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1. Isaiah

# "FOR FEAR OF HELL."



**I**N a small fishing village on the East Coast of Scotland, a servant of the Lord had been preaching salvation and damnation.

A young fisherman got awakened to see his awful position, and could not find rest, night or day, "for fear of hell."

He mixed with his comrades to try and drown conviction, but still the reality of an eternal hell seemed to haunt him continually.

Being the leading spirit in a dancing club, he went to the room to seek ease for his troubled mind in a dance; but dance he could not, as he said, "for fear of hell."

Not being able to sleep or take sufficient food, his mother, little dreaming that the trouble was about his soul, and not his body, sent for the doctor, who, after sounding him, and finding no organic disease, prescribed two bottles of medicine as a cure.

"How lost was my condition, till Jesus made me whole,  
There is but one Physician can cure a sin sick soul."

The night following the medical treatment, he was again at the gospel meeting; when another of the Lord's servants was inviting the sick to partake of the life giving water. In his address he quoted John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." James saw in a moment that everlasting life was his, by simply putting faith in the Son of God. When he got out (as he afterwards said), "I thanked the Lord in my heart that I was saved; and turning to an unsaved companion said, 'John I'm saved.'" In a prayer shortly after he said, "Father I gie Thee muckle thanks for savin me."

Reader, can you thank God for having saved you? If not, like James you must surely be afraid of hell, and

**"FOR FEAR OF HELL."**

doubtless your fear has led you to expect that you will never be there. But unless you get saved by putting faith in the Son of God, you will be in hell for ever and ever, as sure as you are in existence.

The bottles of medicine did not do James any good, man's drugs could never save a soul, no more could his religion, though at first sight it might seem to have better success, for religion without Christ is as filthy rags.

"None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good."

J. W. A.

**C O M E.**

**A**LL down the long line of ages, with here and there a dark interlude of judgment, such as betel Babel, Egypt, and Sodom, God's language to our world has been that of *invitation*. What was the silent voice of Abel's sacrifice? Was it not "*Come?*" What said the blood which trickled from a thousand Levitical victims? Was it not "*Come?*" What the cry of prophets, priests, and kings? Was it not "*Come?*" What the key-note of Christ's own utterances?—the invitations of the apostles?—those invitations now re-echoed by the million-tongued Church on earth? Were they not "*Come?*" What the language of the blessed Bible? Is it not "*Come?*" And whilst it doth uplift a solemn and menacing warning foreboding to the lost—yet, oh! that blessed page everywhere sparkles with the letters of light, as if written by the beams from the "Sun of Righteousness"—"*Come, Come, Come!*"

But the day is fast approaching when all these "*comes,*" like streams in their rivers, will merge into a final "*COME.*" And of all the "*comes*" of the past, and of all the "*comes*" of the present, and of the future in time, methinks none of them will be like this final, peaceful "*come*"—"COME, ye blessed"—"COME, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

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## THAT "WHOSOEVER" DID IT, SIR.

SOME few years ago a number of dock labourers, who were unemployed in the town of S——, were invited to a free tea, with the intention of preaching the Gospel to them afterwards.

Many of these hard working men were unaccustomed to the precious sound of the wondrous story of God's love in giving Jesus, and the only way it seemed of ever succeeding to induce them to hear it was to get them together in the above manner.

The invitation was heartily responded to, and several hundreds sat down to tea, and O what a pleasure it was to see them enjoying it, and afterwards sitting listening to the news of salvation, and many of them, thank God, drinking it in as earnestly as they had the repast which preceded it.

It was near the close of the meeting, as some were leaving, that I placed my hand on the shoulder of one dear man, and asked about his soul. "It's saved, sir," was the ready answer.

"How long has that been?" I further asked. "Just to-night."

"Indeed! and how do you know it?" Pointing to a verse of Scripture (it was John iii. 16) framed and placed just a little below the platform where all could see it—"Do you see that verse?" said he; "well, it was that 'Whosoever' did it, sir."

And then, as his face lit up with the animation of a new-born soul whose heart had opened to the truth, and who had just found out what a gift he had in Jesus, and what a great salvation he had received, he told us of perils he had passed through as a seaman, and that he could see now how God had preserved him, at last to save his soul.

"That 'Whosoever' did it" has often recurred again and again, as John iii. 16 has been blessed to other souls before whom that verse has been brought. Dear reader, has that word "*Whosoever*" done it for you? Done what? you ask. Why, convinced you of the fulness and



freeness of that life eternal God in love offers, and therefore led you with a thankful heart to accept it.

Now, let me ask you to turn up the verse I refer to. "Oh, but I know it already," you say. Never mind, just look at it again.

"God so LOVED the world, that HE GAVE His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

God loved, and God gave. "Whosoever" believes, has what God has promised—*Eternal Life*.

"WHOSOEVER."

Oh, glorious word, "Whosoever." As another has said, "You cannot escape from it. Wherever you flee, it follows you. In the darkest dungeon of despair it whispers in your ear, 'Whosoever.' It is heaven's great bell. Its boom swells throughout the whole earth, and breaks in as a reply to all your objections. I have many doubts. 'Whosoever!' I'm a victim of necessity. 'Whosoever!' I'm a creature of circumstances. 'Whosoever!' I'm not one of the elect. 'Whosoever!' I was never struck down with sorrow for sin. 'Whosoever!' I've been the greatest of sinners. 'Whosoever!' A drunkard. 'Whosoever!' An adulterer. 'Whosoever!' A thief. 'Whosoever!' Everything that's bad. 'Whosoever!'"

Thank God, it means anybody—it means ME.

Yet another word.

"WHOSOEVER"

will do it for you. If not now, in that day when "Whosoever" is not found written in the Book of Life will be cast into the lake of fire (Rev. xx. 15). Solemn, awful, terrible word, there fixing the judgment of eternal fire upon all, irrespective of rank, name, condition, or any worldly advantage.

Now the "Whosoever" is one of life—then it will be one of death. Oh, dear reader, let it be the "Whosoever" of John iii. 16. Do you not see it means you? Is it not your name? Oh, grasp it now. It's for you—for

"WHOSOEVER."

C. M.

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## "MISSED IT AT LAST."

**S**OME time ago, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside, examining his patient and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a very short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to *that* so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up in the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing countenance, repeated the expression—

"I have missed it—at last."

"What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathising physician.

"I have missed it—at last," again he repeated.

"Missed what?"

"Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul."

"Oh! say not so. It is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost—Go thy way. But *I did*. And now He is saying to me—Go *your way*." He lay gasping a while, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said—"I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want to be saved *then*. Something seemed to say to me, 'Don't put it off, make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner, and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote and more favourable. I bargained away, resisted and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I *meant* to have made my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last."

"You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour."

"My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone for ever!" This was said with such indescribable despondency, that nothing was said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looking all round the room as if for some desired object—turning his eyes in every direction—then, burying his face in the pillow, he again exclaimed in agony and horror, "Oh! I have missed it at last," and he died.

Reader, you need not miss *your* salvation, for you may have it now. What you have read is a true story. How earnestly it says to you, "NOW is the accepted time"!

Christ has suffered the just for the unjust; and God's word to you is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

"TO-DAY, if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts." (Heb. iii. 7. 8.)

## A MISTAKE.

It is a true saying oft repeated, that the best of men are liable to a mistake. A very common mistake, is that men and women generally are so taken up with the things of this world and how they can make themselves happy and comfortable in it, that they forget all about the future and eternity, while death is all the time doing its work, and men are daily being launched into a fearful *hell*.

You see it is a very easy thing to lose one's soul. It is not necessary to be what is called openly profane and wicked, but just go on and try to live as happy as you can, or it may be attend church regularly and go through a certain form of religious services, so long as you don't take your place as a lost sinner and receive Jesus as your Saviour.

Yes, dear friend, if you have not come to Jesus and been washed in his blood, you, too, are making a sad mistake; and were you to die in your present condition, you would be with the rich man in *hell*, where not so much as a drop of water to cool your parched tongue will be granted.

Perhaps you think, well, I mean to turn over a new leaf, attend more strictly to religious duties, or say my prayers more regularly or even more earnestly, but alas! alas! it is all a mistake.

God offers you *salvation* for *nothing*, for He "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. And again: "He that believeth is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John iii. 18. Don't mistake the words, dear friend; you see it is not on account of sin that you stand condemned, as God has given His son to die on behalf of sin, but because you have not believed in Jesus, in whom "all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the Law of Moses." Acts xiii. 39.

And oh! dear unsaved one, what a doom will be yours if you reject such love and die in your sins, for God says that *whosoever* was not found written in the book of life was cast into the *lake of fire*. And there the very remembrance of God's once despised love will lash you into the agonies of despair.

But why should you choose such a doom. God loves you; Jesus is willing to save you, and you may be saved, as you read: Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

O, Jesus! O, Jesus! how vast thy love to me,  
I'll bathe in its full ocean through all eternity;  
And wending on to glory this all my song shall be,  
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.

J. W. L.

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## TWO DEATH-BED SCENES.

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**I** WELL remember the dying moments of my dear mother. She called me to her side, and in tones of fervent appeal besought me to meet her in heaven. With my hands firmly clasped in her last embrace, I promised her I would, and soon after this she passed away to be "with the Lord." Oh! who could describe my grief? I had listened to her words of earnest, fond entreaty for the last time, but how soon, alas! how very soon, the memory of that scene was effaced, and I went on still unsaved—

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

But the prayers of that departed mother were not to be left unanswered, and a year or two after the foregoing event I was suddenly aroused to see my lost and utterly ruined condition by nature, and that it was faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and His finished work, alone could save me. I believed in Him, and the cleansing power of His precious blood, and rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Not long after this my father's health gave way, and I saw with intense sorrow that he too was to be taken from me; and one night, just before he fell asleep in Jesus, he took my hand in his, and said, "My dear Fred, I should have liked to have stayed with you longer, but our Heavenly Father wills it otherwise; your mother is in heaven, and I shall soon follow her;" and then, with tears streaming down his pale cheeks, he said, "*My boy, I know you are coming too.*"

Now, my dear reader, what about these things? It

## TWO DEATH-BED SCENES.

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may be, you too, have dear and loved ones gone before; and you can well remember their fond last look—their earnest desire and dying request that you should meet them in heaven, and the solemn promise that you would. But can you say with me, that *by the grace of God you are confident that you will meet them in heaven?* If not, there is something wrong. You have not trusted in Jesus. You have not been born again. I beseech you not to trifle with these matters any longer, but give them your earnest consideration, remembering it is for *eternity*—an eternity in heaven or hell; an eternity of bliss or woe. Will you not believe even that which God has written—viz., that “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;” “there is none righteous, no not one;” and then, knowing that you are a sinner in His sight, to come to Jesus just as you are.

And when you are trusting in Him, and resting on His blessed Word, which says, “Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John iii. 16); then, and not till then, will you be able to sing from the heart—

“ There at my Saviour’s side,  
I shall be glorified;  
There with the saved and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
I shall for ever rest:  
Heaven is my home.”

F. A. B.

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## THE CHURCH-SINGER'S CONVERSION.

**W**ILLIAM L— was a singer in the Parish Church at M—, and was what some would call a very good young man in many ways. But in spite of this, William was not *born again*, and therefore he was a poor, unsheltered sinner, with the wrath of God abiding on him (John iii. 36).

His sister was at one time in this same state, but God graciously saved her, and being *sheltered* from all the blasts of God's righteous judgments so soon to overtake the sinner not cleansed by the *blood of Jesus*, she became exceedingly anxious that her brother should be converted too.

On one occasion, she persuaded William to attend the gospel preaching near their residence. He confessed that his motive in going was solely to please his sister, and doubtless he thought it to be a *dreadful bore*. Still, as he listened, he became very much impressed, and presently he was *seriously alarmed* as to his condition before God. Amongst other things spoken of, the following incident was related, and the solemnity of it *seemed completely* to lay hold of this young man:—A woman had attended the gospel meetings elsewhere, and believing in Jesus, knew all her sins were forgiven. It appears that this was the means of annoying her husband excessively; and one night, as they retired to bed, he used very fearful language in connection with the matter. Having roughly protested against his wife going to hear the Word of God, he finished his horrible threatening with this *terrible exclamation*—

"*I'll be damned before you shall go there again!*"

The poor woman meekly bore all this in silence, and at last they both fell asleep. Picture the consternation of the wife when she awoke to find her *godless husband a corpse by her side*.

The *awfulness* of this became very vivid to William, and his conscience would not let him rest. It seemed to tell him in unmistakable tones—If you died as you now are, you would be in hell forever. He trembled from head to foot, and he became *intensely worried* as he thought of meeting a holy, sin-hating God. For a whole week he continued in this sorrowful condition. His sins were constantly rising up before him, and *hell* seemed to stare him in the face.

## THE CHURCH-SINGER'S CONVERSION.

One day, whilst occupied with his duties on the farm, William was standing on the *dung heap* in the yard.

It seemed to him as if he must either be saved now, or be damned for ever. *Satan* whispered in his ear, "*What a fool you are. God doesn't intend to save you. Why not curse Him on the spot?*"

*In an instant* he seemed to hear another voice repeating that precious scripture, John iii. 16, "For God *so loved* the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth* in Him should *not perish* but have *everlasting life*." The Holy Spirit of God helped him to see that he was a poor sinner hastening on to damnation, and that if he would *only believe on the Lord Jesus* he should be saved. William did believe there and then, whilst standing on the dung heap, and peace and joy *flowed* into his soul. Oh, what a change! How he rejoiced, and then being baptized (Mark xvi. 16), he sought the *fellowship of those who call on the Lord* out of a pure heart (2 Tim. ii 22).

Unsaved friend! will you *kindly* take a Bible, and read the 8th verse of the 2nd chapter of the 1st Book of Samuel. This is part of it: "He *lifteth up* the beggar from the *dunghill* to set him among princes." Now, it was as a poor, helpless beggar that William trusted Jesus, and he was immediately taken from the *dunghill* of sin and pollution, and he now belongs to the princes of heavenly birth. *How wondrously simple, and yet how sublime!*

As a sinner, you are so helpless and unclean before God that your *prayers*, your *sacrifices* (or attempts at worship), your *ways* and your *thoughts* are all an *abomination* to Him (see Prov. xxviii. 9; Prov. xv. 8, 9, 26). Then, you ask, If I am in such a position as this, what can I do? The reply is—Do nothing (Rom. iv. 5) but simply confess yourself to be a *guilty sinner to God*, deserving hell, and then as a beggar thankfully take the gift of God which is eternal life (Rom. vi. 23). You *must* be saved in this way whoever you are—for there is no difference (Rom. iii. 22)—or be lost for ever.

Eternity! Time soon will end;  
Its fleeting moments pass away—  
O sinner, say where wilt thou spend  
Eternity's unceasing day.

F. A. B.

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## "I'M LOST."

**A**T a gospel meeting in K—, was an aged man with a sad, unsatisfied expression of countenance, denoting, no doubt, the inward longing in man after that which the world can't give—peace. In the stillness of the time when a brother was in prayer to God for souls, he uttered that awfully solemn cry of despair, "*I'm lost.*"

What! was he not sitting there, to all appearance in good health, and no sign of passing suddenly into eternity? Yes! but sitting there *not saved*; what else could he be but *lost*. Dear reader, are *you saved*? I don't ask, do you go to Church, or do you read your Bible, or are you a quiet-living, respectable person? But I ask, are *you saved*? If not, in love for your soul, I would make known to you, your true condition—*you*, at this present moment, *are lost*. Yes! you do not need to die, and be *in hell*, or wait till the last day, till the sentence be passed, in order to know whether you are saved or lost; for God's Word says, "He that *believeth not* is condemned *already*" (John iii. 18); and "He that *believeth not* the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God *abideth* (not, will abide, but at this present moment *abideth*) on him" (John iii. 36). Oh! just pause and consider what it is to be *lost*. A sheep might stray from the fold, and wander far, far away, till amongst the mountains, unable to find its way back, it would know what it was to be *lost*. "All we like sheep *have* gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way" (Isa. liii. 6). Again, a child might wander from his home, and straying in to a dark and lonely wood, unable to find his way back, would know what it was to be *lost*. "They *are all* gone out of *the way*" (Rom. iii. 12). So it is with you, unsaved reader, by your connection with fallen man; you *are away from God*, for "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon *all men*, for that *all* have sinned" (Rom. v. 12); and "Your iniquities have separated between you and your



## "I'M LOST."

God" (Isa. lix. 2); and your whole life has been a wandering further away from God, journeying onward to eternal hell—eternal separation from God—which is to be *eternally lost*. Is it true? Yes! dear unsaved one; for it is the word of God, who cannot lie, and this is the condition, He says, *you*, as an unsaved sinner, at this present moment are in. Have you seen your solemn position, and your need as a lost sinner? Then listen to the gospel message from God to thee: "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24); "The Son of Man is come to save that which was *lost*" (Matt. xviii. 11); "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8); "There is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5). Ah! think of the wondrous grace of God, that met your deep need, and provided, in the person of His only begotten Son, a mediator—"a daysman to stand between, to lay His hand upon both" (Job ix. 33); who on the cross stood in the stead of you, the sinner; sinless, yet "made sin for us," and endured the judgment against sin—*your* sin; bearing all that was due to you; satisfying, through His death, all the claims of a holy and righteous God; "putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

Behold Him! unsaved one: this is what the death of the Son of God on the cross has done for you; and the moment you as a sinner believe in Him—that is, receive Him as *your* Saviour, who died for you—that moment, God says, you *have* everlasting life—you *are* saved—you *are* passed from death unto life; that moment you *are* born of God. "It pleased God . . . to *save them that believe*" (1 Cor. i. 21). "Whosoever *believeth* that Jesus is the Christ *is* born of God" (1 John v. 1). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be *saved*" (Acts xvi. 31).

D. S.

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## "WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER?"

JONAH 1. 6.

THE sea is raging wildly by reason of a great wind that blows, and the tempest-tossed ship is like to be broken. The mariners, in imminent danger of perishing, cry, every man to his god, and seek to lighten the ship, in hope of escape. Yet, notwithstanding the hurricane without, and the noise and disturbance within—caused through the perilous position of the ship, almost about to be sunk in the mighty deep, with those in it—there is *one* man down in the sides of the ship, lying "*fast asleep*," and in this condition he is found by the shipmaster, who awakes him with the cry of "*What meanest thou, O sleeper?*" He is "*fast asleep*," think of it, in extreme danger of perishing in the depths of the sea; "*fast asleep*," when every moment, through a watery grave, he was about to be hurried into eternity! And yet, dear unsaved reader, such is only a picture of the more perilous position, *you* at this present moment are in. "What," you ask, "am I in danger of perishing?" Yes! and more, you are unconscious of it, yet the danger is none the less real, since God hath declared, "He *hath* appointed a day in the which He will judge the world" (Acts xvii. 31). Sometimes *you* appoint or set apart a day, in which you will do some certain thing, or go to some certain place; so it is with God, "He *hath* appointed"—mark you, it's done—"a day in which He will judge the world."

*That* day is fast approaching; *you* are a day nearer it than you were yesterday; to-morrow *you'll* be a day nearer it than to-day. Every day as it passes is bringing nearer *that* day—the day of judgment.

And yet, *you* are not alarmed; judgment has no terror for you, and *you say* there's no *sign* of coming judgment; *you* don't *know* of any danger, because like Jonah, *you* are "*fast asleep*." Asleep! posting on as fast as time

*"WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER?"*

can carry you, to eternal judgment; fast asleep! when another step may launch you into the abyss of the damned—into eternal hell, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, for ever and ever. Pause and consider! "What meanest thou, O sleeper?"

The shipmaster aroused Jonah to a sense of his danger. This is what we would do to you, in love for your precious soul. Dear unsaved reader, *you* are in danger of being eternally lost. Do you believe it? then, we tell you of safety, of shelter against judgment to come. "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest" (Isa. xxxii. 2). Even as *God* provided an ark for shelter in the time of the flood, so has *He* provided an ark of safety for the sinner now. "Through *this* Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all* that believe *are* justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). "*Christ Jesus, whom* God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood" (Rom. iii. 25). He stood as mediator between God and men, and on the cross endured the judgment against sin—*your* sin, "making peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20), and having "died for *our* sins, He was buried, and rose again the third day" (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4). "*Him* hath God exalted . . . to be a Prince and a Saviour" (Acts v. 31), and through believing the record God hath given of *His Son*, and receiving *Him* by faith as *your* Saviour, *you are* saved, as it is written, "Being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1), and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt be* saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

While, *out of* Christ, you are exposed to "*eternal judgment.*" Sleeper! awake *now* to the fact, lest, when *too late*, you awake in hell.

D. S.

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# GOD'S "HATH:"

OR, HOW I *KNOW* I *AM* SAVED.

---

**A**ND this is how it is. It's more than three years now since God in His grace aroused me to think about my soul's salvation. Like many young men, brought up religiously, going to church, reading my Bible, and saying prayers, I no doubt thought I was all right, till God showed me through His word that I was all wrong; that I was a *sinner*, for "*All have sinned*" (Rom. iii. 23), and deserved death, "*The wages of sin is death*" (Rom. vi. 23), and that I needed to be *saved*; and also begat the desire in my soul to be saved. Taught by Christian parents, the gospel was familiar to me—the story of God's love in giving His only begotten Son—His death upon the cross and His proclamation that "*Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*" (John iii. 16), and I said, I did believe that I was a sinner, and that Jesus died for me, but could *not* say I *was saved*.

In this condition I was led to the 3rd chapter of John and 36th verse, and read, "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,*" and stopped; then read again, "*He—that—believeth—on—the—Son—hath—everlasting—life,*" and resting my soul on the written word of God, knew—not because I felt anything, but because He said it—that I *had* everlasting life—that I *was* saved, for He said, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31); and that I *was* born again, because He said, "*Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God*" (1 John v. 1).

And now, dear reader, let me ask; are *you* saved? or are you careless and thoughtless of your precious soul? **Know** you not, that if not saved, you are in danger of

*"God's Hath:" or, How I Know I am Saved.*

being *lost* eternally; and that every tick of the clock—every beat of your pulse—every breath you draw, is bringing you nearer death—nearer eternity?

And even at this present moment, if not in Christ, the wrath of God *abideth* on you. Oh! think, dear unsaved reader, how solemn is your condition; "*condemned already*," journeying as fast as time can carry you, with your back to God, on to eternal judgment. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, *then* a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job xxxvi. 18). But it may be, that by the Spirit of God, you have been awakened to see your solemn position, and your need as a sinner, and your cry is, "What must I do to be saved?" Do! Behold the Lamb of God, Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who came into the world to save sinners. See *Him* as He stood for you, the sinner, and on the cross endured the judgment due to you on account of sin. See Him there suffering, the just, for you the unjust, that He might bring you to God—dying for our sins—buried, sin put away by the sacrifice of Himself—and raised again the third day.

Claim *Him* to be the Saviour provided by God for you the sinner, whose death has atoned for your sin—chief of sinners though you be—and receiving Him by faith, you become united to Him—His death reckoned your death as a sinner; and in resurrection—quicken together with Christ—born of God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12). "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into condemnation (judgment) but *is* passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

D. S.

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## "WITHOUT EXCUSE."

**T**HAT lighthouse out in the ocean marks the place where rocks are, and tells the mariners of danger; but some, heedless of the warning thus given, instead of steering clear of the rocks, steer straight for them: the ship strikes, and all perish, and they are "without excuse;" they were warned of the danger, but heeded it not. Again, a traveller in a dense forest is told of a dark, deep ravine, and warned against going that way; but, heedless of the warning, he goes, and before he is aware falls over into the abyss below and perishes; and he is "without excuse." He was warned of the danger, but heeded it not. So it is with you, unsaved reader, *you* are travelling the broad road which leadeth to *destruction*—to eternal judgment—and each day, each hour as it passes, is bringing you nearer the awful terminus—Hell. And more, if you die unsaved, and in hell remember your season of grace on earth, *you* will *not* be able to say you were never warned of your danger, or that you knew not the way of escape: no, you will be "without excuse;" for time after time you have been warned of your danger, as an unsaved sinner, of being eternally lost. And the gospel of God's grace you have often listened to, telling how *you*, a guilty sinner, could be saved; and once more, dear unsaved reader, I beseech you, as you value your soul, ponder for a moment your condition.

There's an eternal hell ahead of you, where the damned, in bitterest anguish, weep and wail in hopeless despair. Will *you* mingle in the eternal wail? The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and there the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; and that's the place *you* are travelling to. *You* don't believe it, but it's true, for God has declared, "How *can* you escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33). "The wicked *shall be* turned into hell" (Psalm ix. 17).

"Once again I charge you stop,  
For unless you warning take,  
E're you are aware you'll drop  
Into the burning lake."

## WITHOUT EXCUSE.

---

Hear the voice of God, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24). Think of it: God knew that you had wandered away *from* Him, and could never by any effort of your own get back again, but must be eternally shut out from His presence; yet such was His love to *you* that in grace He planned for your redemption, and to accomplish this, "in the fulness of time sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to *redeem them* that were under the law" (Gal. iv. 4, 5); and Christ Jesus, by His death on the cross, "hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13)—that is, the curse which was hanging over you as a sinner, and would have sunk you into the deepest hell, has burst upon the sinless Substitute as He stood for you on the cross; and on your receiving Him—and only *when* you receive Him—does God count His death for yours, and you pass "*from* death unto life" (John v. 24).

Dear unsaved one! this is the way *you* can get back to God, and, moreover, it is the *only* way. Living morally won't do—church-going won't do—prayers won't do. No! listen to what Jesus says, "Except a man be *born again*, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). This, then, is what *you* need. Life—not reformation; life—not works; and "He that hath the Son *hath* life" (1 John v. 12). "To you is the word of this salvation sent" (Acts xiii. 26). Make it *yours now*, for "How shall 'you' escape if 'you' neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3); and *you* are "*without excuse*."

D. S.

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# No. 1. GOD'S TWO EXAMPLES.

No. 2.

## EXAMPLE OF SALVATION

(1 Tim. i. 16).

THE

# CHIEF

OF SINNERS.

obtained mercy, that in him Jesus Christ might show

## A PATTERN

of His willingness to save any who will believe on Him to

## LIFE EVERLASTING.

## READER.

"GOD

is *not* MAN that He should LIE, *neither* the SON OF MAN that He should REPENT:

## HATH

He said, and *shall* He not do it; or hath He spoken, and *shall* He not make it good."

(Num. xxiii. 19).

## EXAMPLE OF JUDGMENT.

(Jude vii.)

THE

# DOOM

of Sodom and Gomortha is cited here to give God's

## EXAMPLE

of the damnation in store for the unsaved.

The Record declares: "They are suffering the vengeance of

## ETERNAL FIRE."

[SEE OVER.]



**READER.**—Are you converted or not? If God should summon you into His presence *now*—Are you ready? The worst of all sinners was saved, and is now in glory, and he was saved through simply believing the gospel of God's grace, and you may be too.

Do you say, "Ah, but I am too great a sinner." Then listen to the testimony of the "chief of sinners" as to his own salvation—

Says he, "I was saved as a *pattern* to them that should believe on Him." Then take encouragement

Ponder this marvellous exhibition of the long-suffering grace of Christ, and *just now, as you are*, yield to His love. Accept this salvation, and all will be well for time and eternity.

One other word. Think of God's other example. "Some are suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Reject Christ at your peril. God's unanswered question stares thee in the face. "*How shall you escape?*" Suffer not yourself to be deluded by Satan, the father of lies and liars. God is the avenger of evil-doers, and no unsaved one shall ever escape the righteous judgment of God. *Hath* He said, and shall He *not* do it. *He will.* The heavens and earth may pass away, but His Word cannot

"Because there is wrath. Beware."

F. A. B.

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AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

## "YE MUST"—NO ALTERNATIVE.

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**I**T is night, and two men are speaking together on a deeply-important subject. The one, a ruler amongst his people, undoubtedly enjoying all the luxury and ease that wealth and position could procure, his name Nicodemus. The other, Jesus of Nazareth, accustomed to poverty from His birth, His associates being publicans and sinners, but who, notwithstanding, was without sin, God manifest in the flesh. Their topic concerns every man, woman, and child; namely the absolute necessity for the new birth, through which alone fallen man may see and enjoy the kingdom of God. Harken to the voice of Christ! His words are based on truth! He cannot lie! And even after all the reasoning and arguments of His companion, the truth remains unshaken and positive, "*Ye must be born again.*"

Now this matter is far too serious to be trifled with. I entreat you, unsaved friend, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to ponder it well and make it an individual thing.

WHAT IS THE NEW BIRTH? The sinner saved from sin and its consequences and introduced into the family of God. HOW IS IT EFFECTED? By individual acknowledgment that God is just and true in His description as to our state by nature, and then unreservedly believing in Christ as our substitute—this by the power of the Holy Spirit. HOW MAY IT BE KNOWN? By simply taking God at His word; that is accepting the written Scripture in the matter.

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is *born of God*" (1 John v. 1).

*"Ye Must"—No Alternative.*

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"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1 John v. 13). Reformation in any degree whatever is not new birth; all this, apart from change of heart, is but a snare and delusion. Many give up their bad ways and evil practices, and yet their portion will be in hell for ever.

It is *not* reformation the sinner needs, *it is life* in Christ. Beware! Alleged regeneration by sprinkling is a dangerous lie. In this day of ours there are thousands who hope to be in heaven because they were sprinkled when infants, etc. Such are lulled to sleep and need to be aroused ere it be too late. This is an abominable, but religious imitation of God's reality, an invention from the enemy of souls to secure the damnation of men. Alas, alas, it has succeeded too well! for many have been thereby eternally deluded. I would urge my readers to renounce their confidence in such fearful heresy, and come as little children, thoroughly helpless, casting themselves on Christ. "Without the shedding of blood is no remission."

"Not water then, nor water now,  
Can ever save a soul;  
Not Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes  
Can make the wounded whole."

Finally, time is short, hasten to Jesus, take your burden of guilt to Him, and by the look of faith make Him your own for time and eternity. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 31).

F. A. B.

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## GOD LOVES YOU.

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*"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that who soever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

**Y**OU are not lovely, but you are one of that loved world; neither may you desire to be loved, and yet you are one of that "so loved" world. Nor do you deserve to be loved; yet still loved you are, in spite of all; yes, loved by God, and you know it not, and have never yet believed it. But, dear reader, you are not left without proof of it, John iii. chap., 16th verse. You have often been told by others that they loved you, but they as often failed to prove it; sometimes rather proved the reverse. Not so with God. "He gave His only begotten Son;" yes, as a free gift unasked, undesired, and undeserved. Oh! the amazing love of God. Some say we get the gift of eternal life if we ask for it; but the truth is, dear reader, God has given the gift **ALREADY**—the gift of His Son. As I write these lines to you, unsaved one, I hold in my hand a gift; it was offered me some months ago by a child of God. I accepted it with thanks on the spot. I did not ask for it; nor did I offer to pay for it; nor did I reject it. No! I prized it much. It is to me a token of the giver's love; but, dear reader, God's priceless gift He offered and pressed me to accept for many years, and I all that time kept rejecting it until I saw without Him I must perish eternally. Christ was given by God to the **WORLD** more than eighteen hundred years ago, therefore given to you as one of the world, you have been till now rejecting Him, and if you reject Him much longer, you will perish in Hell for ever.

You cannot reject Him and be happy or safe; neither can you accept Him and be unhappy or perish. Mark these words—"WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that BELIEVETH ON HIM is not condemned" (John iii. 18). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John vi. 47). Mark this, dear reader, for you may be saved as you read. It is not needful for you to weep one tear; to pray one prayer; do one good work; or take one step to the right or to the left; but where you are, and as you are, accept of God's gift—Christ—on the spot, and you are saved for ever. Then you may pray, and praise, and rejoice, and work for Him who died for you on Calvary's Cross, and tell other poor sinners they, too, are loved of God.

J. W. S.

# A MESSAGE FROM GOD UNTO THEE.

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**YOU HAVE A SOUL.** It is of more value to you than the world. *Your* soul is either *saved* or *lost* at this moment. Do you know which? What shall it profit a man if he *gain* the whole world and *lose* his *own* soul?

**YOU HAVE SINNED AGAINST GOD.** God has seen you sin—God knows your sin—God will punish your sin, and be sure your sin will find you out, for God will bring every work into judgment with every secret thing. The wages of sin is death.

**YOU WILL SPEND ETERNITY IN HEAVEN OR IN HELL.** Heaven, with Jesus, angels, saints; Heaven, with its glory and its song; or in Hell with the devil, his angels, and lost sinners; Hell, with its wailing, weeping, and unquenchable fire. If you were to enter Eternity to-day, where would you be? "The wicked shall be turned into Hell." Psa. ix. 17. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii. 3.

**YOU MAY BE SAVED.** Yes, saved for Eternity and know it,—saved to-day. Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners. While we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us. This man receiveth *sinners*. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou *shall* be *saved*. To you is the word of this salvation sent.

**I AM SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.**

J. R.

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## "IT'S TOO LATE NOW."

**S**OME years ago, in a little Scotch town, a friend and myself in company with the late Duncan Matheson, were holding Gospel meetings. It was winter, the ground was deeply covered with snow. It had covered up with its pure white mantle the dirty streets and houses, and all nature seemed quietly sleeping under its white shroud. On leaving, one morning, the mid-day prayer meeting, we were met by an old man and a little boy; the old man, with an enquiring look, asked, "Are you the preachers?" We answered "Yes." He then asked, "Will you come and see a dying woman?" We answered "Yes." He led the way, and we followed him, till we arrived in a back street, at a small low house. On entering the door, we found ourselves in a miserable apartment. The floor, which was paved with stones, had puddles of dirty water here and there, while the broken windows were stuffed with old rags to keep out the bitter blast. On a bed in the corner of the room, lying on a heap of rags, was the dying woman, while the long icicles, hanging from the boards above her head, made up the scene of misery. On drawing near and speaking to her, I found she was able to understand what was said. When asked if she was resting on Christ, her answer was, "Too late now." She was spoken to by two or three others, but still her only answer was, "It's too late now." At last I said something to her of the blessedness of heaven, and pressed on her to close with Christ, when, with the wild energy of despair, she cried out, "There is no heaven for me, no heaven for me, I am lost, *lost*, LOST!" This was all that came from her dying lips. And with these sad words ringing in our ears, we had to leave the house.

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## "IT'S TOO LATE NOW."

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That night, in the meeting, special prayer was asked for her, but, at the close of the meetings, we were met at the door by one, who had just left the death-bed scene. On enquiring as to her state, the answer was, "She is dead." "How did she die?" Oh! her last words were, "I am lost, lost, lost!" Reader, she lived without Christ, and she had to die without Christ. A Christless life, a Christless death, and alas! we fear, a Christless eternity. You have entered another year; has your last been a Christless one? And have you entered this, Christless? And this may be your last. Well, the end of this year may find your body in the cold, cheerless grave, and your soul, oh! where will it be? *Eternity*, ETERNITY, ETERNITY, where, oh! where will you spend it? But yet there is time. As the white snow covers all in its spotless purity, so may you be hidden in a spotless Christ, safe in the arms of Jesus, oh! how secure from the coming storm of God's wrath. In Isaiah i. 18, God says to the sinner, "Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." God wishes to reason with you, sinner; it is not your sins that need keep you out of heaven. You see He can wash them all away, no matter how dark their stain. Trust His love now, and your last words may be like the words of another, who has passed away from earth that I once knew, which were, "I am very happy, and I shall be singing in glory to-morrow."

I have found the precious Christ of God,  
My heart does sing for joy,  
And sing I must, for Christ I have,  
A precious Christ have I.

J. A. B.

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## THE CAPTIVE SET FREE.

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FEW years ago the chaplain of the Tombs asked me down there to preach. I supposed they had a chapel there like other prisons, but I found they had not, so I had to stand on a little iron bridge which went from one tier to another, and

### TALK TO THEM IN THEIR CELLS.

It seemed as if I was just talking to the air, so when I was done, I thought I had better look and see who they were. I went to the first door and looked in through the little window. I found they were playing cards. I said, "My friends, how is it with you here?" Well, they hesitated a little and said the fact was, false witnesses appeared against them, but they were innocent, and ought not to be there. I thought there was no use in talking to them, so I went to the next one. They said they had got into bad company, and the men that did the deed had got clear and they were caught. They hadn't done anything wrong, so I went to the next cell. The man there said he was innocent, that the man that did the deed was exactly like him. I went to the next cell—they were going to have their trial next week, and next Sunday would be out. They all had an excuse. The fact is, I never found so many innocent men in my life. The only guilty men appeared to be the officers who put them there. So if I speak to you here to-night, you say you are not guilty, but the man behind you is. You will make out you are pretty respectable—not very bad; but God says he that breaks the least of the law is guilty of all, and also that all have sinned, and come short of His glory. If taken away to-night by His stroke,

### WHAT WOULD BECOME OF YOUR SOUL?

Every soul which is not born of God is lost for time and eternity. God says it, and don't let these infidels



## THE CAPTIVE SET FREE.

make you believe that all is right. Well, although that feeling almost discouraged me, I thought I would go through the prison. At last I found one man leaning his head upon his hands and saw two streams of tears running down his cheeks. I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" With a look of remorse he said, "Ah, sir, my sins are more than I can bear." I said, "Thank God for that, thank God for that." Said he, "Aint you the man that has been preaching, and you say you're glad my sins are more than I can bear?" "Yes, I am," I said. "You're a queer friend," said he, "I don't understand that friendship." I explained that if his sins were greater than he could bear he could cast them on One who was able and willing to bear them. When I had got through speaking to him, I said, "Let's get down and pray." After praying, I said, "My friend, now you pray." "Me pray," he said, "I am a blasphemer; I am too vile." I then told him Christ's blood was sufficient to cleanse from all sin. He cried out, "God be merciful to me, a vile wretch." After prayer I put my hand through the little window and he pressed it, and as he did so a tear fell on my hand which burned through my soul. I said, "At ten to-night I will pray for you, and make up your mind you will not sleep until you know your sins are forgiven." I went down next morning and saw that a great change had taken place. The look of remorse and despair had fled away, and tears of joy ran over his cheeks. He said he was the happiest man in New York, and would thank God through eternity for bringing me there. Last night—about midnight, having been previously engaged in prayer—God had come into his soul and set him free.

D. L. MOODY.

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## *"You are Spoiling my Finished Work."*

**S**UCH was the exclamation of a man many years ago (a shoemaker to trade) on seeing one of his customers take up a coarse file and apply it to the sole of a *well-finished* boot he had just put into his hand.

The customer was a child of God, and had often talked to this man about his soul, and the necessity of being "*born again*," telling him of the love of God in giving His only Son to die for the ungodly, and of the finished work of Christ; also of God's desire and willingness to save every sinner that believeth in Jesus. But always with the same result, in the sad reply, "*I must do my part.*"

The servant of God thought this a good opportunity to bring the man face to face with his own folly, in trying to *add* to a *finished work*; therefore he took up the file, as above related, when the tradesman, with some show of temper, said, "*Are you spoiling my finished work?*"

Unsaved reader, it is for your sake that I have related this suggestive incident. You, too, have often heard of God's wondrous love in the gift of His Son. You have heard of the Saviour's death on Calvary—that death by which He has shown out the character of God as "*a just God and a Saviour*," by which He has perfectly and eternally satisfied the righteous claims of God's throne.

You say that you believe the Bible, and you have often heard or read the following Scriptures: "*By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast*" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). "*Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us*" (Titus iii. 5). "*For by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified*" (Gal. ii. 16; Rom. iii. 20).

You admit that the dying cry of the Son of God is also true, when in the agony of death He said, "*It is*

*"You are Spoiling my Finished Work."*

---

FINISHED;" you may have even joined in the singing of the lines—

"Done is the work that saves, .  
Once and for ever done;  
Finished the righteousness  
That clothes the unrighteous one."

But when tested as to your acceptance with God; as to whether you are saved or not, you join with the tradesman above, and say, "*I must do my part.*"

Now, let me tell you that you have already done your part *too well*; you "have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). You have not continued in all things written in the book of the law to do them, therefore you *are under the curse* (Gal. iii. 10). You have offended in one point, therefore you are guilty of all (James ii. 10). You have *not*, up to this moment, with your heart believed in Jesus, therefore "*you are condemned already*" (John iii. 18). "The wrath of God abideth on you" (John iii. 36).

May the solemnity of these things be pressed home on your conscience, and that you may learn before it's too late that "salvation is of God," who will not allow you to interfere with the finished work of His Son. What must God think about your attempt to *add* to that work which Jesus finished to the glory of God?

Fellow-sinner, trifle no longer with the eternal welfare of your precious soul. Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins. Betake thyself to Him with all thy sins and guilt. He will pardon thy many sins and take thy guilt away. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

WM. C.

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## "PONDER, O MAN, ETERNITY!"



FAITHFUL wife had often wept over, and prayed for, her unconverted husband, who was a bricklayer by trade. She had many times tried to put before him the glad tidings of salvation, yet to no purpose. He was not opposed but merely indifferent. But, alas! this common indifference is slaying its tens of thousands. The majority of people are not extraordinary sinners, but day after day passes much alike to them, and so the months and years fly by: they do nothing very bad and nothing very good, and all the while they think not that they are rapidly being borne down and on to an endless future; and as to where and how they will spend that future they are little troubled. Oh! that men would think.

One Monday, as his wife was returning from a mother's meeting, she brought with her a little book, which she handed to him as he sat at tea after his day's work. He read it through, and was just placing it on the table, when his eye fell on a word on the back of the cover. It was *one* word, but that one word seemed to pierce through his heart; and most thrilling of all, as he still looked, and took the little book up again to read more closely, he saw that every verse of the poetry (for such it was) ended with this one awful, searching word, which made him tremble from head to foot. It was that word ETERNITY. And when he came to read the last verse, it opened up to his mind a new train of thought, such as he had never imagined before. He was in a horror of soul as he read these solemn words over again—

"Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity?  
Lo! I, Eternity, warn thee,  
O man, that oft thou think on me;  
The sinner's punishment and pain;  
To them, who love their God, rich gain.  
Ponder, O man, Eternity."

His wife watched his lip quiver, and his cheek pale

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## **"PONDER, O MAN, ETERNITY!"**

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as he read half aloud that last line, "Ponder, O man, Eternity!" Audibly, he muttered the words, "Ponder, O man, Eternity!" This was just what he never had done; and now as in a moment, the long, dark future was opened up to him. He was not prepared for eternity. Night, as well as day the dread reality of eternity haunted him—at his work and at his meals, and even in his dreams in the calm stillness of the midnight, he would shriek out, "Eternity, eternity!"

How could one thus awakened ever find peace, except through the knowledge that that eternity was an eternity of blessing and joy for him? Yet, as a sinner, how could this be possible? For he was aware that he had no righteousness wherein to stand before God, and that he had no plea to present for admittance to the bright realms of everlasting bliss. He did not deserve heaven, of that he was certain; and therefore his eternity, if not spent in heaven, he knew must be in hell. As to his ever earning God's favour and pardon, that, too, was out of the question altogether. An amended life could never blot out past sins, even supposing it should be spotless in itself. All hope for himself was gone, and as regarded saving himself he was in utter despair.

It is just when a man comes to this, and gives all up as lost, that the Lord Jesus saves. On the cross, He who had the right to heaven, took the place of those who had earned hell, that they might have right, through Him, to His happy home in glory.

But as to eternity. Do you ever think about it? and where will you spend *your* eternity if you die as you are? Let this one simple but all-important question be settled. "PONDER, O MAN, ETERNITY!"

H. W. TAYLOR.

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