called Tippoo Saib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A grey-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the officer, "put two pairs on me: I will wear his as well as my own." The end of the story is that Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city; but the generous friend died in prison. He wore two pairs of fetters. But what if he had worn the fetters for all in the prison. What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had been free and great, and had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die in their stead, that they might go free? Such a thing has been done. For all who receive the grace of God's Son, the chains are struck off, and the prison is thrown open.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000. Post or Carriage Free.

GLASGOW: OFFICE OF HERALD OF SALVATION, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BIG BEN.



"BIG BEN:"

Or, "I'M DYING AND GOING TO HELL."

GOD 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, nick-named "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, "Oh 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 took good-bye with 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. B.

“ Where is hell ? ” asked a scoffer ? “ ANYWHERE outside of heaven,” was the reply.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, Post or Carriage Free.

GLASGOW: OFFICE OF HERALD OF SALVATION, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"TURN, OR BURN."



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 21.]

"TURN OR BURN:"

Or, THE COLLIER'S CONVERSION.

THE Christian knows that there is a power in prayer. In answer to it the most unlikely have been brought to Christ, the most hardened have become a wonder to themselves as well as to others, as, in answer to prayer, in a moment convictions have seized upon them, convictions so intense that they were not to be driven off. And what a mercy when it is so.

It was thus with the collier of whom I would write. Those who know the colliery districts need not to be told that there is little to be found in them helpful to godliness; that whilst one here and there may be found who are true Christians, for the most part, the men are exceedingly careless about their souls. Whilst constantly in the presence of danger, and now and again witnessing the terrible result of some sad accident, the dangers of their calling only seem to harden.

A lady, some twenty years since, gave herself in one such district to Christian work. From house to house, and in other ways she sought to reach the men; but some were soon roused to opposition, and dislike to being reminded of eternal realities caused others to shun her. Thus it was with Hourston. Several times she called at his house, but found him out of the way, and more than once, though she knocked several times, could gain no admittance. In after days he told how, as he sat within, allowing her to stand waiting, he said to himself, "Knock away, I am not going to be bothered about my soul; you are not going to talk to me." At last it was evident to her that he was purposely avoiding being spoken to. This only made her the more anxious about him. And after much prayer for his conversion, she resolved one day to be in the way when he came up out of the pit after his work was over. She saw him go on to his house, and enter. Hastening up, she knocked, and scarcely waiting for an answer, she opened the door, and stood face to face with him. There was no avoiding her now,

and this he felt. Looking earnestly and tenderly at him, she said, "Hourston, turn or burn. Hourston, turn or burn." Then turning ere he could speak, she went out, closing the door behind her, and home to pray God to bless it to him.

His first thought was one of vexation, "I wish I had known she was coming, I would have bolted the door, and she should not have got in." Then to wash and dress, and hurry into the town near by, to spend the evening with others in riot and sin. As he got himself ready, the words came back, "Hourston, turn or burn—turn or burn." "I must get rid of this and he started," but, even as he went along the road, the words would come back upon him, "turn or burn, turn or burn." He entered a public house, his thoughts being, "A glass or two will drown this," and then went on, and soon with others was drinking and sporting; but, though he kept it to himself, he was ill at ease. Those words *would* come back, "Turn or burn—turn or burn," and all the merriment and carelessness could not prevent them. It was past midnight ere he left for home. Reeling with maddened brain, at last he reached there, to fling himself on his bed for two or three hours before he should commence work; but even then, as he uncomfortably tossed to and fro, "Turn or burn—turn or burn," came up again and again, till he was glad when the time came to throw on his things and start for his work.

But he could not rid himself of the truth. "The very strokes of my pick," said he "seemed to cry, 'Turn, burn—turn, burn.'" At length he could remain no longer, he dropped his tool, and going along to the cage, was drawn up. On reaching the surface, he ran to the house of that lady. On being shewn in, he cried,—

"Oh, Miss W——, what must I do?" Then he told how the words had fastened upon him, how they seemed burned in upon his memory and conscience.

How rejoiced she was; and soon, as she pointed him to Christ the only Saviour—the willing Saviour of all who believe

on Him, he, too, was rejoicing. His sins, which were many, he then knew to be forgiven. He had no good works, no religiousness in which to boast, and when trembling before God, it seemed as if he must "burn," how gladly he turned from self to Christ—from looking to self, to looking to Him.

Several years had passed, and still this one was rejoicing in Christ at the time when the writer became acquainted with the way in which God had thus quickly and graciously answered the prayer of His child in the conversion of one who had done his best to take his own way, the way that leadeth unto death.

And now, dear reader, in all affection let me urge upon you to lay to heart your awful position if unsaved. Only in one way can you escape the wailings of the lost. Be not angry at this plainness, lest among the lost in hell you gnash your teeth for ever. Turn now, ere the great deluge of His wrath shall come and sweep you into the burnings of the lake of fire. "TURN OR BURN! TURN OR BURN!" Oh listen to it and obey, for "what shall be the end of them that obey not the Gospel?" A fallen, guilty, condemned creature, you are hanging over the lake of fire by the brittle thread of a frail life, ready to perish; kept out of it merely by the long-suffering of God. Despise not the warning. In love God has given His Son to die. The wrath due to the sinner fell upon Him. Now, therefore, without conditions He invites all, *you*, to trust in Him. Delay not then—turn not away. Stifle not conviction. He delights in mercy. Judgment is His strange work. Be not angry at the mention of hell. He will save you. Will you be lost? Then in hell for ever must you know, when He was willing to save, you were not willing. He calls you. Listen, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die." Turn not away, but believe, and that now.

SINNER, TURN OR BURN.

R. T. H.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

**GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

THE BILL ON THE WALL.



THE BILL ON THE WALL:

Or, HOW MY SOUL WAS SAVED.

I WAS what the world calls a "moral young man"—that is, I was not addicted to drinking, swearing, gambling, horse-racing, and many other vicious and wicked things; but, on the contrary, I was an adherent of one of the great churches of the city in which I lived, was strong in favour of temperance and other social reforms, said my prayers, read my Bible (especially if my conscience was uneasy); in fact, as people say, I was trying to do the best I could, and hoping, since God was merciful, that He would overlook my faults and failures, and take me into heaven at last. I had heard of some people who said they were saved, and sure of heaven; but, in my estimation, that was something presumptuous. I thought it was more humble to "hope in the mercy of God."

Perhaps my reader is somewhat of the same stamp, respectable, moral, nay, even religious; but, like myself, *not born again*. If so, I trust, dear friend, that God by His Spirit may convince you of what He convinced me, *viz.*: that be a man or woman ever so good in their own or their neighbour's eyes, yet, if they are not born again they are going *straight to hell*! Do you say you do not believe it? That does not alter the fact that it is true, and it will indeed be a dire calamity if you adhere to your Christless formalism until, like the rich man of Luke xvi. 19, you lift up your eyes in hell, being in torment. Jesus has said, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, *Ye must be born again*" (John iii. 7).

One evening I was induced by a friend who accompanied me, to attend, a 'Gospel Meeting.' On entering the hall, we were shown into a seat near the platform, and, facing us, on the wall there hung a bill, which read as follows:—

FRIEND,
THOU ART TRAVELLING TO
ETERNITY:
TO AN
EVERLASTING HEAVEN!
OR TO AN
ENDLESS HELL!
Which?

I tried to keep my eyes from the solemn words, but it was all to no purpose. That was the last night of my peace in the Devil's service, and as I look back upon it, I cannot but praise God for His grace. My self-satisfaction was at an end. In spite of all my (so-called) good works, my conscience told me I was lost, and dying as I was, would be in hell. For two days I was in trouble of soul, for I did not know God's way of peace; but on the night of the second day, while John iii. 36 was being quoted, light dawned on my benighted soul. I believed on Jesus as my Saviour, for I saw Him to be the One who had died for me (satisfying a holy God for my sins), who was buried, and on the third day raised from the dead, to prove His work to be really finished, and the One who is now at God's right hand, a living Saviour for dead sinners.

My heart was full, for I had the authority of God's Word for saying I had everlasting life; and it would have been the height of presumption in me to doubt it, since He who cannot lie had said, "*He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life*" (John iii. 36); and again, "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). As one has said, "I do not know I am saved because I feel happy, but because God has said it." How sure and safe a resting place ! Eternity cannot alter it.

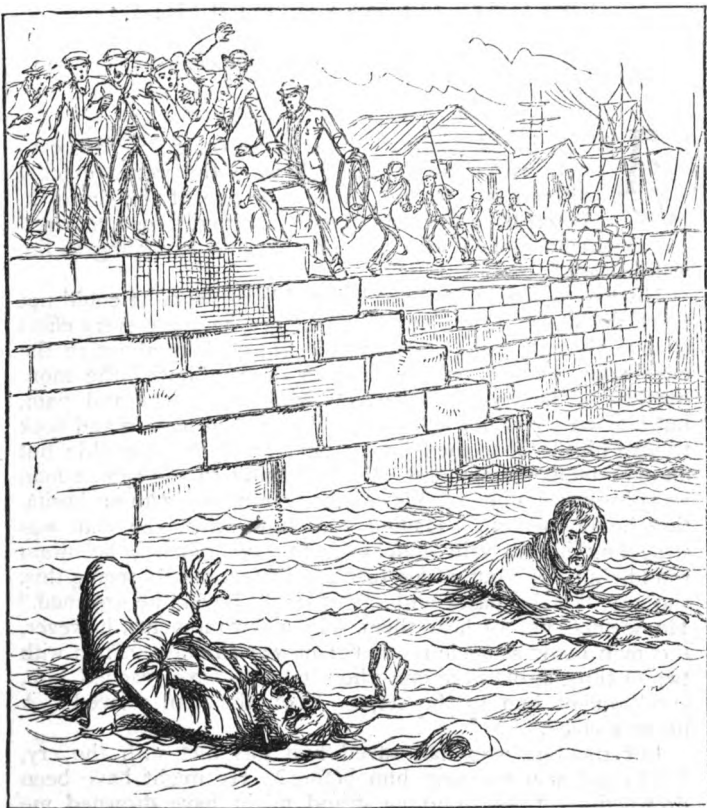
It was thus, dear reader, my soul was saved ; and now I would affectionately ask you, *IS YOUR SOUL SAFE FOR ETERNITY ?* If not, then, I entreat you, make haste and have the matter settled. 'Tis folly to trifle with the precious moments as they speed by you. You are travelling to eternity ; each moment makes the journey shorter. What will the end be ? Heaven, with its "eternal weight of glory ? or hell, with its withering, blasting curses ? Do not, I pray you, seek to evade the question. You are going to heaven, or, you are going to hell. I care not what your position, social, political, or religious, may be, eternity you must enter upon, sooner or later. Dare you trifle, then, if still unsaved ? Would it not be wisdom to take salvation now ? To-morrow it may not be offered you. To-day, you are within the reach of mercy ; to-morrow you may be forever beyond it. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iii. 7-8). Trifle not, I again beseech you. Five minutes delay may bring hell, with its weeping and wailing, its flames and torment, its blackness of darkness and eternal hopelessness, to you. Come, oh come now ! "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31). "*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.

J. D. W. M.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, Post or Carriage Free.

GLASGOW: OFFICE OF HERALD OF SALVATION, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Trying to Save Himself.



Illustrated Leaflets.]

Published Monthly.

[No. 23.]

TRYING TO SAVE HIMSELF;

Or, A MAN IN THE DOCKS.

“**A** MAN in the docks!” “He is drowning!” “He cannot save himself!” Such were the words quickly uttered by one and another, at one of the docks in Liverpool a few years since. Their cries soon gathered crowd, who looked with pity on the man struggling in the water below.

He had fallen in, and not being able to swim, he could not reach the steps. Conscious of his danger, he made every effort to save himself; but as he flung his arms wildly about in the endeavour, he was only helping to drown himself the more quickly. The crowd looked on with excitement and pain, but looking could not help him. Who would leap in and seek to save him? It seemed for a moment as if none would; but another moment, amongst others running to the spot, a man was observed pulling off his coat as he ran, and without hesitation he jumped in. Having seen how wildly the man was struggling in his vain endeavour to save himself, he swam round, but kept out of his reach. The onlookers seeing this, shouted, “Make haste and save him, or he will be drowned.” He seemed not to hear them. In a few moments, however, the man could struggle no more; he was sinking. Then with two or three strokes the one who sought to save reached him, and brought him to the steps. Soon the man revived. A life was saved.

But the one who had saved him was met with the cry, “Why did you not save him before? He might have been drowned.” “Yes,” said he, “and might have drowned me

TRYING TO SAVE HIMSELF ;

with himself." He added, "Whilst he *tried* to save himself I could do nothing ; when he gave it up, I saved him."

What a lesson is here ! The crowd looked on, but only *one* was ready to risk his life to save another. After all it is but a faint illustration of the Lord Jesus, who saw us lost and ruined by the fall, who came where we were—not to risk, but to give His life for us.

But notwithstanding the love of the one who leapt in to save, the drowning one continued his struggles to save himself, vain though they were, thus hindering his being delivered from the death that seemed so near.

How like yourself, reader. You have said, Well we must try our best. The drowning one was doing that, and little thought that he was really sinking himself in the water by his efforts instead of saving himself.

"But surely we must try !" "Would you have us give up doing and praying ?" "We must struggle on and hope." Dear reader, religious as all this sounds, good as it appears to you, listen to what God says—"TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT, but BELIEVETH ON Him that justifieth the ungodly, it is counted to him for righteousness."

How simple, yet how precious, God's way—it is *not* working but believing. If the drowning one had believed that man was **ABLE** and willing to save him, think you he would have struggled and sought to save himself? Surely not.

And so, dear reader, if you saw your sinfulness before God, your danger, as He tells you of it in His Word, the folly of trying or of doing, as a means of salvation—if, I say, you saw this, would you any longer *try*? Not for a moment ; but believing in Him who is both able and willing to save, you would "cast your deadly doings down, down at Jesus' feet," and believe in Him who "died for our sins," and thus **KNOW**, because God says it in His own Word, that "All that **BELIEVE**

are justified from all things," from which they "COULD NOT BE JUSTIFIED by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 39).

Do you say, "No wonder that man struggled and sought in every way to save himself. He saw his danger and could not help trying?" How this condemns you, reader! He *saw* his danger! Would that you *saw yours*! Is it any the LESS REAL because you do not SEE IT or believe in it? Alas! for the sinner who slumbers on to a deep damnation. Awake! awake! In one moment your judgment may come. It lingereth not. Already it hangs over you, and nothing can avert its stroke but the precious blood of Christ. Never let carelessness lay hold on you again; and above all, if aroused and anxious, let not Satan urge you on in a path of fleshly religiousness and doing, a wearisome unsatisfying thing to the soul engaged in it, and an abomination to the Lord, who alone can be satisfied with the death of Christ. Cease your doing—it is vain. Listen—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will GIVE YOU REST" (Matt. xi. 28).

Rest, weary soul!

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done;
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own.
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distressed,
Rest, sweetly rest.

R. T. H.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, Post or Carriage Free.

GLASGOW: OFFICE OF HERALD OF SALVATION, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SAVED!



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 24.]

SAVED I

SOME of you will remember that last year I told you of a very striking painting which was in the Royal Academy, the title of it being the word "Doomed!"

Now alongside of this was another picture of the sea and part of the beach, but of a very different character. Will you listen while I try to tell you about it? The sea seems to stretch out a long distance, the big green waves are rolling in heavily, and you can almost imagine you hear the dull, heavy sound, like distant thunder, as they break on the beach, and against the sea wall. The dark storm clouds are flying before the wind. A terrible tempest has been raging, and I fear many a poor sailor will never reach the harbour he was bound for. Numbers of wrecks must have taken place in such a hurricane. Ah! do you see in the distance there is a wreck already. Look! the ship has only one mast standing. Oh! how fearful it must be for those on board, to be washed about by such a sea. There are signals of distress flying! And was that the boom of gun they are firing? Will anyone attempt to rescue them do you think? Yes! Here come some brave seamen with the life boat, they are going to try. Noble fellows are they not? Risking their own lives to save others.

They have launched the boat, and amidst loud cheers from the people on the shore, they commence to pull for the wreck; it is hard work, and the boat seems at times as if she would be swallowed up in the hollow of the waves; but they have brave hearts, and so they approach nearer to the wreck. See! they have reached her, a line has been made fast, and the crew and passengers are leaving the lost ship and getting into the life boat. All are safely in. As they begin to pull for the shore, cheer after cheer reaches them from the beach, and as they come nearer you can see the rescued people; how thankful

they look ! But there is one among the rescued passengers upon whom almost every gaze is fixed ; it is a little girl, sitting in the stern of the boat ; she is a beautiful child with her long golden ringlets waving in the breeze, and many a prayer of thankfulness goes up that she has been rescued from such an awful death, and is saved !

My dear young reader, are you saved ? because if not you are lost, you are in, and belong to a lost ship, and the name of that ship is the "World." Yes, this world in which we live is something like a wreck at sea, for God is going to destroy it, and all who have not been taken out of it by the Lord Jesus Christ will be lost for ever. Now suppose when the life boat had come alongside that wreck, the little girl had said she did not want to leave the ship just then, that she desired to wait a while longer ;—what would have happened ? She would not have been saved, would she ? Only those could be saved who got into the life boat. The Lord Jesus Christ is our life boat. He has come to this poor world, and He takes all who come to Him, both old and young, rich and poor. The little girl only had one thing to do to be saved, that was, to step into the life boat and thus trust herself to it. So, dear child, there is only one thing to be done by you, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," it is

Only a step to Jesus,
Then why not take it now ?
Come and thy sin confessing,
To Him thy Saviour bow.

Then again, she had nothing to pay to be saved, it was quite free, no charge was made ; in like manner salvation is without money and without price.

Christ has paid the debt we owe ;
If with trusting hearts we go,
He will wash us white as snow,
In His blood.

Will you not come then dear young friend to Jesus and be saved? It is such a happy, happy, happy thing to be saved; to have all our sins forgiven, to be able to say of the Lord Jesus, "He loved me and gave Himself for me," to know that heaven is our home, and we are going there because we have been washed "whiter than snow" in the precious blood of Christ.

May God help each dear young reader to step into the life boat and be saved.

She is saved ! she is saved !
A shout of joy ascends,
And many a prayer of thankfulness
To heaven, upward blends.

The life boat nobly did its work
Of rescue from the wave,
The little child steps on the shore,
Saved from an early grave.

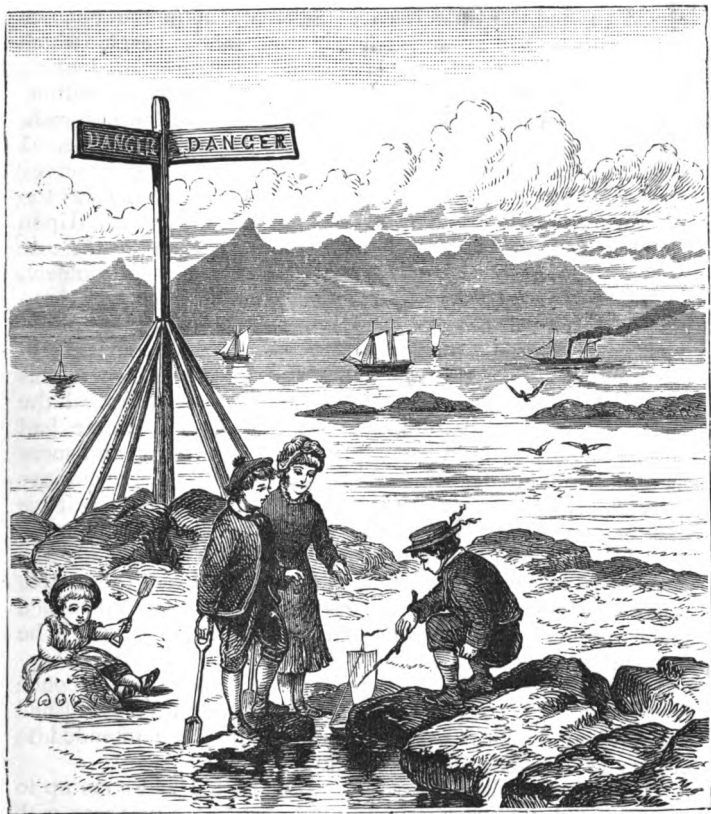
But yet, there is a greater joy
In heaven's courts above,
When little ones to Jesus come,
And trust in His great love.

For Jesus shed His precious blood,
And death's cold waters braved,
That all who come to Him below,
For ever might be saved.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

DANGER.



DANGER.

IT was a lovely day, last summer, when, for the first time, I entered the little town of Saltcoats, upon the Firth of Clyde. As I walked along the sandy beach, which stretched away before me as far as Ardrossan, looking at the splendid Arran hills, with their striking outline, my eye was suddenly taken with a board, fastened to iron-rods, standing up out of the water at some distance from me. I wondered why it was there. What purpose could it serve? Was it a signal for vessels? It could not be; the water was too shallow for any vessel to think of coming in so near. Upon asking a friend, however, it was soon explained; and as the tide receded I was able to get close up to it, and see its object. There were two boards, looking in different directions, both having the word DANGER on them. It appears that several fresh-water springs come bubbling up in different parts of the sand, and that close by some shelving rocks, where this board had been placed, was one; and that it disturbed the sand, and made it very loose and treacherous. Some had chosen the rocks as a good place to bathe from, and more than one, in consequence, had been drowned. The authorities therefore had determined to erect this "Danger" signal. Thus they had done their best to warn the stranger, and if now one risked his life, and lost it, no one would think of blaming the authorities; all would say, "What! did they exert themselves thus? did they go to this expense, and kindly put up such a plain warning? then, any one had but himself to blame if he went near that spot to bathe."

Let me, then, in love, dear reader, set up this signal at once before you—"Danger," "Danger." You are in danger of hell fire. What dreadful words! Yes, for they are intended to convey to our souls an awful reality.

How foolish I should have been thought if I had gone up to one and said, "What a shame to put that board up there with

that word 'Danger' on it. Just trying to frighten timid people. Why, when we come here for pleasure and amusement, do they put that ugly-looking board with its frightful word before us? As if we could not come down here to enjoy those grand old hills and this fine sea breeze without being annoyed in this way." Would not that one have been indignant with me? Say he had been an infidel, or most careless, though a religious professor, would he not quickly have replied? What, sir; would you have us in Saltcoats see life lost without an effort to save it? Life has been lost for want of that notice; and now it has been up for years, and life has been saved; and if it warns you, that's what it's meant for. If it sends a thrill through you, and even frightens you, so that you don't bathe there, that's its object.

So, dear reader, the open-air preaching, the warning tract, that the infidel or careless professor so hate, are meant to warn them. Do *you* dislike it? Well, you may. For hell is an awful reality. Christians say they believe in it, believe that a sinner who rejects Christ must perish for ever, and, believing that, can we be silent? God forbid! "Doctor," said a drunkard, when dying, "do you believe there is a hell—a hell?" laying a strong emphasis on the last word as he repeated it. "I certainly do," he replied. "I KNOW there is," rejoined he; "I know there is, for I feel it here," laying his hand upon his breast; "I feel it here—the worm that can never die, the fire that can never be quenched—eternal punishment, endless torments, I feel them; they have begun to be my portion even now." Yes, reader; even on earth the sorrows of hell have laid hold upon a lost sinner, and the one who in life has laughed at judgment, has felt in a dying hour the doom that awaited him.

"Say, O sinner, that livest at rest, and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swelling of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?"

But you need not. A few iron-rods and a painted board set down in the place of danger, is enough to keep men from drowning in that spot, if they heed the warning. But ere a soul could be saved from hell, Christ had to come down into the place of danger, and allow all the waves and billows of God's wrath to go over His head. It cost those who put up that danger-signal but a few pounds; not one of them needed to go and lay down under those waves, in order that others might not perish there. But, to save guilty sinners, it needed that the Son of God should stoop down and bear all. "All thy waves and billows have gone over Me," said He. Only through the life laid down can you, sinner, escape. Until you believe in Him, you are in danger. You are in a hopeless and perishing condition without Him. Then, delay not, but believe on Him now, and your soul is saved. Well, then, may we warn you? May we? We **MUST**. What tremendous responsibilities lay upon us. Warn we must, whether you heed or not. He who died, who now is willing to save, is coming again—coming to execute judgment on the sinner. If Christless then, you must be lost; and how will you bear the blaze of His actual presence—that presence which either glorifies the soul with its light, or withers up and drives from His presence for ever? Was it dangerous to be shut out of the ark when the flood came? to be outside the City of Refuge when the Avenger of Blood was close at hand? to be without blood on the door-post in that eventful night in Egypt, when God passed through in judgment? So is it dangerous now for one to be outside Christ—to be rejecting Him. Escape, then, to Him. Shelter under His blood; and out of DANGER, you will praise Him for ever, and thank God for the warning that reached you when in danger of hell fire.

R. T. H.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Castles on the Sands.



CASTLES ON THE SANDS.

SEE how merrily those boys and girls work at their castle on the sands. Let us help them to rear up its walls and its bulwarks to resist the coming tide. We must work with a will, for the time is very short, and the tide is swiftly flowing.

Quick, quick, quick ; here comes a wave ! Ah, a little breach is made ; but we'll stop it up at once ! Here comes another. A second breach is made ; but we'll stop it as before. Now for the assault. Here comes a foam-crested monster, frowning with defiance as he dashes at our walls. Quick, quick, quick ; jump from the battlements ; fly for your lives ; the castle is in ruins. Poor old thing ! The foe was too strong, and it could not hold out. Its history was short ; and now it lies forgotten in the sands. How sad ! Buried and forgotten !

Now, what is this castle a picture of, my little reader ? Is it anything like yourself, do you think ? Oh, no, you say. Surely I am not like a sand castle. Are you not, indeed ? What are all the men and women and boys and girls in the world but sand castles ? And have you ever noticed how soon they crumble away when the cold waves of death attack their feeble bodies ? What numbers of living sand castles were swept away by that great flood, which God brought upon the earth in the days of Noah, because of the wickedness of man ! And you know it was useless for them to resist that ever-rising tide. Only one way of escape was provided, namely, the Ark ; and whoever failed to enter that Ark, was lost. Noah and his family entered it, and were saved. All the rest were lost.

And, what millions and millions of living sand castles have since that time been swept away by the fierce waves of death.

Giants, as well as dwarfs, have been wrecked in that swiftly-flowing tide. You have read in history of Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and many other great men; but have you ever thought that all those wonderful people were only crumbling sand castles, and fell to pieces at the last? And if you will read what those little tombstones in yonder graveyard say, you will see that tiny children, too, are sand castles, and fall before the same fierce waves.

For many friends are weeping;
And the stars their watch are keeping
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping
Lie the young.

I do not, however, mean to say that you, my little reader, must die young. Oh, no. It is not true that all good children die young. Joseph, Moses, and Samuel were good children, and they lived to be good old men. But I do say that every little child, and every grown person too, should remember that this body, in which we live as birds in a little cage, is but a crumbling sand castle, and may be pulled down at any moment, and we may be driven from it for ever to heaven or to hell; and therefore, we should make haste to find out how we can be secured against attack, so that, when the angry overwhelming waves roll up, we may jump from the battlements of the falling castle to the mansions in glory that never can decay. For, what an awful thing it would be to have no hope in the hour of death! How terrible to be driven from an aching body to a burning hell! Yet this is what must surely happen to every soul that forgets God, or fails to fly to the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone is the Ark of safety provided for the helpless sinner. It is useless to battle with the foe. The only thing to do is to trust in Jesus Christ; for thus, and thus only, can we be saved from everlasting ruin.

I once knew a man who had lived a careless, wicked life, and died an awful death. When at the close, the doctor told him plainly that he was dying, he gathered up all his strength, and cried out, in the agony of despair, "I can't die. I won't die. I can't die. I won't die." Poor fellow! the waves were dashing furiously against the castle; and though he resisted them as stoutly as he could, he was at last compelled to yield, and he passed away from the body amidst the echoes of his dying cries, "I can't die. I won't die."

Surely none of my youthful readers would like to die as he did. Rather would they prefer the deathbed of that sweet Irish child at L——, who, when the waves were stealing gently up, and the castle was crumbling quietly away, whispered to her weeping friends, "Speak softly, for there are angels in the room, waiting to take me home to Jesus." That dear child had trusted her soul to Jesus, and could say in truth—

And when the last dark wave had done its worst, she soared from the battlements of the falling castle to her Father's house on high, shouting, 'Victory, victory, through the precious blood of Jesus.'

May you, my little reader, trust Him now, and you too shall one day wave the flag of victory, as you soar aloft to that bright home to sing the praise of Jesus.

R. L. S.

Let others seek a home below,
Where flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne—
I'm going home to die no more.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Getting Ready for Home.



GETTING READY FOR HOME.

A FEW weeks ago in many houses what a running to and fro there was. Father and mother and all were busy getting ready to go to the sea side.

Children were full of excitement. They could scarcely keep still for a minute. Full of importance, and thinking they were giving great help, they every now and again ran in, "Mother this must go." "We shall want to take this." It was a wonder if the boxes held all.

Then the old buckets, spades, and butterfly nets, &c., laid by from the year before, had to be brought out; and the boats too.

At last they were ready, and the day had come to start. How it had been looked forward to and the days counted, as impatiently THE DAY was waited for. But now, children, September has come, and you are just getting ready for going home.

The weeks have passed quickly, for rocks had to be clampered; sea weed found; boats sailed, and a number of things.

The day has come to get ready for home, and is it not strange, you are as full of excitement about going home as you were about leaving it! It's home you are going to, not to a strange place filled with strange people. No! home, and you are familiar with it, for it's, your home; and you mean to run all over it and look into every room, and see if it is as you left it; and you'll turn out the old toys as if they were new ones; and in the thought of thus going home you are quite excited, and there are no regrets. You have greatly enjoyed the visit to the sea, but the days got short, and the sun did not always shine; and because it is home you are going to, and father and mother are going, you do not fear it. There are no tears at going home. You think of all your school-fellows left behind, and what a lot of adventures you will have to tell them when you meet.

Well, the day has come, and after breakfast mother says—
Now, children, you can run down on the beach and play once

more, whilst we pack up, and we will call you when it's time. And as you are playing, making your last sand castle, or sailing the boat before the sails and masts have to come down, and it has to be put away for next summer, or turning up stones to see if you cannot capture a little crab; all at once you hear mother's voice calling. There are many children all round you, but, when she cries, "Come children, quickly, dinner is ready, there is no time to lose; we must not miss the train," you do not go on playing, and say, "It's not us, it is some other children that are being called." Oh, no, you start up and run, for you know her voice. She means *you*, for you are *her* children. She is going home, and *HER* children with her. And you are not frightened to go, for it is with mother, and she loves you, and that is why you love her. A child was one day speaking of home to a friend, and he said, "Where is your home?" At once the child looked over to where mother sat, and said, "Where mother is!"

Now, dear young ones, think of all this in reference to heaven, God, and death. Heaven is a home to those who know God as their Father, and death is not a frightful thing to the one who can look beyond it and see that it's the way by which they go home to meet One they love—God Himself and Jesus His Son, who died for them to put away the sins that else must have shut them out from God's presence for ever. Just as home is where mother is, so heaven is where Jesus is, and sinners washed in His precious blood will be at home there.

Now, is all this so to you? have you as a guilty sinner come to the Lord Jesus and obtained the forgiveness of your sins? if so, you can be happy when you think of going home.

A little boy lying upon his death-bed, suddenly started up, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children who are beckoning me to them, but there are high mountains between us, so high for me to climb; who will carry me over?" He lay back on his pillow, silent for a moment, but soon his feeble voice was heard

again, "Mother, mother! the strong man's come to carry me over the mountains;" and he fell asleep. Thus it must be with you. Jesus is the strong One who can take you home. Will you trust Him? and now.

Let the weeks of this summer that have so quickly gone, never to return, remind you of how time is flying; and you have only THE PRESENT TIME that you can call your own in which to come to Jesus. Think not there is time enough. Let not Satan say you are too young. When father said, "Children, we are going to P——, where there is such a beach and blue sea rolling in on it," how delighted you all were; how impatient till the time came. Did you say, "Father, oh, do not let us go yet, there is plenty of time, next summer will do?" Why! a week seemed as if it would never pass, and the days even were so long. If it had rained very heavily, or father's business had hindered, and your going to the sea had been put off only for *one day*, what a disappointment it would have been! Why? because your *heart* was set upon it.

Dear young ones, if your heart loved Jesus, how glad you would be; but when you say, "Time enough for me to come to Jesus: I'm young yet;" it clearly shows *where* your heart is. No love for Jesus. Come, then, as a wicked one full of sin, to Jesus, who from love to sinners laid down His life, that their sins might be washed away in His blood; and trusting in Him, your sins will be forgiven, and you will look forward with joy to being with Him, that will make heaven a home. Do you now say, "It shall be; I will trust Him now as my Saviour?" Rest not; delay not. TRUST HIM. It is heaven or hell. Coming to Jesus now, it will be salvation, forgiveness of sins, and then you will be

READY FOR HOME.

R. T. H.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Oh, Mother! Are You Out and I In?



Oh, Mother! Are You Out and I In?

MRS. — was a very respectable person, and a member, in good standing, in one of the Methodist churches in the city of New York, but, like many other professors of religion, she had never experienced the great change, without which, the Lord Jesus has said, no one shall see the Kingdom of God (Jno. iii. 3). Meetings were being held in a gospel tent last summer in the centre of the city, and Mrs. — was one of those who attended.

At first she did not appreciate the preaching, and declared that there was far too much said about hell and judgment to come.

She had a son, a careless, godless young man, a professed infidel, and she thought that the line of things dwelt on in the tent was calculated to benefit him. The mother persuaded the young man to accompany her one evening to the meeting. The preacher had a message from the Lord, which was carried home in the power of the Holy Ghost to both the mother and her son. The lady was led to see that all her prayers and fancied good works were valueless in God's sight, and dying as she was she would be lost to all eternity. Whilst the servant of the Lord was speaking, the young man turned to his mother and said, "That's it, mother, that's it!" and at the close of the meeting he said, "Mother, I knew you were never converted; that is the preaching that suits me."

On the Lord's day afternoon, the lady asked the evangelist to visit her son, who was too sick to leave his room, and added, "He believes that you have got the right thing." On visiting the house, the servant of Christ found that the young man was greatly troubled about his soul, and very desirous to know how his numerous sins could be all forgiven. He was pointed from the Scriptures to Calvary's Cross, and shewn that the Lord Jesus had been wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities; that He had given Himself a ransom for his precious soul, and by simply believing on Him who died, that

he might live, he was saved for eternity (Isaiah liii. 5; Jno. iii. 16, 36; Acts xiii. 38-9).

Immediately on perceiving the blessed and glorious truth, he cried out, "Oh, mother, mother, I'm saved; I've got it!" OH, MOTHER, ARE YOU OUT, AND I IN?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and, in anguish of soul, said, "IF YOU ARE SAVED, I AM LOST. Many a prayer I offered for you. For years I have been a good Methodist—I have prayed in public—I have testified in public—BUT I NEVER HAD THE RIGHT THING."

Reader, are you, like the poor woman, a professor of religion, without having Christ?" *Are you saved? Are you born again?* Have you got the "right thing?" Are you a "new creature in Christ Jesus?" or are you merely a "barren fig tree in God's vineyard?" Whatever you are, whatever you think of yourself, or whatever others think of you, if you are not saved, you will spend eternity in the lake of fire; if you are not really "born again," renounce your profession; if you do not know that Jesus is your Saviour, and heaven your home, take the place of a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and hear what Jehovah has to say to you in His Word.

The morning after her son's conversion, Mrs. — was surprised to see him appearing at the breakfast table without a scarf pin, with a dog's head on it, which he usually wore, and which he seemed to prize. On asking where it was, he immediately replied, "I have got something better than a dog's head. What is a dog's head to me, mother, now that I am saved?" The mother became more and more miserable; there seemed nothing behind her but a wasted life, and nothing before her but the lake of fire.

During the day she picked up a tract, and began to read it; she had not got half through when she perceived that the Lord Jesus had finished the work of atonement—that He had paid the debt of sin—and died for her.

"Oh," she cried aloud, "THE THING IS DONE!—it is all new!

—I never heard the like of that !”

Reader, have you ever seen that the Lord Jesus has completed the work?—that it is ALL DONE? “Oh, yes,” you reply, “He did of this work His part, and I am to do mine.” This is where you are wrong. He did not leave you to do *any part* of it. He met sin’s claims, and satisfied divine justice for you. “Your part” is to cease thinking that you can do anything to save yourself. “Your part” is to believe that the Lord Jesus did it all, and paid it all; and whenever you see that Jehovah is satisfied WITH WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE FOR YOU—that the “blood,” and the “BLOOD ALONE!—not the blood and your faith, nor the blood and your feelings, but THE BLOOD has purchased deliverance for you; peace and joy will fill your heart, and you will no longer be afraid of meeting a holy and sin-hating God. Praise his holy name; what the woman said is true—“THE THING IS DONE!”—“I-T—I-S—F-I-N-I-S-H-E-D!” (Jno. xix. 30.)

“It is finished, yes, indeed ! finished, every jot !

“Sinner, this is all you need ! tell me, is it not ?”

If, hitherto, you have been praying, striving, or working for salvation, listen to the words of a well-known hymn—

“Weary, working, burdened one, *wherefore toil you so,*

“CEASE YOUR DOING; ALL WAS DONE, LONG, LONG AGO.”

No longer look into your cold, wretched, miserable heart to find peace. Look off unto Jesus. Think of HIS LOVE to you. Think of HIS WORK for you. Receive the glad tidings, and you will be happy now and happy in eternity. “To him that WORKETH NOT, but BELIEVETH ON HIM that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. iv. 5).

“What must I do to be saved ?” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31).

A. M.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Rambles among the Ruins.



Illustrated Leaflets.]

[No. 29.]

Rambles among the Ruins.

HOW inexpressibly sad it is to gaze on a fire destroying the homes of our friends; to see so many noble earnest men at work to quench the destroying element, and yet, all the labour bestowed is vain; the devouring element rages from room to room, and from house to house, defying all the energies of our friends to put it out; and soon all that is left of the once pleasant homes are tall chimneys, the gable ends of the house, the smoking embers amid the heap of ruins, while the tenant has been driven out to seek a home elsewhere.

I was driving past one of these sad scenes a short time since, and reflecting on the scene, when I overtook a man, who asked for a lift on the road. I soon found that he was a *moral ruin*. I asked if he had known what it was to be weary in the journey of life. He looked at me for a moment, and then replied, something like the following: "Weary, sir, yes, and have wanted to end the weariness by making a hole in the water (drowning) or some other way, to end the dreadful *present*, only—only—" and then, as if he had admitted more than he wished, he stopped. I said, "*Only what*, friend?" "Well, sir," he said, "it may be that it would not end the troubles by putting an end to one's existence." "No," I replied, "that is impossible; you may end your days on earth by that means, as many do, but you cannot end your existence."

I then got from him something of his history. "I have been well brought up," he said, "and had plenty of money at my command, and I enjoyed life; and—and—" here he hesitated, but presently went on, "I was *religious*; but there came a trial to me, and I fell. I broke my dear parents' hearts by my life of sin, for I spent all my money, and went down, down to the lowest condition a man can well sink into. Now, I am like Cain, a wanderer; no home, no employment, no bread, no prospect of work, no hope for the future. I am almost

desperate." And, truly, he did not appear to be a pleasant companion to house with—a *ruin*!—indeed, nothing left but the blackened remains of a life of sin.

I said, "I have read of a life-like picture of you in a book which I carry with me. But when he came to the worst, and could do no more, and there was no hope for him, he remembered his father, and the plenty he had there, and he resolved to go to his father and own his sins, which he did, and then all was forgiven and forgotten by the father, and the place which he had lost was again his." He said, "You mean the prodigal son, sir." "Yes," I replied, "I do." "Ah, sir, I have read that story many a time to my mother and father,—yes, 'tis like me;" and the big tears coursed down over his face. I said, "There is only one act more to make the picture complete, that is, *arise* and go to the *Father*; He is ready to forgive. Doubtless He is running to meet you this moment in the very words we have been speaking together." "I wish my father were alive now that I could get his forgiveness; but, alas, he is gone, and all my fault. There is no one to whom I can look for help; and—and—I must do something." Then the life and service of sin is not all you could wish?" I asked. "No, sir, I wish I had never been born!" "But," I said, "there is something better than never being born, and that is, to be *born again*. If you had never been born you would never have known the life of sin and your present sorrow; but you could never have known the blessedness of the life of faith and love and eternal joy with God, in Heaven; and you could never have known the blessedness of being forgiven, and to have peace with God." "Forgiveness, sir, peace with God! I fear that will never be my lot to obtain, for I am awfully wicked, for I have gone down to every crime; I dare not say all I am." I replied, saying, "God has saved the greatest of sinners already, and, therefore, there can be no excuse for you being lost; the only question is whether you are willing to give up your life of sin, and receive pardon and life, salvation from sin, with eternal

glory?" I watched his countenance while the words were being weighed in his mind. At length he said, "Sir, I fear there is no hope for me, and I should not care to be disappointed; I have had a life of disappointments." "So then you think God will disappoint you? Let me tell you, friend, God never disappoints any one; the soul who trusts Him shall never be disappointed; and, also, let me say to you that He hath said, "The wages of sin is *death*," and He will not disappoint you of your hard earnings if you reject His mercy; you will certainly receive the wrath from Him which you have merited by your *sin*, and by your rejection of His *love*."

We parted, perhaps never to meet again on earth, but to meet once more either in Heaven, or before the great white throne.

Dear reader, are you going on in a life of sin? Perhaps you are, and it may be you are often weary in the terrible service of Satan, and are ready to end your wretched life by some means, only the dread of future punishment deters you, and hinders you from leading the wretched life of sin you are living in; and it may be that you are longing for deliverance from this hard master, Satan, and his dreadful service, but know not how to obtain deliverance.

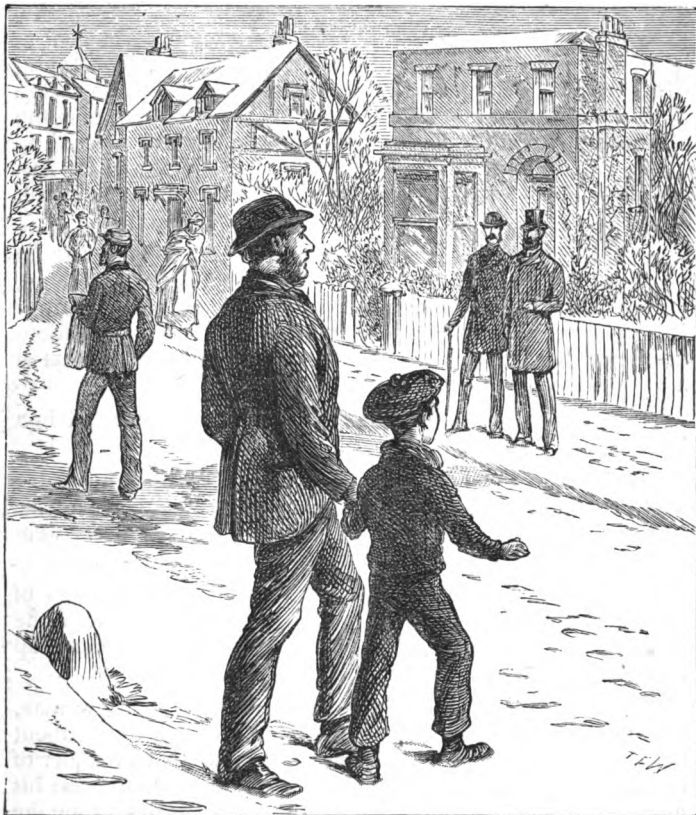
Take the salvation *now* you so much need. To-morrow the offer may have passed from you, and the mercy which you might have had may be gone, and you left to reap, in eternal misery, the folly of your neglect, and the punishment of all your sins, which might have been blotted out for ever.

G. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"No Heaven for Me!"



“NO HEAVEN FOR ME!”

SOME years ago, in a little Scotch town, Mr. H—— and myself, in company with the late Duncan Matheson, were holding some gospel meetings. It was winter, and the ground was deeply covered with snow; it had covered up with its pure white mantle the dirty streets and houses, and all nature seemed quietly sleeping under its white shroud.

On leaving one morning the mid-day prayer meeting, we were met by an old man and a little boy; the old man, with an enquiring look, asked, “Are you the preachers?” We answered, “Yes.” He then asked, “Will you come and make a prayer to a dying woman?” We told him that we should be glad to come and see her, as it was our business to tell poor sinners of a Saviour’s love.

He led the way, and we followed him, till we arrived in a back street at a small low house.

On entering the house, we found ourselves in a miserable apartment; the floor, which was paved with stones, had puddles of dirty water here and there, while the broken windows were stuffed with old rags to keep out the bitter wintry blast.

On a bed in the corner of the room, lying on a heap of rags, with but scanty covering, was the dying woman, while the long icicles hanging from the boards above her head made up the scene of misery.

Mr. H—— drew near to the bedside of the dying woman, with the intention of praying for her, and speaking to her about her soul, but a strange spell seemed to be in that chamber of death, and my friend found himself utterly unable to open his mouth in prayer—his lips seemed sealed. Turning to me, he asked me to try and speak to her.

On drawing near to her side, I found she was quite conscious, and able to understand what was said to her.

When asked if she was resting in Jesus, her answer was, "It is too late now." His willingness to save was put before her, but still her only reply was, "Too late now! too late now!"

At last I said something to her of the blessedness of heaven, and pressed on her to close with the offer of salvation, when, with the wild energy of despair, she cried out, "There is no heaven for me!—no heaven for me!—I am lost, *lost*, LOST!" This was all that came from her dying lips; and, with these sad words ringing in our ears, we had to leave the house.

That night, in the meeting, her case was put before those gathered, and Christians were asked to pray that this brand might, if it was the Lord's will, be plucked from the burning; but, at the close of the meeting, we were met at the door by one who had just left the sick chamber. On enquiring as to her state, the answer was, "She is dead." "And how did she die?" "Oh, her last words were, 'I am lost, *lost*, LOST!'"

Reader, she lived without Christ, and she had to die without Christ. A Christless life, a Christless death, and, alas! must we say it, a Christless eternity.

Dear reader, you will soon enter another year. Will it have to be said of you that you entered it a Christless soul? But this year may be your last. If the end of this year finds your body in the cold, cheerless grave, and you die unsaved—an unbeliever—your soul will go with all its guilt into the presence of a holy God?

Eternity, *eternity*, ETERNITY! where, oh! where will you spend it?

But yet there is time.

As the white snow covers all in its spotless purity, so may you be hidden in a spotless Christ—accepted in the Beloved

(Eph. i. 6);—then safe in the arms of Jesus, oh, how secure will you be from the coming storm of God's wrath!

In Isa. i. 18, God says to sinners, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

God wishes to reason with you. It is not your sins that need keep you out of heaven. You see He can wash them all away, no matter how dark their stain.

Then trust His wondrous love; that love which made Him give His only One up to death, even the death of the cross, for you, that He might give you, a guilty one, a place in His own presence, and glory with exceeding joy (Jude 24).

Gone! gone! gone!
 If saved by the blood,—'tis well;
 Gone! gone! gone!
 The Redeemer's praise to swell,
 Who came from above,
 In His wondrous love,
 To save lost souls from hell!

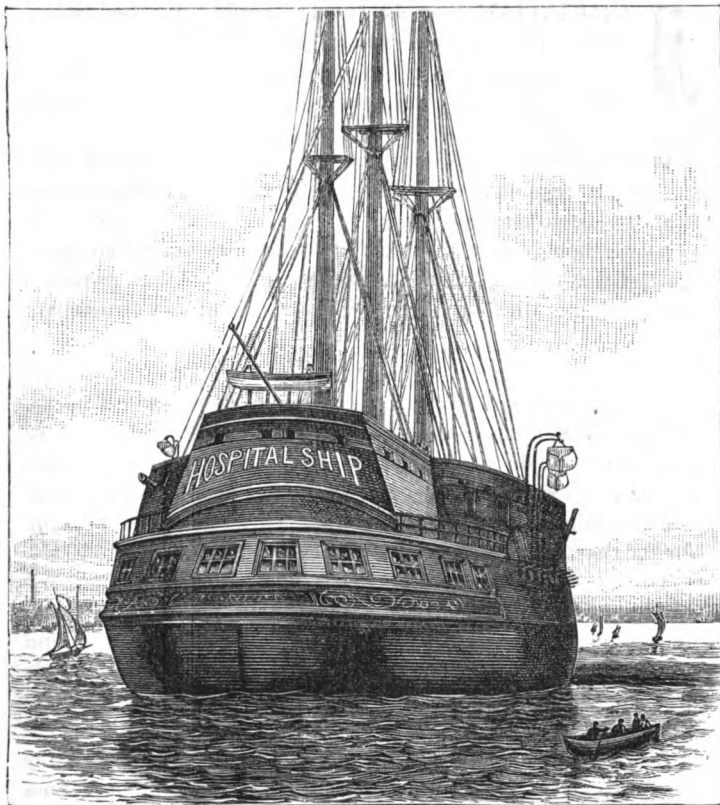
Gone! gone! gone!
 Oh, sinner, had this been thee!
 Gone! gone! gone!
 Say, what would thy portion be?
 To be singing the song
 Of the blood-bought throng,
 Or to wail through eternity?

J. A. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
 AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SHELTERED.



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 31.]

SHELTERED.

A CHRISTIAN man lay dying; around his bed stood loved relatives, with whom he was soon to part.

In answer to a question, if he feared death or not? he said, "How can I, when I am sheltered by the blood?"

What a precious testimony; precious alike for him who gave it, and for those anxious relatives gathered around his bedside in those last solemn moments.

As we thought over those dying words, they suggested to us the fact that a sinner needs a shelter; that God has provided one—a shelter within the reach of all—a shelter that cannot fail.

A Shelter Needed.

Yes, dear unsaved reader! this is one of your greatest needs. No friendless, homeless, penniless one ever knocked at refuge doors, and sought a shelter from the withering wind without; no tempest-tossed vessel, with its broken spars, its torn canvas, and straining timbers ever sought harbour, more needing shelter than yourself.

Tossed hither and thither by the lusts of your own carnal mind; torn, broken, and well-nigh lost in the rush of worldliness which, it may be, has tossed you about like a toy, and now seems ready to engulf or ruin you upon the terrible breakers of your own persistent follies; you need, ah! yes, you need a shelter.

Above and beyond you, away into the distance, spread the angry clouds of God's wrath, soon to burst and deluge those who have dared to neglect their safety, and to defy the storm

soon coming. Oh, reader! solemnly think over the fact of your needing a shelter from the wrath to come (Job xxxvi. 18; 1 Thess. i. 10.

A Shelter Provided.

God provides the remedy for our sin. God has found for us the Saviour our souls require in His own Son, who died for the ungodly. How many there are who fail to see that their need lies beyond the reach of their own power. Therefore, they endeavour, by altered habits, temperance, good resolutions, and religious observances to fit themselves for God and heaven, forgetting that the past still stands to their account; and that, although their ways are altered, they are only serving Satan in other dress.

God has found a shelter for the sinner, a shelter in that precious blood of Christ, which tells of sin put away, of judgment borne, of God satisfied. Reader! nothing but death could meet God's demands, for "the wages of sin is death;" and Christ was willing to meet death; and He has died, and died for the ungodly: for you; yes, for you. As the sprinkled blood on the Israelite's house told of judgment already there, but judgment on the firstling of the flock and not on the first-born, so Christ's death speaks the fact. Sin has been judged in Him for us, and this alone can shelter us. "When I see *the blood* I will pass over you, and *the plague* shall not be upon you" (Exod. xii. 13). Oh, what a shelter! Is it yours? It stands

Within the Reach of All.

Like the hospital ship on the Thames, which was open for suffering seamen of all nations who might be in London docks, so God offers to any, to every one, the wondrous blessing of

that salvation provided at such a cost—the death of His own dear Son. “*Whosoever* believeth;” “He that believeth;” “All that believe” (John iii. 16; vi. 47; Acts xiii. 39), are the words God uses to show how He has placed within the reach of all eternal life, and that salvation which cost Christ everything, costs us nothing (Rom. iv. 5; v. 6).

A Shelter which cannot fail.

The foundation God laid is *a sure one* (Isa. xxviii. 16); the shelter He provides *a safe one*. This cannot be said of man's. All hiding places, apart from God's Christ, and His precious blood, are refuges of lies, and will be swept away in that day when the sinner will most need to be covered. The hiding places of religious formality, of human uprightness and honesty, of teetotal reform and benevolence will all perish, and be swept away by the terrible rush of God's judgment, and then under the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ alone will safety be found, as in the ark, which was borne up when all else perished. Reader! which have you; God's shelter provided for you, or your own? Oh, if you have been depending on anything else than the Lord Jesus, give it up; better to give it up than perish with it. Take Jesus as your Saviour; and know the judgment of God will not come near you, for He has suffered the Just for the unjust to bring us to God.

C. M.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
And through all Booksellers.

“Hell wasn’t Made for Me!”



Illustrated Leaflets.

[No. 32.]

“Hell wasn’t Made for Me!”

IN the summer of 186— I frequently visited a dying Christian woman in I——, one who had been notoriously careless, and who in a remarkable way, eighteen months before her death, was led to Christ.

One day in coming away from her house I saw a woman standing in the door of an adjoining house. I spoke to her of her sins and her need of a Saviour; but finding her very indifferent, I sought to reach her conscience by the solemn things of God’s Word. So I said to her, “It is heaven or hell, you know, and you must be in one or the other for ever.” This, instead of acting on her conscience and leading her to think of her sin and danger, only roused her temper, and angrily she replied—

“Hell wasn’t made for me; it was made for dogs, and such as you. I pray every day.”

“Oh, no, you never prayed in your life,” I replied, as I saw she was a careless woman, putting on the cloak of religion for the moment, so as to turn away the edge of what had been said.

“You are not my judge; you need not condemn me, or One will condemn you;” and on that she walked away, and it seemed as though the word had been spoken in vain; but not so, Though years passed, seven or eight at least, she never could forget that conversation; and when, in 1875, I was holding a meeting in a cottage near by where she lived, she came to hear, and could not rest that night, being under such deep conviction of sin. The next morning, in agony of soul, she knelt first at one side of the bed and then at the other, crying, “Oh, Lord, take away this burden;” and that morning found peace, not through prayer or feeling, but through believing on the Lord Jesus, whose precious blood had made atonement.

Living near to her was a Christian woman, who had on several occasions warned her of her danger, and told her of salvation through the death of Christ. To her she had said

in reply, "Oh, I don't believe any one has a right to say to people 'You are going to hell.'" "Why," replied Mrs. M—"I could stand all day and hear that, for I know it would not mean me, for I am going to heaven."

At another time, when the necessity of being converted was brought before her, she carelessly replied, "Ah, well, if I was converted I would not tell any one." But when that morning she found peace in believing, the first thing she did was to run off to that Christian and knock at the door. As it was opened, she said, "Mrs. M—, I am saved, and have lost that load of sin; I know I have." It was on her death-bed, four years after her conversion, that I saw her again, and then she herself told me, what I had forgotten, of the way I had spoken to her, and how she answered. Then she could praise God for the faithful words which once had roused her anger. Very bright was her testimony, as she lay in much suffering for some months.

"Thank God for what He has done, give Him all the glory," she used to say; and as Mrs. M— was with her when she was dying, she said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus;"

"There is sweet rest in Jesus."

Then she said, "Mrs. M—, pray;" and as she prayed the Lord to take His suffering child home, though scarcely able, she clasped her thin bony fingers together, and cried aloud, "Take me now, Lord; now, Lord, I am waiting."

Mrs. M— then whispered to her—

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you."

As she ceased repeating it, the dying one said, "Glory, glory, glory." These were her last words, for in a few minutes she ceased to breathe, and was home with the Lord.

And now, dear reader, ere you put this paper down, will you be faithful to yourself? Turn not away in anger as this one did, for *you* have no promise for the future, nor any certainty of another moment in which to accept Christ. How many are suddenly called away with scarcely a moment in which to awake even to the fact that they are dying, and as to eternal realities is it not true,

"Starting, they *wake* and find themselves undone?"

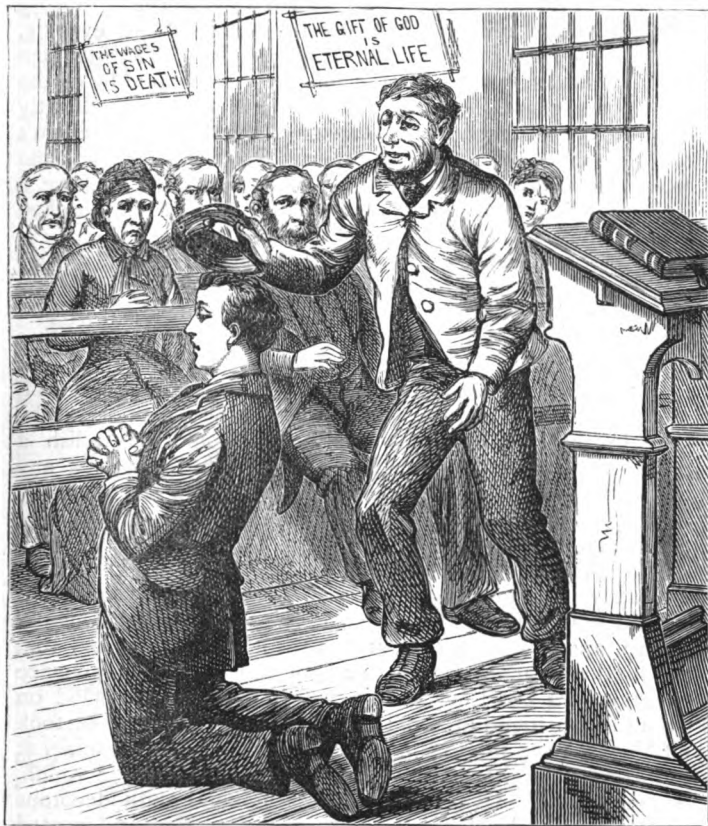
Then delay not, but as a lost and guilty sinner, trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and His precious blood will cleanse you from all sin. And remember, that although in this and other cases salvation was with gladness accepted at last, many, very many, who have slighted God's mercy, and turned away from His grace, have never afterwards shown any anxiety, or given any evidence of the new birth. They rejected Christ when presented to them, and although they may have often heard of Him after that, there was no yielding of heart to Him. They have died as they lived. Beware, then! Do you now see your sin and your need of a Saviour? As you look into eternity, does your heart tremble as conscience accuses, and you know that you are not prepared to meet God? Delay not—do not let the fact that this woman afterwards trusted Christ lead you to put off trusting in Christ to another season. We have only one case in Scripture (the dying thief) of one in life's latest moments being saved; and, remember, you are not like him. He had never before heard of Christ; you often have. Then at once "believe, and thou shalt be saved."

R. T. H.


Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
And through all Booksellers.

Amen ; or, The Drunkard Saved.



Amen ; or, The Drunkard Saved.

HORTLY after my conversion a few of us began to work a village mission. During the services one evening, while I was preaching the Gospel, a man with a dirty linen jacket on pushed his way roughly into the middle of the little chapel, and sat himself down on a seat directly opposite me, still retaining his cap upon his head. By the man's singular appearance and deportment I saw that he was the worse for drink, and had come into the meeting to have a little "fun," and not as a quiet attentive hearer of the preached Gospel.

He had not been seated long before he claimed full liberty to dissent from or approve of what I was saying by grotesque and funny ejaculations. I appeared to take no notice of him for some time, until I saw the people's attention was being drawn to the man, and the only alternative was to quietly, but briefly, close the meeting; at the same time suggesting, that if any one wished to remain, we could spend the remainder of the time in prayer, thinking our disturber would not relish a prayer-meeting, and so would leave without giving us any further trouble. But the man still kept his seat, and naturally others beside remained, out of curiosity, to see what further game he would be up to.

After a little while a few Christians engaged in prayer, especially remembering our tipsy friend. He seemed to heartily enjoy their prayers, by loud ejaculations, of "Amen!" I felt it was a solemn time under the circumstance, and that the Lord was even able to save a man while under the influence of drink. At last I engaged in prayer, pleading with God on behalf of our friend present; but while I was praying, he took off his black cap from his own head and placed it on mine, at the same time shouting out lustily, but irreverently, "Amen, Amen, Amen!" Of course this unceremonious and indecorous performance broke all the solemnity of the meeting, and created

no little amusement among our unconverted friends present; so I saw it was useless to prolong the meeting any further while he was there, and told him the present meeting was over, and if he did not wish to be locked in the chapel all night he had better go at once. I then, taking him by the arm, suggested that perhaps he would like to go out with me. He immediately rose, with a little of my help, and swaggered towards the door. When I had got him outside, I spoke a few loving but solemn words to him; and, after bidding him a hearty welcome to come again, said to him, "Now, when you are gone, a few of us will pray for your conversion." He seemed to be amused at the idea, and off he went. When he had got fairly away we closed the door, and earnestly commended him to the Lord; specially praying for his conversion, and that he might be brought speedily to the Lord Jesus, "clothed, and in his right mind." While we were praying for him, God began to work in the man's soul. That night he had little sleep, and on the following morning he seemed ashamed to be seen, conscious that what he had done on the previous night was wrong; that the life he was living was opposed to God; and that, if he did not repent and turn to God, he would certainly be lost for ever; and not only have a drunkard's death, but a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell. To our surprise and joy our friend was among the listeners on the following Lord's-day evening, not only sober, but serious; and in a very short time made a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus; and for many years has borne a bright testimony for the Lord Jesus; and that he was a changed man, and a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Yes, dear reader, a drunkard saved! It could be truly said of him, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Oh, the marvellous, matchless grace of our God, in giving His Son to die for us sinners of the Gentiles, who were, and are by nature, "afar off," "dead in trespasses and sins!" But such is the power of the Gospel of the blessed God! When received into the heart

by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, it not only converts the drunkard into a sober man, but creates a radical change in his whole life and ways down here; and his ways and actions bespeak, or ought to, that "old things are passed away, and *all* things have become new;" and that he is a dead and risen man in Christ Jesus, and living by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him.

Now I wonder whether you have, beloved reader, experienced such a blessed change! Has the Gospel, the blessed tidings of God's love to sinners, which I have no doubt you have listened to many a time, effected any change in your life? If it has not, depend upon it your professed faith "is vain, and you are yet in your sins:" for you have not believed from the heart in Him whom God has raised from the dead. But you need not despair: there is abundant mercy with God to save all who come to Him by Christ. He delights to pardon, and it rejoices His heart when sinners, however black and guilty, surrender themselves, just as they are, up unto Him who says, "him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Or of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

"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." May you, dear reader, believe in Him, and then you will *never perish*, but *have everlasting life*.

S. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
And through all Booksellers.

I'd do it, if I weren't sure I'd go to hell.



I'd do it, if I weren't sure I'd go to hell.

NOT many months since a young woman was deeply convinced of sin; and Satan, ever subtle and deceiving, was causing her intense affliction of mind.

It happened one day that she was being specially tried, and she actually approached the river's brink, intending to destroy herself. She paused a moment, as it were, to reflect on her purpose, when suddenly her Christian sister, being suspicious of something, appeared on the scene. An imploring and affectionate remonstrance took place hurriedly, when the one who had rushed to the water to drown herself exclaimed, "Ah, I'd do it, if I weren't sure I'd go to hell." What forcible words were these; and God only knows how frequently similar thoughts have kept many others from the influences of the Serpent in his damning and sore temptations. Oh! that unsaved ones did but realise the fearfulness of their condition.

It is an absolute and undeniable fact, proved from the written Word of God, that if death should overtake them, whether suddenly or not; that if they died unconverted, they would endure through unceasing ages agony and remorse in hell, the place of the damned.

On a tombstone, it is recorded—

"Reader! Stop and think
That I am in eternity,
And you are on the brink."

May the Holy Spirit fasten these momentous and weighty truths on your conscience, unsaved one, and trouble you sorely about your state and future, that being burdened with your guilt, and fearful of everlasting destruction, you may even now believe and be saved (Acts xvi. 31).

Ah, yes; it is a deep sense of your condition I pray God you may have. There is in Scripture (Luke xvi.) an unjust steward brought before us, and his history shows how, that

when he realised his condition, and the fruit of his evil-doing, he was most eager to make provision for the future.

One may reply, "Well, yes; I believe in that principle of making provision for the future, and I have laid by in store against a rainy day."

Oh, let me ask, How is it that you are so entirely engrossed about the things of earth? And why do you neglect to provide against the torrent of God's righteous fury, which is soon to be poured out? The unjust steward had wronged his master, and he had to forfeit everything, and his future stared him in the face. Hunger and sore poverty awaited him. What was to be done? He considered, and then made a resolute determination, which he quickly attended to; and for his wisdom and forethought, he is commended by the one he had trespassed against.

As this man *reflected* on his wicked career, the *realisation* of his sorrowful state forced itself upon his attention, and he thereupon made an immediate resolve to secure to himself a friendship which would succour him in the time of the judgment his sins merited.

This is an important picture, unsaved one. Adam was once in the favour and blessing of God. He sinned, and forfeited all joy and bliss, and plunged himself and all the human family into sin and death. The consequence is, we are naturally away from God, and everlasting poverty and misery is our due. Now believe in what God says about it, and make immediate provision against this terrible doom.

If one asks, How? Let me say, that you have to do nothing but simply accept the *provision* offered by the ever-blessed God of love.

Unconverted reader! if on *reflection* you *realise* what the God of truth has declared you to be in this world, you need not be overwhelmed in despair; for Jesus became the Surety for the sinner, and smarted in his stead; and thus He becomes the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother to the one who

simply accepts the shelter He affords. If you only believe on Him, you shall be securely hid in the arms of His power in the day of *wrath*.

Be not like the rich man of this same chapter, who only lived to enjoy the pleasures of time; and being overtaken by death, discovered himself to be in torment of fire, the *realisation* of which caused him to cry for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. But he was told to reflect on privileges despised whilst on earth; and thus he learnt that there is nothing to ease the judgment of the lost.

Which shall be your portion? A sense of sin and deservedness of Hell now which shall impel you to flee to Christ for shelter? Or will you go on merely concerned about the things of earth, to awake to shame and everlasting contempt, in the association of the damned?

Hasten into the ark of God's providing; and *do it now*. *Thus*, and thus only, can you be received to God's favour and blessing.

The young woman alluded to in the commencement of this paper has since trusted in Jesus, and she is now rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

" Passing onward! Quickly passing!
But I ask thee, Whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions?
Where eternal joy is found."

F. A. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
And through all Booksellers.

"Show Me the Way to the Lamb."



“SHOW ME THE WAY TO THE LAMB.”



RETURNING with a party of Christian friends from a pleasant drive in one of our large English forests, we halted at M—— to give the horses a little rest and refreshment.

While standing on the roadway under the light of a friendly lamp, a diminutive and feeble old man approached the writer and enquired faintly, “Please, sir, can you show me the way to the Lamb Public-House?”

I paused a little, and then looking him straight in the face, I replied, “No, my friend, I cannot show you the way to the Lamb Public-House, for I am a stranger here, but I can show you the way to heaven, and it’s through the Lamb.”

He held his head down and sighed.

I then asked him—“Are you on your way to heaven?”

“I hope so, sir,” he answered. “But are you not sure of it?” I enquired. “Well, sir, I say my prayers regularly, and I believe God is merciful and will forgive me all my sins and take me to heaven when I die.”

“But you have’nt yet got all your sins forgiven?”

“No, sir,” he answered.

“Well, just listen,” said I, and holding up my Bible so that the rays of the lamp fell directly on it, I read—“Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 28 39).

“Now then, you see what God declares in His word.” “By Him all that believe are justified from all things.” “Will you have forgiveness now as offered to you by God Himself.”

“Well,” he replied, “I *hope* I shall have before I die.”

“But,” said I, “it doesn’t say”—“by Him all that *hope* are justified from all things,” “but by Him all that *believe* are justified.”

“Will you accept forgiveness now?” “Well, I will try,” he answered. “But, dear friend, it doesn’t say, by Him all that *try*,” but “by Him all that *believe* are justified.” “Will you accept

what God offers you now through faith in Jesus, and be justified by Him from all your sins?"

"I will think about it," he replied, after a pause.

"But," I pleaded, it doesn't say "by Him all that think about it are justified from all things," but "by Him all that *believe*."

"Will you now believe God's message, and accept salvation as here offered?"

The old man was silent.

I thereupon turned to Romans vi. 23, "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." He interrupted me before I had finished the verse by saying—"Oh, I know that verse very well, I have read it many a time: but, sir, I didn't want to drink at the Lamb Public-House when I asked you to show me the way."

"I have not been thinking what you wanted the Public-House for," I replied, but I wish to show you the way to heaven, which, as this verse shows us, is through the Lord Jesus Christ. If your poor weary soul will but stoop down and drink of this Fountain, it will bring you a joy to-night that shall know no end."

I then pressed him to accept God's gift, and pointed him to the finished work of the Lamb of God upon the cross of Calvary.

Seeing that he hesitated, while yet apparently turning the matter over in his mind, I took a small silver coin from my pocket and asked him if he would accept it.

He stretched out his hand at once and took it, thanking me warmly. I asked him, "where did you see me before?"

"I don't know that I ever saw you before, sir," was his reply.

"What did you do for that piece of money I gave you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You are quite sure you have got it?"

He opened his hand cautiously and said, "Yes, sir, I have it."

"But how did you get it?"

"You gave it me, sir."

"But you did nothing for it?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"You had no claim upon me for this money?"

"No, sir, none whatever."

"Then how was it, think you, that I should offer you, a perfect stranger to me, this piece of money, and that you should come to accept it?"

Again he was silent, and seemed at a loss for an answer, though evidently impressed with the illustration of God's grace I had been seeking to bring before him.

I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Now then, friend, will you accept God's gift of eternal life in the same way that you accepted this piece of money? You don't deserve it. You have no claim upon God for it. You are a poor, undeserving sinner, on your way to hell, but He bids you believe in His Son Jesus, and accept forgiveness through His precious blood once shed for the remission of your sins, will you have it now?"

"I will," he replied.

"Then, good night, my friend I added, seek a quiet place alone with God, where you can thank Him for His great gift to you, and then go and tell others that the way to heaven is through the Lamb."

Reader! do you know the way to God? Do you believe in His Son? Of course, you believe many things *about* Him, but do you really believe *in Him*? Are you sheltered from wrath under His precious blood? Are you *hoping* to get to heaven, yet not sure of it?

Is eternal life the gift of God, and yet you don't know whether you have accepted it or not?

Oh, why be in doubt any longer? The way to heaven is through the Lamb. Jesus said, "I am *the way*, the truth, and the life."

A. L.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BLOOD."



"TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BLOOD."



BOUT fourteen years ago there lived in a city in the West of England an aged Christian lady who was frequently laid aside through sickness, on which occasions she was visited, and sometimes nursed, by a friend, a younger sister in Christ. She was one day taken suddenly ill when her only son, who lived with her, went to a nurses' institution in the city for a trained nurse. When her friend alluded to her attack, she lost no time in calling upon the aged one, and found, to her surprise, the nurse in attendance. After consultation it was decided the nurse should continue her services, only that every opportunity should be taken to speak to her of Jesus.

In course of time the sick one recovered, and the nurse was called away to attend a young lady in a large and fashionable seaside town. On arrival she found the invalid not only very ill, but in great anguish of mind. This distress proved to be anxiety concerning her eternal welfare. She had spoken to her parents on the subject, who tried to soothe her by assuring her of the happiness her gentle disposition, and endeavours to carry out their wishes, had afforded them; that she had never occasioned them anxiety or sorrow; and they felt sure that one so good must go to heaven. But such an assurance gave no peace or relief to her troubled spirit. She anxiously enquired of the clergyman whose church she attended, what she could do to get to heaven. He, poor man, like a "well without water," could not speak to the weary one anything of the way of life, or where to find rest. He considered that one who had submitted to all the ordinances of the church; whose manner at church was so devout; and whose general deportment was so exemplary, would be quite safe for heaven: and if she was not saved he could not tell who could be saved. Ah! that assurance afforded no relief to her misery—it was her past life

that troubled her—the thought of going into God's presence as she was, filled her soul with dread. It was in this state of mind the nurse found her. Almost the first enquiry she made to her was, that which is the most momentous that any human being can make, "Nurse, can you tell me how I can get to heaven; how can my sins be forgiven?" The nurse, who was herself unconverted, and therefore without any experience of peace in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, replied, "I really do not know, but when I was nursing an old lady in E—— I heard her friend and her say frequently, "The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin." The invalid started up in her bed, though so ill, and in a loud whisper of utmost earnestness she said, "What is that? *Tell me more about the blood.*" The nurse replied, "I am sorry I cannot." "Then repeat it to me." This she did, until the blessed truth laid hold of her soul, and she trusted in Jesus Christ and His precious blood, and so died in this saving faith. Nor was she the only one who received this soul-saving truth; for the nurse too rested her soul on it, and returned to the institution to tell her sister (who had also devoted herself to the work of nursing) of her new found peace and joy, and the same precious truth was blessed to her sister's conversion. These two sisters then sought to tell the other nurses what the Lord had done for their souls, that they too might share their peace, and drink of the same cup of joy.

Dear reader, how simple and comprehensive is this declaration: "The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin." Not all the sin which we remember, but all the sin which God's holy eye has detected. He knows all the sin, therefore *He can forgive all*. He has seen all the sin, therefore *He can cover all over*. He has kept a strict and faithful account of all, therefore *He can blot out all*. And that upon the just ground that His beloved Son has made atonement for it. When that Blessed One, the Lamb of God, hung on the cross, He bore our sins and suffered all the judgment due

to them. "He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquities of us all." God dealt with Him in strict and inflexible justice on account of our sins, and that blessed Saviour bore the full penalty due to them, and every one that believes in Him goes free; is pardoned, justified, and saved through faith in His blood. The pardoned sinner is freed from every blot or stain of sin, and from all condemnation on account of it. He is clothed in the righteousness of God, which is in Christ Jesus, accepted in the Risen Christ; therefore fit for heaven, for Christ is his fitness.

Are you trusting in that blood, or treating it with indifference? There is no possibility of being saved except through faith in it. All the redeemed in heaven sing of being saved through the blood. Believe in it, rest your guilty soul on it, and you will be saved. Neglect it, and you will be lost. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned."

The old lady and her friend have both since then gone up to join the ransomed hosts who are at home in the presence of the Lord who died for them. Will you be among that blessed company? If, as a lost sinner, you trust in Jesus you will be there; but if you die neglecting His salvation, you will be among the lost in the lake of fire. Which shall it be? Whichever it is, it will be for eternity.

W. H. C.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

**"I HAVE TO MEET GOD, AND I AM
NOT READY."**



**"I HAVE TO MEET GOD, AND I AM NOT
READY."**



GVANGELISTIC services were being held in the town of L—— by two brethren in the Lord, known to the writer. As of old, while "some believed the things that were spoken," others "believed not" (Acts xxviii. 24).

Amongst the latter class was a linen weaver to trade. One of the preachers, on a certain evening, observing him standing outside the door of the building where the meetings were being held, placed his hand on his shoulder and kindly invited him to attend the services. The reply he gave was an insolent one, mingled with oaths and curses.

"This may be your last chance," said the servant of God solemnly, "and remember, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment'" (Heb. ix. 27).

Not many weeks after, he was laid upon a sick bed, and after a brief illness, the physician declared that nothing could be done to save his life, and that in a few hours at most, he would have to leave this world and pass into eternity.

This was a terrible blow to him. Dying, and only a few hours at longest to prepare! He did not fear death so much as that which was beyond it. As he thought on his past life, and looked forward to the day of reckoning, despair took possession of his soul—and not long after the doctor had gone, he rose from his bed, crossed the floor of the house, and creeping under his loom, in piteous and heart rending accents cried.

"HIDE ME, HIDE ME FROM GOD—I HAVE GOT TO MEET HIM, AND I AM NOT READY; I HAD THE OFFER OF SALVATION BUT REFUSED IT; AND NOW I AM DYING AND GOING TO HELL."

Unsaved reader, ponder these sad sad words, and do not forget the fact that *you must meet God*, "after this the judgment."

There is a day of reckoning in the future, and distant or near, you know it is *certain*. "All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom WE HAVE TO DO" (Heb. iv. 13). You have "to do" *with God*. You may, or you may not, meet the Prince of Wales, but you *must* meet God. Dont try to *forget* this fact. Many are doing their very best to prevent the recurrence of the thought. Every device is employed to drown it. Some rush into company; others immerse themselves in business; whilst many resort to novels or light literature. There will be no *escaping*, or *hiding*; all expedients to avoid the meeting will fail; drink will fail; pleasures and amusements will fail; theatres and concerts will fail.

In Revelation vi. we have a picture given us of how men will act when they think the "great day of His wrath" has come. People will pray who never prayed before. There will be no *mock* prayers then, and no *made* prayers, all will be in downright earnest. They do not pray to *God*, but to the *rocks* and the *mountains*. "Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb" (ver. 16).

"I HAVE GOT TO MEET GOD, AND I AM NOT READY."

Are *you* prepared to meet God, dear reader?

If you are, you *know* it; and if you do not *know* that you are "saved," that your sins are all forgiven, depend upon it, you are not a Christian. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. No works, prayers or tears of yours, can fit you to stand before Him. The *work* through which sin is pardoned, *was done for you, by another*, by the Lord Jesus Christ. "*Whosoever believeth in Him* shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43).

"I HAD THE OFFER OF SALVATION BUT REFUSED IT, AND NOW I AM DYING and *going to hell*."

Think on this terrible admission; "I had the offer of salvation but refused it." Refused to accept of salvation! Alas! his case is a very common one. The *great majority* of men and women are at the present moment refusing to accept the free, full, and present forgiveness of all their sins. In *the future*

they propose accepting it, but now, they are rejecting it. They have not *determined* to go to hell, but they are turning their back on their best and dearest Friend, spurning His proffered mercy: at some other time they mean to settle the question, but *not now*. The language of their heart is that of Balaam's, "Let me *die the death* of the righteous, and let my *last end* be like his" (Num. xxiii. 10). It is all very well to be anxious to "die the death of the righteous," and go to heaven, but, let me remind you, that if you continue rejecting God's Son, you may be "suddenly destroyed," and before you know where you are, waken up in an undone eternity. Sinner, beware of being cheated by Satan with his well known, much used, and highly prized golden-coated pill, "Time enough." Do not allow him to rock you to sleep in the cradle of a false security by his syren song, "Bye and by, bye and by."

Will you dare one moment longer to *refuse* to accept of God's great salvation? Would the drowning man refuse the rope thrown to him? The starving beggar the bread? The thirsty traveller the water? The condemned criminal the reprieve? Assuredly not. And is it possible that you will be so infatuated as to *delay* accepting that which cost Christ His life's blood to procure? If you are so stiff necked, so rebellious, so obstinate as to say, "When I have a convenient season I will call for thee," then forget not the dying words of the poor linen weaver. "HIDE ME, HIDE ME FROM GOD! I HAVE GOT TO MEET HIM, AND I AM NOT READY. I HAD THE OFFER OF SALVATION BUT REFUSED IT, AND NOW I AM DYING AND GOING TO HELL."

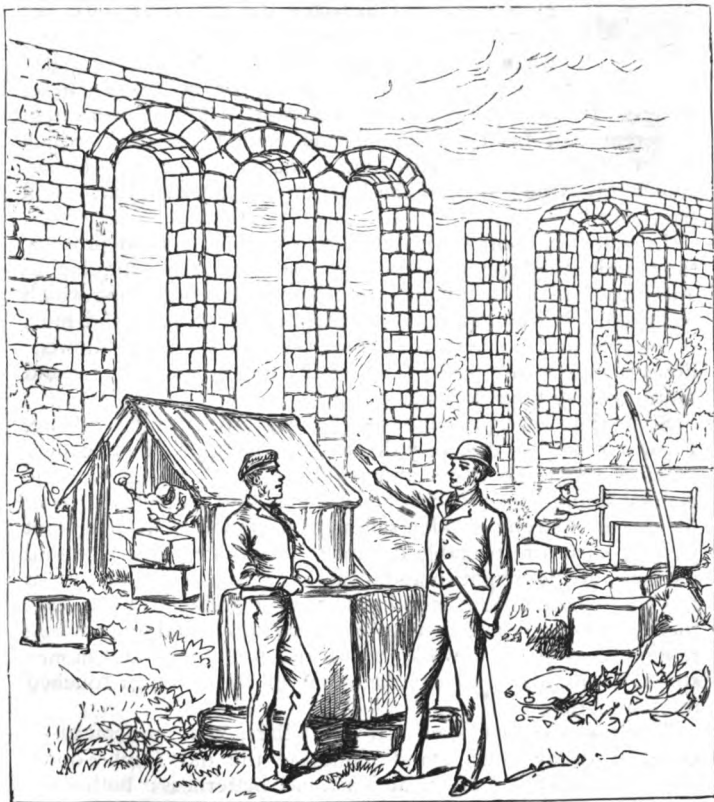
A. M.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CONDEMNED.



CONDEMNED.



VISITING a friend some time ago, I found him at his work, he being a mason engaged in some lofty railway arches that spanned a valley. I could not but admire the work, especially the centre columns, when, to my surprise, I was told that very day they were to be destroyed. So much for my judgment of things. It was quite set on one side. The Government inspector had been down and condemned the work, which appeared all you could wish ; but it was pronounced to be not sufficiently strong to carry the heavy mineral traffic that would pass over it.

In vain for contractors, builders, and workmen to protest : their united judgments were set on one side : the higher authority had come in and pronounced his judgment which was final. No cramping, no plates, no strong bolts and nuts, or shoring up ; indeed, no patching up at all was to be allowed ; down it must come to the foundation, and others stronger and more massive take their place.

Some time after, passing through the salt districts of Cheshire, I saw a corner house, very delapidated in appearance, gaping crevices about the doors and windows, which along with the general tumble-down condition of things told its end was near. Moreover, a strong wooden railing surrounded it, keeping foot passengers at a respectable distance. A notice paper also told its story, giving weight to and completing the testimony, for it too was condemned ; and down it must come. In this case there had been repeated attempts at mending and improving ; re-pointing the brick work ; paint and putty, time and money spent to no real purpose, for none of these things touched the foundation.

The massive new stone railway pillars, with no cracks or signs of decay, must stand alongside the old tumble-down house : no difference, or, at least, no betterness : both condemned.

It is just a picture, alas! too common amongst us. All patching up of human nature, like the house, avails nothing; the sentence has gone forth, "*condemned already.*" The judgment of God is according to truth: set not up your judgment, blinded by sin, against His.

Neither the architect nor the contractor on the work was a fit and proper person to judge: neither would care to condemn his own work, which to appearance was all that could be desired. They as interested parties would most likely misjudge. The workmen were not competent either. Each could only look at it from his own standpoint, but the Government inspector took an impartial survey of the whole, seeing it from every point of view.

Alas, however, for the most perfect and impartial human judgment! how apt to err. Near where I once lived, several railway arches lie in ruins. The traffic is carried on over a temporary wooden structure. Here was work that seemed all that could be wished; engineer, contractor, inspector, the company all well pleased, passed it as sound and good. Yet on the very day of *opening*—amid rejoicing and festivity—those very arches fell in with a terrible crash. How unexpected and unlooked for! What an ending of their merry-making! Happily no lives were lost; would to God we could always give so cheering a report! But eternity alone will reveal the lost souls of those who resist the judgment of God, and madly think their own thoughts instead of bowing to the unfailing thoughts of God concerning us. He says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Do not, we pray you, in the light of eternity, do not be carried away with the seeming beauty of your blameless, religious life. It is before God no better than the abandoned and profligate. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). What a frightful crash would there not have been had these very columns come down, bearing with it the heavily-laden passenger train. Better be blown down now—

under the blast of that charge of powder—and torn stone from stone. The *outwardly* fair fabric of your religious life will come down with a terrible crash under the judgment of God, and you lost in hell eternally. Better judge it now, and take your place before Him as *lost*. Then what a joy to know that He, who was to God all that could be desired, bore on the cross the overwhelming judgment of a Holy God—the just suffered for the unjust; that we, believing in Him, may pass at once from death to life, and not come into condemnation (John v. 24).

G. R. G.

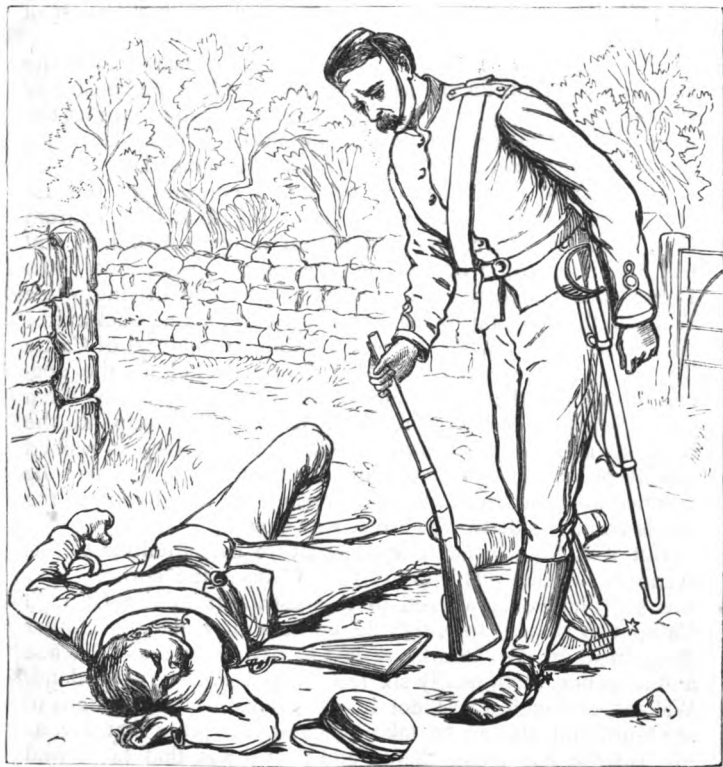
"I MAKE NO PROFESSION."

"I MAKE no profession," said an individual, with an air of confidence and self-complacency, as if that circumstance were meritorious, and justified all his neglect of God's salvation. Thousands make a similar boast, and the language of their hearts, if not of their lips, is: "If I have no other merit, I am at least honest; and though I am not without my faults, yet I thank God *I am no hypocrite*." Let such reflect: would a thief escape the penalty of the law on the plea that he was not a murderer? Or would a man be saved from perishing by a fever because he was not at the same time suffering from disease of the heart? A hypocrite is indeed a vile character in the sight of God and man, and fearful will be his doom; but is the pit of hell only for such? Are there none who, though free from hypocrisy, will have their portion for eternity "with the hypocrites?" He might have said he was no hypocrite who smote his fellow-servants, and ate and drank with the drunken (Matt. xxiv. 40). But what was his doom? "The Lord of that servant . . . shall cut him asunder, and *appoint his portion among the hypocrites*: then shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE."



"THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE."



N the month of June, 1882, the public were again shocked by seeing on every newspaper placard an announcement of another murder in the West of Ireland.

Mr. Bourke, of Rahasane Park, Galway, was the victim marked out for the assassin's shot ; and as he constantly went out with an escort, the soldier accompanying him met the same fate. The murder was accomplished in broad daylight, and seemed to have been most deliberately planned.

Mr. Bourke only had one soldier, a corporal of the 1st Dragoons, with him. They were returning to his home from Gort in the afternoon, and had passed through Ardrahan, and left it about a mile behind them, when they were shot. Mr. Bourke was seated on the front of his dog-cart driving, while Wallace, the dragoon, sat on the hind seat, looking backwards. The assassins had made three loop-holes in the wall of Castle Taylor, and were waiting for their victims, when, as the dog-cart drove by, they fired almost simultaneously, killing them both at once. The murdered men, rolling off the trap into the road, lay there in their own blood, whilst the assassins walked quietly away. It is sad to think that such murders can be planned and carried out without rousing the indignation of the whole country side in which one may occur.

But it is for another purpose that we call attention to this scene of murder. It appears that Wallace, the corporal who was shot, had only arrived in the district from the Curragh Camp two days before, for the purpose of replacing another dragoon whom Mr. Bourke wished to have changed. He was a fine young man, nearly six feet high, a native of Scotland. Wallace, although it was not his turn for duty, was anxious to see Gort, and elected to take his comrade's place that day, as Mr. Bourke was going there ; and thus it was that he shared the same fate.

When his comrade arrived, and saw the body as it lay by the

roadside, he was much affected, and exclaimed, "THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE." It had been his turn for duty, and he only escaped being shot to death by his comrade volunteering to take his place. There was no compulsion in the matter; simply of his own choosing he went that day, and thus saved his comrade's life. But whilst all this is true, and we may contemplate with sadness such a brutal termination of that young life, yet we cannot say that his death in the place of another was the result of love. If he had known beforehand what awaited his comrade, and then said, "No, you shall not go; I elect to take your place, even though I know death will be the result"—then every mouth would have been filled with praise of the one who thus died for another.

But this is just what the Christian can say of the Lord Jesus Christ. Neither of those soldiers had harmed the people or Galway, yet the one on duty was murdered. But we have sinned against God. Our iniquities are more than the hairs of our head. We deserve death and judgment. No good thing is found in us: in sin and folly, by nature and practice, we have lived on at enmity against God. It is therefore an absolute necessity, according to the Word of God, that the sinner should die and be lost for ever; or should be saved by another taking his place.

As Wallace lay on that high road in his own blood, his comrade could look down upon him, and could say, "*This should have been my fate.*" And why was it not? His goodness, his being one of the best men in his regiment? Nothing of the kind. He might have had ever so many good conduct marks, and have never been under guard for misbehaviour; but that would not have saved him from the assassin's shot. No, it was his duty to go with Mr. Bourke, and to have been with him would have cost him his life. Yet how simply he was saved. Wallace chose to go that day instead of him.

And so the Lord Jesus chose to leave heaven, and come to earth. He chose to take the sinner's place, and die under the

penalty of a broken law. Wallace never knew what was going to befall him. It was not love to his comrade that led him that day to go instead of him. But the Lord Jesus knew all that He had to endure, and in love He resolved to go through it all. Not only the bitter mockery and cruelty of men who sought His life awaited Him, but He knew that He must endure the hiding of God's face. That was the bitter cup He had to drink, and He drank it, and then gave up His spirit. And now the sinner who believes in Him can gaze on that wondrous scene of Calvary's hill, the pierced hands and feet, the life given up, the riven side, and say with sadness, and yet with what love,

"THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE."

Reader, can you do this? Have you seen another, the Lord Jesus Himself dead for you? For it is only from His death that we get life. Reader, this may be your position now. Perhaps when you read the touching exclamation of Wallace's comrade, and thought of that young fellow's life brought to such an untimely close, tears started to your eyes, and you had difficulty to restrain them. But see another dead One. The Lord Himself on Calvary's cross. There for the sinner, for you, out of His heart's love, that you might not perish but have eternal life. What wondrous love! None can be compared to it: yet no tear has ever started to your eye as you have read or heard of this. Your heart has never yet been touched by His love, His death. What a tale this tells! Think of it: you are still a sinner, hardened in your sins, unconcerned about your condition, careless as to the wrath to come. We beseech you delay not. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust Him now as you are, and then you shall be able to say, "This should have been my fate, but it never shall be, for Christ Jesus died for me."

R. T. H.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/6 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

"I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED ANY
SUCH CHANGE."



"I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED ANY SUCH CHANGE;"

Or, "DON'T PUT IT OFF TO A DYING HOUR."



HAD heard that James Campbell was unwell ; but he was a young man of sober habits, and as he had gone for a few weeks to the country, I expected that change of air would set him up, and that he would soon be at work again.

It was soon apparent, however, that instead of getting better he was getting worse. Hurriedly he was brought home, and as he lay tossing and coughing in bed the hope of recovery became daily fainter.

I was asked by a Christian woman who knew the young man to visit him and to set before him the Gospel.

His father and mother were in the room, deeply concerned about the hopeless condition of their son, hoping against hope, yet fearing the worst.

I spoke to him about the grace of God in giving His only begotten Son, *of the necessity of being saved, of the certainty of coming judgment*, and so on ; but though willing to speak about his health or his circumstances, not a word could I elicit as to his prospects for eternity.

She was a wise woman who asked me to go and see him. In her eagerness for his salvation she had followed me into the house, and she quickly detected the hindrance : a young man's diffidence about speaking on such matters in the presence of his parents. It is well, if at all possible, to get *alone* with any one whom we wish to win for Christ.

This woman with godly skill, immediately left the room, went round to the front door of the house, knocked and asked to see the father and mother. Thus I was left alone, and quickly seizing the opportunity, I pressed the dying young man with the solemn question, "Have you peace with God?" No answer. "Are your sins forgiven?" No answer. "Have you ever been 'born again?'" No answer. I was disappointed, lifted up my heart to the Lord, and waited. After a long pause, during which he had with closed eyes been thinking over my questions,

slowly, solemnly, he said, "I have never experienced any such change."

Reader, were you in similar circumstances, were the same questions put to you, what would be your reply? How many there are who like this young man are only concerned about the things of time, and though they have often heard that "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," yet they remain indifferent, unchanged, until perhaps on a death-bed, too late, they discover the madness of such fatal neglect.

Some there are who go further than mere neglect. They take refuge in the religious lie, that "no person can know whether his sins are forgiven or not;" or that "a man may be born again and not know it;" they don't believe in "sudden conversions," it's a "gradual thing," and they "hope for the best."

Well I don't believe that all conversions are alike; no two faces are alike, no two flowers are alike, no two blades of grass are alike, and I freely acknowledge that no two experiences are alike. But this I do know—if a man has been converted to God, if according to Acts xxvi. 18, his eyes have been opened, and he has been turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God"—then he will at least be able to say, "Whereas I was blind now I see."

Only fancy, an alien reconciled and not know it! One born blind made to see and not know it! A leper cleansed and not know it! A captive set free and not know it! A dead one quickened and not know it! Yet such is the folly of those who contend that "a man may be a child of God, and not know it."

I was thankful for the acknowledgment the young man made. It is at least a point gained for one to confess that *they have not been born again*. Reader, if you have any doubt about it as to yourself, then confess to God at once that you "have never experienced any such change." If you are longing to be saved, He is waiting to be gracious.

I proceeded to show this now awakened soul how that the "Lamb of God" had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." How that all was finished on Calvary. God now can be a just God, and yet the justifier of the ungodly, whoever he be, that believes in Jesus. I showed him that Jesus not only died, but rose again, and is "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." All this, and many more Scriptures I set before him, and then left, commending him to the grace of God.

It was some weeks ere I found time to visit him again, as I had to go by rail to where he lived; but at last I went, and took with me a servant of God, often used to the salvation of souls, and who I thought might be helpful to my friend.

We knocked at the door, and it was soon opened by one of the young man's sisters. Tears were trickling down her face. We enquired for her brother James. Her answer was, "He's gone." We asked her "When?" "Just fifteen minutes ago."

We were *too late*. I had the *one* opportunity—I used it—but I *never had another*.

We enquired if any change had taken place in his experience. But we could elicit nothing very definite except this: Shortly before he died, he asked his father and mother, sisters and all in the house to come into his bedroom, and when he saw them gathered there, with a voice as of one speaking from the very verge of eternity, his only message was, "DON'T PUT IT OFF TO A DYING HOUR."

Reader, let the words enter deep into your soul. The pains of a death-bed are enough to battle with, without the horrors of an undone eternity, a judgment-bar, a holy God, a Saviour despised and rejected, a lake of fire and a worm that never dies. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

J. R. C.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"I WAS WILLING TO SAVE YOU, BUT
I WAS NOT ABLE."



**"I WAS WILLING TO SAVE YOU, BUT
I WAS NOT ABLE."**



THE 24th of May, 1881, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the city of London, Canada. The steamer "Victoria," with excursionists variously estimated at from 600 to 800, left Springfield about five o'clock in the evening for the city. The upper and lower decks of the vessel were packed with people arrayed in holiday attire, and every portion of standing and sitting room was fully occupied. Attracted by passing steamers or row boats, the crowd, every now and again, rushed from one side to the other, and on doing so whilst nearing a point in the Thames, a short distance from the city, the water came in, filling the lower deck to the depth of six or eight inches. The passengers observing this, became excited and terrified, and rushing to the other side, the steamer reeled and toppled over. At the same time the supports of the upper deck gave way, crushing numbers beneath it, and burying them in a watery tomb.

Hundreds were tumbled into the river, and the scene that followed baffles description. Shrieks, screams, groans, and cries for help were heard in every direction. The fair haired child, and the aged matron, the chubby boy, and the grey haired man, were seen wildly struggling to save themselves. Some in despair seized hold of those nearest to them dragging them to the bottom of the river, whilst several, not only succeeded in saving themselves, but assisted in rescuing others; but notwithstanding this, over one hundred and eighty precious lives were lost in the sad and appalling disaster.

A lady, well known to the writer, was dragged to the

bottom, but the grasp relaxed, and she was saved. One of the saddest cases of those who perished was the daughter of a well known city merchant. The young lady, accompanied by her brother, was on board the ill-fated steamer at the time of the accident. When they were pitched into the water the young man grasped his sister and swam with her to the shore. They had almost touched the river's banks when some poor drowning person seized hold of her and dragged her beneath the water, and she perished before his eyes. Great was the distress and anguish of the brave fellow when he discovered that he was utterly powerless to help; and at the funeral a very impressive incident took place which will not be easily forgotten by those who were present. As the body was being lowered into the grave, the poor brother completely broke down, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, Lilly, Lilly, GOD KNOWS I WAS WILLING TO SAVE YOU, BUT I WAS NOT ABLE."

Reader, think on the solemn and sadly suggestive words, "Willing, but not able to save." The young man had the *desire* but not the *power* to save his sister. If he *could* he *would* have done so.

Have *you* ever discovered that you needed salvation? Have you ever seen yourself in God's sight a *lost* sinner, exposed to the fierce judgment of divine wrath against sin? Have you learned from God's holy Word, that you *deserve* to be punished eternally? Do you say, "I have known this, but I am anxious to be saved." If this be so, there is One standing with open and outstretched arms willing to save you. Not only is He *WILLING*; He is *able*; He is "*mighty to save.*"

"But I am so wicked!" That is very true, but notwithstanding that, and in spite of that, He waits to be gracious. Listen to His own words—"I sink in deep mire where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the FLOODS OVERFLOW ME" (Psalm lxi. 2); and elsewhere He said, "All thy waves and thy billows are GONE OVER ME" (Psalm xlii. 7). The waves and billows of God's wrath rolled over the head of the Lord Jesus instead of thee. He died that you might live. Are *you* willing to be saved? "He is able, He is willing; doubt no more." Don't be afraid of the future. He who saves from the *penalty* of sin, preserves from its *power* and *dominion*. *Don't attempt to save yourself.* You have tried this long enough. Allow Him to do it, and no power on earth or hell can pluck you from His grasp. When He places the sheep on His shoulder He does not lay it down till it is safe in the shelter of the fold. His hand is now outstretched. You are sinking—fast sinking in the ocean of sin and guilt. Tarry no longer. Give up trying to "do the best you can" to save yourself. At this moment, you are hopelessly and helplessly ruined, and soon you will be irretrievably lost, if you do not "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xvi. 31), and be saved for eternity.

A. M.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000. post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

“CONVICTED, BUT NOT CONVERTED.”



CONVICTED, BUT NOT CONVERTED.



NOT long ago, the writer was told by a friend the following incident which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. This lady and her husband, both utterly careless and worldly, on one occasion spent the evening at a London theatre; and that night the awful and blasphemous scene was acted before them of "Hell." The gentleman, thoroughly hardened in sin, sat and laughed; his wife, however, horror-stricken, wept by his side the whole evening, and for three days and nights the fearful scene haunted her—she wept on.

Her husband, at length alarmed, in order to banish from her mind the thoughts which were so troubling her, filled the house with company, inviting all his worldly friends, hoping by this means to attain his purpose. Yes, dear reader, and he succeeded. That lady told my friend with her own lips that from that time all her convictions left her, and left her, as far as we know, never to return. In a moment she was hurried into eternity: no time for preparation: no time even for that fatal dream of a death-bed repentance by which the devil lures so many souls on to their everlasting doom.

Riding one day, her horse slipped, and she was thrown to the ground, her head coming in contact with a stone. She was taken up insensible, and shortly afterwards passed into that eternity, the shadow of which had fallen on her pathway, and startled her in the midst of her life of thoughtless indifference.

Reader, you will perhaps lay this aside now that you have read this narrative, but before doing so, will you answer a plain question? Have *you* ever been convicted? Has the Spirit ever made His still small voice heard in the midst of *your* life of careless indifference? and yet are *you* still unconverted?—that is, with your back to God, trying to stop your ears to His solemn warnings, which in your case perhaps have been many, and shutting your eyes to the end of the pathway your feet are treading—the great reality, the second death, the hell that waits

the Christ-rejecter. Oh, reader, be warned in time ; thy feet are on the edge of the precipice ; there is but a step between thee and death.

The writer once, when walking with a friend in Switzerland, was overtaken by the darkness and mountain mist, and it was with difficulty they groped their way back in safety. On returning next day to see the path that they had trodden, they found that their feet had often been close to the edge of a precipice, over which had they fallen, death must have been the result.

And you, dear friend, are on the brink of ruin if still unsaved. Any moment the fatal step may be taken which launches you as you are, all unprepared, into the presence of a holy God.

It may be you smile as you read this, and try to persuade yourself that for you there is no danger ; but God's Word says, "He that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." Oh, then, be warned in time. Listen to the voice of love that speaks from Calvary's cross. He who is the Light of the world will show thee the path thou art treading, which leads to outer darkness and eternal ruin ; will show thee thyself in all thy vileness ; and yet again will show thee Himself as meeting all thy need. Art thou guilty and sin stained ? "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Infinite love, infinite mercy, with almighty power, are all united in Him. Oh, then, reader, take Him now as your Saviour, for this may be *your* last warning, the last light upon *your* pathway, before you step out into the black night of hopeless despair, where not a ray of heavenly light can ever reach you.

But you say, I intend to be saved some day. Yes, and so do most, if not all ; but, as one has well said, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions," you intend to be saved some day—that is, you mean to give to God the dregs of a misspent life, but God says, "Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). You

intend to be saved; but to-day you are seeking to shut out the light. Alas! you may succeed, as many others have.

Sitting one day in the drawing-room of a Christian lady who lives in the Highlands of Scotland, she pointed me to a small window, and said, "Do you see that window? For many years I have watched the sunlight shining in at it; but when the masons were building the new room, I watched until they had built out *the last sunbeam*. It was not done all at once, but stone by stone was built up, less and less light shone in till all was darkness, and another sunbeam has never shone through that window since."

The eye and the ear are windows by which the truth of God can shine into and enlighten our dark minds. Satan's object is to shut out the light, as we see in 2 Cor. iv. 4: "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Men also try to shut it out from themselves, as we see from John iii. 19: "Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

There are many ways of shutting out the light. Some seek to do so by the world. From the ball-room to the theatre, from the theatre to the concert, and so, year by year, they shut out the light of God's truth from their soul, till there comes *the last conviction, the last wish to be saved*, and then all is darkness for ever. Others again build out the light with their good resolutions. They intend to be saved some day, but they put it off and off till their day of grace is past. They expect to get light on a death-bed, and then, on the brink of eternity, they have to say (as one once said to the writer), "It's all dark, *dark, DARK*." A Christless life, a Christless death-bed, a Christless grave, and a Christless eternity. J. A. B.

Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

