
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>



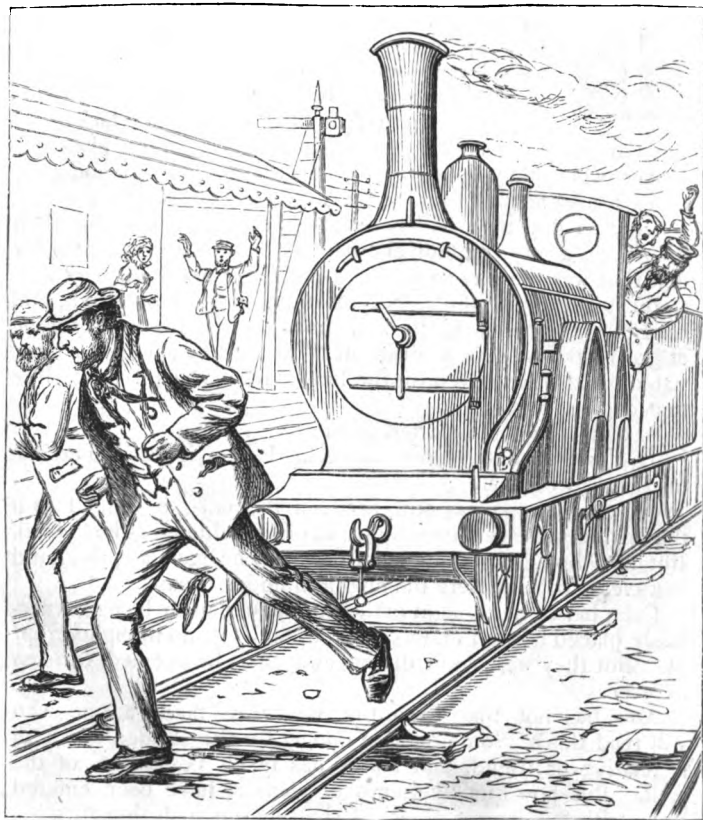


600088289+

1419 f. 145⁶



THE FIREMAN AND HIS DANGER.



THE FIREMAN AND HIS DANGER.



IN 1867, a fireman connected with the South-eastern Railway in England, was at Canterbury one day with some companions off duty.

They were as thoughtless of eternal realities as himself. Up to that time, though they had heard the Gospel preached on the streets and in other places in Dover, where they lived, they had set it aside, and had gone on in *the broad road* of folly, that leads to eternal death.

On this day they had been drinking—thus spending their holiday in a way common enough. They were, like others, satisfied that was the way to be happy. Later in the day, as they stood together at the railway station, excited by drink, and ready for any rash act, the fireman saw an engine approaching at great speed. As it drew near he said to one of his companions, also employed on the line, "I bet you I'll run before that engine."

At once they both started to run.

To those who stood near it seemed as if it was impossible for them to escape.

As the fireman was still between the rails, it seemed as if the engine was close upon him, and one shuddered as he looked. But no; though not a moment to spare, he gave a spring, and just cleared the line ere the engine thundered past.

Even he, as he thought of the imminent danger he had senselessly placed himself in, was sobered, and solemn thoughts crept in. But they were soon driven away, and he seemed careless as ever.

And has not that been the way with many a one who will read this? Some sudden danger, or the sudden death of a relative or friend, and alarm has taken possession of the soul. But how quickly scenes of pleasure have been entered upon with the express object of shutting out such thoughts.

Reader, let it rather be with you, that instead of drowning those convictions by rushing afresh into sin, you lose them by fleeing to the Lord Jesus, who died for your sins, and thus get clear for ever from all that dread anxiety, in the certain knowledge that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you.

But the Lord, in loving grace, followed the fireman, and afresh brought conviction to his soul.

Not long after he was on his way to Dover, on the engine of the night mail. It was a very dark night, and as they appeared in sight of a very sharp curve, the thought occurred to him, "Now, if we should happen to run off the line at this curve, where will my soul be?"

Only a few days before, he had stood with others in the market place of Dover, listening to the Gospel, and a well-known verse of Scripture quoted then came into his mind, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth* on Him should not perish, but HAVE everlasting life" (John iii. 16). In that same moment he trusted Christ and realised that his sins were forgiven. Before the engine went round that curve he knew that if it did go off the line his sins were blotted out—he had everlasting life. *He knew it in all the confidence that God's Word gives, and he knew it with all the certainty that one who believes God gets.*

Oh, how precious this is! Years rolled on, but only to find that Fireman a happy believer in the Lord Jesus, and an earnest, consistent witness and worker for Him. But he never lived to find out that he had made a mistake in taking God at His word on that engine.

NO—CONVERSION IS AN INSTANTANEOUS THING! His life and work in Dover soon proved to others that he was a new man. The drinking ways were gone; the world's company was no longer sought, for he was saved, and happy in a Saviour's love.

This, dear reader, is the story of another conversion as told me by J. H., the companion in drink and folly, who witnessed his friend's narrow escape from being cut to pieces at Canterbury.

He, too, was saved by grace, and together they sought to serve Him who died for them.

Sitting upon the deck of the screw steamer "Cuzco," speeding on its way to Melbourne, I was gladdened to hear another of the thousand instances of God's marvellous ways in saving a soul.

As I heard it, I thought the Lord has recalled this to the mind of His child, that I might write it for the readers of the *Herald of Salvation*. Let this instance of God's grace and love appeal to you, I beseech you. Delay not a moment, but this instant know that your sins are forgiven, by believing in the Lord Jesus.

R. T. H.

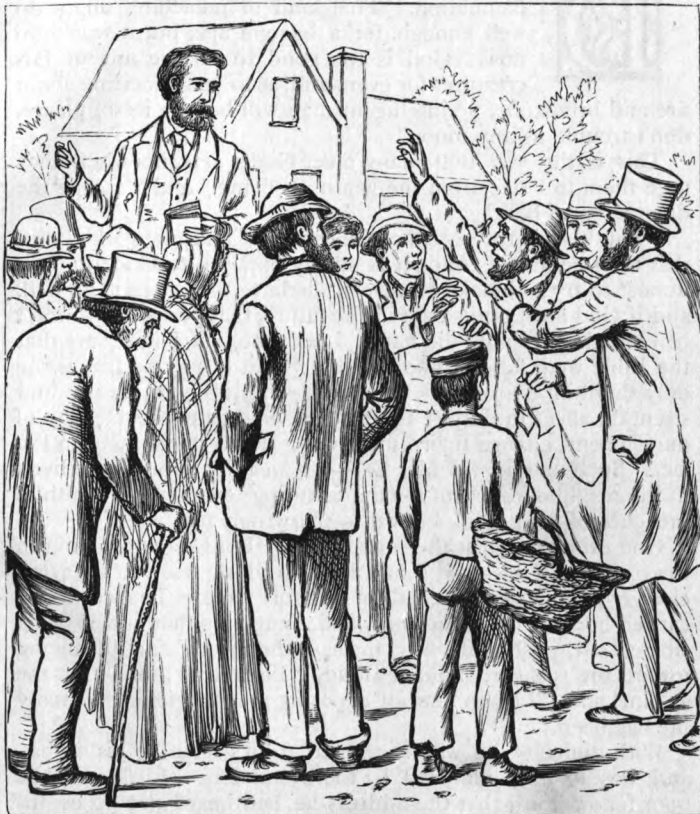


Price 1/ per 100, or 8/9 per 1000, post or carriage free.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"IT'S OF NO USE, I HAVE SINNED AWAY
MY DAY OF GRACE."



"It's of no use, I have sinned away my day of grace."

"**D**ON'T try to frighten us by talking about hell and damnation. That kind of preaching might do well enough for a bygone age, but it won't do now. God is too good to torture any of His creatures for ever; and, as to your doctrine about fire and brimstone, no intelligent man will believe it, so, please, don't trouble us any more."

This is the way that many meet God's servants when they urge them to "flee from the wrath to come," and "escape the damnation of hell."

"The wish is the parent of the thought," and many who know that their course of conduct is utterly opposed to God, do their utmost to try and make themselves believe that there is no hell, and if God must punish sin in the future, that punishment won't be eternal. "I could die happy," said one, "if I were sure that the Bible were false. The possibility that it may be true is the only thorn in my pillow." Numbers who, whilst in health and strength, affect to despise the truth of God as to the eternity of punishment, change their minds when death stares them in the face. Such an one was Mr. L——, a wealthy farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a manufacturing town, where a faithful preacher of the gospel, known to the writer, resided.

One evening, whilst the servant of the Lord was preaching in the open air, L——, who had been drinking freely at a tavern close by, stood and listened for a short time. The word was carried home to his conscience, and, imagining that he was being singled out, pushed his way through the crowd, and advancing toward the speaker, shouted aloud, "Let me at him! Let me at him! and I'll teach him for exposing me, and telling what my life has been."

With difficulty he was restrained from executing his threat, and was forcibly removed by the bystanders. Little did the poor fellow know that the address he had heard was to be his

last. On the Wednesday he was seized with a sudden illness. The medical man being called for, examined his patient, and pronounced the case hopeless, declaring he had only a few days to live. On the Friday morning he desired that his coachman should be brought to his bedside. On his arrival he addressed him thus: "I wish you to make me a promise. It is the last I shall ask of you. When you entered my employment you were a steady, moral, young man. I taught you to drink, and took you with me to the gambling-table; I taught you to swear, and applauded you when you invented any new-fangled oath, and called you clever. I am dying now, and I am going to hell, and I wish you to promise me solemnly that you will seek God's grace and read His Book, which I have taught you to despise. I also wish you to promise that you won't come to hell, for if you do so, you will make mine ten times hotter."

Reader, have you encouraged any one to drink or to swear? Have you laughed at the oath that escaped from the scoffer's lips? Have you endeavoured to dissuade any one from becoming a Christian, by saying that "only wicked people needed to be converted;" that "no one could know his sins forgiven;" that it is "great presumption in any one to say that he is saved?" What a doom will be yours!

Poor L—— told his coachman that if he went to hell, he would make his ten times hotter! What a deep and dark damnation yours will be, if you lead people to believe that there is "no hell," or that all men will be saved! Yours will be "ten times hotter," as you find there those you have deceived by the devil's lie. And oh, how dreadful to hear damned souls blaming you as being the one who kept them from deciding for Christ and accepting His great salvation.

The coachman was deeply affected by his master's dying words. "Oh, John," he continued, "I heard God's voice last Friday, but I refused to listen to it. He called me, but I hearkened not. I was told to PREPARE TO MEET GOD, but I did not

think I would have to meet Him so soon ; and now I AM DYING, AND I AM NOT READY !"

Reader, oftentimes *you* have heard God's voice speaking to you. Have you *listened* to it? Or have you been hearkening to the cry of the world : "Get on ; make money ; enjoy yourself, and let the future take care of itself!" Remember that YOU MUST MEET GOD! Your forgetting the fact, or burying it in the amusements or pleasures of this life, won't alter it. You may be summoned to meet Him sooner than you expect ; and the same cry that was wrung from poor L.'s lips may come from yours, "I DID NOT THINK I WOULD HAVE TO MEET HIM SO SOON, AND NOW I AM DYING, AND I AM NOT READY !"

The coachman, on bended knees, with tears streaming down his cheeks, by the bedside of his dying master besought him to seek mercy from God.

"IT'S OF NO USE; IT'S OF NO USE!" WAS THE REPLY, "I HAVE SINNED AWAY MY DAY OF GRACE, AND NOW I AM DYING, AND I'M DAMNED FOR ALL ETERNITY! John, promise me that you won't come to hell."

Next day L.'s spirit took its flight; and amongst his last utterances were these very sad and solemn words, "I'm dying, and I'm damned."

Reader, if you value your highest and best interests, don't allow anything to come between you and your salvation. Remember, *it is heaven or hell for eternity* ; your decision in time determines your eternal destiny. Take warning from L.'s case. Now, whilst the day of grace lasts, "*Be ye reconciled to God*, FOR He hath made Him to be sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). "All that believe ARE justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

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.

THE WAY TO HELL.



(3)

THE WAY TO HELL.

“**H**ARK!” said I to a friend, “There is some one singing a hymn.” As we both stood still to listen, we heard distinctly, floating on the soft and gentle breeze, voices singing that well-known hymn—

“There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.”

While looking in the direction from whence the sound came, we saw far away, on the top of the sloping hillock we were descending, two persons coming in the direction where we were standing. Concluding they were strangers like ourselves in the neighbourhood, we lingered about till they reached us, then turning to the man, I said, “Was that you singing a hymn just now?” He replied, “yes.”

“Then you are a Christian, and know all your sins are forgiven?”

“Bless the Lord, Yes.”

“How long have you known the blessedness of the man whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sin is covered?”

“Over twenty years.”

“Where did that happen?”

“In Scotland.”

“What part?”

“In the city of Perth.”

“Can you remember any of the circumstances that led to your conversion?”

“I should think I could.”

“Let us hear it then.”

“It was in the year 1852, in the month of May, while as a sergeant in the Royal Marine, I was recruiting in that city. One day, walking with one of the 78th Highlanders, round the North

Inch, a dear old gentleman, whom I never saw before or since, wheeling himself in a little bath chair, stopped and gave each of us a tract, the title of the one I received was, '*The Way to Hell.*' One side of the leaf gave a catalogue of sins, and plainly showed those who practised them were on the way to hell; and, blessed be God, it showed me I was the man. I felt, I knew I was guilty of all the sins there mentioned. In a moment the burden of sin lay heavily upon my heart, and I turned to my comrade and said, 'Don't you feel anything?' He burst out laughing, 'feel anything,' he said. 'What can any one expect to feel reading a tract?' When I left him, I remember going to my bed-room, where I was billited, and falling on my knees I cried to God for mercy."

That tract, after showing the way to hell, closed up by telling the sinner how to get to heaven. I got no peace after reading that tract till I found peace through faith in Him who is *the great Peace-maker*, by the blood of His cross. Before my conversion I was singing songs morning, noon, and night. But as soon as I got converted, I flung the song-book in the fire, and began to sing the songs of Zion.

"The people where I was billited thought I had gone mad; but, praise the Lord, *I am happy in Jesus*, and have been ever since; and there is nothing like singing about Jesus on the way to heaven."

Beloved reader, there are but *two ways*—one leads to *heaven*, the other to *hell*. Allow me affectionately to ask, "*which way are you travelling?*"—the way to heaven, or the way to hell? You cannot possibly be on both at the same time. Hence you must of necessity be on the one or the other. It is *the broad road*, or way that leadeth to destruction, characterised as a "lying way;" a "fool's way;" a "wicked way;" the "way of Cain;" the "way of sinners;" the "*way to hell.*" It is *the narrow way* that leads to *heaven*, spoken of in the Scriptures as

the "old way;" a "good way;" the "right way;" the "way of the just;" the "way of the righteous;" the "way of peace;" the "way of life." Christ said, "I AM THE WAY, the truth, and the life." Christ is the *only way* to heaven. Hence, if a sinner wishes to get to heaven, he must take Christ as the only way, Christ as the truth, Christ as the life. Oh, do *trust* Him! do *come* to Him! just *believe* in Him, and He will save you *now*! Then you will go on your way to heaven rejoicing, and singing as you go—

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as He!"

"Oh! why was He there as the *bearer of sin*,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

"It is not thy tears of repentance or prayer,
But *the blood* that atones for the soul;
On Him then believe, and a pardon receive,
For His blood now can make thee quite whole."

S. B.



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

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SUCHIEHALL STREET.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

“Rest! Rest!! Rest!!! Only Believe.”



"REST! REST!! REST!!! ONLY BELIEVE."



OME time ago, when in a town in Scotland, I was asked to go and visit in a place with such a sad, strange name. It was called "the Hospital for Incurables." As I went along the road my thoughts were very solemn—something like this—"Ah, then, all inside that building are those for whom their fellow-men can do nothing—*past healing*, past human help. What? *What about their souls?*"

Deeply stirred with the awful question, I passed in, to be immediately met by the matron; and, after a few words, she said, pointing with her hand, "You must not go into that ward, for there is a man there (a soldier), very near his last, with heart-disease, and he must not be disturbed. Now, remember the doctors have forbidden it. No one must see him."

My heart sank within me; and the more impossible it seemed, the more I longed to speak to him, before he passed into ETERNITY. *Was he prepared*—yes or no?

The matron left, having passed me on to the guidance of a servant girl, who, as I soon found, was not only a Christian, but one who had a burning love for souls. With her I visited some other wards, and, amongst others I remember, found two men, joyful in the knowledge of sins forgiven, waiting to be taken home.

I was coming down stairs again, when the servant said, "Oh, you *must* see the dying soldier, HE'S DARK, DARK! AND, OH, HE'S NEAR HIS END." Just what I was longing to do; but I said "the old lady told us we must not go in there."

"Oh, but you must," she said. "Think of his state! He's *unsaved!*"

She passed in. I followed her; and facing us as we entered, the dying soldier lay propped up with pillows, swollen, so as to be hardly able to breathe. On going close to him, he placed his hand on his heart, to indicate the seat of the disease.

“Rest! Rest!! Rest!!! Only Believe.”



"REST! REST!! REST!!! ONLY BELIEVE."



OME time ago, when in a town in Scotland, I was asked to go and visit in a place with such a sad, strange name. It was called "the Hospital for Incurables." As I went along the road my thoughts were very solemn—something like this—"Ah, then, all inside that building are those for whom their fellow-men can do nothing—*past healing*, past human help. What? *What about their souls?*"

Deeply stirred with the awful question, I passed in, to be immediately met by the matron; and, after a few words, she said, pointing with her hand, "You must not go into that ward, for there is a man there (a soldier), very near his last, with heart-disease, and he must not be disturbed. Now, remember the doctors have forbidden it. No one must see him."

My heart sank within me; and the more impossible it seemed, the more I longed to speak to him, before he passed into ETERNITY. *Was he prepared*—yes or no?

The matron left, having passed me on to the guidance of a servant girl, who, as I soon found, was not only a Christian, but one who had a burning love for souls. With her I visited some other wards, and, amongst others I remember, found two men, joyful in the knowledge of sins forgiven, waiting to be taken home.

I was coming down stairs again, when the servant said, "Oh, you *must* see the dying soldier, HE'S DARK, DARK! AND, OH, HE'S NEAR HIS END." Just what I was longing to do; but I said "the old lady told us we must not go in there."

"Oh, but you must," she said. "Think of his state! He's *unsaved!*"

She passed in. I followed her; and facing us as we entered, the dying soldier lay propped up with pillows, swollen, so as to be hardly able to breathe. On going close to him, he placed his hand on his heart, to indicate the seat of the disease.

"Yes, yes," I said. Now, I don't want you to speak. Don't excite yourself. *Listen; listen to God's word.* He says, "Faith cometh by *hearing*, and hearing by the word of God." And then very slowly and distinctly I repeated, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so also must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever *believeth on him* should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 14).

He listened—oh, so earnestly—as if for life; and when I had finished, as though grasping it, he said—

"That's it. *Only believe.* REST! REST! REST! GOD SAYS IT."

I spoke to him a little longer, and then turned to a man next to him, who was turning over a newspaper, and put the Gospel before him.

"Oh, no," he said, "it's not so easy as that; a great many good men have said they could not be sure where they were going. And there's Ebenezer Jones, you know him; he's a good man, and he says it's a leap in the dark."

I told him "no. *I knew neither Ebenezer Jones, nor cared for what he said, so long as I had what God said to go by.*"

He busied himself again in the newspaper, and would not hear the word.

Again I turned to the dying soldier, who seemed rejoicing in the Lord, and still kept repeating—

"REST! REST! REST! ONLY BELIEVE—that's it."

I then left his bedside; and next day came a message from the Christian servant—

"Tell the preacher in Miller's Hall, the soldier has gone home. He *died rejoicing.* His last words were—

"REST! REST! REST—*Only believe!*

Saved at the last moment.

READER, ARE YOU READY? Beware of putting off salvation till a day like that.

A. H.

"IT IS FINISHED."



READER—Have you ever considered the meaning of that short but mighty sentence that fell from the lips of the Son of God when He hung upon the cross of Calvary? I mean the triumphant and victorious words—"IT IS FINISHED." "It"—the great and mighty work whereby the God of heaven was glorified and by which the lost and ruined sinner may be saved. "It is"—not shall be but "is"—just now, and forever is—F-I-N-I-S-H-E-D—completely, eternally finished. Nothing can be added to it, nothing can be taken from it—"IT IS FINISHED." And He who wrought, now rests: His labour and His pains are past for ever. He is seated at the right hand of God, and from thence He beckons to the weary worker *for* salvation to cease from his fruitless toil, and rest, sweetly rest.

Reader, do you believe "it is finished?" or do you think some little thing yet remains to be done before you can be saved? Such as being "sorry for your sins," or "feeling a change come over you," or it may be "having love to God in your heart." These are common patches that men try to add to the work of Christ, but not any, nor all of them, are of any use—"It is finished." Salvation has been procured for you a lost and guilty sinner, it is sent to you to-day *as* you are, and *where* you are. The only open question between the God of salvation and you the needy sinner is this: Will you take salvation on His terms, that is, *for nothing*? Say yes.

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

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"Yes, yes," I said. Now, I don't want you to speak. Don't excite yourself. *Listen; listen to God's word.* He says, "Faith cometh by *hearing*, and hearing by the word of God." And then very slowly and distinctly I repeated, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so also must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever *believeth on him* should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 14).

He listened—oh, so earnestly—as if for life; and when I had finished, as though grasping it, he said—

"That's it. *Only believe.* REST! REST! REST! GOD SAYS IT."

I spoke to him a little longer, and then turned to a man next to him, who was turning over a newspaper, and put the Gospel before him.

"Oh, no," he said, "it's not so easy as that; a great many good men have said they could not be sure where they were going. And there's Ebenezer Jones, you know him; he's a good man, and he says it's a leap in the dark."

I told him "no. *I knew neither Ebenezer Jones, nor cared for what he said, so long as I had what God said to go by.*"

He busied himself again in the newspaper, and would not hear the word.

Again I turned to the dying soldier, who seemed rejoicing in the Lord, and still kept repeating—

"REST! REST! REST! ONLY BELIEVE—that's it."

I then left his bedside; and next day came a message from the Christian servant—

"Tell the preacher in Miller's Hall, the soldier has gone home. He *died rejoicing.* His last words were—

"REST! REST! REST—*Only believe!*"

Saved at the last moment.

READER, ARE YOU READY? Beware of putting off salvation till a day like that.

A. H.

"IT IS FINISHED."



READER—Have you ever considered the meaning of that short but mighty sentence that fell from the lips of the Son of God when He hung upon the cross of Calvary? I mean the triumphant and victorious words—"IT IS FINISHED." "It"—the great and mighty work whereby the God of heaven was glorified and by which the lost and ruined sinner may be saved. "It is"—not shall be but "is"—just now, and forever is—F-I-N-I-S-H-E-D—completely, eternally finished. Nothing can be added to it, nothing can be taken from it—"IT IS FINISHED." And He who wrought, now rests: His labour and His pains are past for ever. He is seated at the right hand of God, and from thence He beckons to the weary worker *for* salvation to cease from his fruitless toil, and rest, sweetly rest.

Reader, do you believe "it is finished?" or do you think some little thing yet remains to be done before you can be saved? Such as being "sorry for your sins," or "feeling a change come over you," or it may be "having love to God in your heart." These are common patches that men try to add to the work of Christ, but not any, nor all of them, are of any use—"It is finished." Salvation has been procured for you a lost and guilty sinner, it is sent to you to-day *as* you are, and *where* you are. The only open question between the God of salvation and you the needy sinner is this: Will you take salvation on His terms, that is, *for nothing*? Say yes.

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 DESERTER.



THE DESERTER;

Or, A STORY OF "THE BLACK WATCH."



EDINBURGH is a quiet city, and to those used to the bustle of London streets, or born in Glasgow, the people there seem to have any amount of time on their hands.

Yet to-day the road leading from Leith to the old Castle is thronged with people who are evidently waiting in expectation of something unusual. If you ask one of the bystanders what this is, and have time to wait for an answer, you will be told that "the Black Watch" is expected to pass this way to the Castle, having just returned from foreign service.

And here they come in their Highland dress and swinging step. A fine-looking set of men they are, and worthy of the name they have earned in many a battle-field and scene of danger. Now they have settled down in the old Castle of Edinburgh, with which so many strange tales of the past are associated; and the city has settled down also to its everyday sober life.

Yet one there is to whom the coming of "the Black Watch" is no cause of satisfaction, but, on the contrary, a cause of some anxiety. This one, some years before the time of which we write, had deserted from the regiment. Tempted when at home "on leave" into sin, he deserted, changed his name, and sought the dark coal mine to be out of sight of those who might recognise him, and bring him under the power of the strong arm of the law.

Years thus passed, but that young man's conscience could never rest; the past would ever come before him; by day or night he was never safe; the hand of justice at any moment might be laid upon his shoulder, and he might be dragged from wife and children to bear his punishment for the past, though nothing he could do could ever efface.

The sight of those fine men as they walked the streets was

no pleasure to him. He might have been recognised by some of his old comrades as a deserter; or a policeman at any time might claim him in the name of his offended Sovereign. Under this continued anxiety, his health gave way. Conscience would let him have no rest.

Oh reader, what is this conscience? May it not be the worm that never dies? Will not hell be crowded with the memories of the past? and there will be time to remember then. Yes, awful thought; an eternity to remember all the past, the broken vows, the broken hearts, the parents' unanswered prayers, the last sad look of some dying one that seemed to say, Will you not meet me in heaven? Oh! how these memories will crowd in upon the lost soul; but worse, far worse, than all, the remembrance of a loving Saviour rejected, His salvation spurned. Even in the dark coal mine, this young man's sin found him out, and he had to flee. "*Be sure thy sin will find thee out,*" sinner, and haunt thee in the dark depths of hell, if thou art lost. "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" asks one; "if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there." And again, "if I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee" (Psalm cxxxix. 11).

As I have said, this young man changed his name, and it may be you too, reader, have sought to change your name of "sinner." The world may know you by another name, yet God still knows you by the name of "sinner" if not yet born again. No reformation, no blue ribbon, no outward change of life can change your heart or really silence conscience, although for a moment it may cease to warn you. Nothing that you can do can blot out the sins of your past life from God's Book.

But what of this young man? For some time he had been converted, and some who knew him had laid before him what they believed would be right for him to do as a Christian—that he should give himself up to his regiment. This, after a long struggle, he saw to be his duty.

I called upon the Colonel of his regiment, who was very kind, and promised to do what he could for him ; but justice had to take its course. Friends could not save him ; nor can friends save you, reader, from the wrath of God, the curse of the broken law. This man had to suffer the sentence of the law, and by-and-by he came amongst us in his Highland dress, able to hold up his head like a man again. What a change had come over him ; conscience was silenced, for he had borne the penalty of the broken law, and now, with a mind at peace, his bodily health had returned. He could look the policeman in the face now ; nor did he fear to own his right name.

For about a year he continued in his regiment ; then, just before it was ordered to Egypt, he was bought out, and is now a free man, happy in his home. He fears no broken law now, for its demands are satisfied, and his redemption price has been paid, and his discharge signed.

And now, reader, remember the law was satisfied, the redemption price paid, and thus conscience silenced ; and all this he could tell you the Lord Jesus has done for his soul. On the cross He bore the curse of the broken law, and redeemed the sinner with His precious blood (Gal. iii. 13 ; 1 Peter i. 18, 19). He paid the redemption price, so that the guilty one goes free, and is able to say with the apostle Paul, "I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live" (Gal. ii. 20).

The sinner has nothing to do himself ; all is done for him ; and this free redemption is yours, if you will but trust that loving One who now says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Then you will not fear to own your name as "sinner," for you will be a sinner saved by grace, and will have "no more conscience of sin" (Heb. x. 2 and 22).

J. A. B.

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

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

THE DESERTER.



I called upon the Colonel of his regiment, who was very kind, and promised to do what he could for him ; but justice had to take its course. Friends could not save him ; nor can friends save you, reader, from the wrath of God, the curse of the broken law. This man had to suffer the sentence of the law, and by-and-by he came amongst us in his Highland dress, able to hold up his head like a man again. What a change had come over him ; conscience was silenced, for he had borne the penalty of the broken law, and now, with a mind at peace, his bodily health had returned. He could look the policeman in the face now ; nor did he fear to own his right name.

For about a year he continued in his regiment ; then, just before it was ordered to Egypt, he was bought out, and is now a free man, happy in his home. He fears no broken law now, for its demands are satisfied, and his redemption price has been paid, and his discharge signed.

And now, reader, remember the law was satisfied, the redemption price paid, and thus conscience silenced ; and all this he could tell you the Lord Jesus has done for his soul. On the cross He bore the curse of the broken law, and redeemed the sinner with His precious blood (Gal. iii. 13 ; 1 Peter i. 18, 19). He paid the redemption price, so that the guilty one goes free, and is able to say with the apostle Paul, "I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live" (Gal. ii. 20).

The sinner has nothing to do himself ; all is done for him ; and this free redemption is yours, if you will but trust that loving One who now says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Then you will not fear to own your name as "sinner," for you will be a sinner saved by grace, and will have "no more conscience of sin" (Heb. x. 2 and 22).

J. A. B.

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

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

THE SCOTCH POSTMISTRESS.



THE SCOTCH POST-MISTRESS.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF REPENTANCE.



WIDOW woman, post-mistress in a village in the North of Scotland, took a special and particular antipathy to a preacher of the gospel who lived in the neighbourhood.

Though perfectly aware of her enmity, and conscious of the injury she sought to do him, like his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, he cherished no unkind or revengeful spirit, but on the contrary, endeavoured to do good for evil.

In the course of time, numerous and repeated complaints were made, and general dissatisfaction expressed with Mrs. ——'s management of postal affairs, and eventually a petition was got up with the object of getting her displaced. Knowing how she had treated the preacher, a deputation waited upon him and expressed the desire that he should head the document with his signature. To this he stoutly and strenuously objected.

"What," said he, "sign a petition to deprive a widow of her livelihood?"

To their amazement he sought to defend her, and pleaded with them to abandon their purpose and allow her to retain her post.

"You don't know how she has acted towards you" said one of their number, "else you would not espouse her cause so warmly."

"Yes," was the reply, "I am perfectly aware of her feelings toward me: I know more than you imagine, but I could not for one moment entertain the thought of signing such a paper."

His advocacy of the widow's cause was so earnest and so eloquent, that the interview ended in the document being handed him, and soon it was consigned to the flames.

On her being made aware of what had happened, she could scarcely credit it, but being assured that such was really the case, her feelings toward the preacher became completely revolutionized. She felt perfectly ashamed of her former conduct, and

blamed herself severely for having acted so wickedly to one who all the time had been one of her truest and best well-wishers. Ever afterwards the minister had no warmer friend in the village than the post-mistress.

This incident seems to us to be a beautiful illustration of the "repentance" spoken of in the Scripture, without which no one can be saved (Luke xiii. 3).

The post-mistress had *wrong thoughts* of the ambassador of Christ: those wrong thoughts produced *wrong feelings*, and the wrong feelings produced *wrong actions*. Whenever she "repented," or *changed her mind*, which is the scriptural meaning of the word, she was truly sorry for what she had done: and that sorrow afterwards manifested itself in a *change of conduct*. Doubtless she would be sorry when she learned that the minister had been asked to co-operate in her dismissal. This sorrow would only be sorrow *at the consequences* that were likely to flow from her wickedness, but the very moment that she knew how he had befriended her, sorrow would fill her heart, not on account of consequences, but because she had so grievously wronged one whom she had misunderstood, misrepresented and maligned.

If my reader is still unsaved, you have wrong thoughts of God. Those wrong thoughts produce wrong feelings, and those wrong feelings in turn produce wrong actions. In this condition God commands you to "Repent and believe the gospel" (Mark i. 15).

Perhaps you have supposed that *because you are a sinner* God does not love you. If so, you are greatly mistaken. He loves you with a strong and tender love, and the deepest desire of His heart is that you should accept of His "great salvation" and rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

"I don't deserve to be forgiven." No one *deserves* salvation. If we had got what our sins merited, long long ere this we would have been beyond the reach of hope. "*The wages of sin is death, BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE*" (Rom.

vi. 23). God gives salvation to *bad people*, not to people who have "done the best they could."

"Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to save."

"I MUST EARNESTLY SEEK FOR IT."

This is where you are wrong. Repent, change your mind, *God is now beseeching you to receive* that which you are asking Him to *give* (2 Cor. v. 20). Your part is to *take*, not to "ask" the "water of life" which is flowing freely for every sinner. "Whosoever will, let him TAKE the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

"GOD WON'T SAVE ME UNTIL I AM MORE ANXIOUS."

You are wrong again. Repent, change your mind about this. Listen to the words of Jehovah, "Hearken unto Me, YE STOUT-HEARTED, that ARE FAR FROM RIGHTEOUSNESS: I bring near my righteousness" (Isa. xli. 12, 13). Your *anxiety* is not the ground on which God bestows pardoning mercy. Don't think of your "anxiety" or "want of anxiety," your "realizings" or "feelings." Meditate on the deep unutterable love and tender compassion of the Lord Jesus for you, and then ask yourself, "Is He really willing to save me as I am?" His own precious words are, "Come now, and let us reason together, . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18).

The question is not, "Is God willing to save me?" That has been settled once and for all. Are you willing to be saved in *God's way*? If so, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ;" believe that He suffered, and died for you, and God's Word says, "Thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

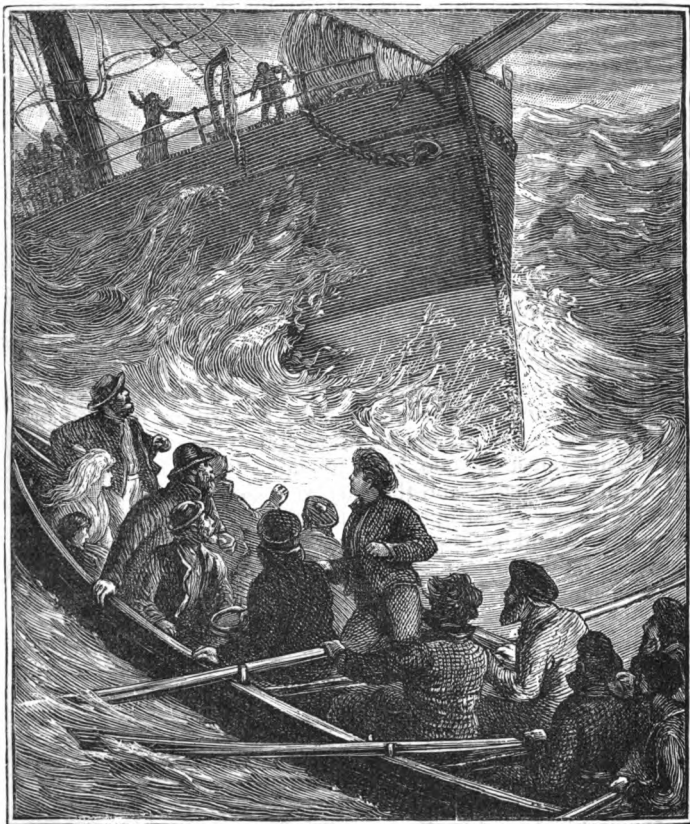
A. M.

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

GLASGOW; THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE WRECK OF S.S. LONDON.



THE WRECK OF THE S.S. "LONDON."



THE accompanying picture reminds me of the foundering of the S.S. "*London*," which many of my readers will remember happened in the Bay of Biscay on Thursday, January 11th, 1866, when over two hundred and twenty men, women, and children were hurried into eternity. When the captain told the passengers there was no hope of saving the ship, there was no shrieking, but all seemed to submit quietly to their impending doom. Mothers clasped their infants to their bosoms. Fathers gathered their children together. Husbands and wives embraced. Friend said farewell to friend, before they parted for ever in this world. Only one boat, the port cutter, was left, all the others had been stove in, and this was given in charge of the second engineer. Sixteen seamen and three passengers got into her, and these were the only ones saved out of the sinking ship. We are told that as the boat was pulled away from the vessel, a lady, bareheaded, with dishevelled hair, and with horror depicted on her face, called aloud, "A thousand guineas for a place in that boat" but it was too late! too late!! the boat was full, it could hold no more, and the lady went down with the wreck.

The above catastrophe must have been an awful one to witness. A sinking ship with over 200 people perishing in her, and only one little boat as a means of escape. It was impossible to save more than the boat could carry, nay! the lady could not buy a place even for a thousand guineas. What a different picture this to the eternal salvation that God has provided for sinners. The word of grace goes forth to all:

"Yet there is room,
The Lamb's bright hall of song;
With its fair glory
Beckons thee along
Room, room, still room,
O! enter, enter now."

Yes! this day of God's grace is still lengthened out, for He

is "not willing that any should perish." The Saviour provided is all-sufficient. The salvation offered meets every need. We may well sing at times—


"How vast, how full, how free
The mercy of our God."

So vast is it that it takes in every creature, for "Christ died for all." It takes in YOU, friend, if you are not yet saved. God has put no one outside the circle of His mercy, for it enriches the world. The word is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." So full, there is nothing to be added to it; it is complete in every way. Whatever their state may be, a hardened heart or a burdened conscience, it matters not. Here is that which is the very fullness of God Himself to meet thy case. So free! yes, 'tis free as the air we breathe. "*Nothing to pay.*" Sound it forth to all the world that God's salvation is without money and without price. The veriest beggar that ever walked the streets can obtain it. Our blessed Lord Jesus has paid, by His own precious blood, the full redemption price that was demanded by our righteous, holy, and just God. The penalty of sin was death; therefore, He laid down the life that His Father had given Him, and met the awful doom of the sinner on the cross. "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him." We can never fathom the depth of those deep, deep sufferings He endured, when all the billows of God's fearful wrath against sin went over Him, and when the dark waters of death came in upon His soul. Like Noah's ark, He was engulfed in the waves of judgment; but also like the ark going through the judgment, it found a resting-place on the Mount; so the blessed Saviour, having passed through death, is now the raised and exalted One, with the name given Him which is above every name, and is seated at God's right hand, having found a place of rest on the Father's throne. He is there not only as a Prince, but also as a Saviour, to give repentance

and remission of sins to all who come to Him. Friend, can I prevail upon you to come and accept Him as your Saviour, and in Him you will have this perfect salvation; so perfect is it, that the soul who believes in Him is like Noah in the ark—not one drop or particle of judgment can come near him.

Do you not see the awful danger you are in as an unbeliever? As such you are at this present moment—a *lost soul*, far, far worse off than those on board the sinking "*London*;" for let us hope that, having the time before the ship went down, they turned to God and believed in His Son. But you are not using the time God is giving you to repent and believe in His Son. You are wasting and neglecting the opportunities given you, and any moment you may be cut off in your sins; then what an eternity of woe would be yours in the lake of fire, for ever and ever, as the eternal ages rolled on, lamenting your madness in rejecting the offer of God's mercy.

Oh, let me plead with you, and lovingly and earnestly warn you, that the moment is hastening on when the *last sinner* shall have *been saved*, the *last wanderer brought home*, the *last prodigal* restored to his Father. When that Father's house shall have been filled, when all the guests shall have gone into the wedding, then *the door will be shut*, the boat will have left the sinking ship. You may offer your ten thousand guineas for a seat then. But



Too late! the gate has closed,

And sealed thy doom;

Then the last, low, long cry,

"No room! no room!"

"No room! no room!"

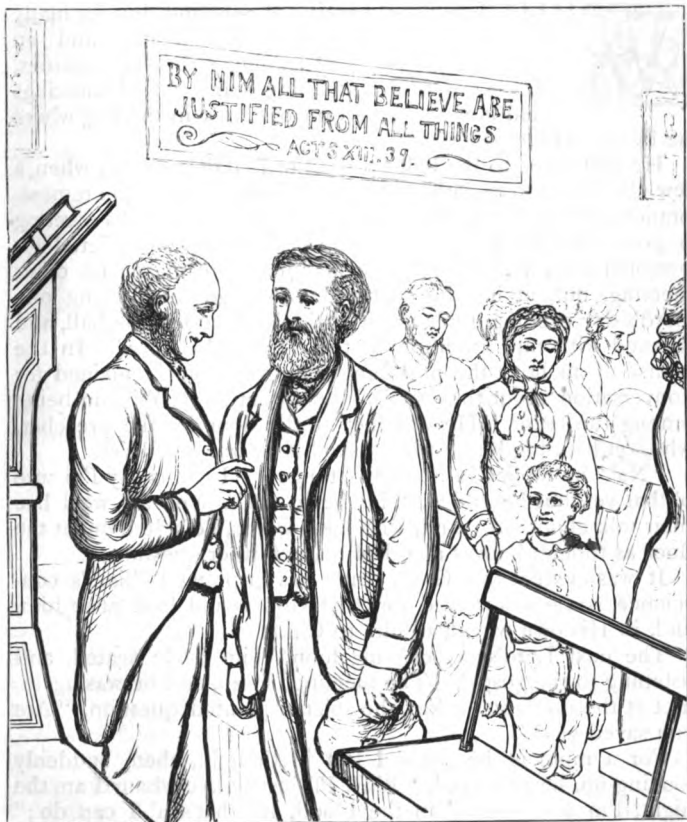
Oh, woeful cry, "No room!"

Away then to Jesus at once! this moment may be thy last opportunity, trifle no longer with thine eternal destiny, make sure of heaven now, serve no more in vile slavery the god of this world, but bow at the feet of the crucified Saviour and own Him thy Lord.

G. S. J.

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

HOW HE GOT ASSURANCE.



HOW HE GOT ASSURANCE.



WILLIAM W——, a native of Scotland, but for many years resident in the United States, and an employee of one of its leading railway companies, was saved while attending some gospel meetings held lately by a servant of Christ in the city where he lived. It happened as follows:

He first came to the hall on the Lord's-day morning, when a few Christians were gathered together to break bread, in remembrance of their Lord, but, as he always arrived after the meeting began, and left before it closed, no opportunity was offered for personal conversation. For some time he came to no other meeting, but, at last he ventured into a gospel meeting one Lord's-day evening, took a seat at the back end of the hall, and listened with rapt attention to the "Old, old story." In the course of an hour the preaching was over, some remained for conversation about their souls, others went away, William being among the latter. He was met at the door by the preacher, who, on handing him a tract, asked if he was saved yet.

"Na'," he replied in his native tongue, "I canna say I'm sure o' that yet, but he added, "I'll be in again sune an' we'll hae mair talk about it." And, with these words, he bolted out at the door as though he was afraid of being further questioned.

It was evident that God's truth was gripping William's conscience, so he was prayed for, that God would look after him, and, in His own way, lead him to Christ.

The next Lord's-day evening found him again seated, and listening to the gospel. The meeting closed, and he was again, met at the door, and asked the solemn pointed question, "Are you saved yet?"

For a moment he seemed lost in thought, then, suddenly looking up, he answered, "We'll I'll just tell ye whaur I am the night, I'm just trustin' in the blood, an' that's a' I can do;" and without another word he slipped out at the door.

Tuesday night following, he was again in the meeting. The subject was, "Having believed on Christ, as my Saviour, to what am I to look for the assurance of being saved?" Many scriptures were read, which proved :

1. That the death of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary's cross, when He suffered in the stead of guilty sinners, gave a Holy God satisfaction for sin, and now forms the sure foundation on which we rest for eternity ; and

2. That the Word of God alone, without any happy feelings or experiences on our part, formed the one true source from which we know that our sins are forgiven, and that we, sinners, being justified from all things, are now saved without a doubt to all eternity, and in possession of everlasting life, of which Christ, Himself, is the Fountain-head.

In conclusion, the speaker referred to John v. 24—"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." The three-fold security of the believer was dwelt upon as given in that verse ;

HATH EVERLASTING LIFE !

SHALL NOT COME INTO CONDEMNATION !

IS PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE !

William sat there, Bible in hand, drinking it all in. At the close of the meeting he was again met with the question, "Are you saved yet?" Not hesitatingly, but with confidence, the answer quickly came, "Thank God, I can say I am. And, O man, is'n't yon last verse ye read a grand ane ; I see't a' noo. God says, Christ died for me, an' I believe it, an' noo ye've jist been readin' hoo that a' believers have everlastin' life. Man, it's jist grand ! an' I can say this night I've got it. Ye see, I've been aboot forty years tryin' to get it by livin' weel, sic as gaun to the kirk, sayin' my prayers, readin' my Bible, an' a' that kind

o' thing, but I've seen lately that it must be Christ or naethin', and I can say, I'm satisfied wi' Him alane—guid night."

Away he went, and we were left to praise the Lord for His grace displayed in snatching another brand from the burning. Often have we seen him since, and he says he is still "satisfied wi' Christ alane," and we believe it to be true; and now would ask the reader, "Are you saved yet?" Can you say you are satisfied with Christ alone? or, are you, like William, trying to get to heaven by living well? If my reader is one of the many who are going about seeking to establish their own righteousness, by doing what they would call good works, saying prayers, or "faithfully attending the means of grace," then, dear friend, be convinced, by the Word of God, of the mistake you are making, for God has said, *salvation is by grace, through faith*; "*not of works lest any man should boast*" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). As one has written, somewhere—

"Your fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,
Your best resolutions be cross'd;
Nor can you expect to be *perfectly saved*,
'Till you find yourself *utterly lost*."

Learn then, from God's Word, that you are a sinner, a lost, guilty, condemned sinner, and that, dying as you are, you would miserably perish in the lake of fire for ever. But learn also, that you need not thus perish, for, "Christ has died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6). "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). "He that believeth on Me," says Jesus, "hath everlasting life" (John vi. 47). Take Him at His Word then, and you will be able truthfully to say; "I'm satisfied with Jesus alone," and "He has saved me."

T. D. W. 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.

THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "LIVELY."



THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "LIVELY."



T was a lovely summer evening, whilst the rays of the setting sun shone brightly across the scarcely rippled sea, that the gunboat *Lively* struck on a sunken rock near Stornoway, known as the "Hen and Chickens Rock." No lives were lost, but the circumstances, as they afterwards came to light at the court-martial which was held upon the commander and officers, are suggestive of many important lessons.

A sea voyage is always attended with many dangers—some avoidable and some unavoidable. Storms and fogs and shoals and sunken rocks have all, again and again, contributed to the work of destruction. And life is like a voyage: it may end in safely arriving at the desired haven—to be "for ever with the Lord"—beyond the reach of danger and of death; or it may end in shipwreck (1 Tim. i. 19), and the eternal ruin of the whole man.

Alas! how many shipwrecks there are. As we sail down the river, and see the many ships upon the stocks at various stages of construction in each of the shipbuilding yards, little do we think that, to a large extent, they are required to replace the continual loss, amounting to about two thousand ships per annum in all waters.

But if wrecks at sea be numerous, how much more so are the shipwrecks of souls bound for eternity. Satan, with deepest subtlety, has filled the course with dangers of every kind—designed to wreck the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the vulgar and the refined, the ignorant and the learned. Hopeless and helpless is he who has embarked on such a voyage without the salvation which God has at infinite cost provided.

The greatest dangers are those that are unseen. The high spring tide had just covered the "Hen and Chickens Rock," and the beams of the setting sun, reflected upon the water, prevented the pilot from observing the ripple that would have warned him of imminent danger. And often it is in time of prosperity, when all is sunshine and mirth, that Satan's snare is being fastened upon his thoughtless victim.

The world is so bright at times; and who will say that sin has no pleasures for the natural man? Yes, there are "the pleasures of sin;" but they are short-lived and leave a sting behind. *Haste to be rich* is one sunken rock on which many a one has been wrecked. Unsuspected, the love of money has laid hold on the heart until a fatal plunge was made which ended in irretrievable ruin.

Love of strong drink is another on which, alas, what thousands have been wrecked. Amidst agreeable companionship and godless mirth the habit has been acquired which defied every effort to overcome it. Love of pleasure, love of dress, love of praise, all these and many more are sunken rocks on which souls are wrecked by thousands.

The commander of the *Lively* suspected danger. He knew the rock was not far off, and asked the pilot to point it out. The pilot pointed to where they had already passed, and the captain's mind was at rest. But the pilot was mistaken—his testimony was false—and, to his horror, Commander Parr soon found how foolish it was to trust the opinion of the pilot when he might with little trouble have ascertained the truth with certainty by consulting the chart.

False peace—false security—faith that was utterly in vain, because it rested upon a false testimony. And how many there are who are equally deceived upon the far more momentous matters of eternity. They trust their own hearts, which God has said are "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Their hearts say, "Time enough," when God says, "HASTE."

Their hearts say, "When I have a convenient season;" God says, "Now." Their hearts say, "Join the church and do your best;" God says, "You must be born again." Their hearts say, "There is no such thing as eternal punishment, hell is a myth, and the devil is not a person but an influence;" God says, "He that believeth not shall be damned," "shall be punished with everlasting destruction in the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels." "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Satan is "the deceiver" as well as "the devourer." He it is that "deceiveth the whole world," blinding the minds of them that believe not.

Refer to your chart, reader, and be not deceived. The Word of God marks out the only course in which you can by any possibility steer clear of utter destruction. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Christ is the beginning and the end. Christ as the Lamb of God putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Christ as the exalted Saviour—able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. To be in Christ is to be safe for eternity; to be out of Christ is, sooner or later, to meet with inevitable destruction.

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 see it! I see it now! I have Eternal Life.”



"I SEE IT! I SEE IT NOW! I HAVE ETERNAL LIFE."



GENTLEMAN of superior education and natural ability was in the habit of attending the ministrations of a faithful and gifted servant of Christ in the city of H——. Though an adherent of the congregation, he was not a "member," for the simple reason that he knew he was not a Christian, and he made no profession of being one.

Week by week, month by month, year by year he heard the gospel proclaimed in its simplicity, fulness, and freeness; but he continued delaying to accept God's free gift of salvation, though he knew right well that if he were called into God's presence, he would be eternally lost.

In the course of time, his business caused him to leave the city where he had been so highly privileged; and he removed to a district where there was very little gospel light. Here he discovered a vast difference between the preaching he heard, and what he had been accustomed to. Not long after his arrival, he was asked to join the —— Church. He firmly but respectfully declined, and gave as his reason that he had never been "born again," and was therefore unfit to partake of the Lord's Supper.

"Revival services" were announced to be held in the —— Church, to which he was specially invited. Instead of being told God's simple way of salvation—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31)—the people were urged to "seek diligently," to "pray fervently and earnestly," to "give up their sins," and "make a start for the

kingdom." After the address, the "seekers" were urged and pressed to "go forward" to be prayed for and spoken to.

Mr. A—— not having "gone forward" at the close of any of the meetings, he was waited upon by two office-bearers of the Church, who expressed a desire to have a conversation with him. They spoke to him about the meetings that were being held, and said they hoped that he would *take the first step to salvation.*

"What do you mean by taking the 'first step'?" he eagerly asked.

"To go forward and ask the Christians to pray for you," was the reply.

"I don't see what good that would do," said the gentleman. The early instruction he had received, in the city of H——, through the lips of Mr. I——, came before him with wondrous clearness, and he said—"As I view things, there is no 'first step' to be taken: GOD LOVED THE WORLD, AND GAVE CHRIST TO DIE FOR OUR SINS. THE LORD JESUS RECEIVED OUR PENALTY AND PAID OUR DEBT, AND THOSE WHO BELIEVE ON HIM ARE SAVED."

Whilst he was thus speaking, the Holy Ghost revealed to him the simple and glorious gospel which he was trying to make known to others. His face became radiant with joy, and with a heart filled to overflowing, he exclaimed—

"I SEE IT! I SEE IT NOW! I HAVE ETERNAL LIFE. I AM SAVED."

Reader, have you hitherto imagined that certain "steps" are necessary before you can come to Christ? If so, you are wrong. Satan does his best to make salvation difficult for the sinner. When urged to immediate decision, he suggests that

you are not "prepared" to become a Christian. This is one of his "steps." He insinuates that you are not "anxious enough" or not "sorry enough;" and makes you believe that you must *feel* helpless and undone *before* you can accept salvation. Perhaps he has been telling you that when you are willing to "give up the world," and become melancholy and sad, you can then cherish the hope of being accepted by God. Listen no longer to his lying suggestions. All the *fitness* God requires of you is to *know* your need of Christ.

"Now is the accepted time." Under whatever pious pretence, don't allow the devil to cheat you out of your soul. He knows you "intend" to be saved *sometime*; but he wishes you to put off the settling of the question until a "convenient season." You never can have a more convenient season than the present. No longer procrastinate. No longer allow yourself to be deceived with the lie that God is unwilling to save you *now*. Give up "trying," "working," and "striving." Think of the truth that gave peace to the one of whom we have written—"God loved the world, and gave Christ to die for our sins. The Lord Jesus received our penalty and paid our debt, and those who believe on Him are saved" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

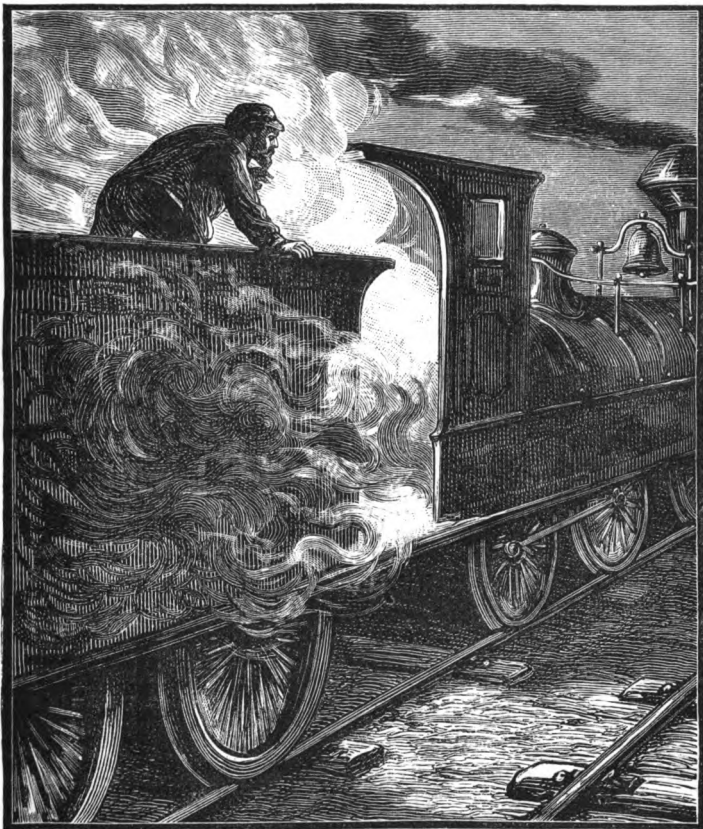
A. M.

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

GLASGOW: THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

And through all Booksellers.

A MODERN HERO.



A MODERN HERO.



IN the early part of November, 1882, we were startled by a telegraphic message from America of a thrilling story of courage and self-sacrifice on the part of an engine-driver named Joseph A. Seig. From information published in the daily papers, it appears that on a Lord's-day the Pennsylvania railway train left the city of Jersey freighted with 620 passengers. While the train was dashing along at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles an hour, the furnace-door opened in some unaccountable way, and the flames leaped out with such suddenness and force that before anything could be done the car nearest the engine caught fire, and drove Seig and the fireman from their posts. After the men had clambered over the tender into the car, it was discovered that the engine had fouled the spring of the air-brake from the car, and there was no possibility of stopping the train. On it kept running, unguided and unprotected, straight to its apparent ruin, spreading horror and consternation through the hearts of the passengers, as they saw the flames increasing in intensity, and heard the crackling of the burning car, and for a while their doom seemed inevitable. As the horror of their situation gradually crept over the brave engine-driver, without the slightest hesitation he retraced his steps from the burning car across the red-hot tender, and rushing through the blinding smoke and rapidly accumulating flames, he succeeded in stopping the train. The poor fellow, to lessen his agony, climbed in despair into the water tank, where the fireman found

him with his clothes burnt from his back, and his whole body terribly scorched by the remorseless flames. Shortly after they had carried his charred body to the hospital, the poor fellow passed away amid much agony, having thus heroically laid down his own life to save the lives of his fellows.

Beloved reader, does not this incident of modern heroism remind you of *One* who sacrificed His own life to save a world from a more terrible and fearful doom than that of a burning train, and who suffered a more cruel and excruciating death than the brave Joseph Seig; for He hung on Calvary's cross, suffering the dire wrath and the hiding of His Father's face, crying, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But why was He suffering there? Why was He hanging on that accursed tree? Why was He dying such a cruel death? Did He deserve it? No! Was it for His own sins? No! Who was it for, then? Why, for a sinner such as you, dear reader. For, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly."

"Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,
Lo He dies upon the tree;
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected—
Jesus Christ, 'tis He! 'tis He!
Mark the Sacrifice appointed;
See Who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed—
Son of Man and Son of God!"

Thus, out of love to a poor, perishing, dying world, rushing madly on to a never-ending, burning hell, the Christ of God voluntarily gave up His own life—dying an accursed death on

the cross—that He might save *eternally* every sinner who *trusts*, who *believes* in Him. Can *you* say, by His death you are for ever and eternally *free* from the judgment of sin, and *delivered* from the wrath to come?—because you have trusted in Him—because you have believed in Him. “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” Yes, saved from a burning hell, saved from the wrath to come, saved for time, and saved for eternity. Then you will be able to say experimentally :

“There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me ;
The torment and the fire
Mine eyes shall never see.”

And with the Apostle Paul, “I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who *loved me*, and *gave Himself for me*” (Gal. ii. 20).

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.

NOT A LOST SINNER.



NOT A LOST SINNER.



TRAVELLING one Saturday night by rail to B—— for gospel work on the following day, the train stopped at an outside station that the tickets might be collected. There was only an elderly lady and her daughter in the carriage with me. When the ticket collector appeared and examined her ticket, he said—"Do you mean to return by the express to-night?"

She answered in the affirmative.

"You'll have to be sharp about it then," said the official in reply.

He shut the door and disappeared, whereupon the old lady turned to me and said, "I believe the express returns from B—— about eleven; doesn't it, sir?"

I said, "Well, I don't know, but I will look at the guide, and see what it says." "Yes," I said, as I looked at the list, "the last train returns at 10.53, seven minutes before eleven."

It was not then ten o'clock, so the old lady threw herself back upon her seat with evident relief, as she said, "I was sure I was right; I knew I had plenty of time."

I discerned this to be a favourable opportunity for introducing a subject of infinitely greater importance. So I turned to the old lady, and said, "It's a good thing when travelling to know we are right, and to have a guide book to make us quite sure about it."

"Yes, sir, it is," she replied.

"Now, may I ask you, Are you on the way to heaven?"

"Well—sir—I—don't—know—about—that," was the lady's answer, speaking the words slowly, with emphasis on each, and holding her head down, as if somewhat confused by the question.

"Are you a sinner?" I enquired.

She lifted her head, and evidently recovering herself, said pleasantly with a smile on her face, "Oh, to be sure, we're all sinners."

"But are *you* a sinner?" I asked.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And are you saved?"

"No, I wouldn't just like to say that I'm saved."

"Then you must be lost!"

"Oh, dear no!" she answered hastily, raising the tone of her voice, and speaking with much warmth and decision, "I'm not lost; indeed, I'm not lost."

"But if you are not saved," I urged, "you must be lost."

"No, sir," she replied, still more earnestly, "you're quite mistaken, I tell you; I'm not lost, no, I'm not lost."

I pulled out my Bible, and appealed to it as God's Guide Book. I sought to put her complacent, self-righteous confidence to the test of the Divine Standard; so I quoted the words in Matt. xxii. 37: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." "Now," I said, "can you honestly say you have loved the Lord your God with all your heart, soul, and mind to-day?"

She answered without hesitation, "Yes, I can."

"Indeed!" I said, "well, you're the first person I have yet met who could say that. I shouldn't like to say that I had loved the Lord my God with all my heart and soul for the last half-hour. Then what about verse thirty-nine in this same chapter—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Have you obeyed that also?"

"Oh, yes, I have; why, sir, I've been two years in the place where I am now living, and I've never spoken a word to one of my neighbours."

Thus this poor deceived woman justified herself before God as righteous, and in no sense worthy of being called a lost sinner. She refused to believe the Guide Book that no one is justified by the law in the sight of God (Gal. iii. 10); and that "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10).

I tried to show her that, according to her own confession, she had no need of Christ, for He had come to seek and save that which was lost (Luke xix. 10); but she was not lost, and therefore in no need of salvation.

By this time the train had arrived at its destination, and we were obliged to part company. In stepping out of the carriage, I repeated the words in John iii. 18, "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is *condemned already*." I advised her to read the entire chapter when she got home, and so we separated.

This is one case out of thousands around us very similar. Men and women who are ready enough to admit that "All have sinned," themselves included; but, deceived by the wicked, lying spirit within them (Eph. ii. 2), they are unwilling to own themselves lost sinners, because *he* is most unwilling they should believe the truth about it and be saved (Luke viii. 12). He taketh away the Word of God out of their hearts, persuading them that salvation is of themselves, whereas the infallible Guide Book declares—"Salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah ii. 9).

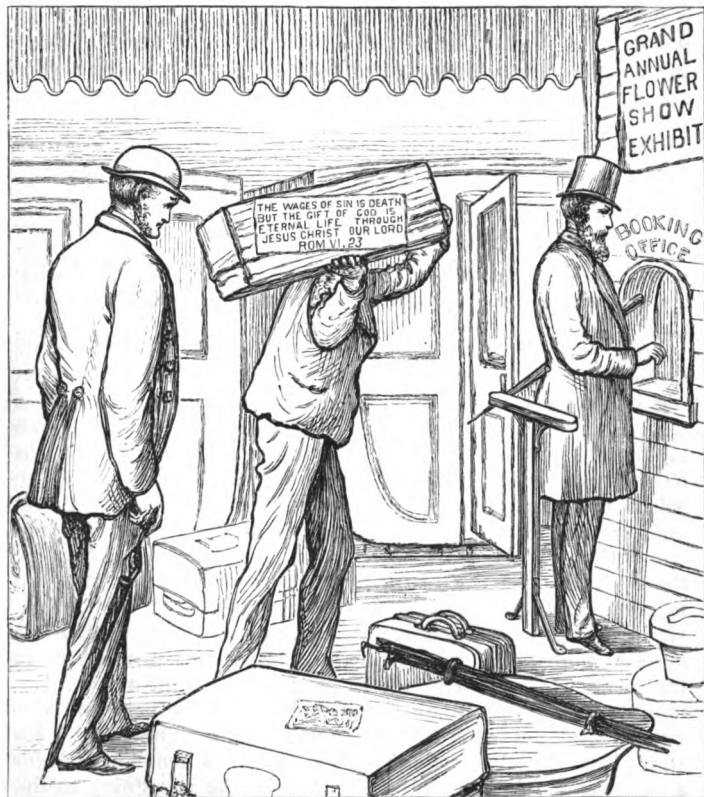
Reader, have you made the discovery that you are a lost sinner, and that the law of God, which you have not kept, condemns you at this moment? (Gal. iii. 10). "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear: but *your iniquities* have separated between you and your God, and *your sins* have hid His face from you, that He will not hear" (Isa. lix. 1-2). You are far off from God because of your sins—you are farther from Him now than when you were a child: you are nearer hell to-day than you were yesterday. You are lost! lost!! lost!!! You want the way to God. *Jesus* is the way (John xiv. 6). You need Jesus. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). If you remain unsaved another moment, it is because you won't trust *the only One* who can save you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

A. L.

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

GLASGOW; THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, 40 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

THE PORTMANTEAU AND ITS LABEL.



THE PORTMANTEAU AND ITS LABEL.



WHAT a familiar scene a railway station has become, especially to those who dwell in crowded cities and towns. And what a study one of our large stations is, with its hundreds all eagerly pressing to the ticket-window or towards the train which is to take them whither they would go. It is only a common sight that I wish to draw the reader's attention to—a portmanteau and its label. I think I hear one exclaim, "Why, that's an every-day sight." To this I would answer Yes and No. Yes, I would say, as to the portmanteau, but No as to the label. Though you may have seen many a portmanteau, and some stuck all over with labels, which tell what a traveller its owner has been, yet you will have to own that such a label as I am about to write of is not a common one.

One evening a man had just stepped from a Rochdale train to the platform of the Victoria Station. He was hurrying on to meet some friends, according to promise, to go with them to the theatre, when his eyes became fixed on a label stuck prominently on a portmanteau which a porter was carrying on his shoulder. It was so peculiar a one that he was bound to read it. No name of a town was written there, but solemn words from Scripture, which carried awe and conviction to his heart as he read them. The words were these—"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD" (Rom. vi. 23). His first thought was, "How peculiar to put such a label as that there;" his next thought was, "I wonder where the owner is." Looking on, his eye caught sight of a gentleman hurrying up to the ticket-window. His next impulse was to find out where that one was going. Quickening his steps, he reached the window just in time to hear him ask for a ticket to Rochdale. How strange that he was going to the very town from which he himself had just come, and where he

lived. He stood and watched him into the train, and the next moment took a sudden resolve, though he had travelled in expressly to go with friends to the theatre; he determined he would go home again, though scarcely knowing why he did so. As the train was being whistled off he jumped in, and on reaching Rochdale he went to his own home. As he opened the front door the voice of his little girl struck upon his ear. She was praying that father might come home. The text and that little girl's prayer were too much for him. He was deeply convinced of sin. Next day he saw placards announcing that a gentleman would preach the Gospel in a public hall. He made up his mind to go, and on entering he found it was the very one whose luggage had been so peculiarly labelled. The Gospel was clearly set forth, and sin and its consequences proclaimed; the fact that nothing but the blood of Christ could put away his sin. God's love, His willingness to save then and there, and that through trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner could say, "I know my sins are all forgiven." This was the simple, yet precious, tale which the writer heard from his own lips, as, some six months afterwards, he witnessed before many the wondrous way in which God had snatched him as a pleasure-seeker from the broad road of folly, and saved him by His grace.

The reader has often, it may be, heard this verse from the Bible, but what effect has it had upon you? None as yet; save that it may have caused a terrible familiarity with the Word of God, and thus left you more hardened than ever. "The wages of sin is death." Awake to the fact. It matters not how well regulated your life may be for *the future*; you *have sinned*. You have earned the wages of sin—death. And, unless you believe on the One who took the sinner's place in death, you must be eternally lost. But "the gift of God is eternal life." Then you need not perish.

Receive the gift—Christ Himself as your Saviour. You cannot be saved in any other way. Without Him you must be lost! Lose not a moment, then, but now look away to Him, the crucified One, and you too shall rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven through Him.

NO TIME TO THINK.



READER! how often is it said, "I have no time to think of these things." You have said it. Time, abundance of time, to think of business, pleasure, family, and yet none to think of Him. Why not? **YOU DO NOT LOVE HIM.** Be assured of this. Seek not to deny it. But **THINK. THINK NOW.** No love to Jesus, because His love in dying for you has never been known.

Think of your sin; deny it not; seek not to cover it. Turn not away from the leprosy of your own soul, horrid though the sight may be: make not light of it.

Sins that are now as jewels to some will be nothing but a source of endless sorrow in the future.

Think, too, of the Saviour and His wondrous love—love that urged His weary steps on through this world of sin and woe, although He well knew that its enmity would at last nail Him to a cross between two thieves.

Think, too, of the many opportunities you have had to embrace this salvation—opportunities that are for ever gone. The ancients painted Opportunity with a hairy forehead, but bald behind, to signify that while a man has opportunity before him he may lay hold on it, but if he suffer it to slip away, he cannot pull it back again. Lose not this one, then, if you would not be for ever lost. Grasp it, ere it too is gone, not to give place to another, but to the woe of an endless hell.

Reject not the love of Christ—wondrous love—but now believe on Him and thou shalt be saved.

R. T. H.

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

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

"CASH TO GO ON WITH."



"CASH TO GO ON WITH."

AN earnest Christian merchant in the city of Liverpool spoke faithfully to a gentleman "on 'Change" about his soul. The reply he received, in answer to the question "When do you intend becoming a Christian?" was in substance as follows:—

"There is no use in you talking to me. You know what I am, and what I have been. If I 'professed,' I would not be able to give up my companions and habits, and would very soon go back; I COULD NOT 'HOLD ON.'"

The Christian, in reply, spoke thus, "If you failed in business what would you require?"

"I would need some one to pay my debts."

"Would that be sufficient?"

"No; I would require CASH TO GO ON WITH."

"Exactly so; and that is what the Lord Jesus does. Not only has He paid the debt of sin with His precious blood—delivered from its penalty all who believe on Him—but He preserves the believer from its dominion and power, and gives him strength and grace to live for Him. The debt is not simply paid that the sinner may go free, but the sinner receives 'CASH TO GO ON WITH.'"

Multitudes of persons are kept from becoming Christians through this device of Satan. When one is awakened from his sleep of death, the enemy of souls whispers in his ear, "There is no use in you professing. You have 'tried' to be a Christian and have failed, and there is no use in you 'trying' again. If you did profess, you would not be able to give up your old habits and companions. You could not *hold on*; and would soon be back to your former ways, and worse than ever."

Has Satan been doing his best to keep *you* from being saved, by telling you that you could not "hold on" if you "professed"? It may be that you were once troubled

about your soul, and determined that you would become a Christian. You made resolutions, that in the future you would live differently. You felt happy at the time; but, not long after, perhaps the next morning, you found that your joyous emotions were gone, and you were slipping back into your old ways—you think that there is no use "trying" again; and Satan does his best to keep you from occupying your mind with thoughts of eternity. God does not ask you to "try" to be a Christian. He does not desire that you should occupy your mind with your feelings or failings, your resolutions or *holding on*. Whenever you cease "trying" to be saved, and *rest upon what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for you*, your heart will be filled with joy and peace. You will then learn that sinners are not accepted on account of what *they* "do" or "feel," but on account of what Christ did and felt *for them*. Don't be troubled about the future. Allow the Lord Jesus to save you now; and, if you believe on Him, you will obtain eternal life to begin with, and day by day, He will *keep* you, and give you grace and strength to live for Him. To every one who receives salvation, Jehovah says, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee" (Isaiah xli. 13). The moment that you receive Christ as your Saviour, you will, in God-given and God-sustained strength, be enabled to say—

"My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell—
Let me go, let me go."

In *your own strength*, you will be as weak and unstable as water; but, in the strength of the Lord—the "cash to go on with"—you will have power to live for the One who died for you. When you give up working and striving, and believe on Christ, who did it all, and paid it all, you will have God's promises to "cash," and one of them is—"I WILL NEVER

LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Hebrews xiii. 5, 6). Another one is, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. xxi. 22). The soul who rests on the finished work of Christ, knows that he has eternal life, and shall not perish (John iii. 16-36); and surely he can trust the One who has saved him to KEEP him.

Dear, unsaved reader, God desires to save you *now*! Don't allow the devil to cheat you out of your soul, by making you believe that you would not be able to "hold on." God will HOLD YOU UP, and KEEP you, if you but believe on His Son. He is "able to keep you from falling" (Jude v. 24). So, now, as you read these lines, renounce all your efforts, and strivings, and resolvings, and believe on Him who died that you might live (Isaiah xli. 10).

NOW TO HIM THAT WORKETH
IS THE REWARD NOT RECKONED OF GRACE,
BUT OF DEBT.
BUT TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT,
BUT BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH
THE UNGODLY,
HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(Romans iv. 4, 5.)

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

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

Trophies of Grace; or, Saved at 84.



(15)

TROPHIES OF GRACE; or, SAVED at 84.



It was at the close of a Gospel meeting in a cottage one Lord's-day afternoon that I first spoke to an aged couple, both of whom were eighty-four years of age. I shook hands with them on leaving, and inquired if their souls were saved. The old man replied—"O! yes, ma'am, thank you. I am very comfortable; I am not afraid to die. I've always been to church, and I've never injured anybody; and I don't see what more I could do." And, looking at his coat, he said, "I think, ma'am, perhaps if I gave this coat away, I should then be *quite* right for heaven."

I said, "Dear aged friend, if that is what your hope rests on let me tell you, with all affection, you are as far from being saved as you possibly can be. Nothing but simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can possibly save your soul."

The next week, on inquiring how he was, he replied—"O, ma'am, I'm miserable; I hardly had a bit of sleep all the week. What you said about my not being in the way to heaven has made me wretched. Only to think that after all these years that I've been trying to get to heaven, and then for me to be lost at last!" And the tears ran down his cheeks, when in agony he said: "Oh, ma'am, if I aint in the right way, do tell me how I can get in." I shall never forget the intense earnestness with which he listened to every word that day. At last he exclaimed, "I see it! I see it all quite plain now. I've been trying to be right ever since I was confirmed in 1816, and I've read the Bible through and through, but I never saw it as I do now. Oh, bless the Lord, He's opened my eyes at last; it's quite plain to me how I'm to be saved; it's because Jesus Christ died and suffered instead of me." He fell on his knees, and cried out, "I know I don't deserve nothing but hell. O Lord, I am saved! I am saved! my sins must all be put away, for I've done as you bid me. Oh dear, it's made me so happy

already. Bless the Lord ! bless the Lord ! only to think that I've been living till I'm 84, and never knew the way to be saved before."

His first concern, after he knew he was saved himself (for he did know it—he believed it simply because God said it) was about his poor wife, who was far more dull of understanding than himself, and could not read. He wanted to know if she could see it as he did, because he could not bear to think of going to heaven alone; but, poor creature, it was all midnight darkness to her.

The next time we met, the poor old man looked so happy. He said, "Oh, ma'am, I cannot tell you how happy I've been all the week." "Yes," said the old wife, "I'm sure he has, too, for he has been singing in the night about Jesus dying for him. I wish I was as happy as he !"

The old man chimed in, "I may well be happy when I know my dear Jesus shed His blood for me, and He's saved my soul; but, oh, ma'am, do pray for my wife, and try to explain it to her, for I cannot go to heaven without her. I've been praying many times a day for her, and telling her, as well as I could, what you said, but I cannot make her understand it. What must be done? I cannot go to heaven without her."


Some days after, I went with another to see these dear aged ones. That morning He heard our cry, and before leaving, we had reason to believe that she too was resting on the Rock, Christ Jesus.

The joy of the old man was unbounded. He said, "Oh, ma'am, I was an hour on my knees crying to God for this yesterday."

A year and a half have passed since these dear ones were saved. They have been rejoicing in Jesus ever since. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life" (1 John v. 12).

R.

"WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?"

"HAT will become of me?" This is the question of one who had lived some thirty years, and now lay stretched on the bed of death. Probably it had before this been suggested, as one which would some day become of moment; perhaps it had been felt as one of great interest, which would before long demand serious attention and action; but time glided away, and a seductive voice whispered, "Not now!"

The individual was amiable and greatly beloved. A multitude of the tenderest sympathies and most pleasing hopes had clustered along the path where those feet were to tread, and a balmy air overhung and played around it. Suddenly all those hopes are blasted, and the whole beauty of the scene becomes blackness. The destroyer has come. The question which had floated through the mind in hours of health and hope, in flickering and shadowy uncertainty, has put on the distinctness and tenor of a stern, staring reality—"What will become of me?" Then come up broken memories, struggling to make answer—in early reading of the Bible, in repeated conversations, in the Gospel listened to so often. Death, heaven, hell, were common themes in all these. Jesus Christ and the way of salvation were worn into the mind, so often had it been talked over. But the body is now racked with pain, the mind is enfeebled and wandering with delirium, and there are but few intervals in which to think of this great question, "What will become of me?" Young men and women delay not. Ask that question now in the days of your youth and in the days of your vigour. But oh! put it not off till the day when nature struggles with disease, and death only gives answer to the terrible inquiry—"What will become of ME?"

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

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

"ANSWER ME TWO THINGS, AND I'LL
TELL YOU THE THIRD."



“ANSWER ME TWO THINGS, AND
I’LL TELL YOU THE THIRD.”



ON the streets of a busy manufacturing town, on the confines of Lancashire and Cheshire, last New Year's Day, a young woman might have been seen hurrying along. Follow her. See! it is into a public house she goes, she has evidently been there before, she knows it well. What takes her there now? Is it for drink? No, no; she is in search of one who not many years ago, had promised to care for and to cherish her. As she enters, she meets another poor woman, as careworn in appearance as herself, and more reckless, you can judge from the words they exchange. "Are you looking for your husband?" "Yes I am." "Oh well, better look for him in the ale house than have him sitting ill at the fireside like mine." "Oh no, Mrs. G," answers our friend, "better *ill* than *drunk*."

But this time she is successful in having her husband home from the scene of his carousals—Home, what a *Home* drink had made it!

William H—— was a well educated man, a good workman, and his wife an intelligent, clever woman, had been in service in good families for ten years. At sixteen years of age, there had been between them, a boy and girl affection, then a childish quarrel, and for ten years they had been separated, when they again met, renewed the intimacy, and in a short time Anna became the wife of William H.

Naturally a kind, loving man, he had become the slave of strong drink to such an extent, that before he was thirty years of age, he had attained the extraordinary weight of 18 stones 4 pounds. Powerfully built, though not tall, he could instantly fell any antagonist, and the morning after a drunken

debauch, was afraid to venture outside his own door, dreading that he might have done serious mischief to life or property.

His home and wife, of course, suffered most, and on such a morning, his wife would mournfully show him the wreck he had made of their little parlour. One evening when wild with drink he tossed the baby from its mother's arms, and as it fell under the table, the poor woman became frantic, upon which he told her to leave the house; which she was preparing to do, with her child under her shawl, when he called her back to "wait for another day."

That other day was coming, far different than he thought, it seemed as if the devil had outwitted himself, and driven William to such a fearful length in sin, that it almost frightened himself, fearing the next step would be *murder*, and then *death*, and "*after death*"—what?

Why have we given this sad, sad picture? Only to magnify the grace of God, and to show how still "thieves, drunkards, revilers," can be "washed, sanctified, *justified*, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." About this time God's Spirit began to strive mightily with W. H——, he had fearful conviction of sin, saw himself a lost sinner—fit only for hell—in his misery he went to chapel, gave up drinking, &c.—but got no peace. Next door to him a man lived, who, like himself, had been a drunkard, but now was not only reformed, but converted to God—and who since his conversion, had with the Lord Himself alone as Teacher, learned to read from the gospel of John. He was much interested in William H——, and lent him a little book to read, entitled, "Awake, awake."

Now another picture, and one, very, very different. Alone in his kitchen, one evening about nine months ago, William H—— was sitting, reading and thinking over the little book his friend had lent him. He comes to one part which strikes

him, "*Answer me two things,*" said the author, "*and I will tell you the third.*"

"Do you believe that Jesus died for the remission of sins?"

"Yes," thought William H——, "I do believe that."

"Do you believe that Jesus was raised again for your justification?"

"Yes," again answered William H—— to himself, "I do believe that."

"Then," said the little book, in the words of the 13th of Acts, 39th verse—

"All that believe are justified from all things." "And I do believe," he pondered, "then—here I am—sitting in this chair—a *justified man*—and I never knew it before—praise the Lord."

Whether he jumped from his chair, he tells us, or sat still, he never knew, but when his wife came in, he began to put the simple Gospel before her, expecting her at once to receive it; but it was not until some time after, that she was able "to set to her seal that God is true"—that He means what He says, when we read "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," W. H. is now baptized, and in fellowship with the Lord's people, and both he and his wife would rejoice to tell you "of the hole of the pit whence they were digged," and of the Rock of ages on which their feet are set, if you went into their now happy home.

M. A. G.

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

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

A MAN OF HIS WORD.



A MAN OF HIS WORD.



WHEN the English and the French were at war with each other in the Spanish Peninsula, there was an English general who wished to make an attack upon the enemy, and he ordered the officer, whose duty it was to provide the troops with food, to have the rations ready at a certain place at twelve o'clock on the following day.

It was sometimes no easy matter to provide sufficient supplies; and the officer replied that the rations could not be at the place on such short notice. "I cannot march my men without food," said the general; "and I say that the rations *must* be there at twelve o'clock to-morrow." "But I say its impossible to do it," replied the officer. "Well," said the general, "remember this, if the rations are not there at twelve o'clock to-morrow *I'll hang you.*" The officer departed in a rage, saying to himself, "How dare he talk to me in that style? Hang me! hang me! We shall soon see all about that!" The Duke of Wellington was then the Commander-in-chief of the British armies and to him the officer went at once to complain of the general. The Duke listened in silence. Presently he inquired, "Did the general *really* say he'd hang you if the rations were not there by twelve o'clock?" "Yes, your Grace," replied the officer. "Are you sure he said he would *hang* you?" "He did indeed, your Grace," replied the officer, thinking that a severe rebuke was in store for his superior. "Well," said the Duke, "I know the general very well, and I know that he is a man of his word: if he really said that he would hang you, if I were in your place I should take care to have the rations there."

The officer went away, and the rations were there punctually at twelve o'clock.

Yes dear reader, when the man's neck was in danger, he would not refuse to take the needful trouble to do the business promptly; he would not presume on the chance that for once in his life the general would not keep to his word. When it is a question of life or death a man generally takes good care to put himself in the right side, even if it cost him a world of pains to do so. Whether for good or for evil, we can believe the word of a fellow-man. Is God less worthy of credit? We can be fully persuaded that a *man* will keep to his word; do we imagine that God will not keep to His? "All have sinned," says God. Do we believe this? "The soul that sinneth it shall die," says God. Do we believe this? "The wicked shall be cast into hell," says God. Do we believe this?

"But if God delights in mercy," say many, "He will surely never condemn His creatures to everlasting torment?" Will He not? What does God Himself say about it? "Let God be true and every man a liar." If you are foolish enough to believe human lies in preference to the clear testimony of God's Word, there will come an awakening when it is too late, to the fact that Satan has cheated you out of your soul. You may wilfully shut your eyes to the truth, but the truth remains unchanged nevertheless.

When God shows us that we are *all* sinners, travelling onwards to an eternal hell, does He stop there? No! for God truly delights in mercy, and therefore it is that we read, "For God so *loved* the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). The very moment that you see you are a lost sinner, that same moment God would have you see the One who said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to *save* that which was *lost*." "For God sent not

His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be *saved*" (John iii. 17). It was to *save* sinners, not to send them to hell, that the Son of God hungered and thirsted and toiled upon this earth, and finally poured out His blood for them upon the cross. Was He a stern and a hard God who sent His Son into the world to make atonement for His lost creation? Was He a cold and pitiless Saviour who so freely gave up His life for those who despised and hated Him?

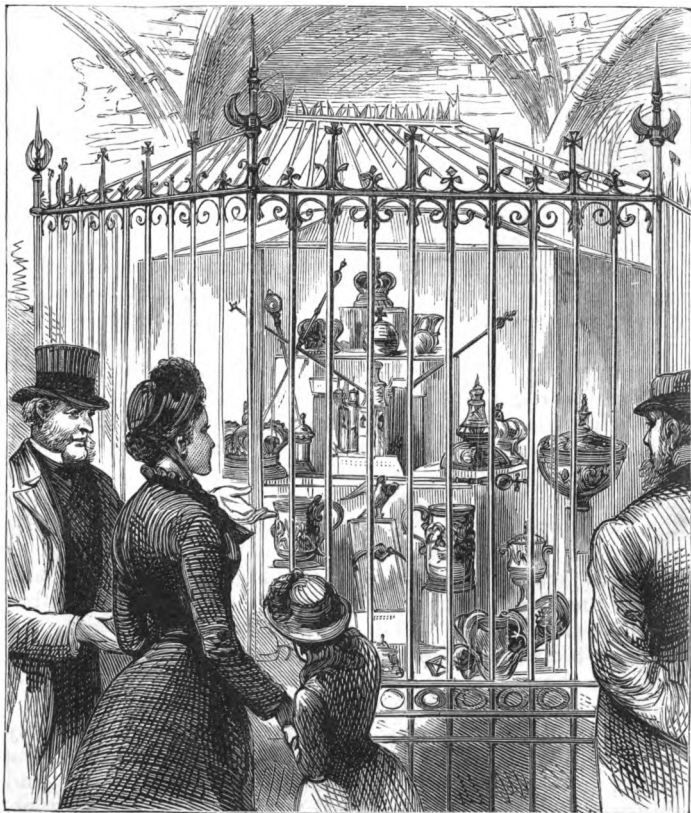
There *is* an everlasting hell; but God has provided a way of escape. There *is* an eternity of woe; but the Lord Jesus Christ endured the curse, that we might not be compelled to share it with the Devil and His angels. The precious blood of Christ has been shed. It is it alone that maketh atonement for the soul, and delivers from wrath that is to come. The testimony of the Lord Jesus is—"This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28). The testimony of the redeemed upon earth is—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). The testimony of the redeemed in heaven will be—"Thou art worthy, ... for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. v. 9). What is *your* testimony to the blood of Jesus?

WM. G. 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.

“WORTH THREE MILLIONS AND A
HALF OF MONEY.”



“ WORTH THREE MILLIONS AND A HALF OF MONEY.”



THOUGH born in the suburbs of the Metropolis, it was not till recently I visited the Tower of London. I happened to be in the neighbourhood one morning, and while passing I noticed a number of people pressing round the gates. After making inquiries of a passer-by as to the cause, I found—it being a free day for the public—they were waiting their turn to be led over the Tower. As I stood looking at the people and then at the hoary walls of that ancient pile, which had been both a royal palace and a prison, I thought of the martyrs—Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer—who had been prisoners in its gloomy cells; of the poor, ill-fated Anne Boleyn, whose ephemeral reign and mournfully brilliant career was so abruptly closed by the headsman's axe; of the noble Anne Askew, whose body was so fearfully tortured ere she was burnt at Smithfield, for having denied the Popish doctrine of transubstantiation. The bloody tower, where it is supposed the two royal princes, sons of Edward IV., were so cruelly murdered. The Beauchamp tower, with its walls so full of curiously sculptured designs, and autographs scratched and cut by the hands of the prisoners who were immured within its dismal recesses. The well-known Traitor's gate, the heading-block, mask, axe, and the horrid instruments of torture, all these I knew were to be seen inside, and as my memory recalled much that history had made me familiar with, I felt an irresistible longing to *see* what I had only heard and read about. In a moment or two I joined the group, and ere long I was with others inspecting places and things so replete with traditional and historical associations.

The last place we were taken into was the Record or Wakefield tower, where the “regalia” or crown jewels are kept. In this apartment we had a fresh guide who, after explaining briefly the different crowns, sceptres, swords, coronations, bracelets, &c., and just as we were passing through the iron gate called out, saying, “Now, ladies and gentlemen, take a good look before you leave, for you may never see such a sight again. What you have been looking at within these glass cases is worth three and a half millions of money.” During his explanations I had noticed his husky voice. His constitution seemed to be breaking up, and I had an impression he would not be there long, and as I turned my eyes from the glittering crowns, resplendent with diamonds, I thought of his precious soul which was of more value than the whole world. So I lingered, and was the last to pass out, while doing so I put my hand on his arm, and in a soft tone said, “Friend, do you know your soul is of more value than the mass of wealth you have been so kindly explaining to us? for God says, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?’” “You are right, sir,” said he; and as he spoke I felt his whole frame quiver, and immediately I saw the tears start and float in his eyes. By this time another group was waiting to enter, so I had to leave the old pensioner, who shortly after had to give up his post through failing health and is now in *eternity*.

Beloved reader, you too have a soul equally as precious, equally as valuable; a soul that must exist eternally either in heaven or in *hell*; a soul that is of more value than the whole world, and I would kindly, affectionately ask, is that precious, priceless soul of *yours saved*? Is it safe for time and *eternity*? Is it washed? Is it redeemed? Are you sure it is *safe* in the keeping of Him who says, “The redemption of their soul is precious?” If you have not *believed* on the Lord

Jesus Christ to the saving of your soul, then you must be godless, christless, prayerless, hopeless, and the solemn message may come to *you*, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Oh, that you would hear the voice of God, and your soul shall live! Oh, that you would believe on Jesus Christ, and your soul shall be saved! It is Christ alone who can satisfy the afflicted soul and redeem and deliver it from going down into the pit. Will you trust Him? Will you come to Him? Will you just now believe on Him that your soul may delight itself in fatness? Then, if asked the question, "Is it well with thy soul?" you could answer, "It is well with my soul."

"My sin,—oh the bliss of the glorious thought—

My sin (not in part, but the whole)

Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more:

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul,

For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;

If Jordan above me shall roll.

No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life

Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait:

The sky—not the grave—is our goal.

Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!

Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul."

"IT IS WELL, IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL."

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'll Bear it as Well as they do."



"I'LL BEAR IT AS WELL AS THEY DO."

IF you could spare the time," said a devoted servant of Christ, "I should like you to visit a man residing a few streets distant; his life has been a notoriously wicked one; he is now within a very few hours of death, but utterly careless and indifferent as to his soul's eternal interests. Many Christian friends have visited him, but hitherto their labours, prayers, and entreaties, have had no apparent effect. It may be, God will bless your visit in awakening him to a sense of his true condition; and he may, even at 'The eleventh hour,' be a brand plucked from the burning."

Taking a Bible in my hand, I at once went to the place indicated. No one answering to my knock, I lifted the latch, opened the door, and stepped inside. What a scene presented itself! A small room, extremely dirty, the light nearly excluded by rags and papers stuffed in the broken window, its only furniture, a chair, a broken table, and an old bedstead with a few filthy rags lying upon it, from which the sick man was rising. He took no notice of me, seemed scarcely aware of my presence, but walked to the chair, turned it round to the cheerless, empty fire grate, and sat down.

"You are very ill, friend," I said by way of introducing myself, and of arresting his attention.

Without lifting his eyes to me, he replied, "I have been ill, but am much better now; I feel quite strong to-day, and shall soon be all right again."

After an apology for intruding myself upon him, I said, "Are you not deceiving yourself in reference to your state?"

The strength you feel now is not the strength of returning health, but of death; your time here is very, very short. Are you prepared for this solemn change?"

"I am not going to die yet," he replied; adding, after a pause, "and, if I do, it's of no consequence. I shall be as well off as many others."

"If you are not better off than many others, yours will be a sad, sad case; for undoubtedly *many* will be found with Satan and his angels in the bottomless pit, 'where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.' Surely you are not content to spend an eternity *there* with *them*?"

"I don't believe there is such a place," was his reply.

"Your belief does not alter the fact. The Bible distinctly states that such a place exists, and that 'unbelievers,' of which you confess yourself to be one, will have their part there" (Rev. xxi. 8.) Looking up now into my face, he said, "Well, you need not trouble about me; I don't care where I go. If there is such a place, and I get there, there'll be lots of others with me; and I'll bear it as well as they do."

For a moment or two I endeavoured to show him the folly of this kind of reasoning. Then the fearful position in which he stood before God as a guilty, condemned sinner—that he was standing on the threshold of eternity, only a step between himself and hell. That if that terrible doom was to be escaped, there must be no trifling or delay. The past could not be recalled. Yet God still waited to be gracious; and if now realizing his condition, the sinner's place was taken, sins honestly confessed, an interest in Christ and His salvation sought, His precious blood pleaded, God would say, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24).

As this and other passages of Scripture were quoted, a change came over his face. The eyes closed; his head dropped; and he would have fallen from the chair, had I not

supported him. Taking him in my arms, I gently laid him on the bed of rags. By this time his little daughter and a neighbour had come in. For a time it seemed to us his last moments had come. We spoke, but he was evidently unconscious; and, after praying, I left. On visiting him the next morning, I was told he never spoke again, and in the night had passed away to render his account to God.

Reader, thousands are putting off their soul's salvation with the hope that on a bed of sickness, or in a dying hour, they will have more *inclination* for spiritual things than now. Are you one of these? Take warning by this sad case. Afflictions and the near prospect of death sometimes harden the heart instead of softening it. The Holy Spirit, so long resisted, may cease to strive, or the heart may become so hard, the conscience so seared and past feeling, that death, judgment, eternity, and hell may have no terrors. Oh, be wise. *Now* God loves you. Christ invites you. The Holy Spirit pleads with you. By faith flee to Jesus; flee at once. Take Him to be your Saviour—your Lord—your pardon—your life—your peace—your joy—your salvation—your ALL and in ALL. Then, and then only, are you SAFE FOR EVER.

G. 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.

